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OLD HOUSE, HARRISON.

RYE, AND ROUND THERE.

I.

NEW ROCHELLE must have been a more interesting town than it now is when Madame Knight passed through it in 1704, judging from this her quaint description: "On the 22d of December we set out for New Rochelle, where being come, we had good entertainment, and recruited ourselves very well. This is a very pretty place, well compact, and good handsome houses, clean, good, and passable roads, and situated on a navigable river, abundance of land well fenced and cleared all along as we passed, which caused in me a love to the place, which I could have been content to live in it. Here we rid over a bridge made of one entire stone, with such a breadth that a cart could pass over, and to spare. It lay over a passage cut through a rock to con-

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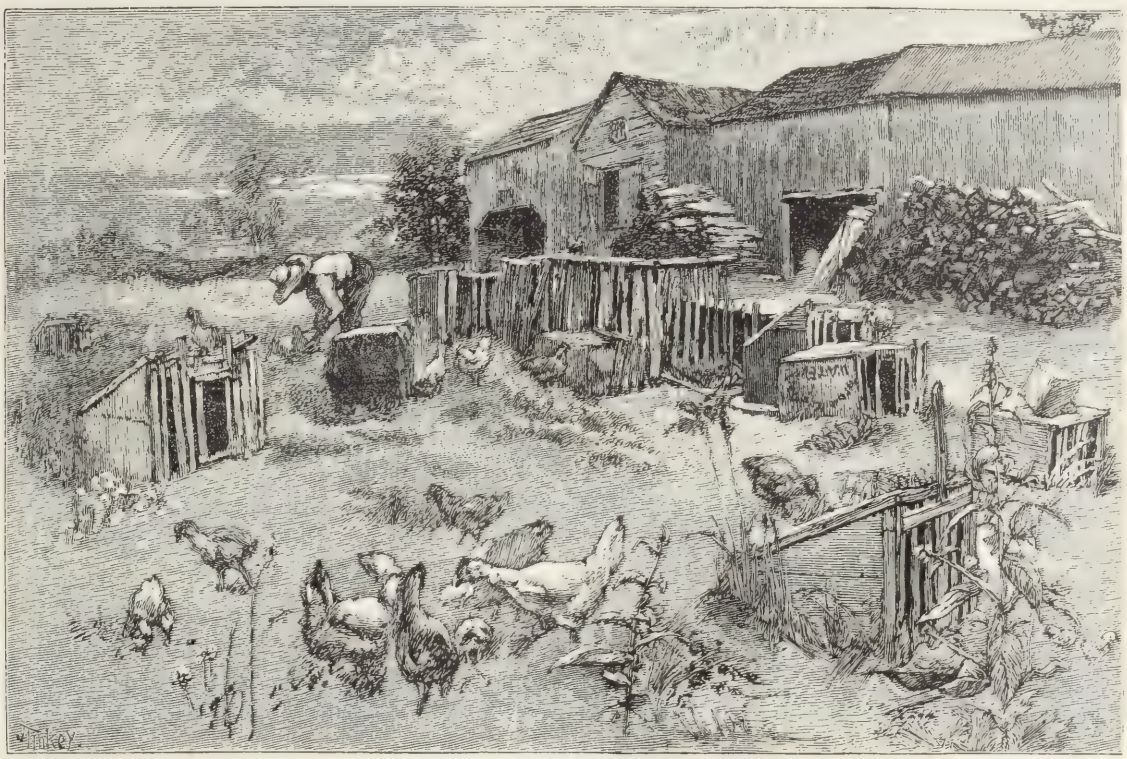
vey water to a mill not far off. Here are three fine taverns within call of each other, and very good provisions for travellers."

Now, its distinctive character is that of a suburban place, having about it little of the feeling of a "well compact" old French town, and so ill would it fit within these modern surroundings that one can not imagine, without casting them out of mind, the picturesque procession of Huguenots going of a morning through the quiet streets to Davenport's Neck to offer up their morning prayers. It was an old man, as tradition hath it, who was wont to go there daily, "and turning his eyes in the direction where he supposed France was situated, would sing one of Marot's hymns, and send to Heaven his morning devotions. Others joined him in these pious remembrances of their God and of their beloved climes, from which they had been so cruelly driven by the merciless fires of persecution." And now no longer are these things to be seen about the little town. Though the spirit of devotion may still have an abiding-place there, it has no such outer expression. Only an old shingle-sided house, desecrated by the touch of "modern improvements," is to be seen here and there to help one's imagination back to the olden days in which the artist hath pleasure, and much goodly matter for pictures, to the time when lager-beer saloons were unknown, and ungainly modern villas with Mansard roofs had not possessed the creative faculties of architects, or marred the quiet harmony of the fair country round about. Neither rest nor stirring life was there, only the relentless modern spirit slowly obliterating the finger-marks of the past. Some other place remoter from the great city, some place that yet retained a slight expression of its individuality, would be better to abide in for a while. So we drove away from the ancient town of the Huguenots, out from its uncertain atmosphere, along a dusty road through the fair country, rich with luxuriance of midsummer greenery. Now and again a half-ruined house comes in sight to tell of other days—houses that had been palatial residences a hundred years ago, that had sheltered soldiers of the Revolution, and about which linger sad traditions of those troubled times in which Cow-boys and Skinners had their wicked will of all the country round. Still, the trees are green as they could ever have been, and the birds sing as blithely as they could have sung when only their notes broke the stillness of a primeval forest.

Presently the broad and breezy Sound comes in sight, and we are at Rye Beach —Rye Beach, with its pretentious but not beautiful hotel, filled with people summering there. Years ago, long before the Revolution, the sturdy farmers tried the speed of their horses here along the sands, and now people from the country far and near come of a Saturday to bathe, in large and gayly decked wagons drawn by horses with jingling bells. Sun-bronzed and healthy-looking folk they are, who have the poised and settled air of people long rooted to the soil—satisfied with themselves and sure of their future. The waning sun casts long shadows of stately elms across the meadows as we drive into the old town of Rye. Here, too, are modern houses, and old ones "improved" by the incongruous touch of modern hands, and dilapidated wooden walks. There are hotels—two hotels, the driver says, one of which he thinks may be "well enough," and it possibly is, but "well enough" has various meanings for various people, and our driver's conception of the present application of the term proves not to be our conception; so we start out, after refreshing ourselves as we may, in the darkness of the night, to look for a famous farmhouse of which we know, just a mile or so up the road. As to the way to this place we receive elaborate directions from our host. We are to cross a bridge, "rise a holler," keep right along until we reach various roads going to the right and to the left—roads which we are not to follow—until we come to—somewhere or another, at which point we are to turn to the left. Along through the stillness of the shadowy gloom we grope our way, seeing in the mystery with which night envelops trees, houses, and stretches of meadow strange fantastic forms suggestive of all manner of things other than the objects themselves—a more obvious mystery than nature hath to the common eye in the full light of day, but still no less infinitely fathomless. Vague and endless as the shadowy world about us seems our way, as we walk and walk, through strange places, along winding roads that seem to lead nowhere, only to wander aimlessly about. Presently a light shines

out from the midst of what seems an interminable grove on a hill-top, and the softened sound of music greets our ears. It seems a wild, impossible, windy place —a far-away place, in a land where people have ceased for hundreds of years to do any thing but placidly enjoy themselves.

The morning sun coming up over the hills, touching with shimmering light the forest-tops and broad meadows, dispels the vague and weird impressions of the night before with the revelation of a fertile country stretching with great undulations away to the Sound; and the stir and bustle of the farmers' early preparation for the day of work complete the disenchantment, bringing us back to the outer world again, with its less strange but greater beauty.



A CHICKEN-YARD.

Surely it is a blessed thing to those who have lived long in cities, however far removed their lives have been from the busy marts of trade, to feel again the great reposefulness of nature, to see the first blush of morning steal thus through tremulous, dew-laden leaves of trees, and touch with glancing light the fresh green of meadows. To hear the wild free notes of uncaged birds brings new life to one's spirit, and a responsive song too full for utterance by other than these voices of nature's own sweet melodists. And this is real; no fairy creation of the artist's far-reaching imagination, no vision of dream-land, nor fine rhapsody born of the pulsing waves of a great master's music, but the inexhaustible source of all that art hath yet expressed, different to all men, but bearing to each as it has been given him to see and feel, consciously or unconsciously, some truth, some beauty. To the inspired vision it teems with the multitudinous and infinite beauties of a world beyond a world, and unfolds the mysteries of things unseen of men. Not long may we dwell in these the real but remoter regions of nature; a few idyllic moments, and we are back again in the physical life, having interests and feelings in common with yon sturdy laborer who drives his team afield to cultivate the "pickle patch." He sees possibly, in all this mighty show of earth and sky and sun, ground to yield, trees to bring forth fruit, and sun to ripen it; nature to him has but these outer functions, beyond which speculation may not go.

Still, William, who murders the chickens for dinner, is mightily pleased with the sketch which will forever after to him invest that useful occupation with an interest beyond any thing he could before have thought it to have. So is it with all men; they need these parallels of nature as helps and as unconscious expressions



A HOMELY PICTURE.

of themselves, from the child with its doll of rags to the great painter and poet who deal with the divine essence of things; and whether we will it or no, we are led little by little from the obvious usefulness of the tree to some sense of its beauty and its greater uses in showing the unchanging law of which it is an ever-changing material expression. The artist regards the avenue of locusts stretching along either side of yonder road, against the morning sky, as "values" of dark, as "quantities" of color and form; and the farmer, who has always looked upon them as most excellent material for posts, now sees them invested with another function. Even the rank weeds which are mowed down and cast into the fire assume somewhat of the dignity of usefulness by being made to serve as "values" in foregrounds, and carefully drawn for future uses in purposes of decoration. Our farm folk here, however, are not of the extreme utilitarian class. They are, indeed, an enlightened people, who, if incapable of appreciating classical music, for example, know at the same time that it must be their own rather than any fault of the music. They know there are things which they do not know, and that, having eyes, still do not see: a state of mind to which 'twere well some persons of "culture" should arrive —persons who, seeing little in nature, make the limitations of their own visions nature's limitations, and resent as personal insults such art as gives form to things their self-consciousness has hindered them from seeing. "Have not we eyes?" they exclaim; "and would this artist fellow have us think his picture like nature?" What is the need of art and artists, O man of "culture," if not to show you that there is more in nature than you may see without these helps? "I fear, friend John," said an honest old Quaker to our host, "that if this farm were mine, I would do but little work. I would stop too often to look at the beauty of the Sound." And surely this, from one of a persuasion popularly thought to believe all things on earth should be drab, was well enough. Still, the Quakers here about Harrison — and they are mostly Quakers—get much of the good that life will yield, and fall heir to less of its sorrows than most people, which comes possibly from the fact that they are little given to indulgence of their passions. They are a self-respecting, humane, and gentle people, singularly free from prejudices of any kind, and all the evidences of pure and upright lives are written

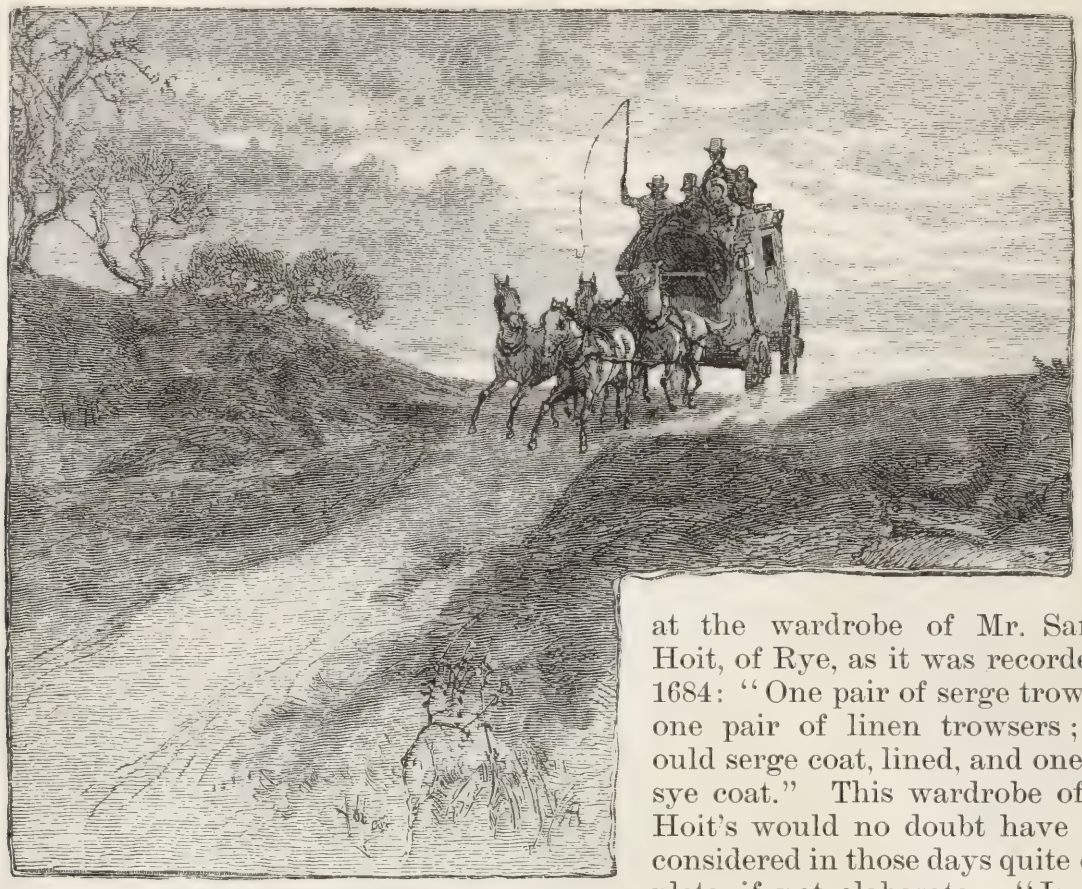
plainly enough upon their calm, reposeful faces. It is hard to believe that the term "ranting Quakers," which was applied to them by a Rev. Mr. Avery, of the Church of England, who flourished in Rye before and during a part of the Revolution, could have been justly applied. We suspect, if these people were given over to any manner of violence, it was caused by the persecutions they suffered at the hands of the reverend gentleman aforesaid and others of his kind, rather than through any inherent quality of their gentle faith. It is "quarterly meeting" time, and the Friends come from far and near to their old "meeting-house" in Harrison. It is a square frame building, weather-boarded and newly painted. One see at once the value of the dress, its breadth and simplicity; and certainly there is, in the more distinctively literary sense, a wonderful charm about these people—the charm of utter simplicity of character. They seem not to bother themselves concerning the past or future; they live, indeed, in the present, knowing little of local traditions, in which one would suppose so old a neighborhood would be rich—which it is, indeed; but these traditions have been preserved by others than the practical Friends, and are to be gathered elsewhere than in the immediate neighborhood of Harrison. In almost any other place, or amongst people of another faith, one would find lingering about every old landmark some of the traditions



OLD CIDER MILL, SUNDAY MORNING.

would not suppose it had a history, it looks so new and commonplace; but it was a hospital during the Revolution. No matter about the "meeting-house," the Friends themselves have enough of picturesqueness. The drab dress worn by the older women is certainly exceedingly fine in effect; and when the younger ladies adhere to this simple costume of their people, it adds greatly to the quiet charm of their beauty. A painter would and superstitions which lend so much of picturesqueness, and express so well the individuality of a community.

I know not why it is that there should be any physical difference between a Sunday and a week-day, or that there really is. Whether it be from mere association or another cause, the sun did seem to shine that Sabbath morn with a more benign and chastened ray than is its wont, and bathed the ruined cider mill and every



THE OLD BOSTON POST-ROAD.

thing about in a restful calm. Even the hum of bees, as on lazy wing they flew from flower to flower, seemed softer and slower than usual, and the chirping birds to sing in lower tones. A day of rest, indeed; and to lie under the shade of the gnarled old apple-tree, listening to the soft winds moving gently through its leaves, and watching the sun and shadow shift over the face of the old building, was a pleasure having in it an element other than of mere pagan sensuousness, let us hope. It was not work the artist did in catching that little bit of Sunday's holy calm to go along with his more earthy things.

The little town of Rye has its historian in the person of the Rev. Dr. Baird, pastor of the Presbyterian church there, who for many years employed his leisure in collecting facts, and compiling his remarkably thorough and interesting history of a town which was of no little importance in the early days before and during the Revolution. Nothing can afford one a more vivid idea of these early times than such bits of local records as occur now and again in Dr. Baird's book. They have all the realism of photographs, and are of great value alike to the historian and novelist. For example, let us look at the wardrobe of Mr. Samuel Hoit, of Rye, as it was recorded in 1684: "One pair of serge trowsers, one pair of linen trowsers; one ould serge coat, lined, and one kersye coat." This wardrobe of Mr. Hoit's would no doubt have been considered in those days quite complete, if not elaborate. "In 1704 the post was carried by a messenger provided with a spare horse, a horn, and good portmantles, and the only post on all this continent was that which went east from New York so far as Boston, and west to Philadelphia." Our illustration represents an era of greater splendor.

Here, also, is a suggestive bit from the New York *Mercury*, October 27, 1760: "Died at Stratford, of a fever, Deacon Thomas Peet, in the sixty-second year of his age. He was employed as a post-rider between New York and Saybrook for the *last thirty-two years of his life*, in which station he gave general satisfaction."

There was a noted tavern in Rye, still standing, and now known as the Penfield House, kept as early as 1770 by Dr. Ebenezer Haviland, who, by-the-way, was one of the first of the not numerous citizens of Rye who embraced the cause of the Colonies; and he died in the service of his country during the war. Amongst the most curious things recorded of this tavern, in the records of the Board of Supervisors, occurs the following: "To Doct. Ebenezar Haveland, for dining the Supervizors and liqure, £1 11*s.* 4*d.*" Not very expensive supervisors possibly, although there is no mention made as to how many dined on that occasion, but still showing the custom of official dining and liquor-

ing at the public cost to be of respectable antiquity. After Dr. Haviland's death his widow kept the house, and it is mentioned in the following very complimentary way by General Washington in his diary:

"*Thursday, October* 15, 1789.—After dinner through frequent light showers we proceeded to the Tavern of a Mrs. Haviland at Rye, who keeps a very neat and decent Inn.

"*Friday*, 16.—About seven o'clock we left the widow Haviland's, and after passing horse neck, six miles distant from Rye, the road through which is hilly and immensely stony, and trying to wheels and carriages, we breakfasted at Stamford, which is six miles further, at one Webb's —a tolerable good house, but not equal in appearance and *reality* to Mrs. Haviland's."

"Half a century ago," writes Dr. Baird, "the old square house on the post-road at Rye was the centre of life and intelligence for the whole neighborhood; such it had been for at least as many years. Old inhabitants still speak of the time when the great lumbering coach, with panting horses and sorely jolted passengers, would bring up about sunset at Penfield's Hotel, and when the chief exciting event of every evening throughout the village would be the approach and arrival of the eastern and western stages. For it was at Penfield's that these vehicles—one bound for Boston and the other for New York—would usually meet and deposit their loads of travellers to remain over night."

The "Trayne Band" of Rye, as described 1667, when commanded by Lieutenant Joseph Norton, was no doubt one of the most interesting, as it certainly was the most picturesque, feature of the time of which we have record. This small community in the midst of a wilderness inhabited by savages, with no settlement of white men nearer than Greenwich, had to look well to its means of defense, and the "Trayne Band" is described as consisting of all male persons between the ages of sixteen and sixty years. "The men were armed with pikes, muskets, and swords. The muskets had matchlocks or firelocks, and to each there was a pair of 'bandoleers,' or pouch-



RYE POND.



PETRUS STUYVESANT, LAST GOVERNOR OF NEW AMSTERDAM.

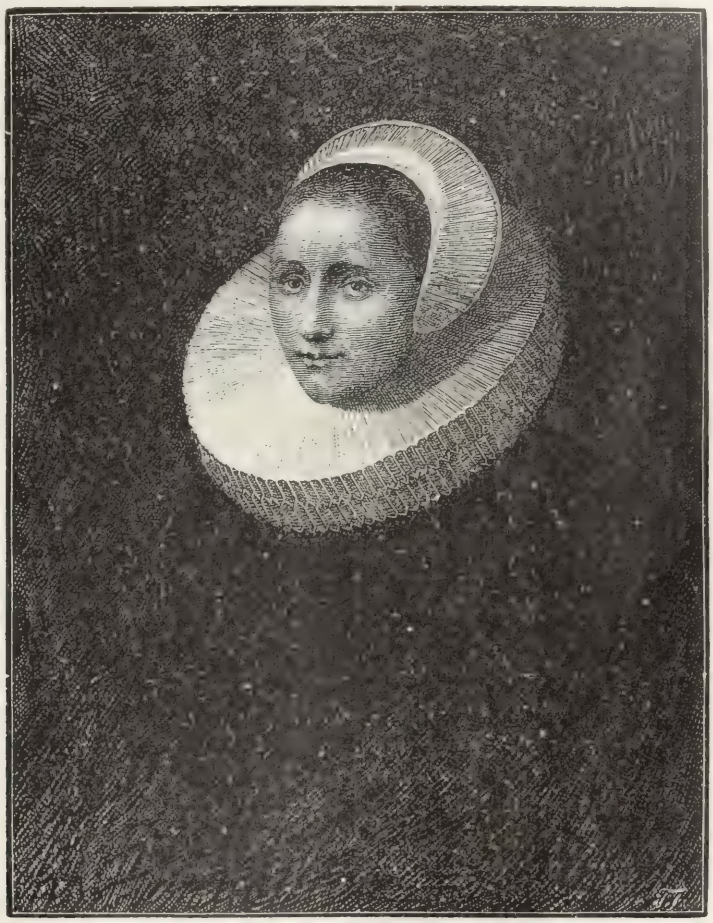
es for bullets and powder, and a stick for a rest." The pikes were poles with spears on the end, and were fourteen feet long. "Courslets were worn with coats quilted with cotton, and there was no uniformity of dress." On the training-days persons who had been guilty of offenses against the law were exposed in the stocks, and we may imagine how severe a punishment it was to those whose sensitiveness had not entirely escaped them through repeated offenses to be thus exposed in the face of all the people who had gathered to witness the evolutions of their brave citizen soldiery. It was as motley a company, possibly, as Sir John Falstaff's ragged followers could have made, but a different one withal. Each and every member of this "Trayne Band" of Rye felt, no doubt, that the safety of the community rested upon his shoulders, and carried himself, in consequence, with all becoming dignity. Brave and sturdy men they were, and pious, without being fanatical, as were their neighbors and relatives just over in Greenwich. There is no such thing recorded in the annals of Rye as the burning of a witch, or even the cropping of the ears of a Quaker. For nearly two hundred years the sturdy members of Joseph Norton's "Trayne Band" have been gathered to their fathers; the forest from which they laboriously won some little land has faded away before their descendants, and with it have gone the vague terrors with which it was invested. The tedious and perilous journey along the Westchester path to New York is now but an hour's pleasant ride, and Rye Pond, remote enough from the little settlement then, will possibly soon be turned into a source of water supply for the city.

About 1744, Peter Jay, a prosperous merchant, having retired from business in the prime of life, looking for some quiet place to pass his remaining days in ease, purchased a large estate in Rye, and settled his family there, while his son John—who was to become an illustrious personage in the early history of the republic—was still a child. Here the future Chief Justice passed a part of his youth, going from home to a school, and to King's College in New York when he was fourteen years of age. The estate at Bedford, where the present John Jay resides, passed into the possession of the Jays through the marriage of Mr. Peter Jay into the family of the Van Cortlandts, and afterward became the residence of Governor Jay. Dr. Jay, a grandson of the Governor, now lives on the estate at Rye—a beautiful place, with green meadows sloping from the back of the mansion down to the broad waters of the Sound. The "ha-ha" fences, being sunken stone walls, offer no impediment to the view, and only a stately elm here and there breaks the smooth sweep of



TEA-POT PRESENTED TO MRS. JOHN JAY BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

meadow lands. In the spacious mansion itself, which some forty years ago replaced the old house, there are many things to carry one back to Colonial days. The robe of office worn by the first Chief Justice, made of satin and faced with rich salmon-colored silk, tells of the early times before the influence of Jefferson had created a sense of republican simplicity. A portrait of the Chief Justice, the joint production of Gilbert Stuart and that stately old painter and patriot Colonel Trumbull, is of much interest even in a purely artistic sense, as it is one of the most thoroughly painted and best of all the heads of Stuart within the writer's knowledge. It is not, however, at all comparable in this respect to a three-quarter length of an old lady—a Van Cortlandt—painted in Holland in 1625, a work which, while its author is unknown, is still of amazing quality, and well worth going a long way to see. There are two portraits in the country house of Mrs. Van Rensselaer on Manursing Island. They are portraits of Peter Stuyvesant and his wife, painted by Vandyck, and have never before been engraved. They are more vigorous in characterization than many of the later portraits by Vandyck, and less mannered. The wife of the testy old Governor was a Bayard, daughter of a learned and distinguished Huguenot, and it is through this family, of which Mrs. Van Rensselaer is a member, that the portraits have been preserved—from the hands of the "restorer" as well as from all other disasters—and through the courtesy of this lady we are enabled to lay before our readers the only well-authenticated portrait there is of the last Governor of New Amsterdam. These portraits are strong and subtle examples of characterization.



ANNA MERICA BAYARD, WIFE OF PETRUS STUYVESANT.

Almost every neighborhood, perhaps, has amongst its oldest inhabitants some one remarkable for a knowledge of local traditions, and Rye certainly has a most exceptional citizen of this kind in the person of Mr. Abe Merritt, or, as he is familiarly known (for reasons which he himself will explain), "Bungy Abe." This ancient citizen seemed never so happy as when pouring forth his most remarkable knowledge of things pertaining to the history of Rye and around there—a knowledge which I am sure the reader will not quarrel with us for giving just as it was related by the good citizen aforesaid.



INTERIOR OF A CIDER MILL AT RYE.

II.

"Yes, he was a sort of relative of my for'-parents: he was a bad man, Shubael Merritt, he was. No, he was neither a Cow-boy nor a Break-o'-day Man. He jist sort o' robbed and killed onto his own account. Now he went one day with his gang, Shubael did, to my grandfather's house, and he wanted some shoe-buckles and things as my grandfather had. Now my grandfather he was into the American army, and was a true pat-riott. Well, as I was a-sayin', Shubael Merritt he say to my grandfather—as was called Bungy Joe on account of havin' invented a bung-hole—he say that he want them shoe-buckles, and so he tied the ole man's legs together and let him down into the well, so as he could remember whar they was, and then he'd draw him up, Shubael Merritt would, and ask him if he could remember better, so as the ole man was nigh about drowned afore he could make up his mind to tell Shubael whar the things was. Then thar was John Crummell, as was a true pat-riott into the Revolution, although bein' a Quaker as wouldn't fight. Shubael came a-near burnin' of him to death with a red-hot shovel on account of John Crummell not tellin' him whar his money was.

"Now the Crummells was considerable people, they was; they was descended from John Crummell, as was, I have hearn tell, the brother of Oliver, although not bein' a Puritan. John Crummell, the one as Shubael Merritt and his gang burnt, as I was a-sayin', was a true pat-riott, and Gineral Washington and Lafayette they took breakfast with him in the old house as stands jist as you turn to go into Rye Pond, and is the Avery house now. As they was a-breakfastin' thar, I have hearn my for'-parents say, young John Crummell, as was a boy then, he poked up the bees, as flew out and lit onto Gineral Washington's and Lafayette's critters, as was tied to the fence, and they do say as they run about three mile afore they was caught. Yes, Shubael was about the worst man as was about here in the Revolution, as is a-sayin' of a good deal, seein' as how a-most of 'em was Cow-boys and Break-o'-day Men, as some calls Skinners. He robbed his own brother, as was Neamiah Merritt. Neamiah, he bein' a Tory, like most of 'em as was Tories, went to Nova Scotia after the war was over, and his son Hamilton he went into Parlimint, and got to be a major-gineral thar.

"Now thar was Quail—Quail of Connecticut—as none of the histories says any thing about. He was nigh as bad a man as Shubael himself. And he and Shubael and another one of 'em was a-playin' cards down on old Peter Jay's place, in the Revolution, and Shubael he says, 'Now the one as loses this game must shoot the ole man as is a-ploughin' over into that ar field,' as was ole Kniffin and

his boy. Shubael, he havin' lost the game, takes up his gun and shoots ole Kniffin through the heart. And one day, arter the war was over, Shubael he was at the Red Tavern, near New Rochcome over to Virginny when they was drove out of France; and then they come to Delaware, and in 1673 some of 'em come here. William Merritt, as was the third Mayor of New York, and was my great-



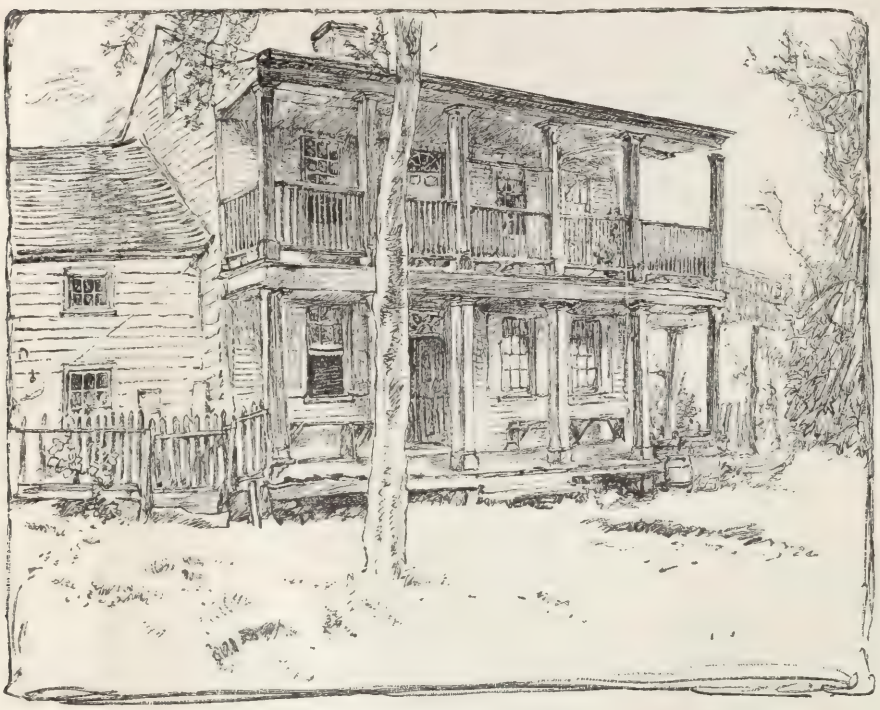
"MIND, I TELL YOU THE FACTS JIST AS I GOT THEM."

ell, and young Kniffin, as had growed to be a man, he come along and told Shubael as how he had shot his father in the Revolution times, and wouldn't give him no quarter, but jist killed him dead right thar, and ev'ry body bein' glad of it, thar was never any thing done to young Kniffin for killin' of Shubael, as was the terror of all the country round.

"Yes, the Merritts is an old family about here. They was Huguenots, and grandfather's father, come here when he was an ole man, and bought land in Harrison Purchase, right down thar into the holler, a'j'inin' of the Hevlins, and died down thar in the ole house as is a-standin' now, and was buried in White Plains.

"Well, yes, most of the people about here was Tories into the Revolution, I have hearn tell. My grandmother—she was a Brundage—kind o' leaned toward the British. Well, she was a Tory. I

tell you the facts jist as they was. She give my grandfather a heap of trouble, she did, so I have hearn my mother say. One day Major André he came a-ridin' along up at the Four Corners, whar my for'-parents lived, and my grandmother



GENERAL THOMAS'S HOUSE.

she showed him the way to Tarrytown. He was a young man—a han'some young man, I have hearn my for'-parents say.

"I wouldn't like to say about the men as captured André, because I only know what I have hearn from other people. They might have been Cow-boys, and they might have been Skinners. And I have hearn folks say—mind, I tell you the facts jist as I got them—as they'd 'a let André go, after a-plunderin' of him, if it hadn't 'a bin for Paulding, who, as I have hearn my mother say, was a considerable man and a true pat-riott. They was bad times for this country about here, the Revolution times was, and ev'ry body was a-plunderin' or bein' plundered, and thar was a heap o' bad Tories around. Godfrey Hains, he was a bad un. They 'rested him, the Committee of Safety did, and put him into jail, but he sawed out the bars from the winder and got away, and went onto one of the British men-o'-war at New York, and made a plan to capture ole Jidge Thomas and carry him into the inimy's lines. They was to have a tender of the British man-o'-war out into the Sound, jist off Mamaroneck, and send boats in to git the jidge, who was to be took by some of Hains's Tory friends at Rye Neck. But Captin Budd, who lived at Mamaroneck, and was into the American army, he, a-hearin' of what was a-goin' on, had William Loudsbury and some more of 'em at Rye Neck thar as was into the plot took and bound over to keep the peace. He was a considerable man, Captin Budd was, and a true pat riott.

"Yes, they did capture Jidge Thomas after all. That was along in the spring of 1777; but they as took him was some of Colonel De Lancy's refugees. He was into the British army, and went to Nova Scotia when the war was over. They come along of a Sunday mornin', and took the jidge an' another man, as I have hearn tell was William Miller, as was one of the Committee of Safety, an' a Quaker, as most of the people about Harrison Purchase—as was Rye Woods then—was; and one of them as took the jidge and William Miller was a Quaker too, and an ole neighbor of theirn, which was Hachaliah Carhart. Now he was an officer into the British sarvice. Well, they took the jidge to New York, and he died thar putty soon after, and was berried in the Trinity Church yard.

"The jidge he was about the considerablest man as was in Harrison in them days, and he was one of the first to go onto the American side; and they say as Godfrey Hains used to swear as the jidge ud have to be carried off if it cost fifty men. Gineral Thomas—Thomas Thomas his name was—he was a colonel onto the American side. He had a company of men as was called partisans. He was a son of the jidge, and a smart man, as was sheriff of the county and into the Legislatar. I knowed him in purson. He died—let me see, I was about fourteen year old then—along in 1824. He was a putty rough man when he got riled, and I have hearn tell as he struck Mrs. Hevlin—as told Gineral Schuyler, as was quartered at her house, that he couldn't have the



THE WHITE LADY.

tea-kittle till she was done with it—over the back with his sword. The British they took the gineral from the same house as you took a drawin' of, not long after they had captured the jidge in the same place.

"He was took by Colonel Simcoe. And as the British was a-surroundin' of the house early in the morning, Gilbert Brundage, bein' a young man from Rye, he fired out'n a winder and killed a man as was jist by the British colonel's side, and

that a-makin' of 'em mad, they broke into the house and shot young Brundage—as was a likely young man—when he was down onto his knees a-beggin' for his life; and Thomas Carpenter, another young man who was thar a-hidin' under a bed, was a'most killed on account of the British a-stickin' bagnets into him; and while they was a-foolin' around stickin' their bagnets into beds and young Carpenter and things, Gineral Thomas he jumped out a winder, and would 'a got away if a British dragon hadn't seen him, and a-strikin' at him with his sword and missed, made him surrender.

"Thar's another story as I have hearn my aunt an' mother tell about. Thar's a rock in Sleepy Holler as is called Raven Rock on account of ravens a-comin' round thar. Now this 'ere rock, they do say, is ha'nted by a woman as dresses in white and allus comes of a night jist afore a storm, and howls in a most awful way. Now she, they say, was a woman as was lost thar and died in a snow-storm, and a-wantin' to warn people agin her fate, she howls of a night jist afore a storm is a-comin' on. Now I don't tell you as I b'lieve in this 'ere ghost, or as I have ever seen it, but my aunt an' mother they, as they say, has, and it is said as it has been seen fur two hundred year back.

"Captin Kidd? Yes, I have hearn as many folks b'lieved he berried his gold sommers along the shores of the Sound, here or over the t'other side on Long Island, and many folks has dug for it; and some of 'em, they do say, as has found it, see Captin Kidd allus a-settin' onto his pots o' gold, a-holdin' a sword in a thretnin'-like way, and of course they, bein' skeered, run away, and never git the gold. Not as I have any reason to b'lieve as Captin Kidd ever berried his gold along



CAPTAIN KIDD ON HIS POTS OF GOLD.

the Sound, or had any to berry; and as to his ghost a-guardin' of it, it's jist what old folks as b'lieves in sich like things say, and that's what I tell you, not a-givin' any of my own opinions onto it."

As it was about noon-time, the old man, gathering himself up out of the chair into which he had been spread during the long and animated recital of what he knew about Rye and around there, said, "Well, I guess I'd better be goin' along." He tightened the rope about him which served as a girdle, and pulling on an old but exceedingly picturesque slouch hat, took his departure.

III.

"Not even rain can spoil the beauty of the country," exclaimed the artist, as he placed his hands behind his head and leaned back comfortably in his chair.

"I think," said our friend Mrs. X, who for a time lent us the inspiration of her

presence at Rye—"I think that it is delightful."

"And then," added our fair friend, after we had sat quietly for a while, "as I sit here, I think of the many changes, like those of light and color, that have passed over the people here since they settled down there on the little island by the Sound. I can see in imagination now the great primeval forest stretching away to the water, and not a sound but the songs of birds and the winds whispering through the branches of the oaks and stately tulip-trees to break the sense of solitude. Those sturdy men and devoted women could not have helped growing stronger in all things that are good, shut out as they were from the wicked world in all this solemn beauty of nature. This was Arcadia, the Golden Age."

The writer ventured to remark that it is likely these sturdy people thought much more of felling trees, raising crops of corn, and extending their possessions than of any thing else; and that it is possibly only those who have learned, through art and life in great cities, to feel something of the remote and subtler qualities of nature who have any great appreciation of it; that the vast unpeopled wilderness behind these people was fuller of vague terrors to them than of beauty; and good in the sense of yielding timber, and its capabilities of being converted into arable lands.

"I should not have thought that you would try to rob this little creation of mine, which has afforded me so much pleasure, of its beauty; it would have become you better, I think, to have added to the breadth and unity of it, if I may use an artistic phrase."

"The picture," said the artist, "is good for all that, and it takes nothing from the beauty of nature that those who live in its midst have no thought of any but the material part of it. The true artist, unlike other people, does not see nature through association, or in any other than its own color."

As the Sound grew brighter in the sun, that turned the white sails of vessels into sheets of gold, the lady's train of reverie possessed me, and I could see how but little more than two hundred years ago its broad waters had known scarcely a statelier craft than the Indian's canoe, and how then a little band of settlers coming here from Greenwich had slowly and laboriously worked their way up from the shores of the Sound to where we were sitting, and beyond, growing meanwhile



A BIT OF SENTIMENT.

into a prosperous community of sturdy, pious people, jealous of their rights and quick to resent any encroachments upon them, full of seriousness, little vanities, and curious ostentation. They labored, loved, and passed away into the land of shadows, as is the way of all men, and others following them were "fence viewers," "supervizers," officers of "y^{e} trayne band," "keepers of y^{e} town drum," which called the good people to their devotions; and all the other goodly offices of honor and trust, which were plentiful enough to lend dignity to each and every one of the freeholders, exalted as they surely were, were filled always by the new generations with dignity and great ability, we may well believe. There were troubles and contentions in the little community from the first—troubles real and imagined. There were rumors of wars, and wars, and at last came the great struggle of the Colonies, which made of this the worst harassed of all the communities within the "debatable grounds." They wavered and hesitated, as a rule, these people, as to which way their sympathies should go. Meanwhile the great struggle of a new world for liberty surged round about and ingulfed them. Neighbor was against neighbor, father against son. The land was scourged by plunder, violence, and death, until racked by passions the hearts of all the people there grew callous and fruitless of emotion, as were their fields of harvests. No sound of vehicles was heard upon roads that had once thronged with busy life. "Not a single solitary traveller," says a writer of the time,* "was visible from week to week or from month to month. The world was motionless and silent, except when one of these unhappy people ventured upon a rare and lonely excursion to the house of a neighbor no less unhappy, or a scouting party traversing the country in quest of enemies alarmed the inhabitants with expectations of new injuries and suffering. The very tracks of the carriages were grown over and obliterated, and when they were discernible resembled the faint impressions of chariot wheels said to be left on the pavements of Herculaneum."

At last, when the long, long struggle was over and a nation born, soldiers, worn by want, disease, and wounds, came straggling back to find sad ruins where their cheerful homes had been, and the silence of desolation over all the land.

Other generations, to whom these horrors were but as vague traditions, came, and new homes, and old ones with new people, nestled again in cool shadows and amidst smiling fields. The Sound, with its ever-changing beauty, the forests, and the fields, had come to teem with associations of a thousand stirring incidents of tragedy, of treachery, of superstition, and of love. Two hundred years had filled the land with themes for the historian, the poet, the novelist, and the painter; had woven about and through it memories of the deeds of men more lasting than the oaks of its primeval forests. And still how short a time!

As we sat on the porch of the old shingle-sided farm-house, with no sound but the cool rustling of the wind through the great leafy trees, watching the deepening tones of the sky as the sun sank lower and lower beneath the horizon, we lost ourselves in the still beauty of the scene about us, and it seemed, being so full of peacefulness and rest, as though nothing else had ever been. The long avenue of locust-trees that stood in dark masses against the pale gold and green of the sky, where the sun had set and left its seal of beauty, blended and lost itself after a while in one sweet mystery of gloom. And all about was darkness, save where the light from the house cast a soft glow over the trunks of some ancient cherry-trees, sparkling here and there upon the gray-green of their leaves, leaving all the beyond in darkness, and the imagination free to wander through its immeasurable expanses. Away to the west the multitudinous lights of the city cast a feeble reflection up into the sky, but no disturbing sense of its troubled life could reach us.

Slowly from over the distant shore of Long Island the round full moon came up and cast a broad track of sparkling phosphorescent light across the waters of the Sound. The sky was lighted, and all the far-stretching landscape slept in the silvery glow.

"Why is it that lovers so love the moon?" the lady asked, for now it seemed that we might speak.

"Because it is so remote from all material things, so sweet, and so uncertain—so uncertain," the artist said, slowly; and we went each of us his way.

* Dr. Timothy Dwight.


VPON·A·VIRGIN·KISSING·A·ROSE
Twas but a single Rose,
Till You on It did Breathe,
But since, Me thinks, it show
Not so much Rose as
Wreathe
R·Herrick.

THE HONORABLE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

IN the year 1670 a charter was granted by King Charles II. by which a company, calling themselves "The Company of Adventurers from England trading with Hudson's Bay," were constituted absolute proprietors of "all the lands and territories upon the countries, coasts, and confines of the seas, lakes, bays, rivers, creeks, and sounds, in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that lie between the entrance of the straits called Hudson's Straits." In return for all this the Company was to pay yearly to the sovereign two elks and two black beavers, but this only whenever the sovereign should happen to be within the territories granted.

Unfortunately for this exclusive privilege of trade, as early as 1640 French colonists pushed their way into the interior from Lake Superior, across the valley of the Red River, and up the great Saskatchewan River. They established their posts at every available point, and intercepted the Indians on their way to trade their furs with the agents of the Hudson Bay Company at their factories, which, for more than a century after the date of the charter, do not appear to have extended very far beyond the sea-coast. In the year 1783 a combination of these fur traders gave rise to the "Northwest Company of Montreal." This company is said to have employed about 5000 men altogether in its service at this time. With its organization hostilities broke out between the agents of the rival corporations. For more than forty years the conflict raged over a large part of North America. It was a golden era for the red man. Rival traders sought him out, coaxed and bribed him to have nothing to do with the shop across the way, assured him that Codlin, not Short, was his friend, paid him an extravagant price for his furs, and, better still, paid that price in rum.

So wretched at last did the general condition of the territory become that efforts were made to bring the traders to an amicable settlement and union of interests. Under conditions satisfactory to both parties, a coalition was formed in 1821, by which the Northwest Company ceased to exist, and henceforth the Hudson Bay Company ruled supreme from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific. At the suggestion of the British government, Parliament conferred upon the new Company privileges of exclusive trade over a large tract of Indian country not included in their own chartered territories, tenable for a term of twenty years. In 1838 these privileges were again extended for a further term of twenty years, at the expiration of which the request for their renewal was denied. In 1869 the Company's rights to all the territory held under its charter were bought up, under imperial authority, by the Dominion of Canada, and the Company, as a monopoly and semi-sovereign power, ceased to exist. Not so its organization, however, or the influence and extent of its operations.

The supreme control of Hudson Bay affairs is vested, under the charter, in a Governor, Deputy-Governor, and committee of five directors, all annually chosen by the stockholders at a general meeting held each November. These functionaries, residing in London, delegate their authority to an official resident in their American possessions, called the Governor of Rupert Land, who acts as their representative. The authority of the Governor is supreme, except during the session of his Council, which is held once a year, and continues its formal sittings for two or three days.

The other parties to the Council are the members of the "Fur Trade," which constitutes, in its relations to the Hudson Bay Company, the wheel within the wheel. From this the profits of the Company may be said to be entirely derived. It constitutes the means by which the Company avails itself of the right to trade, which it possesses in its territories. The members of the Fur Trade reside entirely in the localities where the business is carried on in North America, and are employed in carrying out its actual workings. They are composed of the two highest grades of commissioned officers, called Chief Factors and Chief Traders. These furnish none of the capital stock, and receive their commissions merely as the rewards of long service, seldom of shorter date than fourteen years, as clerks. No annual election of officials forming any thing like the Company's London Board takes place among the partners of the Fur Trade. The only approximation to a common action which exists is af-



THE RIVAL COMPANIES SOLICITING TRADE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

forded by the annual meetings of the Council before referred to, which all Chief Factors and Chief Traders are entitled to attend. Again, the Board in London have a special representative in Rupert Land in the person of the Governor. He is president of the councils of officers held in the country, and there is no instance of his having been outvoted or his action set aside by any such body. On the other hand, the Fur Trade has no representative at the house in London. An annual dispatch is addressed by the London Board to the Council of the Northern Department. This constitutes the sole occasion on which the Company as a body approaches the Fur Trade as a body in the whole course of their business.

The partners of the Fur Trade are connected with the Company under such provisions that their incomes fluctuate with the alterations of the annual profits of the trade. A definite number of shares composes their aggregate interest. Of these, a Chief Trader possesses one, and a Chief Factor two. Vacancies in their ranks are immediately filled up as they occur from the death or retirement of the members, the qualification necessary to obtain the commission being a majority of all the votes of all the Chief Factors. The candidates for a factorship are necessarily Traders, while those for a vacant tradership are from the ranks of salaried clerks, seldom of less than fourteen years' standing in the service.

Although the Hudson Bay Company is itself an entirely English corporation, its officers in the fur country are nearly all Scotsmen or natives of the Orkney Islands. Applicants are enlisted at an early age—from sixteen to eighteen—for a nominal term of five years, though the more distinct understanding is that the applicant shall devote his life to the business. At certain periods a requisition is forward-

ed from the fur country for additional help, and the successful candidate is sent by return packet to York Factory, on Hudson Bay. His salary begins upon the date of his departure from London, the sum paid during the first five years of apprenticeship ranging from £20 to £50 sterling, together with rations, quarters, and clothing from the Company's shop at cost and ten per centum. From York Factory he is generally sent to pass his apprenticeship in the extreme northern districts, where, after a term of service ranging from fourteen years and upward, during which his



ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDE ELECT.

salary has increased from £20 to £100 sterling, and he has passed by a series of transfers from the remote and unimportant post whence he started to the position of accountant in one of the great dépôt forts, he slips from the ranks of salaried men into the partnership of the Fur Trade as Chief Trader, and is placed in charge of some important post. He has passed in the line of promotion a class of clerks known as "post-masters." These are usually promoted laborers, who for good behavior or faithful service have been partly put on a footing with the gentlemen of the service, but who lack the necessary education to successfully compete with the Scotch importations. Below these still are the interpreters, who for the most part are more than ordinarily intelligent laborers of pretty long standing in the service, and who, having obtained some knowledge of the Indian tongues, are found useful in trading with the natives. Of a still lower grade are the laborers, voyageurs, and hunters.

Death or retirement next opens the way for the Trader's advancement to the rank of Chief Factor, the highest office under the Governor, to which any one can rise in the service. In the exercise of the functions of this office he assumes control of a district often as large as a European kingdom, with head-quarters at the largest post within its limits, and a general supervision of all the other posts.

The great majority of the Company's officers marry natives of the country, having first to obtain the consent of the Governor, as rations, quarters, etc., are furnished the family equally with themselves. But it occasionally occurs that some gentleman of independent taste turns up who prefers a wife from the old country. For such emergencies provision is made in the paternal character of the Company. The fastidious lover sends an order to the house in London, with the special characteristics he desires in a life partner. The Company selects such a one as it may deem suitable from the list of candidates always ready, and forwards her, duly invoiced. Upon her arrival she is married out of hand. Many of the servants of the Company whose lives have been passed in the service retire to end their days at Fort Garry, in the new province of Manitoba, forming among themselves a society constituting the aristocracy of the wilderness.

The enormous extent of the territory over which the Hudson Bay Company carries on its trade, and throughout which dépôts and posts are established, can scarcely be comprehended at a merely cursory glance. From Pembina, on the Red River, to Fort Anderson, on the Mackenzie, is as great a distance as from London to Mecca; the space between the Company's



HALF-BREED FAMILY ON THE WAY TO A TRADING POST.

post at Sault Ste. Marie and Fort Simpson, on the Pacific, measures more than 2500 geographical miles; from the King's Posts to the Pelly Banks is farther than from Paris to Samarcand. The area of country under its immediate influence is about 4,500,000 square miles, or more than one-third greater than the whole extent of Europe.

For purposes of trade the original chartered territories of the Company, and the vast outlying circuit of commercial relations, are divided into sections called the Northern, Southern, Montreal, and Western departments. Of these, the Northern Department is situated between Hudson Bay and the Rocky Mountains; the Southern between James Bay and Canada, including also East Main, on the eastern shore of Hudson Bay; the Montreal Department comprehends the extent of the business in the Canadas; while the Western comprises the regions west of the Rocky Mountains. These four departments are again divided into fifty-three smaller portions, called districts, each of which is under the direction of a superintending officer, and has a dépôt fort, to which all the supplies for the district are forwarded, and to which all furs and other produce are sent for shipment to England. These districts are again subdivided into numerous minor establishments, forts, posts, and outposts. Over each of these there is an officer and from two to forty men, mechanics, laborers, and servants. Besides, the Company employs multitudes of men as voyageurs, manning and working the boats and canoes in every part of the territory. The discipline and etiquette maintained are of the strictest kind, and an *esprit du corps* exists between the three thousand officers — commissioned and non-commissioned — voyageurs, and servants such as is only to be found in the army, or in an ancient and honorable service.

The forts and trading posts of the Company are scattered over its immense territories at distances apart varying from fifty to three hundred miles. A better idea may, perhaps, be obtained of their relative positions, and of the isolated lives of their garrisons, by imagining the broad State of Ohio planted in the middle of the fur country. In that event the Company would build one trading post in it.

The term fort, as applied to the establishments of the Company, and suggesting a formidable array of rampart, bastion, loop-holed wall, and fortalice, is a misnomer, there being only two or three in the whole fur country at all worthy of the name. Upper and Lower Forts Garry are veritable forts, surrounded by stone walls, with bastions at each of the four corners.

The trading and interior dépôt posts of the Company are strange, quaint-looking places, built according to a general type. They stand generally upon the second or lower bank of some navigable river or lake, so as to be easily accessible to the boats which annually visit them with supplies. A trading post is invariably a square, inclosed by immense trees or pickets, one end sunk deeply in the ground, and placed close together. A platform, about the height of an ordinary man, is carried along the inner side of the square, so as to enable any one to peep over without danger from arrow or bullet. At the four corners are bastions, octagonal in shape, pierced with embrasures, to lead the Indians to believe in the existence of cannon, and intended to strike terror to any red-skinned rebel bold enough to dispute the supremacy of the Company. The entrance to the stockade is closed by two massive gates, an inner and an outer one. In the centre of the square stands the residence of the factor or trader in charge, and of the upper class of employés, while about its four sides, close to the stockade, are ranged the trading store, the fur-room, the warehouses, servants' quarters, etc. Beside the larger dwelling rises a tall flag-staff, bearing the flag of the Company, with its strange device, "*Pro pelle cutem*"—skin for skin—and near by a bell tower, the tones from which mark the hours of labor and rest. In front of the gate lounge a few half-breeds or Indians in tasselled cap and dirty white capote, or tattered blankets. A band of horses graze in a distant meadow, while nearer by a few leather *tepees*, or bark lodges, from the frilled poles of which the smoke curls lazily, indicate the home of the aboriginal hanger-on. At one side of the palisade a few rude crosses or wooden railings, stained by rain and snow-drift, and blown over by the tempest, mark the last resting-places of the dead.

The trade-rooms at all the posts are arranged with strict reference to the wants of the peculiar custom which they attract. From the heavy joists of the low ceiling depend twine, steel-traps, tin kettles, frying-pans, etc.; on various shelves are piled bales of cloth of all colors, capotes, blankets, and caps; and in smaller divisions are placed files, scalping-knives, gun screws, flints, balls of twine, fire steels, canoe awls, and glass beads of all colors and sizes. Drawers in the counter contain needles, pins, scissors, fish-hooks, thimbles, and vermilion for painting canoes and faces. On the floor is strewn a variety of copper kettles, from half a pint to a gallon; and in one corner of the room stand a dozen trading-guns, and beside them a keg of powder and a bag of shot.

In some of the trade-rooms a small space is railed off by the counter near the door, behind which the Indians stand to trade. Sometimes they are confined to a separate apartment, called the Indian-room, adjoining that occupied by the traders, and business is carried on through a loop-hole communicating between the two. In many of the posts in the plain country the trade-room is cleverly contrived so as to prevent a sudden rush of the Indians, the approach from outside the pickets being through a long narrow passage, only of sufficient width to admit of one Indian at a time, and bent at an acute angle near the window at which the trader stands. This precaution is rendered necessary by the frantic desire which sometimes seizes upon the Indian to shoot the clerk, which he might easily do were the passage straight.

At most of the interior posts time moves slowly, and change is almost unknown. To-day is the same as a hundred years ago. The list of goods ordered from England for this year has exactly the same items as that of 1779. Strands, cottons, beads, and trading-guns are still the wants of the Indians, and are still traded for musquash and beaver.

The system of trade at the Company's posts is entirely one of barter. Until recent years money values were unknown; but this medium of exchange has gradually become familiar to the Indians, and the almighty dollar is rapidly asserting its supremacy in savagedom.

The standard of values throughout the fur country is still, however, the skin of the beaver, by which the price of all furs and articles of trade is regulated. To explain: suppose that four beavers are equivalent in value to a silver-fox skin, two martens to a beaver, twenty musk-rats to a marten, and so on. The Crow's Claw or the Man-with-Feathers wishes to purchase a blanket or a gun from the Company; he would have to give, say, three silver-foxes, or twenty beaver skins, or 200 musk-rats, or other furs, according to their relative position of worth in the tariff. Has he a horse valued at sixty skins, he would trade

it thus: a gun, fifteen skins; a capote, ten skins; a blanket, ten skins; ball and powder, ten skins; tobacco, fifteen skins—total, sixty skins. So any service rendered or labor performed by the Indians is paid for in skins, the beaver being the unit of computation.

For a very evident reason the price paid for furs is not fixed in strict accordance with their intrinsic value. If it were so, all the valuable fur-bearing animals would soon become extinct, as no Indian would bother himself to trap a cheap fur while a high-priced one remained uncaught.

The manner in which trade is conducted by the Company differs radically in the Northern and Southern districts, owing to the different habits and dispositions of the Indians, those of the former being solitary hunters and trappers on foot, and those of the latter a race of gregarious horsemen. From the Northern or wood Indians comes the greater part of the trade in fine furs, while the line of forts along the Saskatchewan and in the plain country furnishes the coarser furs, buffalo-robes, leather, pemmican, and other provisions. In the former country the Company is all-powerful, and rules its subjects with a mild and equitable sway; in the latter, independent Indians, roaming the plains in great bands, are too strong to be controlled by the handfuls of men at the forts. For this reason the trading posts in the plain country are defended by stout and lofty stockades, and every precaution taken to guard against a surprise during the progress of a trade, for the wily Blackfeet and Crees embrace every opportunity of taking possession of a trading post, and helping themselves to its contents. Bars, bolts, and places to fire down upon the Indians abound in every direction.



TRADE-ROOM, HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S FORT, IN THE PLAIN COUNTRY.

The scenes presented during the progress of a plain Indian trade are very picturesque and exciting. A week or more previous to the trade there appear at the fort two or three Indians, who announce themselves as the advance agents of their band, and authorized to negotiate with the officer in charge for the trade of their peltries, robes, and provisions. They are shown into the Indian-room, where they are handsomely entertained, and made the recipients of presents according to their rank and the anticipated value of the trade.

On the day appointed for the trade there



THE PALAVER—A DEAR PONY.

appears moving over the plain a motley crowd of Indians, squaws, dogs, and travailles. Ascertaining that none of their enemies are in sight, they at once pitch their camp at a little distance from the fort, a few of the braves riding up to learn whether the post is in readiness for the trade.

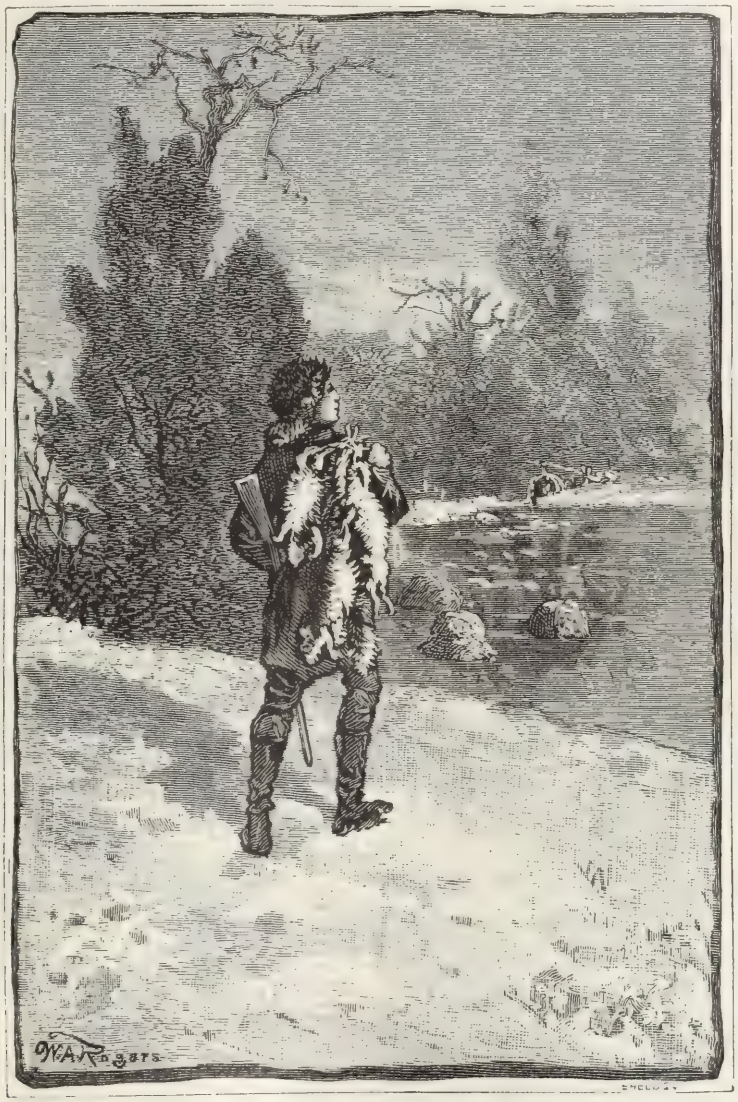
Upon their first appearance every thing has been made ready for their reception. Guns have been loaded and placed at the loop-holes commanding the Indian and trade rooms; all the gates of the stout log stockade have been securely fastened. From the shelves of the trade-room a greater part of the goods have been taken, leaving only a few blankets, strands, guns, and a little tea and sugar. This is necessitated by the fact that the untutored Indian, unaccustomed to the sight of so much finery, is apt to behave much in the manner of a hungry boy placed behind the counter of a pastry-cook's shop, to the utter collapse of all profit upon the trade to the Hudson Bay Company. All communication between the Indian and trade rooms and other parts of the building is closed, and there remains for the use of the customers only the narrow passage leading from the outer gate of the stockade to the Indian-room, the Indian-room itself, and the narrow hallway between it and the trade-room. This latter is furnished with two heavy doors, and the space between them will hold from two to four Indians. In trading, but two persons are admitted into the trade-room at a time, in the following manner:

The passage door communicating with the Indian-room is opened, and two Indians admitted therein; then it is closed, and the door leading into the trade-room opened. When the two braves have finished trading, they are returned by a similar process, one door always being kept shut. Both these doors are made to slide

into their places, and are manipulated from the apartment occupied by the traders.

The trade-room is divided by a stout partition, reaching from floor to ceiling, into two parts, one for the traders and goods, the other for the Indians. In the centre of this partition an aperture about a yard square is cut, divided by a grating into squares sufficiently large to admit the passage of a blanket or robe, but inadequate to the admission of the red man in person. This is necessitated by the Indian's forgetfulness of the existence of counters, and the exasperating pertinacity with which he insists upon a personal examination of the goods. It sometimes happens, too, that he expresses his dissatisfaction at the price of a much-coveted article by desultory firing at the person of the trader, who, in the absence of such partition, has no means of escape or concealment.

As soon as the advance guard of Indians approach, the trader accompanies them to camp, where a general palaver begins. Many speeches are made on both sides, the Indians promising to conduct the trade in the most peaceable and orderly manner, the whole affair terminating by the chief loading a pony with a general assortment of robes, pemmican, dressed skins, etc., and handing horse and all he carries over to the trader. This is the usual Indian method of beginning a trade, and has only one drawback—the trader is expected to return a present of twice the value. And it is certain that if in the trade which ensues the trader buys a hundred horses, not one will cost him half so dear as that which demonstrates the large-heartedness of the chief. After the trader has, in turn, shown the bigness of his heart by an ample present of blankets and finery, the braves and squaws move up to the fort with their provisions and peltries, the trade having



A TRAPPER GOING HIS ROUNDS.

now fairly begun. The chief exhorts his braves to conduct themselves peaceably, and not make him the possessor of a forked tongue by bad conduct. Then the outer gate is thrown open, and the eager throng rushes in, every man in the post being at his place and ready for any thing that may turn up.

The Indian-room being now filled with the excited crowd, two braves with their peltries are admitted to the trade-room. They look through the grating, point to the articles they want, and pay for them in installments. If an Indian were to bring a hundred skins of different sorts, or all alike, he would trade off every skin separately, and insist on payment for each skin as he sold it. In this way he seems to get more for his money.

The trade progresses briskly, the purchasers being returned to the Indian-room as soon as supplied, and a new batch let in. In the Indian-room there is terrible excitement. As each couple appears with their purchases they are eagerly questioned as to what they saw, whether there is any of this or that article, and whether the supply is likely to be exhausted before the questioner's turn arrives. Each succeeding statement that there are on the shelves but a few guns, blankets, cloths, etc., intensifies the anxiety, and the crush to get in increases tenfold, until the trader announces through a loop-hole that there will be enough for all. Thus the trade progresses, until all the furs and provisions have changed hands, and there remains nothing more to be traded.*

The method of trading for horses depends much upon the humor the Indians are in upon completion of the exchange of goods and peltries. If well satisfied, then the horse-trading takes place immediately outside the stockade, the animals being led within as fast as purchased; for the Indian's fine sense of humor frequently leads him to ride away a horse he has just sold, by way of practical joke upon the owner. If an aggressive spirit obtains, however, a single brave with his pony or ponies is admitted at a time within the stockade, the trade effected, and the owner paid and passed out before the admission of a second.

As before stated, the method of trading in the Northern districts differs from that pursued upon the plain. It is the custom of the Company to issue to the trapping or wood Indians such goods as they need when the summer supplies arrive at the trading posts, such advances to be paid for at the close of the hunting season.



TRAPPERS LEAVING THEIR HUNTING GROUNDS.

* The establishment of mounted police stations throughout a considerable portion of the plain country of late years has tended in some measure to modify this method of trade at some of the posts.



THE BALANCE OF TRADE.

In this way a great majority of the Indian and half-breed hunters and trappers really live in a state of peonage to the Company. Like the Mexican or Brazilian peon, they are so constantly and, for them, largely in debt to the Fur Trade as to be practically its servants. By this system of advances the Company rules its vast territories, and may be said to feed, clothe, and wholly maintain nine-tenths of the entire population. The continuance of the system is caused by the necessities of the hunters and trappers, many of whom it preserves from absolute starvation.

About the first of November, when the animals have got their winter coats, and fur is "in season," the Indian trapper lays out his trapping walk for the winter, along which he places a line of traps from ten to fifteen miles in length. Once or twice a week he makes the round of this walk, and gathers such furs as may be caught. Most of the finer furs are taken by means of the wooden dead-fall and steel-traps of various sizes, the larger fur-bearing animals being either shot, caught in snares, or killed by the poisoned bait.

Toward the latter end of March the Indian trappers leave their hunting grounds, and make a journey to the forts with the produce of their winter's toil. Here they come, moving through the forest, a motley throng. The braves march in front, too proud and lazy to carry any thing but their guns, and not always doing even that. After them come the squaws, bending under loads, driving dogs, or hauling hand-sleds laden with meat, furs, tanned deer-skins, and infants. The puppy dog and inevitable baby never fail in Indian lodge or procession. The cheerful spectacle of the two packed together upon the back of a woman is not of infrequent occurrence. Day after day the mongrel party journeys on, until the fort is reached. Then comes the trade. The trader separates the furs into lots, placing the standard valuation upon each. Then he adds the amounts together, and informs the trapper that he has got sixty or seventy "skins." At the same time he hands his customer sixty or seventy little bits of wood, so that the latter may know, by re-



CARE FOR A SICK INDIAN.


OLD FORT YUKON.


LA PIERRE'S HOUSE.

turning these in payment for the goods for which he really barters his furs, just how fast his funds decrease. The first act of the Indian is to cancel the debt contracted for advances at the beginning of the season; then he looks round upon the bales of cloth, blankets, etc., and after a long while concludes to have a small white capote for his toddling boy. The price is told him, and he hands back ten of his little pieces of wood, then looks about him for something else. Every thing is carefully examined, and with each purchase there is a contest over the apparent inequality between the amount received and that given. In the Indian's opinion one skin should pay for one article of merchandise, no matter what the value of the latter may be. And he insists, too, upon selecting the skin. The steelyard and weighing balance are his especial objects of dislike. He does not know what medicine that is. That his tea and sugar should be balanced against a bit of iron, conveys no idea of the relative values of peltries and merchandise to him. He insists upon making the balance swing even between the trader's goods and his own furs, until a new light is thrown upon the question of steelyards and scales by the acceptance of his proposition. Then, when he finds his fine furs balanced against heavy blankets, he concludes to abide by the old method of letting the white trader decide the weight in his own way; for it is clear that the steelyard is a very great medicine, which no brave can understand.

When the trapper has spent all his little pieces of wood, and asks for further advances, he is allowed to draw any reasonable amount; for, contrary to the rule in civilized life, a debt is seldom lost save by the death of the Indian. He may change his place of abode hundreds of miles, but he still has only a Company's post at which to trade. The Company has always been a good friend to him and his, and he pays when he can. He knows that when he liquidates his old debt, he can contract a new one just as big. No attempt was ever made to cheat him, and there never will be. When he is ill he goes to the nearest fort, and is cared for and attended until he recovers. When he does his duty well he gets a present, and he never performs any labor without receiving fair compensation. Such humane treatment strongly binds the Indian and half-breed to the Company.



THE GREAT NORTHERN PACKET.

Communication is maintained between every post in the vast territory and headquarters during the long months of winter by means of the Great Northern Packet, which leaves Fort Garry annually about the 10th December. The appliances for the carriage of this important mail are snow-shoes and dog sledges. The latter are two in number, drawn by four dogs each. Upon each of these sledges there are bound a pair of stoutly constructed boxes, measuring about three feet in length by eighteen inches deep and fourteen wide. These wooden mail-bags, when properly packed, contain an astonishing amount of written and printed matter. The dogs run at a regular trot, the drivers accompanying them on foot at the rate of about forty miles per day. The frozen channels of the rivers and lakes form the general roadway, and Lake Winnipeg is traversed to Fort Carlton, near the eastern end of the Saskatchewan Valley, the chief centre of the winter packet arrangements. Here the entire mail is overhauled and repacked, branch packets being sent off east and west, while the Great Northern Packet journeys on to the remote arctic regions to which it is consigned. From the morning when the packet left the office at Fort Garry to the evening when the solitary dog train, last of many, drags the same packet, now reduced to a tiny bundle, into the inclosure of La Pierre's house, more than a hundred nights have been passed in the great northern forests; over three thousand miles have been traversed; a score of different dog trains have hauled it, sending off at long intervals branch dog packets to the right and left. It was midwinter when it started; it arrives just as the sunshine of mid-May is beginning to carry a faint whisper of coming spring to the valleys of the Upper Yukon.



NEWS OF THE DAY.

In former days all excess in the amount of mail matter transmitted through the winter packets was so jealously guarded against that the carriage of newspapers was disallowed, with the single exception of an annual file of the Montreal *Gazette*, forwarded for general perusal. The fifty-two copies of that periodical circulated over that vast country from post to post, until, worn out by much service, they finished their course in a lonely station in latitude 67° 30′ north. At this date, however, newspapers form the bulk of the Company's inward-bound packet.

In the month of April the whole force at each of the Company's posts begin to pack the furs accumulated during the winter into bales of from eighty to one hundred pounds weight. The outer covering is generally of buffalo or other large skins. If it be an inland post, loops are made to each package in order to sling it upon a pack-saddle; if upon a navigable stream, boats are used instead of horses. This is called fitting out a brigade, and constitutes the grand annual event in the traders' and employés' lives. Their destination is the dépôt fort of the district, there to meet the boat brigades bringing the yearly supplies. When the dépôt is reached, the furs are debarked, and the various goods to supply the trade until a similar exchange next year are handed over to the trader, who generally goes in charge of the brigade. These trips occupy from two to four months. The meeting of these brigades at the dépôt presents a quaint and singular spectacle. The wild look, long, unkempt hair, sunburned faces, and leather costumes of the traders are only exceeded by the still wilder appearance and absence of almost any clothing among their Indian attendants. The scene while the brigades remain is one continuous orgy.

When the brigades depart for their several destinations, the furs are forwarded by boat to the great dépôt forts on the

sea-coast, where they are all sorted and repacked, being pressed into bales by enormous levers, and rum and tobacco are placed between the layers of skins to keep out the insects and larvæ of moths. They are then loaded on the Company's ships, which annually bring out the stores from England, and are eventually sold at public auction. The sales in London alone amount to more than $1,000,000 per annum, and this forms but a small part of the yearly returns from the Company's territories, large quantities being exported to the Continent, to the United States, and to the Canadas; and occasionally furs are exported by the Company to China.

The annual supply of its vast chain of trading posts with merchandise is a matter of vital importance to the Company.



MEETING OF BOATS AND INLAND TRAINS.

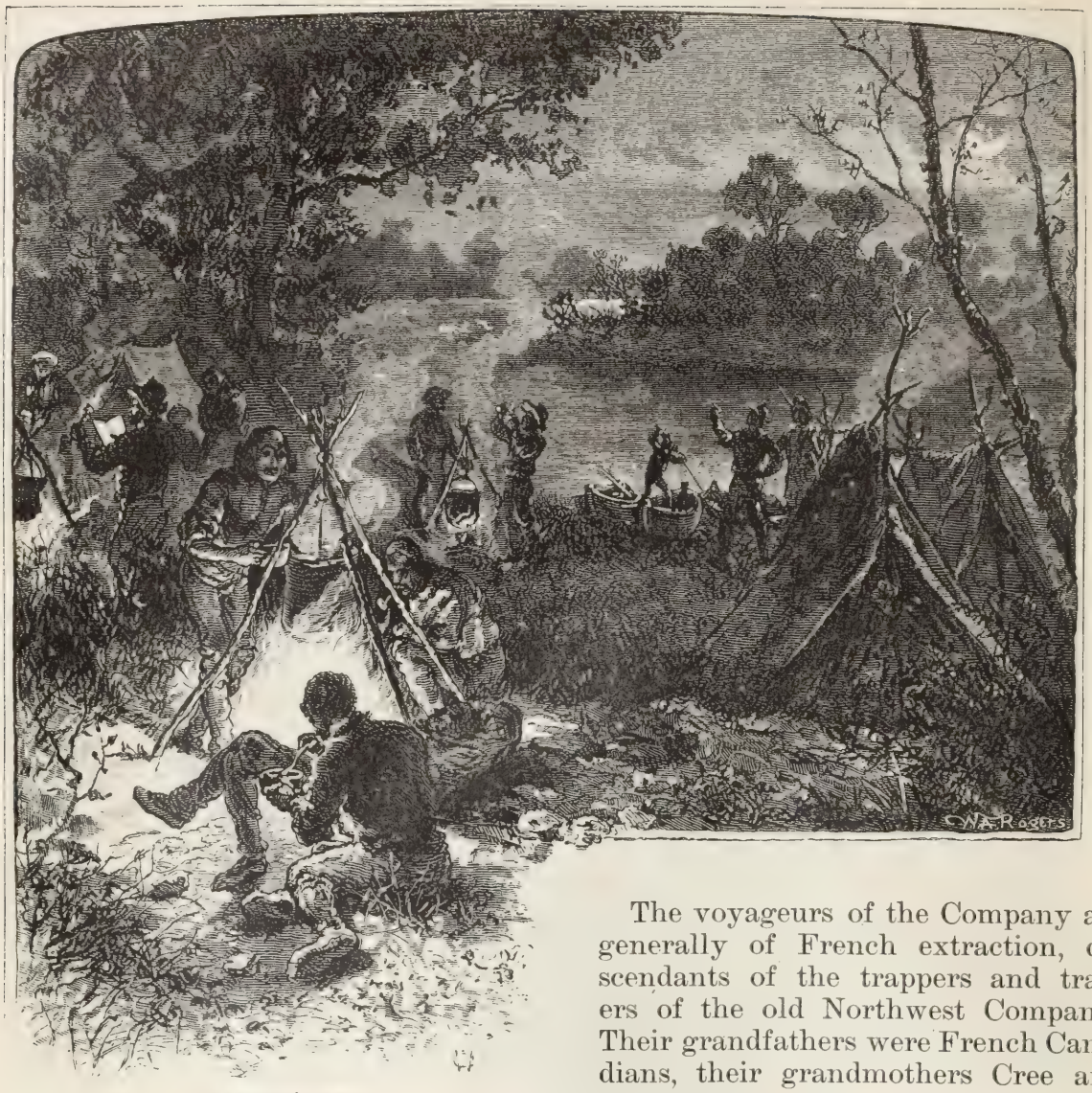


MAKING A PORTAGE.

and is conducted with a care and system devoted to no other branch of its trade. Early in June of each year the Company's ships leave the Thames for the fur country. It is the end of August when they land at York Factory, on Hudson Bay. For one year the goods they have brought lie in the warehouses of the factory; twelve months later they reach Norway House; twelve months later, again, they reach Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie. The furs for which they are exchanged reach London by similar stages in three years more; so that six years elapse from the date of the departure of the rough flint-gun to the return of the skin of sable for which it has been bartered.

The supplies brought out by the ships are distributed to the interior posts by means of what are called "inland boats." Shaped like an ordinary whale-boat, they carry a burden of three and a half tons, and require nine men as crew. A number of these boats constitute a brigade, each of which is placed in charge of a guide. These brigades, leaving Fort Garry in June, tend north and northwest toward Methy Portage and York Factory, there to meet other brigades from the remote arctic districts, to whom they deliver their cargoes, receiving in return the furs brought down from the interior posts. When this exchange is effected, each brigade retraces its course.

On many of the streams traversed by these brigades navigation is seriously interrupted by rapids, water-falls, and cataracts, to surmount which the boats with their cargoes have to be landed and carried round the obstruction, to be relaunched at the nearest practicable point. Again, it occurs that a height of land is reached, across which the boats and cargoes must be dragged in order to descend the opposite stream. In either event the operation is known as "making a portage."



VOYAGEURS' CAMP.

The standard weight of each package used in the fur trade is one hundred pounds, each boat containing seventy-five "inland pieces," as such packages are called. In crossing a portage each voyageur is supposed equal to the task of carrying two inland pieces upon his back. A broad leather strap, called a "portage strap," is placed round the forehead, the ends of which strap, passing back over the shoulders, support the pieces, which, thus carried, lie along the spine from the small of the back to the crown of the head. The departure of these boat brigades on their long trips forms a very picturesque spectacle. The boats are decked in holiday attire: small red flags, streaming ensigns, gaudy ribbons, and the spreading antlers of moose and elk appear everywhere above the square packages of freight. Congregated upon the beach are the wives and sweethearts of the boatmen, who have come to bid them adieu.

The voyageurs of the Company are generally of French extraction, descendants of the trappers and traders of the old Northwest Company. Their grandfathers were French Canadians, their grandmothers Cree and Chippewa squaws. A merry, light-hearted race, they are recklessly generous, hospitable, and extravagant. In the summer they pull an oar in the boat brigades; in the winter they vary seasons of hunting with longer intervals of total idleness. Vanity is their besetting sin, and they will leave themselves and their families without the common necessaries of life to become the envied possessors of a handsome suit, a gun, or a train of dogs, which may happen to attract their fancy. Intensely superstitious, and firm believers in dreams, omens, and warnings, they are apt disciples of the Romish faith. Completely under the influence of the priests in most respects, and observing the outward forms of religion with great regularity, they are yet grossly immoral, often dishonest, and generally untrustworthy. But as hunters, guides, and voyageurs they are unequalled. Of more powerful build, as a rule, than the pure Indian, they are his equal in endurance and readiness of resource.

SKETCHES IN TYROL.

IV.

AT the edge of Southeastern Tyrol, within an area of forty miles by thirty, stand all of the great peaks of the dolomite formation: it is *par excellence* the region of the dolomite Alps. It has been known to geologists since Dolomieu, at the close of the last century, described the mineral which was to bear his name, and identified it with this mountain formation. So far as secular travel is concerned, the district remained practically unknown until the publication of the work of Gilbert and Churchill describing their explorations of 1861–63. Other more popular writers followed them, applying to the remarkable features of the region more or less appropriate expressions of description and admiration.

The glimpse of the Rosengarten from Botzen, the bald head of the Lang Kofel as seen from St. Ulrich, and the majestic broadside of this rock and the Platt Kofel, the jagged spikes of the Ross Zähne, and the flat ridge and sharp horn of the Schlern, which bound the Seisser Alp on the east and south, had given us an entirely characteristic and comprehensive idea of the varied formation. These were majestic sentinels guarding the outposts of the stronghold. Far up in the Puster Thal, spectre crests, under the rosy light of fading day, beckoned us on to the citadel. We entered the portals at Toblach, through the grand defile which gives entrance to the Ampezzo Valley. Before us, a sharp high peak, almost over our heads, shut out the morning sun, which gave a fringe of silver to every twig of the firs and bushes at its top, and poured down into the valley in opaline streams of light. After passing the Toblacher-See the walls of the valley grew steeper, the bare mountain-tops rose higher, and we penetrated into the very heart of the grand peaks—streaked with red and yellow, seamed with angry scars and fissures, and set in pines almost black in their sombre hue.

Near the first habitation, at Landro, a comfortable inn, the Höllenstein, with Monte Piano and the Drei Zinnen, stood high before us. Beyond the Dürren-See rose the tilted masses of Monte Cristallo, which the lake mirrors like a glass. At Schluderbach another way-side inn is busy with coming and going travellers. Before it, rises the Croda Rossa, one of the highest of the dolomites, its precipices stained with broad bright red patches. Gilbert describes it as "streaked as with the red drip of a mighty sacrifice."



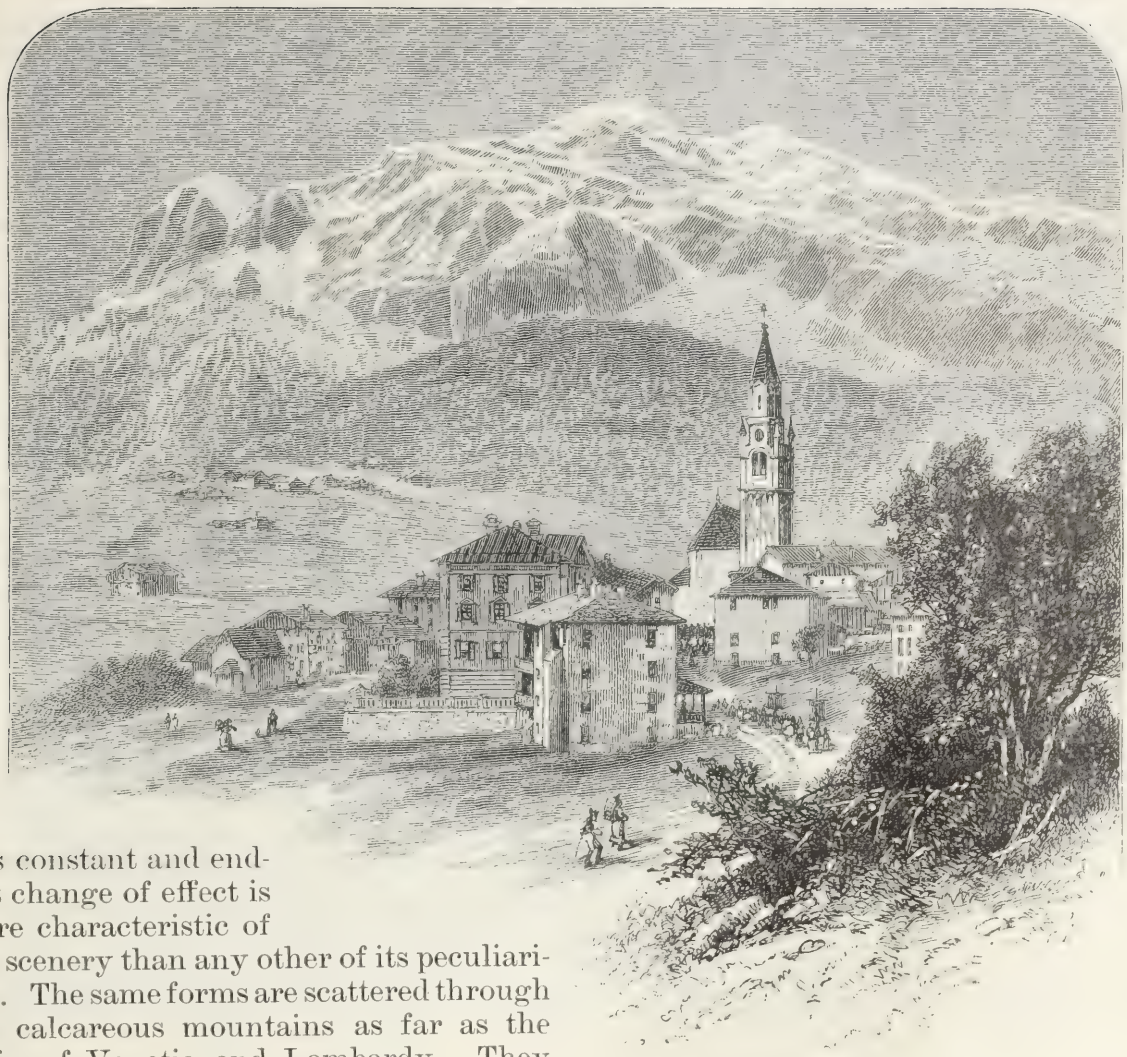
THE INN AT LANDRO.

The road has risen constantly from Toblach, and almost uninterruptedly from Botzen. At its highest point it is very nearly 5000 feet above the level of the sea, having insensibly consumed nearly one-half of the nominal height of the highest mountains of the region, carried us nearly to the limit of gradual slope and of vegetation, and brought us close to the barren rock and precipitous walls, and filling our lungs with the clear and invigorating air of a high Alpine valley.



SCHLUDERBACH AND THE CRODA ROSSA.

We had come far enough to compare our preconceived ideas of the dolomites with the majestic reality with which we were surrounded. We were in no respect disappointed—far from it; but we were made to realize the inadequacy of language and of human imagery to convey a true impression of these scenes. "Cathedrals," "flying-buttresses," "watch-towers," "lions couchant," "bastions," "needles," "bayonets," and the multiform expressions leading to a comparison with the insignificant works of man, seemed only a feeble attempt to define and measure in language created for worldly things a grandeur which is really inexpressible, and which even requires a certain familiarity to be appreciated by the eye which gazes upon it. Through the clear air and under a cloudless sky the mountain-tops all seem unduly near. It needs the half-concealment and the shadow of floating clouds to throw them back to their real distance and to lift them to their real height. Here, even more than among mountains of ordinary form, partial concealment and the vast contrast between nearness and distance best develop the grandeur of the greater peaks. The Lang Kofel nowhere seems so far, so large, and so high as when its pale, clear-cut, yellowish shaft reaches up far above and far behind the dark and sharply defined mountains which shut in the Grödner Thal. Monte Pelmo, as it lifts its great head into the distant sky far beyond the serrated top of the high Becco di Mezzodi, is vastly more impressive in magnitude and in elevation than when its whole side has come into view. Something of the effect may be due to the mystery of suggestion, but more to the fact that we need the majestic scale of an intervening mountain to measure rightly such enormous heights and masses. I shall refrain from all attempt to express in words the remarkable and various forms and effects of the dolomite peaks, farther than to say that in their general characteristics—and there are many exceptions even to this—they are full of sharp angles, fantastic serrations, and knife-like edges. So little does the eye appreciate relative distance that two mountains rising one behind the other, and having a wide valley between them, look like a single slope, until a cloud, filling the valley, brings the nearer summit into clear relief. In certain lights, and especially in the gray following the sunset, they frequently look like vertical sheets of gray pasteboard with a jagged edge standing in sharp profile against the lighter sky; again, they seem a mass of cold gray stone rising high out of the fields and forests, pitiless, cheerless, baleful, and cruel; again, under strong sunlight, they are modelled with infinite sharp shadow, and mellowed with the warmest creamy and ruddy glow, even the broad blackened patches of the older exposures assuming a warm blue tone. The first impression received may well belie all that we have read, for aspect, medium, light and shadow, and all the infinite variations of atmospheric effect, change the tone, the feeling, and almost the very form itself. What we see to-day we shall not see to-morrow; a description true now may never be true again. It seems to me that



CORTINA AND MONTE TOFANA.

this constant and endless change of effect is more characteristic of the scenery than any other of its peculiarities. The same forms are scattered through the calcareous mountains as far as the plain of Venetia and Lombardy. They look down upon Riva from the precipitous west wall of Garda, they haunt the traveller by the Lecco arm of Lake Como, they appear again at Lugano, they are conspicuous in the Pyrenees, and they are a very frequent accompaniment of limestone ranges the world over, but only here in Tyrol have they their full characteristic effect.

Near the head of the Ampezzo Valley, in the ganglion centre from which reach out the various systems of mountain and valley toward the north, south, east, and west, high up among the barren rocks, and close to their frowning and beetling and broken edges, we have a combination of direction, of exposure, of distorted form, of light and shade, and of atmospheric condition which turns the weird kaleidoscope from hour to hour, and produces the unusual and changing effects with which literature has grappled so much in vain.

It seems altogether likely that Cortina will remain the central point of interest of the district. It is a snug little Italio-German town in the midst of the straight stretch of the valley at its broadest and richest part, four thousand feet above the sea, and most delicious in climate, without the chill of the Engadine or the heat of more inclosed valleys. It is a climate where exercise is a delight, where sleep is a revelation, and where appetite finds wholesome stimulus, and gives good sauce to abundant food. Happily this is not a guide-book, and I am not called upon to discuss the relative merits of the Golden Star and the Black Eagle. The tidy and still fine-looking sisters Barbaria, and the lusty and stalwart brothers Ghedina, have and will continue to have their warm adherents and their plentiful patrons. It is not as advice to my readers —only as a tribute to merit—that I commend the Aquila Nera for its open situation, its airy and generally large rooms, and the Teutonic profusion of its table. It is not often that the Kellnerin of a hotel, good and obliging though she may be, can claim more than passing notice; but Filomena, the earnest-faced, calm-mind-

ed, gentle, and unflagging maiden who holds the comfort of each guest and the welfare and mainspring of the whole establishment in her active hands and willing heart, deserves more than thanks from all to whose wants and to whose whims she has uncomplainingly ministered.

Two of the brothers Ghedina are artists of considerable merit. Across the street from the hotel is a "Dependence" containing a dozen or more rooms. The outside of this building, which is new, is being entirely and very artistically frescoed—the front with very good allegorical pictures after the manner of Kaulbach, and the south side with really excellent representations of Tyrolean domestic life. Here and there, in out-of-the-way places, appear various smaller pictures, one room being decorated with clever imitations of framed photographs, line engravings, and cheap chromos—a whimsical conceit capitally carried out.

The people of Cortina are simple, industrious, and obviously cheerful and contented. Like all mountaineers, they are to the last degree hard-working. From early dawn until the last ray of daylight every one seems to be at work. The commune includes a number of small villages or hamlets of a few houses each, scattered about among the hills, many of them high up at the end of steep, rough roads hardly passable for the smallest vehicles. The farm-houses of which these hamlets are made up are large and evidently populous, and the barns are often detached. Already, early in September, with many of the crops still to be harvested, they seemed full to overflowing. The whole country, at least wherever I traversed it, is covered with a thick peaty soil, which holds water like a sponge. In many places even grain in sheaves is not cured on the ground, but hung upon the forks of poles cut with the branches projecting, and standing in rows at the edges of the fields. Large crops are grown of what in England is called the horse-bean—tall-growing stalks, with pods along their sides. Even these can not be cured on the ground; they are tied in bundles, which are hung in pairs over long poles, racks of which, twenty or thirty feet high and equally long, are an accompaniment of every barn, sometimes standing independently, supported by high poles, and sometimes resting on brackets built out from the front of the structure. Much of the land is so steep that I found difficulty in crossing it. From such fields the crops are removed in coarse linen sheets, making huge bundles, which are carried home on the heads of the people. As many women as men are seen at work in the fields, and they do all manner of work equally, save that the ploughing and mowing are more often done by men, and hoeing and reaping by women. The frugality of their lives is equal to their industry; and with a fertile soil and a ready market, it is easy to understand the substantial prosperity which, for people of their class, is every where conspicuous. Their methods of life and work differ greatly from our own; their implements are rude and clumsy; their cattle are poor, cows being generally worked in the yoke; and it is easy to see many ways in which our example might be followed with great advantage. With a predilection, however, for village life for an agricultural people, I believe that, making allowance for their inferior education, the people in the villages about Cortina are more cheerful and contented than those of the corresponding class with us.

I have already referred to the accidents which occasionally befall workers upon the very steep mountain-sides of Tyrol. A very sad one occurred upon the day of our arrival at Cortina. A mother and her daughter and a young man were working in a hay field which sloped steeply down to the edge of a precipice five or six hundred feet high. The mother slipped, but was arrested by a slight obstruction; the young man succeeded in reaching her, and might have saved her, but the child, becoming excited, hastened to them, fell, and carried them both with her over the fatal brink.

The inclosing mountains are in such harmony in their grandeur, the valley itself is so smiling and peaceful, and the town is so distant from the immediate hill-tops, that the views *are* less striking than at Campitileo or Caprile. Gilbert and Churchill, on the occasion of their first visit, passed but a single night here, and only recognized after they had left, the fact that they had passed unnoticed the grandest combination of the dolomite peaks. So far as one could judge from simple appearance, the base of Monte Tofana was not half a mile from our windows. It is really more than two miles away, with a sturdy mountain and a deep valley



FRESCO ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE AQUILA NERA.

intervening. A man on its summit can not be seen with a strong field-glass. A long walk toward it soon tells the tale of its distance, and the distance reveals its stupendous height. Still farther away are the Cinque Torre and the Croda del Lago; and Antelao, which seems almost to peer over our shoulders, is ten miles distant. Every excursion that one makes and every different view obtained widens and lifts the horizon, until, after a few days' acquaintance, the surroundings of Cortina impress the imagination as does no other part of the dolomite region.

I had had serious misgivings since writing as I did in the first number of these papers about peak-climbing. It was obviously presumptuous in one who had only made the ascent of Mount Washington—in an omnibus—to question a practice which has so many intelligent devotees. The gentle climb to the Coll di Rondella, and its charming uplook to the great dolomite peaks, had added to my apprehension that I had overstepped the limits of good judgment, if not of good taste; for surely, if this moderate elevation could so magnify the grandeur of the surrounding mountains, it seemed possible that a still higher position might increase the effect in like proportion. If so, then mountain-climbing must be its own exceeding great reward. It was no easy matter to convince myself of the prudence of undertaking a task of such notorious difficulty. With limbs untrained to up-hill work, with lungs gauged by long residence to the sea-level scale, with more pounds avoirdupois than any "Bergführer" or Alpine Club man that I had seen in Tyrol, and with no consuming ambition for the cragsman's exploits, the weight of the argument would have been strongly against the attempt, but for that unfortunate paragraph, which made it a matter of honor for me to try what I had questioned, and to make open confession if the event should prove me wrong. The conviction came slowly but surely that, despite all drawbacks, I must at least make an earnest attempt to get to the top of a high mountain.

The beautiful *pergola* where I now

write, opens north, east, and west upon one of the loveliest of valleys, a valley shut in by Cristallo, Antelao, Croda Malcora, Monte Pelmo, the Rochetta, Becco di Mezzodi, Monte Gusella, Monte Nuvalau, and Monte Tofana, the noblest group of Tyrolean peaks. The triple head of Monte Tofana challenges the carrying out of my growing resolution. Seven of the surrounding mountains named above are over 10,000 feet high (Antelao, 10,890). The middle peak of Tofana is 10,724 feet.

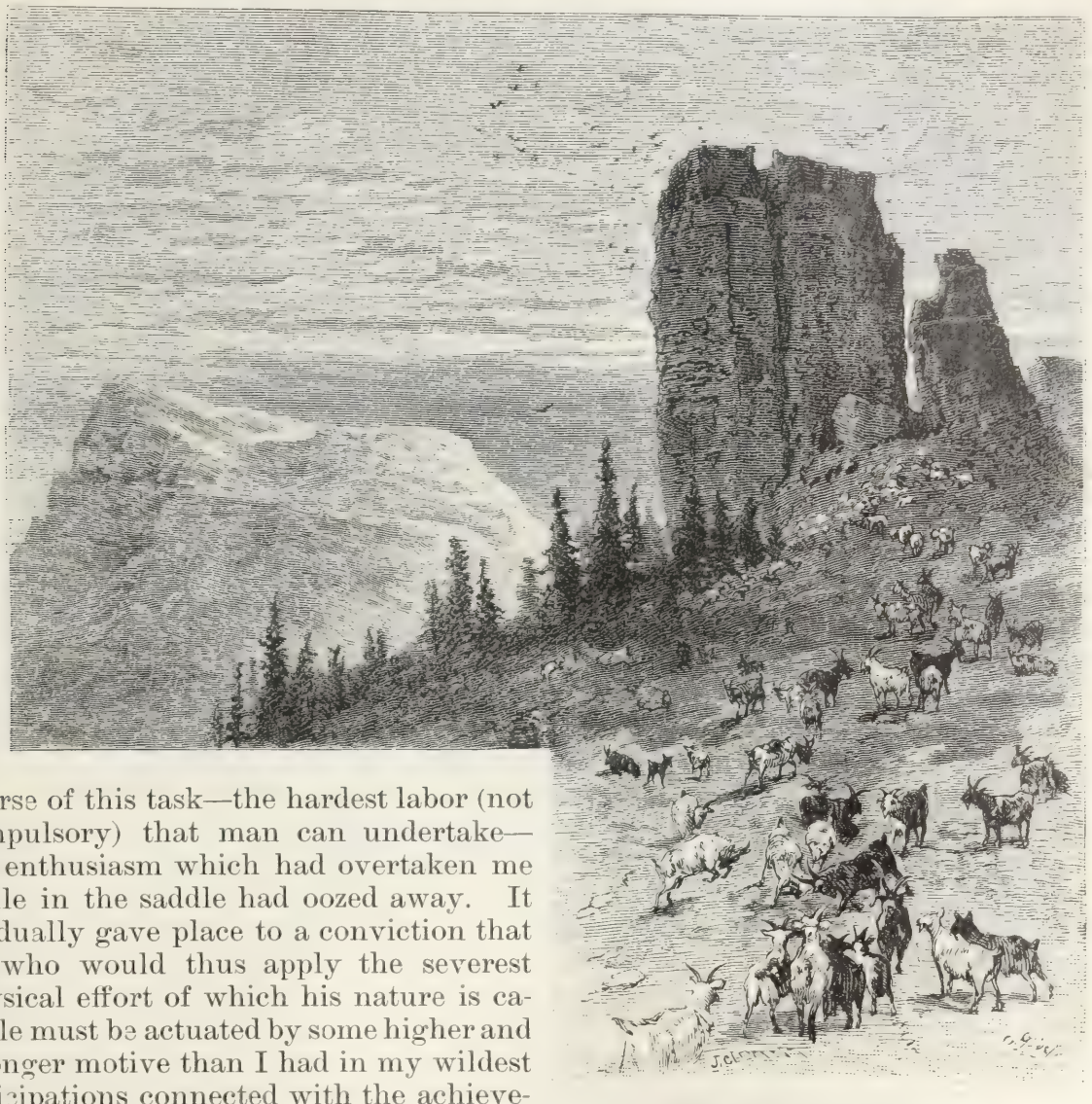
We were to start at half past three, and I was called at three. By way of economizing my untried forces, I had engaged a mule for the first two hours and a half; and here a saddle-mule implies a man to lead it. I had provided myself overnight with a sturdy glass of milk, with a dash of Cayenne pepper, to begin the day. In the kitchen of the hotel I found the cook well advanced with her day's work, coffee and hot milk ready, and Kaisersemmeln freshened in the oven, so the usual Tyrolean breakfast was added to the milk. Then came a delay about eggs. Giuseppe could not find them among the abundant provender. He advised waiting until a supply of ten could be boiled. These being ready, it was found that Filomena had already furnished four—a number which he regarded as entirely insignificant. In his search he had mistaken them for a package of salt. All being ready, he slung his "Rucksack" containing the food and two bottles of wine. On top of this was strapped an ominous coil of half-inch rope some fifty feet long, and three pairs of heavy sharp-pointed iron crampoons, the whole weighing about twenty pounds. Over his shoulder he carried a short iron-pointed alpenstock, with an ice-pick at its upper end. A second alpenstock was carried by the leader.

We set out at four o'clock. It was still quite dark, no gleam of dawn appearing in the sky, which, studded with stars, was only less black than the high mountains whose serrated edges were cut in sharp silhouette against it. Two black pedestrians and one black man on a black mule were hardly distinguishable between the black house fronts along the main street of Cortina. The stars shone brightly over the gray roadway, and far away to the south, over the crest of the Croda Malcora, Jupiter twinkled with weird green light. We were soon climbing a country road, past farm-houses and barns and running fountains, through fields studded with rows of wheat-sheaves or redolent with the odor of half-cured hay. As we crept up the valley the great gleam of the morning star came suddenly over the sharp mountain-top, big and brilliant, like a fire-balloon just launched from the top of Sorapis.

Under the stimulus and excitement of the early start, and the charm of unfamiliar daybreak, I came to take a new view of mountaineering. I could well imagine that no occupation of a manly life, save fox-hunting alone, could offer so much of what a vigorous and sound-bodied man should enjoy. Climbing slowly and steadily up the steep bridle-path toward a peak which only the sturdiest and most patient effort could reach, I felt for the moment how puerile had been my earlier conceptions, and I was ready to enroll myself as a permanent member of the stalwart band of Alpine climbers.

Two hours and a half brought us to the foot of the steep mass of débris which filled the gorge of the mountain to a height of over 3000 feet above us. It was now broad day, but the gorge was shaded from the morning sun. The mule and leader were dismissed, my poncho was strapped to Ghedina's rucksack, I took the alpenstock, and we started stoutly up the steep mass of large stones which had rolled down over the gravel, and piled themselves up as a buttress against it. This passed, we struck the finer drift—a loose mass of stones precisely such as are used for macadamizing roads, angular and sharp, but with a remarkable facility of movement. Indeed, it has adjusted itself at the angle where its movement ceases, and it needs only the slightest impulse to set it moving again, so that each step up was followed by a downward slip, and the miles of advance needed to take us over that single mile of our way can be measured only by the strained muscles and the deep and quickened breath they entailed. Here, as throughout the whole ascent, the view was by no means what one would imagine. One's eyes were bent alone upon the next spot where foot-hold must be found. At constantly shortening intervals, as the toil accumulated, and as the air grew lighter, it became necessary to halt and sit, pant and take breath. Two hours of hard, monotonous, weary, breathless toil took us to a point, still far

below the top of the slide, where foot-hold could be gained, on a narrow ledge of sharp rocks running up at its side. It was curious to notice how, during the course of this task—the hardest labor (not compulsory) that man can undertake—the enthusiasm which had overtaken me while in the saddle had oozed away. It gradually gave place to a conviction that he who would thus apply the severest physical effort of which his nature is capable must be actuated by some higher and stronger motive than I had in my wildest anticipations connected with the achievement I had attempted. But for that instinct which leads us not to turn back when once the plough is set in its furrow, I fear that I might have abandoned the project, and left the top of Tofana food for my imagination alone. But the motive which impels us to pursue to the bitter end a self-imposed task prevailed.



CINQUE TORRE AND NUVALAU.

We had started up the drift at half past six; and it was now nearly nine. Two hours more would bring us to the top.

I now learned the use of the rope. One of its ends was tied securely round my waist, the other forming a noose over Ghedina's shoulder. The primary object was for security against a fall, most of the length being coiled and held in the guide's hand. But as my knees grew weak, and as my breath grew short almost to gasping, then I would sit on the sharp edge of the fractured cliff, brace myself with the alpenstock against some crevice below, clutch with the other hand a sharp corner of stone above, and wait until Ghedina had paid out the whole length of the rope, and fixed himself in some secure position above me. Then he would gradually toll me up with a steady and friendly pull, cautioning me how to step, how to plant my prod, and how to test the crackled rock before I trusted myself to hold by it. A wonderful help was that rope—a moral and yet a physical help too. It showed how nearly I had come to the end of my force that so slight an added impulse should make so vast a difference in my progress and in the husbanding of my wind. The regular intermitting of the work, too, and the considerable pauses, were a great help. The progress was not less, and the ease was much greater. No, not ease. Heaven forbid that I should

use that word any where in this connection! I mean simply that the actual muscular, synovial, cardiac, and pulmonary suffering was abated. A hard half hour of this "ride-and-tie" business brought us to the first low crest, or *Joch*, between two peaks. Here, so far as I was able to divert my attention from the various unusual manifestations of my own person—ears crackling, limbs trembling, mouth parched, every vein throbbing, and every pore perspiring—I became conscious of the most majestic surroundings. Not only the Val Traverenze, which opened amid the wildest turmoil of distorted mountain-sides before us, and the enormous glacier which fills the vast hollowed slope of the Marmolata, but almost equally the immediate mountain-sides behind us, under which we had crept, intent only upon the ground beneath our feet, would, observed in a serener mood, justify one's highest imagination of mountain wildness and grandeur. They impress me more in recollection than they did in the actual but disturbed observation.

No time could be spared for sights by the way-side, however imposing, and we pressed on, now on a narrow ledge at the side of a precipice at what would have been a giddy height had the attention not been fixed upon foot-hold and hand-hold at every step. Indeed, it seems to me that herein lies the safety of the mountain climber's work. He must be unconscious of all that is above and of all that is below him, holding his attention closely to his immediate surroundings, so that the sense of elevation is lost. We came out later upon a crest from which there was a vast slope of débris reaching down to the edge of a precipice far below, and stretching on before us to the wide and steep glacier which fills the northern slope below the twin peaks. Here came the most disheartening part of the trip. After all our toilsome and weary struggle upward, it seemed more than discouraging to have to go six or eight hundred feet lower down to reach the foot of the glacier, from which point only we could make the final ascent. Fortunately the débris was tolerably firm, and in spite of the precipice to which it led, the passage was not especially dangerous. The emotions with which I looked back up our steep oblique track, and thought of the return, were any thing but cheering. At the end of this part of the route lay a patch of hard snow some twenty feet wide, in which the guide had to chop foot-holds as we progressed. The glacier is in shape like a section of a funnel, thirty feet wide at the base, six or eight hundred feet wide at the top, and perhaps a thousand feet high. It is quite regularly curved laterally, is crossed by several crevasses of little width, and is spotted with stones which have rolled on to it from the rocks above. We drank copiously of the cold stream which flows out below it, and about which the rocks were all covered with a thin film of ice. Crossing the stream, and climbing up the far side of the gorge through which it runs, we halted to adjust the crampoons. These are stout iron frames reaching from the middle of the heel to the ball of the foot, with a sharp spike three-quarters of an inch long at each corner, and with a stout loop turned up at each side of the foot. Through these loops a strap is passed, and this is bound over the instep, in my case with the utmost strength of Ghedina's wiry fingers and strong teeth. Those of my readers who skated in the old days of rude strapping will understand the energy with which I protested against the severity of his work. But he insisted that absolute tightness was essential to safety, and I accepted this further infliction of pain with trained submission. We now began the steep ascent of the glacier, the process being to strike the point of the alpenstock into a firm hold, then to advance one foot and make sure that its crampoon was fast fixed in the ice, then to advance the alpenstock again, and then the other foot. This continued for twenty minutes, with an occasional halt for breath, and with a constant wounding of the feet by the tightly bound straps. In spite of the tightness, one of my irons came loose, and we had to stop in mid-ice to re-adjust it, this time without regard to protests. I had listened with curious interest to the jingling of those irons throughout the morning. I had inspected their long sharp points, and had looked forward with some impatience to the moment when they should be added to my experiences. I have not often felt such real pleasure as I did when we came again upon the hard rock, and they were removed. I will not say that when Ghedina tucked them away under a rock by the path-side, I hoped that he would not be able to find them again; but even their loss would not have been



MESURINA LAKE AND THE DREI ZINNEN.

entirely without compensation. Such pleasure and elation as I felt from treading again upon *terra firma* soon yielded as the further climbing began. It is not worth while to describe it. It only lasted about forty minutes, panting spells included, and much of my upward course was steadied, if not assisted, by the kindly tension of the stout arm at the other end of the rope. At last we came to a point where the strata of the mountain are crumbled by the sharp angle at which they were bent. It is as though the finger-point of a Titan had been pressed up under the stiff leaves of this great volume of geologic history, raising them to a peak and cracking them at the bend. The air had become very light, and the breathing induced by such exertion grew painful. Three thousand feet below, the nostrils had become too small, and the open mouth had to help to pump in the needed supply. Lips, tongue, palate, and throat were parched and tired. We halted only fifty feet below the peak. Had it been a hundred feet, i' faith I fear I should have failed to reach it; at fifty feet I did reach it—the absolute top. Ghedina began to discourse upon the many distant peaks within sight. I begged him to wait. The air was perfectly clear, and not at all cold, the breeze only fresh. Being warm and exhausted, I threw the poncho over my shoulders, took the coiled rope for an arm rest, and stretched out over a sloping couch of precisely the composition one sees in a stone-breaker's half-finished heap at the road-side. I have had few so restful half hours as that passed on this unsybaritic bed. Ghedina gave me a tumbler of wine. I drank a single swallow, took the glass away from my lips, looked

in vague and half-unconscious wonder over the billowy clouds resting in a sheltered valley below—and was startled from my sleep by spilling the wine over my other hand. That was all—probably not fifteen seconds—but it gave the mysterious change which comes only with absolute sleep. The blood coursed with a quieter impulse; the eye became steadier and the brain clearer. I was able to give attention to the details of all that one sees from a mountain-top.

The long road of the Ampezzo Valley looked like narrow bobbin trailed over the dark green fields and among the specks of houses. Cortina, three miles and a half distant by the line of sight, looked, through the clear air, like a toy village out of a wooden box. We fancied that with the strong glass we saw a man in its streets. The bell calling the people to mid-day mass rang clear in our ears. Except for this little stretch of inhabited valley, all else was an unmeaning mass of distorted rock, desolate, cruel, Dantesque, incoherent chaos, without expression, without interest, and without charm. The great peaks of Eastern Switzerland, the sharp point of the Oetler, the Oetzthal group, the Stubaier Fernez, the Grosser Venediger, the Gross Glöckner, and the peaks of the Carinthian and Illyrian Alps, stretching over more than 200 miles of the horizon from west to east, were all in clear view, all near, and *all low*. Their height barely brought them into the plane of vision. They and the great ice-field of the Marmolata all seemed lower than Tofana itself. And Tofana had lost its majesty. Seen from below, it was sublime. Conquered by the toiling tread of two insignificant men, it became mere stone beneath our feet.

We staid at the summit an hour and a half, I wrapped in extra clothing, the hardy Ghedina with his coat off and his breast bare, as unconcerned as though he had only mowed his swath through a hay field. Inserted in a crevice of the rock is a wide-mouthed bottle, corked with a stone, containing a roll of papers bearing the names of those who have made the ascent, uninteresting to those who have added their own names to the list, and unknown to the rest of the world.

The descent, at first easy, soon involved the previous trials taken in the inverse direction. Going down the glacier, the crampoons hurt differently, but they hurt equally. Climbing from the foot of the glacier to the crest of the lower pass called for a renewed exercise of a strength that was already worn and overtaxed. From near this pass the descent is directly down the slide, a steep and endless incline of sharp road metal. At first it is novel and interesting, this quick descent. The angular gravel lies on a pitch at which its movement barely stops. Set in motion again by any cause, it slips and rattles and rolls as though it would go to the very bottom of the valley. Standing upon it and bearing heavily backward against the alpenstock whose point is buried in it, a slight movement of the feet sets the mass rolling. Faster and faster it goes, deeper and deeper sink the feet, until the very mountain-side moves and carries us along like a stream of broken stone. When the feet are buried more than ankle-deep, when the shoes are filled with sharp pebbles, and when the speed becomes too great for safety, we step aside and stand until the avalanche is stilled, and then begin a new movement on a fresh course. Occasionally we come upon an accumulation of larger and firmer stones, over which it is necessary to walk. After endurance had ceased to be a virtue, I would take off my shoes and pour out the accumulated geological specimens which had made even resting a penance. By the time we had reached the point where the mule had been left—now about two o'clock—I was convinced that the only reason why the coming down a mountain is better than the going up is that it takes less time.

Here, sitting under the shade of the first fir-trees, and somewhat suffused with the satisfaction that comes of the finishing of a serious task, I was able to regard this face of Tofana in a friendly spirit.

Of my further descent I will only say that all the miles of down-hill walking, added to the down-hill climbing, made by far the severest strain upon the hold-back part of my harness to which it was ever subjected. I hailed with pleasure the steep little hill which rises from the bridge over the Boita to the main street of the village. At five o'clock I sat down to beer and tranquil tobacco and entire rest. The questions and the interest of friends kept me from sleeping, and little by little the more acute sensations subsided in my joints. Later, food and a long night's sleep, and, above all, the pure and invig-

orating air of this enchanted valley, restored me to the condition of a sore and stiffened but a rested and cheerful being.

I would not give up my recollection of this ascent for the price of a first-rate hunter, but I would not make it again for the finest horse that ever followed hounds.

The best-rewarded excursion that I made was eastward over the Tre Croce Pass, a high saddle between the Croda Malcora and Monte Cristallo, two thousand feet higher than Cortina. Here is a little hospice for the shelter of storm-overtaken travellers—a rude stone hut, with a hearth and chimney in one corner. Though the day was warm, I could not resist the temptation to gratify a passion inherited from boyhood, and build a roaring fire with the dried pine boughs with which the floor was strewn. Mistaking the directions of the guide-book, I made a needless steep ascent and immediate descent of an extra thousand feet, being rewarded, however, with a rich harvest of wild flowers, with which the little alp at the summit is studded in great variety. In many excursions and along many road-sides we were constantly struck with the rich masses of September flowers, and especially with the great preponderance of every shade of blue. The greenish-gray Edelweiss and the red Alpine Rosen are the typical Alpine flowers, but we found their blue sisters in far greater abundance, among them many varieties of gentian, but none so beautiful as our own fringed one. An hour's hard tramp brought me to the Mesurina Alp, a vast open pasture surrounded by fir woods, and these by the great mountain-peaks, stretching down at its northern end to the pretty little Mesurina Lake. Two hundred and fifty cows were jingling their bells and feeding over its short green grass. They were a very pretty and picturesque herd, almost universally of a solid gray color, with black muzzles and switches. Could they be baptized as Jerseys and sent to England, their color would make their fortune. They had little else to recommend them. Like all the cows of this region, and of Tyrol generally, they are thin, without the evidence of great milking to justify their thinness. A good udder is rarely seen, or, in fact, a good cow. At the upper side of the pasture an enormous octagonal shed, the outer wall of which is of stone masonry and very high, furnishes shelter for this entire herd, and incloses an open yard where all may lie comfortably in the sun. The chalet of the establishment is a large, low, rambling, dingy stone house, given over mainly to buttery and cheese-room. At one corner a low-walled room about twelve by eighteen feet, running up into a high roof, is the living-room of the cowherds and dairymen. A broad low shelf surrounding the room serves as a seat by day and as a couch at night. In the middle of the floor, on a rough stone hearth, a wood fire boils the large kettle in which the *polenta* (hasty-pudding)—the sole food of these men, except skimmed milk—is cooked. The open door and one very small unglazed window furnish the only entrance for light and air and the only exit for smoke, the rafters and shingles of the roof being black as coal. They gave me a two-quart kettle of milk to drink, and entertained themselves with an interested criticism of my dress, but this in low-voiced Italian lest it should give offense. I gave twenty kreutzers (less than nine cents) for my entertainment, which boundless liberality opened their hearts, and they took me over the whole dingy establishment. By far the larger part of the house is occupied by the drying-room, where several tons of Schweitzer and Parmesan cheese were spread out upon shelves. The cheese was good, but the butter, of which at least half a ton was on hand awaiting shipment, was any thing but inviting.

Should any of my readers happen to have a moderate capital and delicate lungs, I commend this high-lying and beautiful alp, sheltered on all sides by great dolomite mountains, to his attention. A mile beyond the chalet, at the edge of the lake, stands a little Italian inn, well known to travellers among these hills for its stock of capital Asti wine, its hard gray bread and wholesome cheese, and nothing else save dirt and smoke and dismal discomfort. However, with such a lake as the Mesurina, and such peaks as Monte Piano and the Drei Zinnen, and such a great fringe of fir and weird mountain-top, and such wine as Asti, the pedestrian may well be content.

Following the shorter direct road, I came into Cortina at dusk, literally unfatigued, after a walk of twenty-seven miles, including a climb of three thousand feet, and much steep up-and-down work among the foot-hills. This, be it understood, was

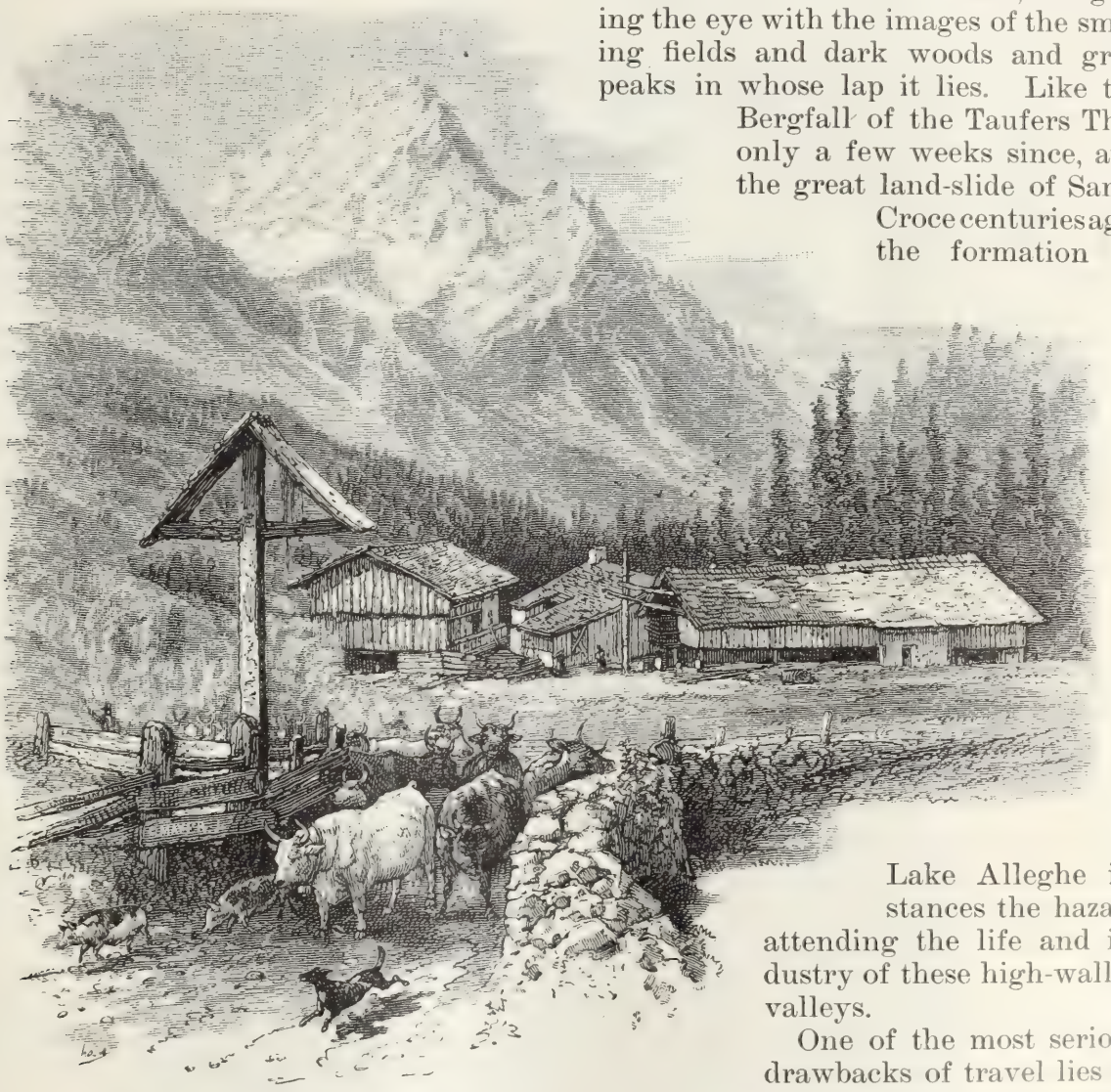


CIVITA AND LAKE ALLEGHE.

the second day after climbing Tofana. It indicated better than any thing else could the great value of the air of these mountains as a help to bodily exercise; for I am not a practiced walker, being rarely afoot an hour out of the twenty-four. Delicate persons with whom we conversed say that here, in the absence of oppressive heat, and in the exhilarating atmosphere, they find themselves tempted to constant exercise, and vastly benefited by it. Being of sound body, I can not myself speak from the invalid point of view, but I found myself constantly stimulated for severe work which at home I should shun even in the finest weather.

The social traveller will find his best entertainment, especially for a short stay, at one of the hotels in the town; but one "whose habits are studious and lonely" might prefer the pretty little bath-house (Ghedina's) nestled away among the trees at the mouth of a mountain valley two miles from Cortina. Its lower story is a little Italian grist-mill, whose rumbling wheels and stones and whose foaming brook sing a constant soothing lullaby. The upper

story, with generous bath-rooms, tidy sleeping-rooms, and shaded galleries under the broad roof, is little frequented by strangers, and the dense woods and steep hills are close at hand. The younger Ghedina's ready pencil has been busy all over the house, inside and out. It is from the neighborhood of this house that the best view is obtained of Monte Antelao, the highest mountain in sight from the Ampezzo Valley, and second only to the Marmolata. In the foreground is a little Alpine village, with its board-roofed crucifix.

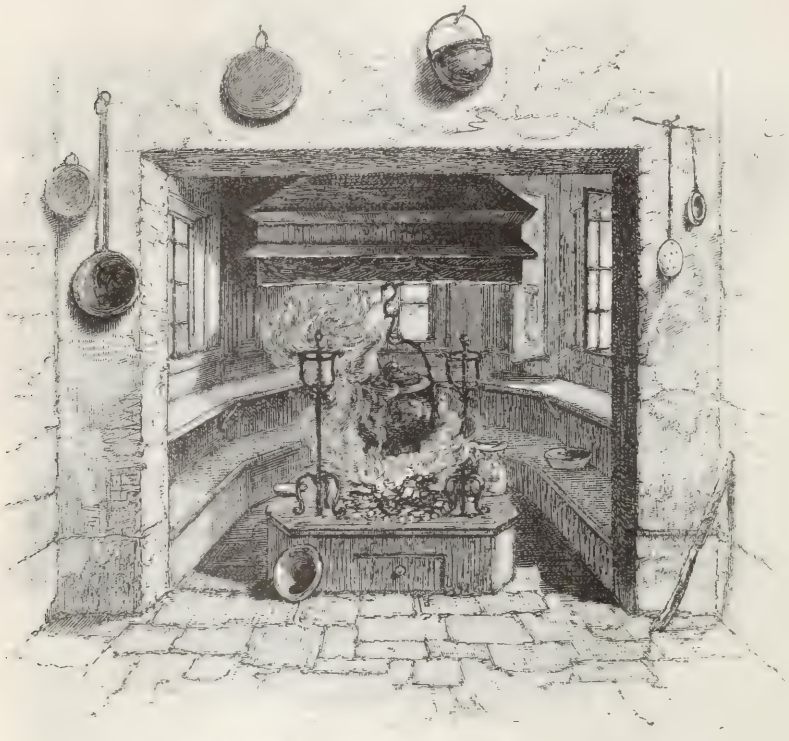


ANTELAO.

"Over the hills and far away" to the southwest, in the valley of rich and beautiful Cordevole, lies the Italian village Caprile, less comfortable and attractive than Cortina, but a capital centre for many excursions. Its dominant mountain is the Civita. Near it is the new-formed lake of Alleghe, created only in 1771 by the tumbling in of a great corner of Monte Pezza, burying two entire villages in the dead of night, and drowning two others in the suddenly dammed flood of the river. A few months later another slide falling into the lake drove great waves far up the shore, and worked even more destruction to property, if not to life. Where formerly all was activity and fertility and industry and frugal domestic happiness there is now only a sea of placid water, breathing no whisper of the vast calamity —a beautiful mountain lake, delighting the eye with the images of the smiling fields and dark woods and gray peaks in whose lap it lies. Like the Bergfall of the Taufers Thal only a few weeks since, and the great land-slide of Santa Croce centuries ago, the formation of Lake Alleghe instances the hazard attending the life and industry of these high-walled valleys.

One of the most serious drawbacks of travel lies in the need of leaving, perhaps forever, the new-found charms of so many halting-places. To pass all September and the early weeks of October among the dolomite Alps seemed far more attractive than the further wandering and the rough voyage to which we were destined; but the destiny was fixed, and we must leave Cortina. Happily our smooth roadway led ever on among these glorious mountains, and Cadore, with its beauty and its associations, lacked nothing of the interest, nor, in its way, of the charm, of the higher valleys we had left.

Before taking leave of the dolomites it may be useful to refer to the theories concerning their formation, still a moot question among geologists. The weight of the argument seems to favor the conclusion of Baron Richthofen, that they are the work of coral insects, formed upon the lower rocks at the bed of a deep salt sea, and raised by slow upheaval to their present elevation. He bases his hypothesis upon the correspondence of their forms and their surroundings with what is known concerning the coral reefs of the Pacific, the isolation of their masses from other corresponding formations, the improbability of their peculiar shapes being due to meteoric denudation, the undisturbed beds beneath them and occasionally above them, and the very unequal thickness of the deposit at different points —an inequality in which it would seem that the other rocks in their neighborhood would have shared had it been due to erosive or atmospheric action.



FIRE-PLACE IN ITALIAN INN AT FADALTO.

We were sleeping at the very Italian Albergo di Cadore, at Tai, ten minutes' walk from Pieve di Cadore, higher up in the hills. There, in a dingy little stone house, now occupied by uncleanly peasants, its floors begrimed with dirt and its ceilings blackened with smoke, the great Venetian, Tiziano Vecellio, four hundred years ago entered upon his illustrious life. A longer life of industrious labor has not been led in modern times, and the world is still glorious with his work.

We were roused before the first gleam of day. Over the black, fir-clad hills peered the weird moon-lit peaks of the Antelao, Marmarole, Pelmo, and Civita. Against the dark woods the face of the campanile and the scattered house fronts stood white and clear. The river rolled far below us through a dark mysterious cleft, toward which wound the white Ampezzo road. In our day's drive we were to descend nearly three-thousand feet.

The Piave, down whose valley our course lay, is a very considerable stream, winding through a broad bed of desolate gray stone brought down by the floods, a dismal setting for its beryl-colored waters. It passes many villages built of the stone against whose solid masses they cling. Little fertile land is to be seen, and one wonders how the population, even with its obvious severe labor, subsists. The lumber-driving and the frequent saw-mills employ many men, and the constant rectification of the course of the river and the maintenance of the frequent shoots through which the logs are driven occupy many women with most arduous stone-carrying—in baskets at their backs. Despite their hard life, they seem cheerful and careless and happy. The children gathering manure on the highway and the women with their busy distaffs at the doorways showed little evidence of absolute poverty. Of beggars we saw very few. The children who followed the carriage calling for kreutzers begged from inclination rather than from necessity.

Later, near Belluno, we left the swift-flowing Piave, and followed its long-abandoned original course through a valley which a great land-slip, possibly in prehistoric times, dammed to a height of six hundred feet, forcing the river to find exit through another gap in the mountains, and turning a part of its old bed into the broad bright blue lake of Santa Croce. The old lower valley of the

Piave is fed with only the mountain rills formerly its insignificant branches. Here begins the little brook which, filling the basins of a series of little lakes, grows to a respectable stream by the time it leaves the hills at Serravalle, irrigates the rich meadows of Venetia, and pours into the Adriatic far to the east of the new mouth of the Piave.

At the summit of the broad dam stands Fadalto—a few houses and the little inn where we dined. It was a memorable inn, tidy in its appointments, and though thoroughly Italian, very passable as to its table. Its kitchen was the most picturesque and the prettiest that we had any where seen. A long room with tables for the commoner guests, with huge white-washed beams hung with shining utensils of embossed copper, with a latticed screen, behind which the handsome and smiling



"THE WOMEN WITH THEIR BUSY DISTAFFS."

and cleanly padrona herself prepared the food. It would have been a noticeable room without the great bay containing the huge hearth of the country, which was its chief feature. This hearth is a white marble pedestal about twenty inches high and seven feet square, with its corners cut away. Its centre is of brick. On this burns a wood fire open on all sides. Above, a funnel of wood painted black, and as large as the hearth, gathered the smoke to the chimney. From its border there hung a woolen curtain eight inches wide. The sides of the bay under the windows were furnished with a broad high seat, to which the edges of the hearth served as a footstool; under this were the wood-boxes. Enormous polished iron andirons and numerous copper vessels stood upon the hearth, a great black soup kettle hanging from its chain completing the picture. A cozier nook for winter evening gossip could not be desired. Our journey, which had begun at six, led us on through the lowering hills, and finally out on to the fertile plain of Venetia, where the twin towns of Serravalle and Cenada, with their well-planted connecting *allée* and spacious half-way theatre and casino, brought us suddenly into an atmosphere all Italian, and where already our Tyrol Einspänner was regarded with curious interest. At half past eight Jane and I were in a gondola, under the light of the full harvest-moon and a cloudless sky and breathless air, floating down the Grand Canal.

THE GRAND DAYS OF HISTRIONICS.

WHAT is good acting? To hear this question warmly discussed in all its bearings you should be seated in the comfortable greenroom of some metropolitan theatre when the company are gathered during a performance, waiting to be summoned to their various entrances by the call-boy—that Puck of the mimic world—where, among the juvenile ladies, old women, soubrettes, walking gentlemen, and utility men of the present day, and belonging strictly to their epoch as exponents of the dry-goods drama, the patent-leather-boot tragedy, are to be seen a few aged persons whose theatrical experience dates back to the period when the "legitimate" was in force, and such innovations as sensational dramas, emotional plays, drawing-room comedies, and burlesques were not only unknown, but unlooked-for in the future. These individuals, of course, disdain the modern school of acting, and loudly proclaim that save for such late-lingering lights as Henry Irving and Edwin Booth, the grand days of histrionics came finally to a close with the retirement of Macready, or, at latest, the death of Edwin Forrest.

A frequent contention with successful modern actors is that there is no such thing as a standard by which to judge histrionic ability, that acting is all a matter of taste, and that that person whom you like to see act is a good actor. The reasoning is specious, but its logic is not sound. Apply the rule to literature, and see what comes of it. The panderers to the sensational in fiction, purveyors of bad grammar and blood-curdling situations, command a thousand readers where poets whose writings generations of men have agreed to pronounce classic standards can boast of a score.

Another argument very often put forth by actors is that the stage being always the mirror of the age, the drama of the day suits the taste of the day, and that Mrs. Siddons herself, if she could return and act before us to-morrow, would not be liked. I think there is much likelihood of truth in this supposition. The public has given unmistakable evidences of its weariness of the hackneyed legitimate drama. Edwin Forrest, whose melodious utterance of blank verse I find a difficulty in believing any actor who ever lived could have excelled, was neglected during quite ten years of the latter part of his life, simply because the public was surfeited with the Shakspearean and legitimate drama, and turned instinctively, instead, to bright, crisp, new productions, the outgrowth of contemporaneous thought, the reflex of modern men and manners. Nor is this falling off from the worship of high ideals a reprehensible practice which can be charged upon Americans alone. On the contrary, New York will stand more Shakspeare than London will.

What the stage of the past was we know by the records of its glory and greatness which have come down to us. The masterpieces of literature were written for the stage, and only for the stage; and though as poetry we admire them to-day as much as they ever could have been admired, it is not to the stage we go to listen to them. The stage of the present is a representation of our complex and overluxurious civilization, commonplace from its very comfort, unheroic from its jog-trot domesticity. Now what will the stage of the future be? I predict that its literary character will gradually become even less important than it is at present, and that the coming drama will be panoramic, almost pantomimic. The enormous proportions of modern playhouses, the crowds which nightly resort to them for diversion, not for study, are among numerous other unmistakable indications of the ultimate triumph of the pictorial over the scholastic drama and the poetic tragedy.

Meantime, when the dust of oblivion is gathering more and more thickly upon the records of the grand days of histrionics, now forever past, and probably, so far as individual actors are concerned, never again to be revived, let us take a peep between their musty leaves, and with the aid of authentic portraits, painted by the most renowned artists of those days, throw our minds backward over the abyss of time, and try to "figure to ourselves" what manner of people these great players were. The task will not be altogether impossible. How they looked, we can see from the portraits. What the leading events of their lives were, history tells us. The one thing which it is al-



NELL GWYNNE.—[FROM A PAINTING BY SIR PETER LELY.]

most impossible for us to guess is what their acting was like. Ungrateful as the profession of the actor in many respects is during his lifetime, it has the additional drawback, in which it stands alone among the artistic avocations, of leaving nothing behind after death as a silent yet ever eloquent witness of greatness.

Of all the multitudes of women who have appeared upon the English-speaking stage since the abolition of the custom of making boys personate female parts, there is, perhaps, not one whose memory is invested with so peculiar an interest as Nell Gwynne. Our picture of little Nelly is a copy of a portrait made, of course from life, by Sir Peter Lely. The original painting is the property of the Marquis of Hastings, and a view of it being a favor, I have preferred to present this to my readers instead of the better known, more hackneyed, and far less pleasing one, the property of the Queen.

Nell's birth-place is a matter of dispute. Wales claims her as a Welsh girl: a house at Hereford is pointed out to tourists as that in which she first saw the light. The royal catalogue at Hampton Court, however, speaks of her as having been born in the Coal Yard, Drury Lane, a poor thoroughfare, still in existence; and in this opinion Mr. Henry Barton Baker (to whose voluminous work entitled *Our Old Actors* I am much indebted) concurs. She was a neglected waif, and as a mere child was sent to hawk oranges in the pit of Drury Lane, where her pretty ways and bright sayings always attracted a crowd. Her personal popularity among the *habitués* of the play-house won the attention of the manager, and as a natural transition, by his aid, she passed from in front of the foot-lights to behind them. The old diarist Pepys has left clearer indications of her style of acting than any one else, and his testimony, as well as all

criticism of her which I have been able to glean, points conclusively to the supposition that Nell Gwynne was an actress much of the Lotta type—a gay, lively little creature, full of dash and spirit in comic parts, but who failed altogether in sentiment, and in heroic tragedy was most abominable. Pepys notes that he "was most infinitely displeased with her.....in a great and serious part, which she does most basely." Dryden took her measure well, probably, when he wrote the following lines for her to speak after the burlesque "business" of having stabbed herself and then come to life again:

"I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye:
I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frighted; I'll be civil;
I'm what I was—a little harmless devil....
To tell you true, I walk because I die
Out of my calling in a tragedy."

But in farcical characters she must have been bewitching. Pepys writes, when speaking of Dryden's play called *The Maiden Queen:* "There is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimel, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman. The king and the Duke of York were at the play. But so great a performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes like a young gallant, and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.....I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is."

Talent so decided and personal attractions so marked would win the admiration of any audience, ancient or modern, and Nelly was always devising some new grotesqueness in costume to add to the fun. In one of her parts she came on the stage unexpectedly, wearing a hat as large round as a cart-wheel, and which almost entirely hid her. This was done as a "take-off" on some pastoral play which was being performed at the rival theatre, exactly as in our theatres to-day Lotta burlesques Modjeska. Fatal or fortunate, as one looks at it from the moral or the worldly point of view, was Nelly's famous hat assumption. Her success that night with her enraptured audience exceeded any she had hitherto achieved, yet this was her last appearance upon the stage. When the curtain fell, the king went behind the scenes and asked for Nelly. Her stage thereafter was at Windsor Castle, her auditors the court.

London to-day is dotted with monuments, in the shape of hospitals, relief rooms, and other places of succor for the poor, which were founded by the munificence of Nell Gwynne. Naturally the poor people were fond of her, and from all the scorn and rage which were lavished on the licentious court of Charles the Second, little Nelly was ever exempt.

Crowned with bay, as indicative, perhaps, of many dramatic victories, holding a manuscript in her hand, from which she may have studied, and with her sumptuous dress held on her shapely neck by a priceless chain of jewels and rare pearls, sits beautiful Anne Oldfield. She went on the stage at sixteen, and though unmarried (she never married), was announced at once as Mrs. Oldfield, it being the custom, previous to the eighteenth century, to so designate both single and married women.

The part in which Anne Oldfield took London by storm, and one with which her name must ever be associated in histrionic annals, was that of Lady Betty Modish, in Cibber's comedy of *The Careless Husband.* On reading this now obsolete play we discover the real basis of the success of the actress who first appeared as Lady Betty. The part itself is most charming, and as true to nature to-day as it was then. Lady Betty is what we now call "a flirt." She is tantalizing, fickle, witty, provoking; but throughout all this she is a dear, amiable, whole-souled, bighearted woman, whom to know is to love. Anne Oldfield's particularly striking beauty, and, above all, her silvery melodious voice, had been much admired on the stage from the very first night of her appearance. No one considered her a great actress, however, or even a very promising one. But the instant she walked on the stage as Lady Betty Modish the world of high society, both court and aristocracy, felt that this was the embodiment of all the graces, dignity, and loveliness of their order. Never had such a woman of fashion been dreamed of on the boards. Ladies of rank went to the theatre to catch the secret of her almost queenly deportment in a character full, nevertheless, of fun and "tease." Seeing her so marvellously well adapted for the impersonation of women of high life, Cibber wrote

other similar parts for her, notably that of Lady Townley in *The Provoked Husband*—a charming comedy which has not even at this late day left the stage in America, where its occasional representation will last as long as Mrs. John Drew, the manageress *en permanence* of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, lives to repeat no doubt the very traditions descended from Mrs. Oldfield in the winning part of Lady Townley.

For a long time Mrs. Oldfield declined to appear in tragedy, deeming herself unsuited to that line; but at length she was prevailed upon to play Jane Shore (she was the original in this part), and was highly successful in that as well as many other tragic heroines. She died in 1730. Pope satirizes the description given of her winding-sheet finery. Peers bore her coffin to Jerusalem Chamber. She is buried in the cloisters of Westminster.

During Mrs. Oldfield's time was seen upon the London stage a comedian who, droll enough when behind the foot-lights, was, away from them, the dullest dolt that ever breathed to follow an intellectual calling. Unable to read or write, he had married solely to get a wife to read his parts aloud to him until he learned them. So utterly incapable was he of seeing the point of a joke that to impute to him the perpetration of one was considered a capital joke in itself. This was the man whose name is now a household word—Joe Miller. The *Jest Book* which bears his name is supposed to have been a compilation of current witticisms put together by John Motley, a contemporary dramatist.

"Clear stage, every body!" The prompter's well-known cry, and clap of hands for "rise of curtain," may be appropriately repeated here, for now springs



ANNE OLDFIELD.

from obscurity into the greatest renown an actor ever enjoyed, that most wonderful stage performer known to the annals of the world—David Garrick. If Garrick's death, as Johnson said, eclipsed the gayety of nations, what a wonderful sensation must his dramatic birth have created! But there is no need of surmise on this point; the record of his amazing career from first to last is all before us. No histrionic existence ever equalled Garrick's before his time or since, nor is it likely ever to have a parallel.

Garrick's progenitor was an expatriated Frenchman, Monsieur Garrigues, who had been driven to England by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and intermarryings before David's birth bestowed upon the versatile histrion an equal quantity of Irish, French, and English blood—undoubtedly a better mixture than any brewed in the witches' caldron in *Macbeth* for the right production of a marvellous Protean actor. In the early days of his boyhood David Garrick was thrown into a position of strange interest, and his childish letters of the time, preserved at the South Kensington Museum, are in themselves proof enough that their writer was no ordinary boy.

His father was a captain in the British service, who, ordered to Gibraltar, left his wife and family in England to endure the direst penury. David, only twelve years old, seems by common consent to have at once become the head of the family. He it is who carries on the correspondence with the absent officer, detailing the sufferings they are enduring at home from insufficient food, patched clothes, the threats of duns, the falling away of former friends. The poverty he suffered in boyhood produced a lasting effect on David Garrick's character: through life he was thrifty, and when he died he left a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds. His careful habits, however, brought down upon him from his enemies—notably Samuel Foote—the slur of meanness; but the records of his generosity, and, indeed, lavish liberality, are too numerous for Foote's charge to be much cared for.

Another matter of interest connected with Garrick's youth is that he was a pupil of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and one of the standard amusements of the three scholars who composed Dr. Johnson's entire academy was to creep up to his door of an evening, peep through the key-hole and listen to the pedagogue declaiming the long-winded speeches of his dull tragedy *Irene;* and to see him, in his excitement at his own grandiloquence, tucking in the bedclothes as if he were already in bed, must have been fun. He little dreamed that the theatrical manager who was to produce this mass of dreary verbiage was the vivacious young gentleman to whom he was teaching a little Latin and less Greek. Solely out of friendship for his old tutor, Garrick, when lessee of Drury Lane, produced *Irene*, and forced it to a run of nine nights, so as to give some profit to the author. The selfish old scholar, however, was, so far from being grateful, very much incensed, and attributed the failure of the piece to every cause but its own unattractiveness.

It is the story of Garrick's instantaneous success in the part of Richard III. which has driven, and still continues to drive, so many undrilled, stage-struck youths behind the foot-lights, there to find a mortifying, ludicrous, and absurd defeat. The night of October 19, 1741, was indeed a momentous one in stage annals; nevertheless, the bill which announced that the part of Richard III. would be played by "A Young Gentleman who never Appeared on Any Stage" was not characterized by that spirit of veracity which usually pervades play-bill literature. Under the assumed name of Lydgate, Garrick had had some considerable experience in the provinces as an actor, but he had never played Richard. What a revolution he created! In ten minutes' time he had overturned the whole fabric of dramatic tradition, swept away forever the mouthings, struttings, and absurd and unnatural pomposities of the various Richards who had trod the stage ever since Shakspeare's day. Every line, every word, uttered by Richard, the tradition of the stage until Garrick came required to be drawled out with a certain rising inflection here, a falling one there, a movement of the left hand this way, the right hand that way, until an exasperatingly unnatural model was attained. The first line spoken by Garrick, as he came on for the famous soliloquy, showed that "here was a man." That is the best criticism: the auditors saw a living Richard before them, from the inception of his guilty plan to win the crown till the moment of his agonizing defeat and death, his wild, chaotic rage in the tent scene

stirring them as never acting had done before. The rapid and imperious order, "Off with his head!" the sly, cruel, crafty comment, with bitter smile and rubbing of hands—"So much for Buckingham!" the angry dashing away of the prayer-

upper galleries by the prodigious crowds who rushed to see him generated an epidemic, which was known as the Garrick fever.

Garrick's first love episode was amusing. He tumbled head over ears in love



DAVID GARRICK.

book after the hypocritical interview with the Lord Mayor; the wonderfully humorous though grim wooing of Lady Anne by this dastardly prince: each and every bit of "business" the auditor of to-day sees and admires in the Richard of Edwin Booth, Garrick originated on the first night he ever performed the character.

No such acting having before been seen, Garrick at once became the rage in London. The story of his successes in various parts, tragedy and comedy, would make a book in itself. In society he was a lion. Nobles besieged his dressing-room, begging for the honor of his company at town and country houses. Peeresses bribed stage door keepers to let them pass through that way, so as to avoid the dangerous crush in front. Pope said that he had never had a rival, and would never have an equal. When he played in Dublin the heat and dirt brought into the

with Peg Woffington, and with her and Macklin, another actor, went to housekeeping, each to be in turn housekeeper for a month. But the arrangement did not last long, Foote declares, on account of David's meanness. "Peggy made the tea too strong," said he. The love affair was soon cured, and not very long after Garrick married Mademoiselle Violette, the *danseuse*—a mysterious person who brought letters from the Empress Maria Theresa to the ladies of the British aristocracy, who are seen holding her shawl at the wings while she dances on the stage. Violette's birth was noble. The drunken incident seen by play-goers of our times in the play of *David Garrick* is a true one, Garrick having promised the lady of title who protected Violette that he would disgust her with him, the patroness looking for a higher match. But so touched was she by Davy's mag-



PEG WOFFINGTON.

nanimity that the lady relented, and gave her consent to the match, and a dowry of £6000 to the bride.

Garrick's reception in France was one of the most wonderful episodes in his career. All Paris literally went wild over him. Actors and actresses of the Comédie Française supplicated him to give them lessons. Painters and sculptors besieged his doors to beg him to sit for his portrait. His picture hung on the walls of every house. One of these represented the comic Garrick smiling at the tragic Garrick. Lecturers on physiognomy discoursed on the marvellous mobility of his features, which in rapid succession could express the guilty fear of Macbeth seeing the dagger, Sir John Brute falling into a drunken sleep, the face of Lear during the curse, and finally the astonishment, anger, and comic despair of a pastry-cook's boy who had let fall a tray of tarts. The greatest promoter of these effects was thought to be his eyes—wonderful eyes! Colman the younger, speaking of Garrick's games with children, writes: "He had a peculiar mode of flashing the lightning of his eye by darting it into the astonished mind of a child, as a serpent is said to fascinate a bird, which was an attribute belonging only to this theatrical Jupiter."

After a long career, brilliant and prosperous to the very close, Garrick retired from the stage amid expressions of grief and regret of the most poignant character. Tears, sobs, cries of "Farewell, Garrick!" "No, no!" and the positive refusal of the public to allow a farce to be played after so touching a separation—thus passed he from the mimic scene.

Three years later, with a pomp of ceremony the obsequies of no duke could excel, he was buried at Westminster Abbey, nobles bearing his pall, scholars, poets, statesmen, artists, standing uncovered beside his grave.

The mother of Margaret Woffington was an Irish washer-woman; her father a bricklayer, who died when Peg was a few years old. During the days of her great success she frequently numbered among her auditors persons who distinctly remembered her when, a perfect little Venus of a child, she used to run about the streets of Dublin barefooted, and with a small dish of salad in one hand, crying out, "All this fine young salad for a half-penny; all for a half-penny here." Her lovely dark eyes, her exquisitely pencilled eyebrows, but particularly her faultless figure, attracted the attention of a French rope-dancer, who lost no time in getting the child apprenticed to her, not for rope-dancing, but to take parts in small operatic pieces, in which Peggy, at twelve years of age, won the most flattering success. She soon passed on to the boards of the Dublin Theatre Royal, and remained there a great favorite until the age of twenty-two, when, coming to London, she was at once engaged at £9 a week by Rich, the lessee of Covent Garden, and known in the annals of the London stage as "the father of pantomime," having been the originator of that annual form of dramatic jollity which reigns supreme at Christmas-time to our own day. More for her girlish prettiness than for any thing else I give the picture of Miss Rich, the daughter of the father of pantomime, and goddaughter of Hogarth, who painted this bright young face, looking out upon posterity with limpid eyes, her dark locks

gathered under a dainty lace cap, around which is passed a blue ribbon.

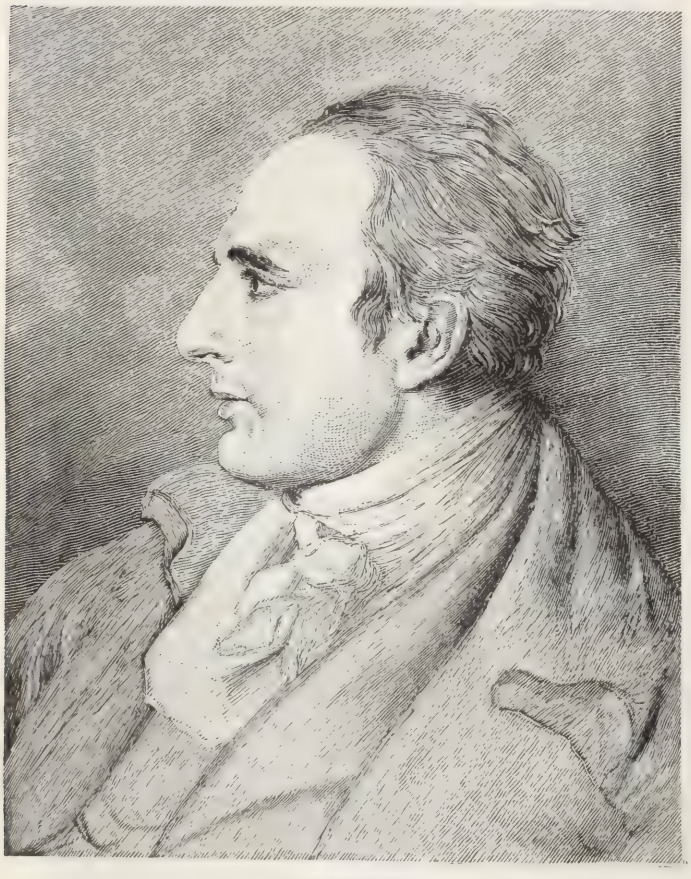
Peg Woffington was a fine actress both in tragedy and comedy. Her voice, however, was very unsuited to tragedy, and therefore her comedy personations were her greatest triumphs. The part with which her name is inseparably connected is that of the dashing man of fashion, Sir Harry Wildair, in which her voice, manner, bearing, gesture, and even figure, were so exactly those of a young blade that an unmarried lady of large wealth and high position, who came up from the country and saw her play Sir Harry, believed she was a man, fell in love, and actually wrote to her proposing marriage. Reading the criticisms of Peg's reckless air of youthful profligacy, her sparkling eyes, her bubbling spirits, her side-splitting deviltry, her marvellous dash in the part of Sir Harry, the contemplation of the lovely placid face we give will be a surprise.



MISS RICH.—[FROM HOGARTH'S PAINTING.]

Peg provided liberally for her mother and sister in the days of her prosperity. The ex-washer-woman used to parade the streets of Dublin in her long velvet cloak, a fine diamond ring upon her finger, and an agate snuff-box in her hand, forever discoursing about the amazing greatness and goodness of her Peggy. The sister was educated in France at Peg's expense,

and was almost as handsome and as sprightly as the Woffington herself. A man of family, nephew of Lord Cholmondeley, fell in love with and married Polly, at which the nobleman named was at first very irate, but on making the actress's acquaintance he gallantly assured her that she had reconciled him to the match. Peg's investment of "stock" in his flattery was not very extensive. "I have more reason to be displeased with it than you, my lord," she answered, haughtily; "for, before, I had but one beggar to support; now I have two."



JOHN KEMBLE.

Peg died at forty-four, in the height of her fame. Her last appearance was as Rosalind, and while speaking the "tag" she fell senseless on the stage.

In one respect the Kembles are the most extraordinary family connected with histrionic record. For two hundred years a Kemble has ever been upon the dramatic boards. The lineage began with the father of Roger Kemble's wife, and its living representative is Mrs. Scott-Siddons, the actress and reader, in whose charming features may be seen a striking resemblance to her ancestor John Kemble, the only one of the five generations of Kembles of whom I have space to speak.

John Kemble was born in 1757, and was intended for the priesthood by his father, who was a Catholic, and with this idea placed the boy in a papist college, from which, however, he soon ran away. This act of insubordination brought upon him the furious anger of his father, whose dearest scheme it was that John should wear the cassock, and not the sock and buskin. Predilection for the latter vocation was, however, in the blood, and John joined a company of provincial barn-stormers, and often in his wanderings with them suffered from hunger through the lack of appreciation of his performances by the yokels of the green lanes and hedges of rural England. On one occasion, finding himself in that peculiarly inthralled position which current locution indicates as "strapped," he wrote a letter in Latin to a charitable parson, telling him he was at an inn, wanted to get away, and could not pay the score. His scholarly effort was rewarded by abundant alms.

The influence of his sister, Mrs. Siddons, procured John Kemble an opening in London, where his performance of Hamlet was well received, in spite of many eccentricities both of gesture and of speech. His odd pronunciations of certain words were sometimes laughed at, sometimes hissed. Aches he pronounced *aitches;* mercy, *maircy;* virtue, *vartue;* Rome, *Room;* bird, *beard;* hideous, *hidjus.* He was a terrible pedant in language, and so deliberate in gesture that Leigh Hunt says when he turned his head he did it so slowly people might have thought he had a stiff neck. "John Kemble is a great artist," wrote Walter Scott, "but he shows too much of his machinery. I wish he could be double-capped, as they say of watches." "My brother John," said Mrs. Siddons, "in his most impetuous bursts is always careful to avoid any discomposure of his dress or deportment; but in the whirlwind of passion I lose all thought of such matters."

How George Colman ever could have thought that such a dramatic prig as John Kemble could create so impassioned a part as Sir Edward Mortimer in *The Iron Chest* passes comprehension. The result might have been foreseen. The piece, which in

the hands of every first-class tragedian of the old school is one of the best liked by audiences to-day, was a flat failure with John Kemble. Colman took his revenge remarked of his Don Felix that there was too much of the Don and too little of the Felix. From all which I infer that John Kemble, were he endowed with life again



MRS. JORDAN.—[FROM A PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.]

by writing a preface to the printed play, in which he said: "Frogs in a marsh, flies in a bottle, wind in a crevice, a preacher in a field, the drone of a bagpipe, all yielded to the inimitable soporific monotony of Mr. Kemble." Leigh Hunt says his words fell so slowly one might have thought he was reckoning how many words he had got by heart.

In comedy his pedantry was even more pronounced than in his tragedy. A wit to-day, would hardly be a favorite with our audiences. His strongest claim to the attention of the public was his superb and almost unparalleled manly beauty. "In Coriolanus," says Mr. Baker, "the mob fell back from him as though they had run against a wild bull, as he dashed in among them in haughty pride, looking sufficient to beat forty of them. And while waiting for Aufidius at the foot of the statue of Mars, he looked another Mars."

When the lovely Mrs. Jordan stood to Sir Thomas Lawrence for the original of the portrait which we copy, she little dreamed of the cruel fate the declining years of her life had in store for her. This actress was contemporaneous with Mrs. Siddons, and was in comedy exactly what the great Sarah was in tragedy—a queen. The two artists played in London on alternate nights, and public favor was so exactly divided between them that it was impossible to say which bore off the palm. Previously no attraction had been found strong enough to bring people to the theatre on Mrs. Siddons's off nights; but after Mrs. Jordan appeared the houses were equally great, the applause in all respects as warm, for the comic actress as for the tragic one. Both ladies were very beautiful, and even in this respect they were equally attractive.

Mrs. Jordan made her first hit in London in *The Country Wife*, a judicious arrangement by Garrick of one of Wycherley's comedies. The heroine is a hoiden, and we have abundant records of how truthfully Mrs. Jordan portrayed the part. Says Boaden: "Perhaps no actress ever excited so much laughter. The low comedian has a hundred resorts by which risibility may be produced; but the actress has nothing beyond the mere words she utters but what is drawn from her own hilarity and the expression of features, which never submit to exaggeration. How exactly had this child of Nature calculated her efficacy that no intention on her part was ever missed, and from first to last the audience responded uniformly in an astonishment of delight." Hazlitt, not always a tender critic, writes of Mrs. Jordan: "It was not as an actress, but as *herself*, that she charmed every one. Nature had formed her in her most prodigal humor; and when Nature is in the humor to make a woman all that is delightful, she does it most effectually." Macready in his *Reminiscences* says that Mrs. Siddons appeared a personification of the Tragic Muse, and that certainly all the attributes of Thalia were most joyously combined in Mrs. Jordan; that she "possessed a spirit of fun that would have outlaughed Puck himself;" and adds, "her voice was one of the most melodious I ever heard, which she could vary by certain bass tones that would have disturbed the gravity of a hermit." That the actress had versatile powers which enabled her to drop the comic mask and assume the character of tender sentimentality is fully proved by Charles Lamb's exquisitely written and highly laudatory criticism on her assumption of Viola, in *Twelfth Night*.

Her beauty and her talent were a curse to her. She attracted the eye of the royal Duke of Clarence, afterward King of England, who, in defiance of public opinion, established her at Bushey, treating her as an honored wife, and exacting respect toward her from all who visited him. Twenty years they lived together, and her conduct was unexceptionable. But public opinion revenged itself upon her for this breach of moral decorum. She was hissed by audiences, maligned in the newspapers, and insulted in the streets. After living with the prince for twenty years, and bearing him a large family of children, he suddenly awakened to the knowledge that his conduct was not moral, and to make it more so, he wrote to the poor woman, when she was away from London on a starring engagement, to meet him at Maidenhead, there to take a farewell for life.

"My mind," she writes to a friend after the separation, "is beginning to feel somewhat reconciled to the shock and surprise it has lately received; for could you or the world believe that we never had for twenty years the slightest semblance of a quarrel? But this is so well known in our domestic circle that the astonishment is the greater....I have received the greatest kindness from the Regent and every branch of the royal family, who in the most unreserved terms deplore this melancholy business. The whole correspondence is before the Regent, and I am proud to add that my past and present conduct has secured me a friend who declares he will never forsake me."

The death of this poor woman is one of the most pathetic incidents in histrionic annals. We see her in exile in a shabby, dark old house at St. Cloud, near Paris, deprived of every comfort, and lying all day and all night upon a narrow, tattered sofa, waiting for letters which never came. Her daughters were now in England, all married, and all looking out for themselves, unable to help their mother. And there the poor lady lay month after month, rising only to go to the post-office to inquire for letters from the man who had blighted her life. When she became un-

able to leave the sofa, the landlord became her messenger; but his errands were as fruitless as her own had been. One day when he entered the room she lifted herself on her arm with great exertion and made the usual query, "No letters?" upon which he shook his head as usual in the negative, when she fell back instantly and expired.

Research can find no date of birth and no certainty concerning the parentage of Edmund Kean. His reputed mother, however, was a disreputable strolling actress named Nance Carey, his reputed father one Kean, supposed to have been a tailor. At three years of age Kean was chosen for his fine black eyes and his animated gestures from among a lot of children to personate Cupid upon the stage. He was also one of the imps that danced around the caldron in John Kemble's *Macbeth*, and by the stately John he was well thumped one night for playing some roguish prank. At a very early age he mastered the use of the foils, and was all his life renowned as a splendid fencer. He was a rascally boy, always in some scrape, ever seeking vile company. His mother, if such Nance Carey was, having abandoned him, he was under the charge of another actress, Miss Tidswell, who was so put about by his eccentric habits in the matter of running away that finally she had a brass dog's-collar fastened on his neck, inscribed with the words "Theatre Royal, Drury Lane."



EDMUND KEAN.

By far the most powerful picture drawn by Mr. Baker in his voluminous records of these extinct lives is that of this erratic genius. At one moment he is found at an inn, tarred and feathered, singing low songs to amuse a drunken company; at another he is caught wandering in the fields, where he has subsisted on uncooked

turnips and cabbages for days. Proud, impetuous, hot-headed, of intemperate habits and an ungovernable temper, his life for years was one series of untold privations, in which, in course of time, a wife and children shared. How they trudged from town to town on foot, stopped in barns, and played for sixpences to such yokels as cared to listen to them, is a story which wrings the heart to read. Years passed thus; and that under such circumstances Kean could have perfected himself to the marvellous extent he did in the art of acting is something that exceeds comprehension. But the turning-point was at hand. One night he noticed an intelligent face among a sparse and stupid set of boobies who had gathered to see him at Doncaster. After the performance the owner of the intelligent face went to him and said, "Come and breakfast with me to-morrow. I have something to say to you. I am the manager of Drury Lane Theatre." Kean staggered backward as if he had been shot. An engagement was effected the next day for three years, at £8, £9, and £10 per week.

But, oh, how dark was the hour before the dawn! A beloved child who had long been ailing died; he fell ill himself; he had a dispute with the manager about his opening part when he recovered; the company at rehearsal jeered at his small figure, his worn shoes, his shabby rough coat. Meantime he was half starved. "I must dine to-day," he said to his wife on the day of his appearance, and for the first time in many days he tasted meat. The night of his first appearance in London was cold and foggy. There had been a heavy snow, and now the streets were almost impassable with slush, which penetrated his worn boots and chilled him to the bone. Taking a bundle in his hand containing shoes, stockings, wig, and other trifles, he bade adieu to his wife, telling her that he wished he was going to be shot. "If I succeed, I shall go mad," he said.

But what a fairy tale was his success! How instant, how overwhelming! In seventy nights the receipts were £20,000. His manager tore up the original agreement, and gave him a fair profit.

He was now the lion of the day; poets, nobles, statesmen, crowded his dressing-room, eager to secure him as a guest. His son Charles is seen playing with heaps of guineas, and bank-notes litter the drawing-room like waste paper.

Then rivals began to spring up. The most prominent of these was Junius Brutus Booth, the father of Edwin Booth, who had appeared at Covent Garden as Richard III., which, it was said, was an imitation of Kean's own, save that it was superior. To decide the question the Drury Lane management engaged Booth to make a contest. The trial play was to be *Othello* —Kean the Moor, Booth the Iago. The house was crowded, the excitement prodigious. We have the testimony of Barry Cornwall and other disinterested and competent critics that Booth's defeat was overwhelming and complete. Kean, no doubt maddened by wine as well as excitement, was wrought up to such a fury of passion that it seemed dangerous to cross his path, death to assault him.

In 1820 Kean went to America, reaping a golden harvest by his tour. Returning to England, he was received again with rapture.

In thirteen years Edmund Kean earned over a million dollars; yet he squandered it all as fast as he got it, lived extravagantly, died poor.

His last appearance was tragic. He and his son Charles were playing Othello and Iago together. The house was crammed. Kean was almost helpless before the play began, but when he came to the words, "Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone," he fell upon his son's shoulder, moaning, "I am dying." An hour before he died he sprang out of bed, exclaiming, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" His last utterances were the dying words of Octavian: "Farewell, Floranthe!"

Application to the Dean of Westminster to allow the body of Edmund Kean to repose beside that of his only peer, David Garrick, was refused.

A genial, pleasant face is that of Elliston, and a very amusing creature he must have been. "Magnificent were thy capriccios on this globe of earth, Robert William Elliston!" apostrophizes Charles Lamb. For the most part these capriccios took the shape of extraordinary hoaxes of the public, perpetrated doubtless quite as much in the hope of drawing money as of obtaining a laugh. Elliston had a perfect mania for management, and at one time had no less than five provincial theatres on his hands at once. Business was generally bad in all of them, as it is apt to be in provincial theatres in England to this day, and how to "pull a

house" was the problem ever disturbing the mind of the jovial manager. Many times he succeeded by devices which not even the inventive genius of contemporary showmen can excel. He startled the public in one of his tours by announcing



R. W. ELLISTON.

that on his benefit night he would show them in the theatre the most splendid pyrotechnic display ever attempted in England. The seats went off like fire-works themselves. Meantime, day by day, Elliston was himself working on the fears of the landlord about the danger of such an exhibition in the theatre—a mere box of a place. Finally the owner forbade it; but never a word of this did Elliston breathe to the public. The expected great house gathered, and between the pieces on walked Elliston, handkerchief in hand, and in one of his speeches—very marvels of verbosity—explained that the most extraordinary expenditure had been lavished on the fire-works, as advertised, but just before the rise of the curtain occurred to him for the first time the vital question, What of the danger? These lovely maidens, these noble mothers, these proud fathers and hopeful sons, who had gathered in such numbers to do him honor on his benefit night, were their valuable lives to be jeopardized by a dazzling display the cost of which he would himself defray a thousand times over rather than that a hair of one head should be injured? And, indeed, the landlord had forbade it. Here he appealed to the landlord—a bashful man, who hid behind the curtains of his box, ready to die with shame at being thus addressed—to publicly confirm his statement that he had forbidden the fire-works on account of the danger. Thankful for having so narrowly escaped "the danger," the relieved audience applauded him to the echo for his thoughtfulness.

In 1819 Elliston achieved his highest ambition. He became lessee of Drury Lane. Lamb gives a humorous account of Elliston's announcement to him of this new glory on the morning after his accession to that high office.

ous and characteristic. He objected to taking some medicine, and in order to induce him to do so he was promised brandy and water to follow it. A faint smile stole over his face, the old roguish look gleamed for a moment in his fast glazing



DOWTON.

Elliston's great trump card, while manager of the Surrey, was the production of Jerrold's *Black-eyed Susan*. He himself "created" the part of the hero, and played it 221 times, realizing large sums by the performance.

Almost his last words, when the hand of death lay heavy on him, were humor-

eyes, as he murmured: "Bribery and *corruption*."

The quaint physiognomy which is seen in our last cut is that of Dowton, a comic actor whose humorous performances of the testy Sir Anthony Absolute and the jovial Falstaff were highly relished in the grand days of histrionics.



OYSTER FLEET, CRISFIELD.

A PENINSULAR CANAAN.

II.—MARYLAND.

A TOWN of oysters built on oyster shells. Such is Crisfield. A man buys a building lot at the bottom of the harbor, and then purchases oyster shells enough to raise it above high-water mark. Crisfield stands, as it were, up to its knees in the water of a little harbor that cuts jaw-like into the end of a small peninsula formed by the Annamaessec River on the north and the Pocomoke Sound on the south. Back from Crisfield and surrounding it on this peninsula are thick glades of pine timber, alternated by brilliantly green stretches of flat meadow land covered with rank grass. The region back of the town is very thickly settled by fishermen and oystermen, who choose the neighborhood as of such easy access to the water. The cottages stand every where, fronting in all directions, as though shaken from some enormous pepper caster, some along the hard level roads that intersect this region, some back in the glades, some singly, some collected in a small nucleus around a cross-road store.

One evening with a friend we drove through this region. It was late, and the road lay gleaming white between the dark boundaries of pine woods, from out whose gloomy depths the light in an occasional fisherman's cottage gleamed right merrily, speaking of pleasant home comforts after daily toil on the treacherous waters. Whip-poor-wills called with their hurried note, and up from the woods came floating balmily the resinous odor of the pines. Now we would pass a little church nestling silently among the thickets, now a way-side store with ruddy lights within, and a knot of wiry-looking fishermen and oystermen lolling around in desultory conversation. It was a scene at once peaceful and busy, lonely yet inhabited.

A general whiteness illumines the streets of Crisfield; a crisp rattle of loose shells sounds under the tread of the pedestrian; a salt breeze blows from the beautiful waters of Tangier Sound, tainted, alas! by a slight odor of defunct oysters. Oysters, oysters, every where, in barrels, in boxes, in cans, in buckets, in the shell and out. But little business is carried on here except oystering; a little fishing and a little crabbing, perhaps, but nothing else. The railroad that runs through the length of the town, terminating at the steamboat wharf at the harbor, rests on a road-bed of oyster shells, as firm and solid as can be desired. Along this and in the side streets collect the houses, all of frame, varying in architecture from the cottage to the negro shanty. Along the water's edge are a

number of large barn-like buildings—the oyster packing houses. Here the chief interest of Crisfield centres—the "shucking" or opening of oysters, and the subsequent "packing," or closing them in kettles to be distributed over the rest of the country. Considerable freight expense is saved by this mode of exporting them without their shells, and in cool weather they will carry for days in these kettles as fresh and good as they would in the shells. The oysters are generally shucked early in the morning, so as to be ready for the first northward-bound freight-train.



OYSTER SHUCKERS.

At the first glance into a shucking-house it looks terribly dirty, with trickling oyster juice and piles of muddy shells, but in the shining pans in front of the shuckers are quarts of clean, fat, succulent oysters, looking tempting enough. It is surprising to see the quickness and dexterity with which a shucker opens an oyster. She uses a sharp lithe knife, and does not break the edge of the shells. She seizes an oyster, inserts the thin knife between the shells, then with a quick turn of the wrist the shell is opened, the oyster cut loose and dropped into the pan, all with one movement.

The season from September 1, 1877, to June 1, 1878, was extraordinarily poor, on account of the warmth of the winter, but an idea can be obtained of the quantities shipped from this point when the record informs us that 25,000 barrels of shell oysters and 300,000 gallons of shucked oysters were shipped during that season. Indeed, New-Yorkers have no idea how many native Blue Points, Saddle Rocks,

and intermediate oysters are shipped from Crisfield, on the Chesapeake.

The oysters are raised by means of dredges, that swing by ropes from either side of the boat. These dredges resemble a gigantic purse, the mouth composed of a pair of iron jaws, the pocket of iron chain-work. The open jaws are dragged along the bottom, as the boat moves slowly along under half sail, scraping up the oysters, which fall into the pocket. After a drag of about thirty seconds the dredges



DREDGING FOR OYSTERS.

are hauled up on deck, the contents sorted, the good oysters separated from the mass, the dead shells broken from the living oysters by means of a long hammer like that used by geologists, and the refuse thrown overboard.

In such an important industry as the oyster trade, the beds lying, as they do, so closely on the line between Maryland and Virginia, frequent imbroglios occur between the oystermen of the two States, the Marylanders, when oysters are scarce on their side of the line, cruising in Virginia waters, and *vice versa*, of course producing much heart-burning between the two States. An oyster police was instituted by Virginia, and frequent encounters occurred between these officials and the Maryland oystermen. Many of the latter were captured and incarcerated in the jail at Drummondtown, in Accomac County. Habeas corpuses were issued from Maryland, and all the intricacies of a legal war impended. Finally, in one of the many conflicts an oysterman was killed. He had resisted the police, who had thereupon fired upon his boat, injuring the skipper so severely that he subsequently died of his wounds. This unfortunate event produced such an excitement that personal interests gave way before public opinion, and a compromise was at length effected between the two States.



THE WESTOVER HOUSE.

Crabs and fish are taken in considerable quantities at Crisfield; salt-water trout, the large and delicious drum-fish, running in schools, sheep's-head, tailors or blue-fish, and many others; but this interest is so far surpassed by the much larger oyster trade as to be hardly recognized. Crisfield is undoubtedly a progressive business community, at present small, but when canning is introduced, so that instead of shipping the oysters to other places for that purpose they can be prepared for the general market here, business will receive a new impetus that will call attention more generally to this spot as a centre of trade.

About sixteen miles north of Crisfield stands a way-side railway station, called Westover. The transient traveller might be surprised by the number of freight-cars standing along the switch at this apparently unpromising country station, but quiet as it looks, unbusinesslike as it might appear to him, it is in reality one of the busiest points along the road, for Westover is one of the chief centres of berry (especially of strawberry) culture in all the fruit-producing peninsula. In the early morning a different sight presents itself at the quiet station. Large vans piled high with crates of berries, shouting of teamsters, cracking of whips, he-hawing of mules, combine in a Babel of noises, ever increasing, as cart after cart rumbles up to the station in a cloud of dust like a miniature thunder-storm. The fragrant odor of berries hangs in the air around, and each grimy freight-car is like a huge pouncet-box emitting a delightful scent of strawberries, the queen of fruit.

The berry yield of 1878 was a particularly light one in this region, owing to a sudden spell of chilly weather that somewhat stunted the fruit, preventing it from attaining its full degree of size and lusciousness; but even in that season 500,000 baskets of strawberries were shipped from this point alone in the short period during which this fruit flourishes. The sandy soil of this region is particularly adapted for the cultivation of berries; and yet the clay subsoil renders it capable of producing ample crops of grass, clover, cereals, and vegetables. It was in this vicinity that we saw the finest fields of wheat and clover that we found throughout the peninsula, verdant as it is. A gentleman of the most undoubted veracity assured us that he had in one year taken a crop of wheat twenty-five bushels and a crop of hay two tons to the acre off a certain field, the original cost of which was twenty dol-

lars per acre, in this one year netting over two hundred per cent. profit on the original cost. It is but fair, however, to say that this was an extraordinary case, the two crops being due to an unprecedentedly early season.

group of three old mansions about a musket-shot apart, the remnants of old days, yet stand—the mansions of the Westover, Workingtown, and Arlington estates. The latter is named for the Virginia Arlington, its original owner having married



AN OLD-TIME BALL AT THE WESTOVER HOUSE.

The neighborhood of Westover is one of those older portions of the settlements one finds along the Eastern Shore, its antiquity attested by the old brick houses, each standing dark and aristocratic-looking beside the banks of one of the numerous creeks, choked with rushes and docks and tangled water-grasses, that lie in the lap of the land. In the past, when the land in this region was all overgrown with a virgin forest of pines, except immediately in the neighborhood of these mansions, such creeks, now nearly choked with matted vegetation, were the highways of communication between the plantations of the Eastern Shore and the more thickly settled country around Baltimore, Annapolis, St. Mary's, and other towns on the Western; and so not far from Westover Station, on the bank of an inland creek, a

a daughter of the Custis family from that place.

Westover is the oldest of these houses. It is a fine building, broad and roomy, with an air of vanished grandeur about it, built, as most of the mansions then were, of English brick, brought as ballast in the returning ships that cruised between the mother country and the colonies. Decayed as the old Westover mansion now is, fallen into ruin here and there through years of neglect and ill usage, it still stands a monument of former Eastern Shore magnificence and hospitality. The main house and the kitchen, attached the one to the other by a long brick colonnade, were built in the early part of the eighteenth century by the Hon. Samuel Wilson, a lawyer of note, who numbered among his legal pupils Judge Breckin-

ridge, of Pennsylvania, and others of lesser fame; but with his son, Colonel John Wilson, the family seems to have reached its height of opulence and prosperity. The colonel maintained his station with a large-handed hospitality. He built an addition to the house devoted especially to the entertainment of his guests, called the ball-room, which he connected with the rest of the house by a colonnade, now fallen into much ruin. This ball-room building was two stories high, the upper story being used for the lodging of guests, the lower, a single fine panelled room, highly finished with carved wood-work, devoted to their entertainment. Here the balls and junketings of the stiff old-time gentility were held, where the Custises, the Parkers, the Kings, the Dennises, and scores of others of the old "American nobility" assembled to enjoy the generous hospitality of "the colonel." One can imagine the antique blue and red coaches, low-hung, broad-wheeled, with crests on the panels of the glass doors, coming rumbling up to the mansion, freighted with the beauty and gallantry of the times, the while Colonel John Wilson welcomes them with formal bows and courteous hospitality; the guests assembling in the ball-room, brilliant with wax-lights, the floor polished until it reflects a duplicate image of the bright scene above its surface; the old beaux and dowagers exchanging courteous compliments and inquiries of health after the long journey from Baltimore or Northampton; the young bucks, with rolling coat collars, silver buttons, and high shirt collars half covering the cheek, standing in a little knot talking over the last horse-race, cock-fight, or fox-hunt, or leaning over some short-waisted, high-feathered charmer, conversing mellifluously. Two negro fiddlers enter, grinning and bowing to right and left as they cross the room to a raised dais beneath an archway in the far wall, their thoughts pleasantly resting on the shillings and the hot toddy that await them. The old colonel kept two slaves especially for the purpose of fiddling for his guests, which fiddlers he treated with great consideration. They begin tuning up, ever and anon sipping at a mug of "something warm," placed within easy reach for their especial benefit.

"Choose your partners, gentlemen," cries the colonel, leading out himself some dowager, rosy and portly, turbaned and feathered. Then follows the contra-dance: down the middle with the partner, back again; the low stately courtesy, the grand formal bow; the ladies stand, resplendent in silks and laces and family jewels, on one side, the gentlemen upon the other in attitudes calculated to display their shapely calves in tights to the best advantage. And so the merry-making is carried far into the small hours of the night, until the neighbors rumble off home again in their great lumbering coaches, and the guests from a distance retire to their apartments above the ball-room.

Such might it have been in the old times; but now, alas! it is crumbling to ruin, and its glory is rapidly departing. The ball-room is used as a granary.

The house is built in the largest style: oak wainscoting from floor to ceiling, hard closely joined floors, and a broad hall and stairway, into and up which one might "drive a wagon-load of hay," as a friend says—every thing roomy, magnificent, but decayed. The gentleman who now owns the mansion, however, is one under whom it will not be likely to fall into more dilapidation.

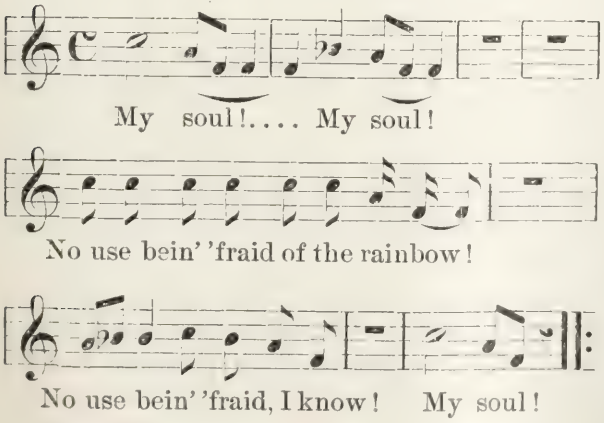
The berry-pickers, mostly negroes, are a peculiar class of people, holding the same relative position that the hop-pickers do in England. They are a nomadic race—a production which is strictly peninsular—a step higher in the social scale than the tramp, but lower than the regular workman. During the winter they disappear, no one knows whither; but at the demands of the berry season they appear upon all sides, as did the soldiers of Cadmus. They are a merry, jolly, happy-go-lucky tribe, taking no thought of the morrow, finding food in the berry fields, where they work for a mere pittance, finding raiment in a motley of tatters and patches—old hats and other clothes past the use of ordinary civilized wear—and finding lodging under a hedge, or, in stress of rainy weather, in some barn which a planter of kinder heart than usual permits them to lodge in *pro tem.*

The berry fields of Westover lay surrounded by woods of dark pines, at the outskirts of which stood a poor white's cabin with its mud chimney. It was a picturesque sight, dotted with pickers clad in the many-colored raiment of bright scraps that negroes delight to bedeck themselves withal—bright handkerchiefs,



STRAWBERRY PICKING.

red, blue, and yellow; even the ragged army overcoats and straw hats of the men lent their assistance to enliven the scene. A young negro woman in the foreground starts singing, the first premonitory symptom being a grunt proceeding apparently from the pit of the stomach, then a half-savage "yah!" and finally the high-pitched refrain, melancholy, tragically melancholy, only half civilized, yet really impressive in spite of the preposterously absurd words:



The notes reproduced on paper sound flat enough. It needs the negro fervor to give soul to its inanimate body, it needs the alternate rising and falling volume, now strong and full, now dying away in the earnestness of the work on hand.

In the berry-house, where the packing of boxes is done, a huge pile of empty crates reaches nearly to the roof, the loaded ones being placed in a large berry wagon standing near at hand. As the fruit is gathered it is brought into this house and placed on a deal shelf along its length, the pickers receiving tickets for the amount of quarts they bring in, good for the sum of two, four, six, or more cents, depending on the quantity they have gathered.

It is amusing to watch the various characteristics as each receives his or her tickets: the trusting one, who thrusts his "keerds" into his apology for a pocket as he receives them, without a second glance at their amount; the cautious one, who puzzles over his account, striving to master the problem of how much nine, minus two, multiplied by two, amounts to; the generous one, who treats the "colored ladies" to cakes; the selfish, who devours all the cakes himself, and so on through the list of human characteristics; for, as Corporal Trim says, "there is nothing so general as human nature."

As many of the negroes have to come a considerable distance—ten or fifteen miles sometimes—a refreshment stand of rough boards is erected near the berry-house, where the appetite may be satisfied with

such luxuries as cakes, bread and "'lasses," and hot coffee. The cook—a queer specimen of humanity, with a perpetual smile on his face—was quite anxious to have his "picter' took," and also instigated the artist to make a likeness of Aunt Sally, sitting in the shade of the shed, sucking the bitter sweetness of a stumpy pipe, assisting the digestion of a hearty meal of "bread an' 'lasses."



COOKING SHANTY.

Throughout the lower portion of Peninsular Maryland the land is low and level, the pine glades interspersed with bits of swamp, conjoining near the lower boundary of Delaware in the great Dismal Swamp of that region, in whose depths the dark waters of the river Pocomoke have their source; further north, however, the land is gradually more rolling, becoming actually hilly in Talbot, Kent, and Cecil counties. Upon the upper waters of the Chesapeake, where it narrows into the Susquehanna River, are numerous fishing stations, as extensive as any in the country, and perhaps in the world. At this point (in Cecil County) the shores are generally bluff, with narrow strips of sand beach along the water's edge.

On the way to one of these stations we found ourselves one bright morning at Northeast, a small town near the western shore of that narrow isthmus connecting the peninsula with the main-land. Northeast is a cozy, quiet little town, its neat vine-covered houses hidden among trees and bushes, cool and home-like. It has quite a busy lot of stores, too, and one or two really good livery-stables, besides a couple of taverns—an excellent place to retire from the hurly-burly of the world into peaceful seclusion and rest.

Here we hired a horse and carriage to convey us to the fishing ground, and set out along a picturesque road that winds now up hill and now down dale, now past a copse of hazel or chincopin bushes, now under a bank whose shaggy summit is crowned with a mass of huckleberry bushes, with their delicate waxen blossoms, or surmounted by a tangle of bright-blossomed laurel or wild blackberry bushes. Now it passes a jungle-like clearing into a hollow, where the horse splashes through a shallow ford; now, from the brow of a hill, gives a glimpse of the broad Chesapeake through a vista of trees. The highlands on the Western Shore, over which float the early summer clouds, and across which glide blue shadows, look misty in the distance. A gallant little cock partridge struts on a fallen log by the way-

side; now and then is heard the liquid note of the wood-robin or the song of a mocking-bird from out the thickets. And so at last we arrive at the fishing beach, after passing one or two canvas-covered wagons laden with fish from the station. A long low row of whitewashed barrack-like buildings perched on the bluff that faces the bay, at the foot of the bluff a narrow strip of beach—such is the fishing station.

As the visitor arrived, the fishermen were just about starting to lay out the seines that lay piled in a huge mass, black and wet, upon the stern of a large galley-like boat, manned with a negro crew. The men, standing around waist-deep in the water, were preparing to push off, loading the last coils of the seine. The sunlight lay brightly on the dark galley, the forty negroes, manning as many sweeps, clad in all manner of picturesque fishing costumes, and the mountainous pile of seine, wet and glittering. This seine is about 1200 fathoms in length. At either end is attached a rope, the addition of which makes a length of about 2100 fathoms, or nearly three and a half miles. It takes about three-quarters of an hour to lay out this line and seine. When this is accomplished, the rope at either end is attached to a large windlass turned by a couple of horses. At the lower part of the shaft of this windlass is a large grooved wheel, around which runs the rope that draws in the net. When the ends of the net reach the shore, a rope is attached to a float line which is upheld by large corks, and by its means the seine is hauled slowly in. This portion of the labor occupies about three hours and a half.

"Make yourself at home," said Mr. Semper, one of the proprietors of Russell and Semper's fisheries, as the artist introduced himself—"make yourself at home," with a hospitable wave of his hand, which could have been no more so had the barracks been a palace.



AUNT SALLY.

"Give way!" cried the captain of the boat at this moment, and with one accord the men bent to the oars with a regular sweep, reminding the looker-on of a field of wheat when the wind sweeps over it. Slowly and sluggishly the boat moved forward, eventually growing less and less in the distance, while across the water came the regular thud, thud, of the oars in the rowlocks.

We entered the barracks to make some necessary change in our attire. George,



FISHING SHANTY.

the cook, a darky, with thick lips that failed to close over his protruding white teeth, was very curious in regard to the visitor's business at the fishing beach.

"What ye gwine to do, boss?" queries he.

"I'm 'gwine' to take your picture, George. Stand just as you are now. Capital." He was standing in a half-sheepish attitude, his right hand grasping his left forefinger, his toes turned in, a long bag, serving as an apron, reaching nearly from his neck to his ankles.

At length the seine is laid out, the galley returns to the shore, and the rope is attached to the windlass; a darky, sitting on the cross-piece, begins driving the horses around the circle, and slowly the seine is hauled in. The negroes hunt out each some sunny spot, and stretch themselves to bask in the genial warmth like so many mud-turtles.

In the mean time the space inclosed by the seine has been gradually shortening its circumference. Some wild-ducks, fearing a trap, swim around and around within the semicircle described by the corks that can be seen dotting a curve along the placid surface of the bay, until, alarmed by the proximity of one of the negroes rowing across the glassy water to attach the line to the floats, they take wing over to the distant highlands lying blue upon the other side of the bay. The men, standing hip-deep in the water, are hauling in the spare net as the windlass draws it to the shore, where, after the rents made in it by sturgeons have been mended, it is piled in huge black masses on the beach. The space inclosed narrows down into a

few square yards of surface; the water in the circumscribed limits is alive with fish—herring, shad, tailors, great rock-fish, and eels, besides others less valuable. There is an air of suppressed excitement among the darkies, and numerous bets are made as to the probable amount of the catch—three thousand, four thousand, or five thousand herring. The "bush-whackers," or small farmers of the vicinity, hover around the outskirts of the crowd of fishermen, anxious for any worthless fish that may fall to their lot.

The under or sink line of the seine is drawn up on the beach, to prevent any of the fish from escaping beneath it. Then one heave, all together, and the net and its contents are fairly landed on the beach, a gleaming, wriggling mass, the thousands of flapping tails sounding like rushing water, and dashing the moisture into a spray that hangs over the animated silver like a cloud. The negroes, with gleaming eyes and teeth, fling themselves bodily upon the fish, and in a surprisingly short space of time they are sorted over, the herring, shad, rock, and tailors distributed in separate piles, the darkies seizing upon the eels as their lawful prey. The fish are then collected in baskets, and emptied into a trough or box with slat bottom, and are there washed clean of the beach sand with which their struggles have covered them. From this they are packed in covered wagons, and shipped to the large cities.

All up and down these shores the fishing stations stand along the beach as far as Chester Neck, each with its especial cognomen, as the "Mountain," the "Green Hill," the "Point Charles" fisheries, and others.

Three hauls are made every day, the last one sometimes extending late into the night, as was the case the time we visited this station. Nothing could exceed the loveliness and picturesqueness of the scene as evening approached. As the sun sank in a blaze of glory that faded into the gray of twilight, even the negroes seemed impressed with the beauty of the scene as they stood darkly defined against the silvery water. Every now and then, as the dusk deepened and the lights of the lanterns began to gleam around the busy scene, one of them would burst out with the air of some wild hymn, twenty voices swelling full and lusty in the chorus, first one high-pitched quavering voice carrying the air, then the rest joining in with the rich volume of a score of powerful lungs. Pauses of silence fell every now and then, broken only by the monotonous creaking of the windlass or an abrupt "yah! yah!" of rich negro laughter.



GEORGE, THE COOK.

As the darkness of night descended, the gill-fishers set out their nets also across the channel, up and down which they float as the tide directs them, the fishermen going to them at intervals during the night and taking out such fish as may be caught. Each fisherman recognizes his own special net from the thousand others amid which it floats, as a farmer would know a favorite cow among a herd of cattle. At each end of these nets a lantern is attached, marking it out in the darkness of the night. The thousands of these lanterns that twinkle afar down the bay, to a distance as great as the eye can reach, look like the lights of some vast floating city.

"The net's purty nigh in!" cried a darky, popping his head into the cabin door at about half past ten at night, and withdrawing it as suddenly. As the men arise from where they have been reclining on lockers and in bunks, they hear him at the workmen's quarters: "Net's purty



INTERIOR OF FISHING STATION.

nigh in!" "Net's purty nigh in!" sounding faintly at the far end of the shanty. A bustle ensues, each one emerging with a lantern, the artist among the rest, and proceeding to the beach, each swaying lantern casting a gleam on the moving legs, throwing them in relief from the surrounding darkness.

The clustering lights on the beach gleam on the glittering eyeballs and teeth of the negroes as they haul in the net. To the artist, as he stands on the bluff looking down upon the scene, they appear like phantoms engaged in some fantastic work in the darkness. Soon the haul is landed, shining like silver in the red light, and the negroes fall upon the fish, scrambling for the eels, of which more seem to be caught at night than during the daytime. One stalwart fellow holds four or five writhing in his fist, and proceeds, with the utmost nonchalance, to bite off their heads one by one.

One end of the cabin is appropriated to the use of the "bosses," and into this part the artist bundled with them. The look of the bunks was not altogether to his liking; they had rather a suspicious appearance; so he self-sacrificingly declined occupying one of them that was offered him, and wrapping himself in a blanket, lay down upon a locker that stood against the wall. The picturesque scene, mellowed by the gleam of one lantern, gradually faded from his sight as he fell asleep. It seemed but five minutes when he was aroused by his driver from Northeast knocking at the door, and shouting at the top of his voice that it was five o'clock, and if the genlum wanted to ketch the train, he'd better hurry up.

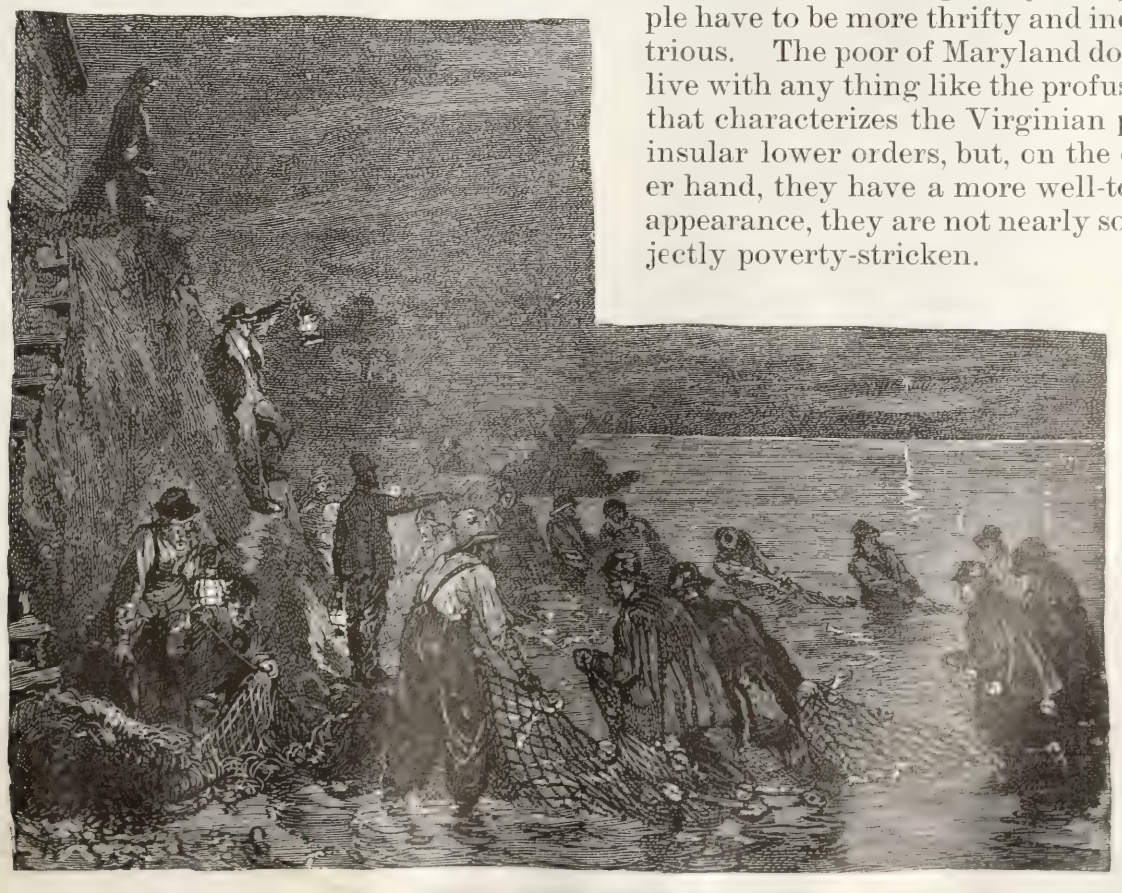
Elkton is one of the northernmost towns in the Maryland peninsula — a quaint, sleepy little place, lying along the Elk River, no less indolent than the town itself. It was through this part of the peninsula that Washington marched in that endeavor to intercept Howe on his way to Philadelphia that led to the battle of Brandywine. Below Elkton the county road runs through a rolling country, one of the most beautiful God ever gave man for a dwelling-place on this earth. It has more the character of an English than of an American landscape. Dark hedgerows separate yellow fields of wheat and oats, while every now and then the traveller passes manorial-looking houses surrounded by shady trees and well-kept lawns, or comes upon a queer old-fashion-

ed village, a straggling street of old brick houses with small windows of the past century. Verdantly beautiful is Cecil County, with dewy vales and breezy hill-tops, crowned at the summit, perhaps, with a clump of oaks or chestnut-trees. In the distance melt away the highlands of the Chesapeake, and here and there a farm-house gleams from amid the foliage of apple and peach orchards deep fruited.

Not far below Elkton is the former site of the old Frenchtown and Newcastle Railroad, one of the oldest railroads in the country, if not the very oldest. It was in its time the great thoroughfare between the North and the South, between New York and Philadelphia, and Baltimore and Washington. The old stage-road conveyed the passengers from Philadelphia to Newcastle, Delaware, from which they took this railroad to Frenchtown, on the Chesapeake, and from there by boat to Baltimore. Over this road travelled Jackson, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and other notabilities long since passed away, like the old railroad itself. Whenever one of these leaders passed through this district, the surrounding inhabitants turned out in force from Elkton, from Chesapeake City, from Cecilton, and other towns, meeting the train at the nearest railroad station, where the great man would address a short speech to the assembled population. Now, however, all has vanished into the forgotten past. The great tide of prosperity has swept into other channels, and left this region, like many others on the peninsula, stranded on the shores of by-gone times. Nothing is seen of this once busy road but a hardly distinguishable road-bed overgrown with briers and brambles, and little is heard of it but in the occasional reminiscences of those whose thoughts dwell on the past.

Running from Chesapeake City to Delaware City is the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, the connecting water link between the North and South, shortening the time of water travel between New York or Philadelphia and Baltimore by many hours, saving, besides, the perilous passage around Cape Charles. Thousands of coasting ships pass through it yearly.

Through Kent the land is lower and far less picturesque than in Cecil, with its breezy uplands and sedgy valleys, but the same characteristics are to be observed—the same quiet villages, the same hedge-bordered highways, the same roomy old houses. Here, luckily for the progress of the inhabitants, Nature does not supply her riches with such a lavish hand as in Virginia, and consequently the people have to be more thrifty and industrious. The poor of Maryland do not live with any thing like the profusion that characterizes the Virginian peninsular lower orders, but, on the other hand, they have a more well-to-do appearance, they are not nearly so abjectly poverty-stricken.



NIGHT HAUL OF THE SEINE.

A FREE-LECTURE EXPERIENCE.

IT came about in this wise:

A "Society for the Relief of Hydrophobia Patients," in a well-known philanthropic community, had been running a mad career of pecuniary losses for several months, when it was resolved by the officers of that praiseworthy association to "get up" a course of lectures for the benefit of the "Fund," as it was called. So far as possible the lecturers were to be *popular* speakers, were to receive no emolument for their services, but were to appear in East Nineveh on "labors of love," as such gratuitous performances are somewhat floridly designated.



BOOKED FOR EAST NINEVEH.

When the Honorable Secretary called on me to join the corps of distinguished martyrs chosen to aid the "Fund," I peremptorily declined to serve, on the ground that, unlike Messrs. Phillips and Gough, I was neither popular nor distinguished, and because my name would attract no money out of the public pocket into the society's coffers. The H. S. smiled, and immediately entered my humble cognomen on his tablets as if I had fully consented to his request. He was a deaf gentleman, and had, no doubt, been selected because of his infirmity, to canvass for free lecturers, not being able, or willing perhaps, to hear distinctly when a negative was returned to his application.

"I will put you down," said he, in that muffled, feathery tone so peculiar to deaf people, "for the 21st of January."

Before I could explain my decided intention of refusing the invitation, he got into his hat with a bounce, and departed, thanking me most cordially for acceding to his request. I called after him in vain; he was gone irrevocably into space, flying rapidly toward East Nineveh.

Talking the matter over with my wife that evening after tea, she strenuously advised me to be magnanimous, and "go and do my share" of lecturing for the funds in aid of so noble an object. After a somewhat animated discussion concerning hydrophobia and the appalling effects on the human system when attacked by a rabid cur, I determined not to shirk my duty, and proceeded to inscribe the following entry on my lecture note-book: *January* 21.—East Nineveh. Free lecture in behalf of the Hydrophobia Fund.

The evening came: a wild snow-stormy night as ever shrouded a New England landscape. Chimneys howled like wolves on Oonalaska's shore. Signs danced, screamed, and blew away by hundreds down the street. Æolus was in his glory: all Bedlam was indeed "let out."

The exact phraseology employed as I shivered into my lecture raiment on that occasion it is unnecessary to reproduce in this narrative; but it is no exaggeration to state that my mind was in a disaffected condition, and that I did not hanker after the journey to East Nineveh on that particular night. Calling a carriage for the railroad station, I started out on my mission to swell the "Hydrophobia Fund" in a distant province, an unknown land, so far

as I was concerned. Two hours of hard travelling by the aid of snow-ploughs landed me before a low-spirited, dingy little station, which the conductor denominated "East Nineveh." Stumbling out of the comparatively cheerful car into the thick fury of a winter tempest, I made my way into the road-side dungeon. Not a human being was visible, inside or out of it. Opening the door at the other end of the sepulchral apartment, I called loudly for help. Only the hollow blast of stormy winds responded. At last a passer-by, nearly suffocated by the hurricane of sleet, halted and asked, "What ye want in there?" I explained, as well as a mouthful of snow would allow an attempt at speech, that I had come to lecture in behalf of the Hydrophobia Fund at East Nineveh.

"Oh, that's in the upper village," said he, "a mile and a half from here."

"How can I get there?"

"Dunno," replied the man, and vanished into what Emerson calls "a tumultuous privacy of storm."

For a moment I was amused at the stolid unsympathy of this man with my stranded condition, and could not help muttering to myself Beauclerc's words when some one told him that a certain gentleman in London had "excellent principles." "Yes," said B., "but he seems inclined not to wear them out in practice."

All the terrors of my situation now grimly settled down upon me. The thought that I was on a *free*-lecture expedition made me writhe keenly. If even a *moderate* fee were in expectancy, the horror of the scene around might have been mitigated. But here I was, "afar in the desert," without a ray of prospective remuneration, and all expenses of travel to be borne by myself. The predicament was not only forlorn, it was repulsive.

The vicious northeaster went on becoming more and more sharp and boisterous. The snow fell like volleys of shot on the little station, now half buried in drifts. Leaning against the window-sill, I recalled these terribly graphic lines of an English poet:

> "'Tis a wild night out-of-doors;
> The wind is mad upon the moors,
> And comes into the rocking town,
> Stabbing all things, up and down."

Ghosts of all the departed storms that had ever ravaged East Nineveh in bygone winters hoarsely muttered their savage spells up and down the freezing apartment where I stood in gloom and listened for relief. I thought of my own warm

The Lecturer and the Howling Storm.



fireside, miles away; of the ruddy glow of comfort lighting up the cheery brass andirons; of the happy piano sending out merry music to the flying feet of youth and beauty; of the songs in praise of love and country which I knew would close the jocund evening.

"Stung with the thoughts of home," as the Season-able Thomson expresses it, I could bear no longer the bitter solitude of that receptacle of woe, the station, and I again opened the door a little. The gruff growler outside was busier than ever, burying up the universe. "Keep where you are," he seemed to say, "or I'll include you in the obsequies."

Suddenly the distant sound of sleigh-bells stirred the buzzing air for a moment, and then the tinkling music faded away. Listening intently, I again detected the welcome sound, and evidently approaching nearer. Perhaps they were only ghostly bells, like those described by De Quincey in his opium visions.

An open sleigh with a mortal in it, by all that is transporting! Hailing the icicled object, I recounted my alarming situation, and hurriedly told him my destiny.

"Ye carnt git up there t'-night ennyhow, an' ef ye could, there wunt be no ordnance to hear ye, sich a night as this," drawled the man.

I implored him to take me to the "upper village."

"What be ye willin' to pay?" demanded the stranger, with an emphatic accent on the last word in his query.

"*Any price!*" I shouted through the storm, and hope came bounding into my bosom at the half willingness implied in the traveller's question.

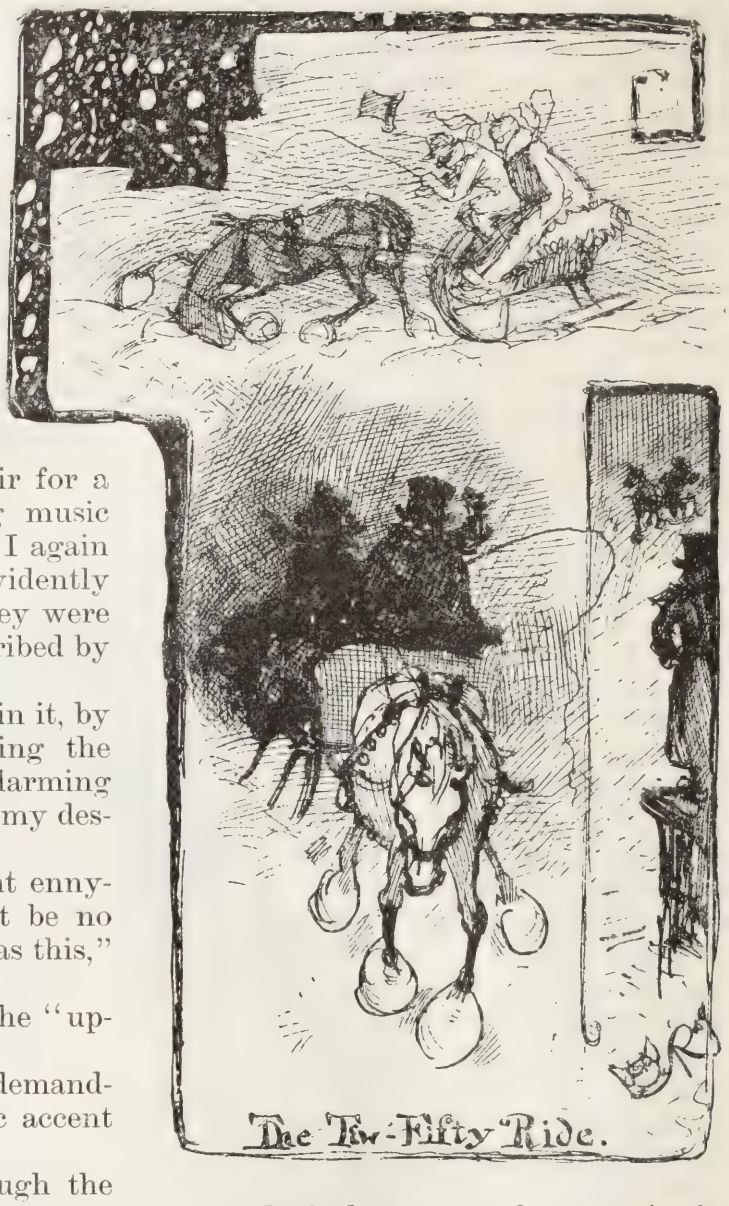
"Wa'al," said he, sluggishly but business-like, "bundle in, and I'll kerry ye. It's a good piece out o' my way, but I'll dew it."

Off we started. It seemed a night's journey, as we went on, butting forward into the tempest toward the upper village. My companion was of the speechless gender, a man of few words, but those few were to the point in hand.

"Let's see—we didn't fix on no amaount afore we started, did we, mister?"

"No," said I, "but you may make your own terms."

"Wa'al," said he, "considerin' the snow and the cold, s'pose we settle on abaout tew dollars for the ride up to the upper village? I wouldn't 'a kerried ye there at all ef ye warn't a-goin' to speak for the good o' the cause, free gratis for nothin'."



The Tew-Fifty Ride.

"All right," I exclaimed, triumphantly. "Move on as fast as possible, my friend, and let us get to the upper village, if you please, as soon as we can, for I am already half frozen."

A pause on the stranger's part, and then: "Come to think on't, the critter's feet gits so balled up to-night, I raly don't know but the job's worth tew fifty."

"Go on," I ejaculated; "you shall have the money."

The horse stumbled and fell so often he must have been subject to rapid epileptic fits. Once I thought we had lost him forever, but he got up again, and proceeded

waveringly over the road. I ventured to ask if the animal ever shied, and the man's reply is worth remembering. In a low and baleful tone he said: "Don't ye never make no remarks abaout a hoss behind his back when he's present. He hears every word ye say, and if he finds ye're skeered on him, he'll take advantage on ye. If yer late observation struck him onfavorable, like's not he'll cut up and shy like a balloon. Shouldn't wonder ef he'd tear every thing all to pieces. Be keerful of yer commentaries about dumb critters when they are 'raound, except so fur as yer remarks is complimentary. A hoss's ears is allers keyed up to git yer opinion on him, good or bad."

The ride seemed entering on the confines of eternity. Should we ever get there? Every moment I thought myself nearing the north pole, as the wind cut like revolving razors, and the snow rattled like so many needles all about my neck. My garments were ineffectual to keep out the plunging elements, and when we did arrive at last, and I fumbled out the "tew fifty," I was more dead than alive.

"Wish ye well," said the eye-teeth-cutting man in the sleigh, and drove off into the storm again, homeward-bound.

And now it was distinctly my business to enter the torpid-looking little building before which the man had dumped me, and begin the gratuitous service of the evening. It was some time before I could stand firmly up against the winter hurricane on getting out of the sleigh, my legs betraying a hopeless imbecility I had never noticed in them before. However, after a little their wonted power returned, and I succeeded in fighting my entrance forward into the structure, where I was destined to speak an hour in behalf of the "Fund."



"Where is the secretary?" I inquired of the door-keeper, who was stamping his feet and rubbing his fingers to that extent I supposed he was frost-bitten through and through.

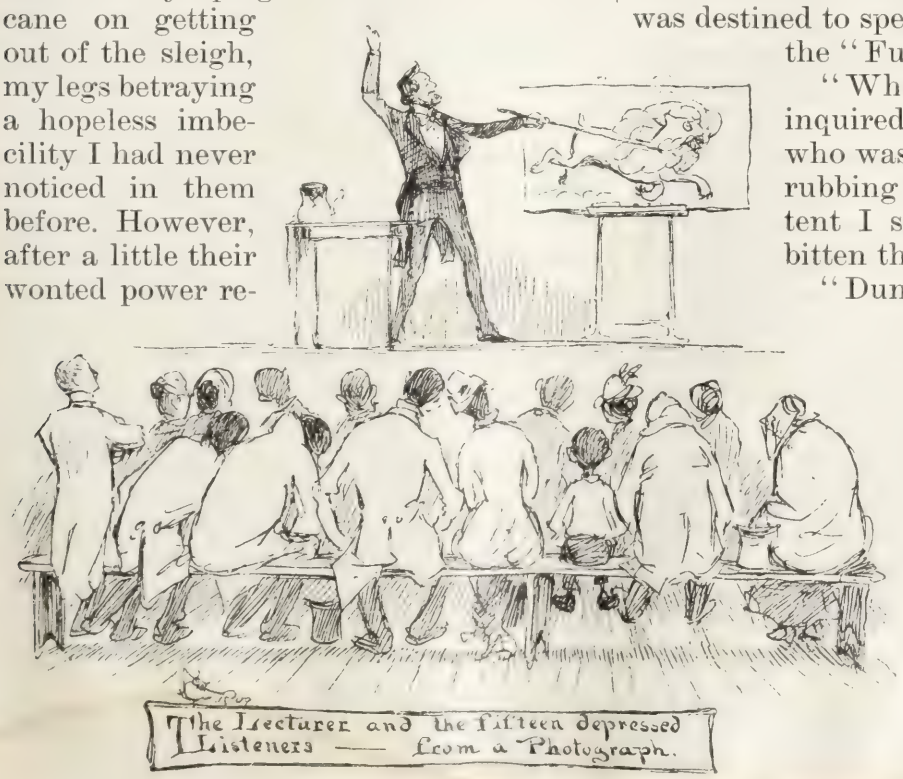
"Dunno who ye mean," faintly replied the gelid janitor.

"Well," said I, "never mind: I'll walk in, as I am the lecturer."

"Got a ticket?"

"No: I am to give the lecture. I am Mr. ——, from Boston."

"Carn't help who ye be. My orders is strict to let nobody in without er ticket."



The Lecturer and the fifteen depressed Listeners —— from a Photograph.



"What is the price of one?" I meekly inquired.

"Quarter," said the honest door-keeper.

And I paid it and went in.

I hope I spoke earnestly and helpfully to that crowd of fifteen deeply depressed listeners, one of whom was kind enough to compliment my discourse by saying to me, as he went out of the hall, "It warn't quite so tejus as I thought 'twould be."

How was the interim between "after lecture" and "bed-time" to be bridged over? There was not a light in the hotel one could possibly read by, and no place to sit down in except the "offis," as the dingy apartment was called where the villagers assembled in the evening around a great ill-odorous sheet-iron stove to discuss any affairs that might arise for petty controversy. The mere thought of my bedroom was hateful to every sense, and so I resolved to make the best of it, and anchor in the "offis" until driven up stairs for the night.

The company gathered there was, indeed, a motley one, but by no means devoid of interest. An old teamster clad in moth-eaten raiment, and whom every one called "Joe," sat speechless, tipped back against the wall, with his feet thrust out in the direction of the stove, but too far away to derive any comfort from it. He seemed far gone in chronic inebriety, and principally occupied in soothing his inflammatory nose with the butt end of his cattle goad. Two rough men with sharp faces sat near him, bargaining about a "pair of steers," the amount in dispute being "tew dollars and sixty-eight cents." A boy with a bad squint in both eyes (a visual peculiarity I had never noticed before) stumped in at intervals and threw wood into the stove, taking care always, as he went out of the room, to kick a weak old mastiff that lay sleeping near the door. When I begged him, during one of his brief visits to the "offis," not to hurt the poor beast, he told me, with an East Nineveh malediction, to "mind m'own bizniz, and he'd mind his'n." Several other persons, with more or less distinctive habits and manners, sat smoking around the stove, but none more badly eminent than a six-foot sallow-cheeked youth who wore his neck-cloth swinging loose around his handsome throat, and who went by the name of "Bung." Whether that was his real name or only a derisive one I do not know, but a more conceited, ignorant, and profane varlet I never have happened to be in company with. He attracted much attention by his oaths and his watch chain, both being of the most lurid fashion. I have often thought of him since, and wondered where at last he met his "pendulous suffocation," as Sir Thomas Browne, in his grand manner, denominates hanging.

The landlord, seeing my stranded and

hopeless condition, was good enough to hitch up a seat beside me, and enter into conversation with me. He struck into talk rather abruptly, I thought, about "flosofy," but I saw his drift at once when he made this remark:

"I'm a kind ov a flosofer myself, folks thinks raound here."

"In what way, Mr. Todd?"

"Wa'al, Sir, I'm a great study-er ov the sac-rid books, that is to say, I'm to home in the writin's ov Scripter. I've looked into them subjicks a good deal, I hev. Put me on to Romuns or Dootronomy, and some ov them other old anshunt books, and I ken hold my own. Aour new min'ster and me gits at it sometimes on a p'int o' doctrin', and 'tween us both we make the fur fly, I tell yew. My wife sez I'm gifted, as 'tware, at reconcilin' parsages that 'pear to differ. Aour min'ster's ruther up and dressed on the Commandments, but he's green and colt-y on *doctrin'*, so to speak; he don't go daown deep enuf for me." A pause, and then, with a burst of wisdom: "Paul's a master-hand, ain't he? He gin it to 'em good up there on Mars-es Hill, didn't he, yew?"

"There is no doubt whatever about that," I replied.

"Took 'em right off their feet, didn't he, yew?"

I assented fully to the complimentary statement concerning the apostle.

Here the landlord was called away to give some directions about shoeing a horse. But he soon returned, and lolling back in his chair, which he again placed next to mine, re-opened the colloquy: "Ever met Prerfesser Thrum—'Lias J.?"

"I never have. Who is *he?*"

"Oh, he's a geenyus; one o' the finest 'pearing old gentlemen ye ever see; highly edyecated, comes of a good fam'ly, and jest as keen's a brier."

"What's his business?"

"Preachin' and pillin', mostly: he's principal agent for the Ben Franklin Self-supportin' Pill, and he ex'orts evenin's when he's travellin'. The wimmin-folks jest goes crazy abaout 'Lias. No discaount on 'Lias J. Thrum, I tell yew! Sings a hymn like a swoller. Good many min'sters is more or less pester'd in prare, but 'Lias goes rite 'long, 's if nothin' 't all was the matter. No hitchin' and coughin' to him when *he's* ingaged; free's a bird, every time."

"Is he a good speaker?"

"The most sperrited ye ever heered."

"Fine voice?"

"Clear's a quill, and louder'n a gun. When the winders is open in aour schoolhaouse, where he labors frequent, enny body t'other side the river ken hear him. He meks things jump, I tell yew, when he gits agoin'!"

"How is he in argument?"

"Up tew enny on 'em, ye may depend. Karnt ketch 'Lias where the wool's short, from Genesiz to Revulations. Wish ye'd heered him tackle wun o' yore Boston transildentist fellers who woz up here'n East Nineveh last summer. Fun then, I tell yew. There warn't a piece left ov that Massechusetts onbeliever's big as a clozepin. Sumb'dy said that air radikel hed lost his mind. 'Lias bust aout larfin, and sez he, 'I wouldn't pick it up ef I faound it layin' raound enny where.' That's 'Lias! he's jest's quick's a flash. He's barmy Gilyud all over, and a big dog under the wagon tew boot, as the old sayin' is."

"Are the Ben Franklin pills popular in this town?"

"Yes, Sir, and ev'ry where else, tew. Look here, yew. Jest work into your lecters suthin 'baout them pills, and 'Lias 'll sartisfy ye. He wouldn't mind payin' ye well for yer trubble. Most estonishin' cures them pills 's brought abaout! Miss Witkum, daown here to the Four Corners, couldn't see aout ov her head for more'n a year, on accaount ov her havin', both to wunce, noorology and dispepsy on the spinel marrer; but 'Lias cured her up with cupple o' boxes clean's a wissel. Hiram Perkings's teeth was all a-gittin' loose, but a box and harf o' the Ben Franklin fixed 'em in agin tight's a drum. Hunderds o' cases jest like these is well known in aour caounty, and all over the United States. My brother-in-law 'Rastus Frink's bin in ev'ry port in the world 'cept Californy, and he sez the craowned heads in Urup is naow takin' 'em ev'ry where. Wish ye could hear the prerfesser, with tears in his eyes, indorse 'Rastus's statemunt!"

"The professor believes in the efficacy of the pills he is dealing in so largely, I suppose?"

"That's so, and well he may, for they saved his life when he had water on the heart so bad."

"When was that?"

"Years ago, when he was a young man,

comparatively speakin'. Let's see: he was 'tacted with this water on the heart when he was sent's a missionerry into the old 'Gypshun country. He tells the story that when he got rort up a-speakin' to them heathen ladies and juntlemen over there on the bank ov the Nile, his feelin's was tew much for his strength, and so this water sot in, fust on his chist. Pooty soon, he sez, his heart gut het up and went to bilin'. If ye put yer ear daown, ye could hear it. Wa'al, 'Lias spent thaousands o' dolluz, callin' in the doctors near and fur. No use! They all gin him up, and he come home to die. One day he overheered a man in New York say the Ben Franklin pills was shore remedy for water on the heart, and 'Lias went in for a box on 'em; kep' takin' box arter box, and at the end o' the fifteenth or sixteenth box (he don't naow zactly remember which it was), he begun to improve, and the sizzlin' stopt inside ov him. Out o' gratitood he excepted a agency, and he's gone on introdoocin' them pills into ev'ry quarter o' the known globe. Turkey, Prooshy, Aysha, Chiny, every where 'most, he's introdooced 'em by word o' maouth. When he goes aout to Ingey he allers stops at the pallis, and all the high-priests waits on him abaout. The grandees thinks ev'ry thing on him aout there in Ingland and Rooshy. It's good's a play to hear 'Lias tell over his travels aout there. When he went to Kanky-noo, aout in Jappan, more'n a hunderd elefunts, all rigged up in golden jewills, walked tew and tew in the royle percession to meet him on the worf. 'Lias sez the king's family warnts him to come aout there and settel, but he ruther thinks he sharn't dew it at present. He's dreadfully 'tached to this 'ere form o' guverment, but he may alter his mind, byme-by, and pull up stakes agin. Wish ye could see Prerfesser Thrum's kleckshun curositiz he gut together in Jruslum: gut a leetle piece o' Maount Arrerroot 'mung 'em, and a genowyne lock o' hair o' the prodigul son. One the most valooble things he's gut's the stun that killed Goliar: sez he wouldn't take ten thaousand dolluz for it; bin offered nine by the British guvment, over'n over agin."

"I notice you call Mr. Thrum *Professor*. What is he professor of?"

"*Re*-ligion and doctorin' mostly, I guess. His keerd runs, 'Prerfesser 'Lias J. Thrum—the Ben Franklin Self-supportin' Pills, wholesale and retail.'"

Here the landlord being called away again, a disordered, unsavory individual in an archæological dog-skin cap, who had been furtively listening to the host's enthusiastic remarks concerning the distinguished vender of the "Ben Franklin Pills," solemnly warned me, in a low voice, against trading for any of the self-supporters, averring that Thrum was no more of a professor than he was, and that 'Lias's constant tendency was to strong drink and another bad habit that proved fatal to Ananias and Sapphira. Slanting his countenance sarcastically toward the door out of which the landlord had departed, the new spokesman implied by dumb-show that Todd and Thrum were sly partners in a very disreputable business, and that the "self-supporters" were no better than they should be. I thought I discovered a rival animosity in his tone, that might naturally arise in the breast of an envious mortal who was seeking with another medicine to supplant the immense popularity of the B. F. P. in East Nineveh, but I stifled the unworthy suspicion in my bosom, and made no remark in reply to his unfriendly insinuations.

When the landlord re-entered, I began the new conversational era myself:

"Have you always kept tavern here?"

"No; I foller'd the sea till I bust a blood-vessel, and had to give it up."

"Which vessel did you give up?" I ventured to inquire, by way of enlivening our dry talk with a mild attempt at facetiousness.

"The *Ann Mary Ann*," replied the literal sea-faring landlord, evidently unmoved by my effort at humor.

It was his turn now:

"Bin lect'rin' long?"

I shook my head.

"Healthy bizniz?"

Another and more impressive shake.

"How long doos't take to git agoin' in't?"

"That depends."

"What I warnt to git at's this: I've got a boy comin' 'long's got to dew suthin byme-by. Naow would ye advise him to try lect'rin'?"

I hesitated a reply, and the landlord continued:

"P'r'aps you'd give him a lift to git him a-runnin' when he's ready to begin?"

"Certainly. How old is your son?"

"Miss Todd 'd tell ye better'n I can, but I should say he's goin' on to nineteen."

I advised timely application to a "Bureau."

My reference to an old-fashioned piece of furniture puzzled the landlord to that extent he began to rub his hands thoughtfully and whistle a melancholy tune that did not imply comprehension on his part.

"What's the secertary's name?"

"It is not a secretary; it's a *bureau* you must apply to," I answered.

Then I explained to him more minutely the office of a Lecture Bureau, and he entered my remarks, condensed, on the fly-leaf of an almanac hanging up behind the door. That being done, he mused a while, and then asked:

"Ef a young feller started aout in the fall o' the year to foller lect'rin', and stuck tew it till plantin'-time in the spring, what could he clear?"

"Really I could not say."

"Give a rough guess."

At this point I became alarmed at his business-like look at the matter, and not wishing to give a serious father with a large family on his hands any delusive answer to pecuniary questions of so grave a nature, I felt bound to undeceive him as to hopes of putting his son into so precarious a business as lecturing.

I pass over with brief mention and no harbored ill feeling the unpleasantness of that never-to-be-forgotten night at the insalubrious East Nineveh "tarvern," where I did not sleep, although that was my design in going thither. I touch lightly on the multiform delinquencies of that umbrella-without-a-handle establishment: the appalling dearth of food—"aour cook havin' gone up to Carthage for to attend a military ball"—the narrow-minded wash-stand, the paucity of water, and the entire non-existence of towels in my room. I say nothing of the alarming antics of the air-tight stove in that freezing apartment, the fiery little article bursting out toward morning with the evident design of burning the hotel down. I barely allude to the midnight turbulence on the opposite side of the entry, occasioned by the unexpected arrival of a youthful guest —the landlady's ninth, as my host informed me in the morning.

"Perhaps some time," smilingly intimated the landlord, "ye'll make a piece o' poetry on the events comin' to pass durin' your fust visit to aour hotel. But the least ye ken dew before ye go is to name the baby."

And so, bearing in mind the object of my visit that bitter January night to East Nineveh, and all I had suffered during the hours of my sojourn there, I suggested that the child should be called Idrophobia.

"Wa'al," drawled the landlord, "that doos hev ruther a high-toned, 'ristocratic snap to it, and I shouldn't wonder ef my wife took tew it pooty well; but ye never know how a mother's feelin's is a-goin' to jump when a baby's got to be chris'ened. Look here! as there ain't no paper layin' raound, s'pose ye jest chalk the name aout on these bellowses, and I'll take it up stairs afore dinner to show Miss Todd. She mayn't see nothin' in it at all, but she may."

I told him by all means to consult the mother's taste in the matter, and if her opinion did not coincide with mine, I should not feel at all disappointed.

"Call agin when ye come this way," responded the landlord, "and git acquainted with Miss Todd and little Idrophoby. Glad to show ye aour new cemmerterry, next time ye come, if bizniz is slack. Take ye raound enny where."

I assured him, with my hand on my carpet-bag, that whenever I had occasion to come again into that region, he should know of it in season to exhibit the "cemmerterry" and all the other beauties of East Nineveh.

And so we parted, I have no doubt, forever, and I can undergo the separation during that length of time with firmness. I am not indebted to the landlord of the East Nineveh "tarvern" for much that was beneficial in the way of sustenance or repose, but I am his debtor for one phrase at least worth remembering. As he was letting out of the hotel door a lugubrious-looking neighbor, who had evidently bored him by too much complaining talk, he said, quietly, as he turned the key, "Good reddance to him!"

"Who is that?" I inquired.

"Oh, nobody in pertickler—only one o' these 'ere *long-meter fellers that goes on a-cryin' arter the funeral's all over.*"

It is not often that a free-lecturer bears his own travelling expenses, liquidates his hotel bill, and is obliged to pay for hearing himself talk, but twenty years since East Nineveh compelled me to endure those novel sensations.

It is so long ago, or I would never have mentioned this experience in public.

BLACK POINT.

THE most subtle charm of Florida, excelling, I am inclined to think, even its May-like Christmas, and June in February, is found in the absence of the atmosphere of labor, either in the present or the past. One there forgets that this is a working-day world; and it is the only part of the United States in which one does forget it. The rich man at the North labors not, but he can not enter his carriage without seeing the man who does; even the railroad skirting the lawn of his country residence brings with it, though unseen, suggestions of the grimy brakesman and watching engineer—men who toil and fare hardly every day of their lives. Through the South at the present day, though there may be little of the bustle and energy of labor, there is in its place a silence of disappointment, often a torpor of regretful memories, which as effectually as the presence of toil prevents the formation of that atmosphere of indolence—indolence unpursued by disapproving conscience—which is Florida's deepest charm. It is not rest, for rest follows labor. Here is no labor, and never was; the poor are the most indolent of all. No ice, no snow, no stern frozen ground, drive them to toil to save themselves from suffering. With wood in the forest for their small fires, with fish in the brown rivers, why should they strive or save? Here at last is a country where there is no "must."

True, active Prosperity has never had her home there, for active Prosperity works hard; but care-free hours, the slow enjoyment of each day for itself alone as it dawns and fades over the winterless earth—these are to be found and possessed on that narrow peninsula, with its olive-green woods, its slow chocolate-hued streams, its white sands, and the limitless barrens, whose uselessness for all utilitarian purposes gives them a wild peculiar charm, granted to them forever, prairies of green, with their pines standing wide apart, and bright little tropical flowers growing up with all the haste they can on long hair-like stalks, until they reach the level of the coarse grass, when they rest their chins on the tops of the rough blades, stop growing, and gaze contentedly around.

Black Point is no point at all; neither is it black. It is a sweep of broad beach, without any outlying islands or sand-bars, so that you have the satisfaction of knowing that the waves that break at your feet come from far away, your particular spot of coast being the first land they touch after leaving the Old World behind them. It would seem as though it might be pleasant for an ocean wave to feel the shore under his breast again, after weeks of tossing about in bottomless space. The Black Point beach is not straight; it forms a waving line along the coast, as its own white sands, pressed together by the action of the waves, form a smaller waving line at the water's edge. This waving line makes the beach a series of scallops, each with its half-moon of silver sand, its miniature cliff behind, crowned with Spanish-bayonets, its pile of drift-wood for a seat, and in front the limitless expanse of ocean, stretching across to Morocco. You sit down on the drift-wood, which has always been washed up close under the cliff; you gaze off over the sea; you feel alone with immensity; great thoughts begin to come. And then suddenly some one walks around into your scallop from the scallop next beyond, and you realize that you are not alone at all even with yourself, to say nothing of immensity. These scallops are always deceiving the unwary; each little rounded bay looks so wild and lonely that it takes a long series of winters at the Point to drill people into the remembrance that they are all within a mile or two of the house, and that when there is only one house in a place, its inmates are apt to make studies of each other, marine as well as land studies, to pass away the time.

But we wrong Black Point in alluding to time; there was no time there. Nobody made any especial plans, or had any especial hours. If you began to read a book in the morning, and found it interesting, you could read on all day until darkness came, and no one troubled himself or you with comment. If you happened to fall asleep on the beach, under your white umbrella, even though you slept on there all day, no one remarked upon it, or asked you why. The slavish necessity for doing any thing at any particular moment did not exist there. This remarkable absence of time and "why" was owing, first, to the influence of the place; second, to the determination of the people. The place was Florida, and Florida intensified: here was no work at all. The fields of the ancient sugar plantation to which the rambling old

house belonged, untilled for seventy years, were the only suggestions of labor; and they were more memories than suggestions. For miles around there was nothing save the wild warm barrens, the sunny wind-swept beach, and the unfettered lazy sea. The determination of the people, who were winter visitors from the North, was inflexible. They were people who knew what they wanted—a rare class; having found it, they guarded it vigilantly. The house was kept by Donna Teresa Valdez. Donna Teresa was born in Pennsylvania. Her original name was Amelia Jane. Having married a Florida sailor of Spanish descent, she had become a Valdez, and the winter visitors, to amuse themselves, had added the rest. She was a woman of forty, deeply sentimental, keen at a bargain, and imaginative enough to be able to comprehend what people wanted when it was once clearly explained to her—a rare quality; one to which she owed her present place. She had learned the general laxity required of her as regarded rules and fixed hours, and was now very carefully careless; she had also learned the general inflexibility upon one point, namely, the presence of good and well-cooked food on the table whenever the winter visitors came in from their conversations, meditations, sleep, or romance in the scallops, and demanded it. Now, as "whenever" meant almost continuously, breakfast thus expanded running into luncheon, and luncheon sweeping the confines of dinner, the Donna in actual fact led rather a hard life. But she was well paid, and in the realms of fancy she roamed uncontrolled. For she indulged herself with the idea that she was a young, inexperienced little thing, deserted by her husband, artless to a fault, and an object of deepest interest to all these Northern city people, who had the great distinction of a natural air of having come to the end of every thing, which, as is well known, is the surest proof of aristocracy. The Donna worked tremendously in her kitchen every morning, with voice and hands and head; she then came forth, and was an artless, inexperienced little thing the rest of the day. She was tall and angular, with pale blue eyes, and thin yellow hair worn in long lank curls, two on each side and four behind, reaching to her flat waist; she was generally attired in white, with an infantile green sash, and a spray of green leaves on her lonely bosom.

"Flowers are not for me," she said: "I am too sad-hearted. Leaves will do —leaves of a living green." And the visitors thought they would.

Black Point was not a resort; it was scarcely known at all save to these few people who came there year after year, and kept it to themselves. The attic of the old house was filled with their stored possessions: hammocks, oars, tents, sails, easels, bathing dresses, camp kettles, fishing tackle, guns, cases of wine, boxes of books—all the paraphernalia of people who understand how to thoroughly enjoy a Florida winter. Of course the party was not always the same; the same forty people could not always come to Florida. But those who filled the vacant places belonged to the same circle of society at home, so that it was merely a change of face, not of ideas, manner, or associations. There were few *young* young ladies; to the youthful mind it was not an attractive place. There was no dancing; there were no picnics, no occasions for pretty evening dresses. The people who went there were somewhat *blasé*. The women were all agreeable, and generally tired. The men were even more agreeable, and (as to the expression of their eyes) doubly and trebly weary. They had all been every where, and seen every thing. There was nothing new to them under the sun. But they did not ask any thing new, and as to the sun, it was what they came down there to enjoy; every body sat, or walked, or lay, or sailed, or slept, or swung in its rays all day long.

To this circle, one day in January, came the tidings that the engagement of Pierre Brandon and Eleanor Fordyce was at an end. Miss Fordyce had herself announced it to one of her friends, and Brandon had mentioned it in a word or two to one of his. This was at four o'clock, and at five every body knew it, even the people who had been asleep under white umbrellas on the beach. There were interest, curiosity, and comment—more of each than the Point had known for years; for it was an engagement of five years' standing, and no one who looked well at Eleanor could imagine that she could possibly, having once made her decision, change her mind. Brandon had no money, or rather what he considered was none, and Eleanor had but little. It had therefore been tacitly understood that they were waiting for an

estate which would come to Brandon after the death of a relative (if a grand-uncle-in-law can be called a relative) who had a life-interest in it. In December, soon after the arrival of the Florida colony, this old gentleman, who had comfortably enjoyed the money for eighteen years, died peacefully, aged eighty-seven, and the fortune was free. No one supposed that Brandon and Miss Fordyce would be in the least hurry about their plans; but no one supposed, either, that there would be the least change. But scarcely a month had passed, and now the Point saw its old, well-tried, approved, and accepted engagement broken, and no one could imagine the cause!

They all came to dinner rather more promptly than usual that day; it was the only sign they gave, and they were rather ashamed of it when they became conscious of what they had done. But when you have once entered a long dining-room, and every one has seen you enter, you can not very well turn around and go out. So they all sat down, and Brandon and Eleanor, when they came in, beheld the edifying spectacle of the whole forty eating fish at the same moment—an agreement of opinion not visible before in the whole annals of the house, where dinner generally continued for several hours, as people came and went according to their own convenience, the Donna smiling unflinchingly in her white dress at the head of the old pieced-out table. Eleanor was not with Brandon; a minute or two separated their entrances. The forty, although inwardly conscious of guilt, conversed as usual, each and all, without once looking, obtaining an exact impression of the faces, expressions, and tones of voice of the two actors in this new scene unrolled before them (tragedy? or comedy?—opinions varied); not an eyelash escaped them, not a comma.

Were these two so remarkable, then? Not especially; that is, where they were; for the whole forty were remarkable. There was not among them one awkward, stupid, inexperienced, or tiresome person. There were none of those terrible people, for instance, for whom the excuse has to be offered that they "mean well;" none of those who "feel it to be their duty" to tell you just what you do not want to hear; none of those who have a mission to regenerate any thing or any body; none of those who tell you what you "ought" to do. There might have been prodigals among them, but there certainly were no Pharisees. If they were epicurean, they were at least not selfish or dogmatic about it; others might not only freely enjoy themselves, but, rare liberty! in their own way. The secret of such an uncommon assemblage probably lay in the fact that all the women were, as regards beauty, fairly well endowed, and that all the men were possessed of an easy income. Money was required at Black Point; and a steady course of sea-beach and open piazza will gradually drive away the homely women. By the natural law of selection, they prefer more congenial places—the shaded light and high conversation of the reading club, the small value set on all earthly attractions which forms the prevalent atmosphere of the sewing society.

Pierre Brandon was thirty-eight; he had, however, one of those impassive blonde faces which do not betray age. His manner was quiet, his voice calm. He had a well-cut profile, but no one would have called him handsome. And he had no desire to be so called; beauty in men belonged, in his opinion, to adventurers, actors, and boys. Eleanor Fordyce was thirty; she had been engaged to Brandon five years. She was a slender, graceful woman, with pale complexion and the fine close-lying brown hair which no one notices in one way or the other. She had gray eyes and delicately cut features; and she was generally dressed in gray or black. At twenty she had looked as she did now; at forty she would look the same; while there was neither glow nor sparkle about her, one could no more imagine her with wrinkles or a withered skin than one could imagine it of a head in cameo. She had an intense love of music; she *felt* harmony as other people feel perfumes or salt air, that is, physically as well as mentally. But she could not sing, save in a low sweet voice too soft for use. For some unexplained reason she was more generally liked than many a woman who tries hard to please—more, perhaps, than she deserved. Yet, after all, people *are* right: if they continue firmly attached to a person after ten or twelve years of acquaintance, it is probably because there is in the character of that person a reality or sincerity of some sort of which they are sure, and upon which they know they could in an emergency rely.

The breaking of this engagement was incomprehensible to Black Point. Those two had known each other so thoroughly, had been so congenial in every way; the curious kind of simple content they felt in each other's presence had long been remarked. For there had been no outward ardor in the affair, no romantic isolation. They generally selected the very first scallop, so that every one going down the beach passed them, Eleanor sitting on a gray shawl, leaning back against the little cliff, Brandon lying at her feet smoking, his hat drawn over his eyes. Sometimes they had a book; but no one ever overheard them reading, scarcely talking. They seemed content simply to be together, and enjoy the ocean and Florida sky.

The engagement had been broken a week. The first wish of most persons under such circumstances is separation, absence; one or the other goes away. Not so Brandon and Eleanor; they had come to the Point for the winter, through the winter, therefore, they would remain. They met, of course, constantly; when it was necessary, they spoke a few formal words. But no one could detect either anger or regret in their voices or their eyes.

The second week came, and now the house was aroused by something else. Brandon was undoubtedly giving much of his time and attention to Lola Valdez.

Lola was a niece of the Donna's lost husband, but her mother, who was dead, was of Northern blood. She had never been at the Point before, having spent her life at one of the winter resorts on the St. Johns River. She was twenty, although the Donna called her sixteen; and she was very pretty. Her life had been a singular one, hardly to be matched in the land. Every winter for six years she had been admired and made love to, day after day, so that almost all her time had been occupied by it. Northern gentlemen, idling away winters on the sunny river, had said to her every thing that love's vocabulary holds. But whether she accepted their suit or whether she rejected it, sooner or later they all vanished away like smoke before the wind, leaving the little Florida beauty standing on her shore with nothing but a collection of adjectives to console her. At first surprised, then grieved, after a while she grew cynical. She avenged herself by being as cruel as possible to the lover of the moment, and earned the reputation of being thoroughly cold-hearted. Poor child! all she wanted was the pleasure and comfort of being warm-hearted under the safe sanction of the priest and the ring.

After an especially unhappy winter on the river, Lola had come to Black Point to stay with her aunt Amelia Jane. The Donna, deciding at a glance that their different styles of beauty would not interfere with each other, received her niece, made a sharp bargain with her as to the household labor that would be required of her from that hour, and then, business being over, threw her thin arms around her and embraced her effusively. "I feel as though you were almost my own dear Pedro in person," she sobbed; "the dear name harrows me. I am but a poor inexperienced little creature, struggling through the dreary world. We will be like two sisters. Call me Teresa, dear—the gentlemen have given me that name—and I will call you 'my bird.'"

As it was summer, when there were no visitors, the white dresses and green sash were packed away, and the Donna at the moment wore only an old brown calico and limp sun-bonnet, the latter in the house as well as out of it, in order to bleach out her complexion for the romance of the winter season. But Lola was not daunted by her aspect, or bewildered by her sentiment; one does not pass six winters at a resort on the St. Johns River without learning almost all there is in the way of human aspect and human sentiment, together with a good deal of human humbug thrown in. She now embraced her aunt in return with equal effusion, called her "Teresa" in her sweetest tones, and then, when left alone at last in the small room assigned to her, she locked the door and sat down by the window, looking out over the sea. She cared no more for the waves with their little cool fringes of foam than if they had been so much blank wall; but any man seeing her dark eyes at that moment would have been sure her soul was full of poetry, even though forever unexpressed. Lola herself sometimes wished that her "lustrous starry glance" could be turned into tangible arrows to shoot the gentlemen who praised her, who told her they adored her, yet never took her away from the poor life she led down there, who were so ready with "Can you love?" so slow with "Can you marry me?" She had made a firm vow to herself that here

at Black Point no one should dare to say one soft word to her. She knew the beginnings well, and would crush them with iron hand. But, to her surprise, she was not troubled. The people at the Point were of a different kind. Almost all the gentlemen there had some tried and agreeable friend among the ladies; the place bristled with old settled friendships, the comfortable kind that last into old age, both sides equally free, and therefore interested. Lola was surprised; but she said to herself that she was glad also. And in one way she was glad, for she was passionately weary of protestations that meant nothing, and admiration that never came to a definite avowal. Still, she did not understand it; she had the sense, however, to go on steadily in the new life she had sought, the Donna getting eight good hours of work out of her "bird" daily, and finding her a much more profitable investment than any two of her black servants. But there were other reasons why Lola was content.

And now into this life came the unexpected attentions of Pierre Brandon. What did they mean? Lola supposed they meant only the same old story. But the Donna was of a different opinion. Dear Lola must not work so hard; she really could not allow it. One of the servants should from that moment take part of the care off her hands. Was there any thing her "bird" wanted? any thing her own Teresa could get for her? She had only to speak. Whereupon the "bird," after some hesitation and signs of a feeling that was almost reluctance, selected a new dress of thin black material, which she fashioned herself after a pattern in her memory. When it was finished, she put it on, threw a black lace mantilla over her hair, placed a red rose in her bodice, and then stood looking at herself in the small mirror on the wall. Apparently the picture was satisfactory, for, thus attired, she went out to walk with Brandon on the pine-barrens. One of her admirers on the river had been an artist, and he had painted her in like costume, she meanwhile sitting to him dressed in her most careful imitations of New York fashions. She had felt mortified at the time, but since then she had comprehended what the artist meant. He had amused himself instructing her. It was remarkable how many persons had instructed Lola Valdez.

The forty looked on, and said that Brandon was "studying the tropics," "trying contrasts," "passing away the time." He was with the young Spanish girl constantly. The Donna now confided to each man in the house (making appointments for the purpose in mysterious whispers) her own wrought-up feelings on the subject. Was she not partly responsible for the happiness of her dear Lola, especially with the warning of her own wrecked affections strewing the rocky shores of doom? What was (excuse her sisterly anxiety) Brandon's real nature? Was he heroic and noble? Had he the soul of a knight? She (the Donna) *could* not countenance him unless he had.

The gentlemen all assured Teresa that Brandon was heroic; the "soul of a knight" did not at all express his inward heroism. One of them added that he was "chivalry concentrated and expressed in a living essence," which sentence the Donna afterward repeated to Lola, with tears of delight.

The forty now began to ask what Miss Fordyce thought of all this. Did she feel it? What did she say? Her face remained impassive. She said nothing. So no one could divine by the law of contraries what she thought. What she felt, the four walls of her room alone knew.

One afternoon she went out for a solitary walk on the barrens. The others had all gone down the beach. She had watched them pass in parties of two and three, carrying umbrellas, shawls, and books, Brandon and the Spanish girl half an hour in advance of the rest. She would have the barrens all to herself that day. In five minutes the house was out of sight; in ten the old light-house had disappeared, and she could not even hear the sound of the sea. The peculiar silence of the barrens filled the air. She was always as conscious of it as though it had been audible. She walked on slowly. No need now to keep watch over her face, no need now to hold up her head, and look proudly and coldly around; there was no one to see her but the small flowers peeping above the grass. Each day was now an ordeal of so many long hours, to be lived through as best she could. She was utterly surprised by Brandon's course—surprised and crushed. Pride came to her aid, and no one detected her real feelings, but she suffered intensely. She asked herself a thousand times what he could

mean. Any answer was better than that of real interest on his part. She was on her way that day to the scene of their last interview, a little nook known only to themselves. Here she had been with Brandon on four of her birthdays, and when their final interview came, they had selected it as the place, not only on account of its solitariness, but also because it was in a certain way a memorial spot. She was now on her way there again for the first time since that day.

The pine-barrens of Florida reveal themselves only to a few. To the minds of most persons who have seen them they are dull, desolate expanses, without beauty or use. But to those who know them they unveil a fascinating charm. The peculiar way in which the trees stand, never near, never very far apart, gives an idea of wide, calm endlessness very different from that produced by the close vistas of pine woods or the expanse of the prairie. In no direction can you see any horizon line, and the absolute similarity of one mile to the next confuses distances and gives an impression of boundlessness. The world seems very far away. Here is no "use" for any thing. It has been like this since creation, and will be the same to the end of the universe. Let us walk here a while, and care and trouble will cease to be. Why should we struggle any more, or weep? Here is peace. Thus speak the barrens; and if you will listen to them, your eyes are touched, and you behold the soft, feathery outlines of the single trees, the beauty of the unexpected little pools of clear ruby-colored water, the peculiar effect of the fans of the dwarf palmetto, the small flowers, and, over and through all, the free, calm loneliness, so restful to the tired heart and mind. Eleanor had left the track, and now followed a white sand trail so narrow that her skirt brushed on both sides the low bushes of wax-myrtle that bordered it. But after a while even this little trail she abandoned, and followed a little ridge westward, where there was no path at all. After walking nearly half an hour she came to a curve in the ridge, and ascended it. Six steps brought her nearly to the summit. On the other side, which descended sharply, was the little nook, a still, ruby pool, and around half of it a semicircle of arrow-shaped lily leaves, rising one above the other in circling ranks, tier above tier, as though they were sitting in a green colosseum, looking down upon a combat on the pool below. Not another blade of any kind of green in this little semicircle save the arrow-shaped leaves, and they grew as evenly as though they had been planted. It was a marvellous little picture. Opposite this pomp of green lances was a bed of gray moss, where Eleanor and Brandon sat when they came there; but she could not see it now. She had paused before quite reaching the summit, when the lily leaves came in sight, and stood with her eyes fixed upon them, thinking sadly of the past. But of one thing she was sure, with all her sadness—*this* little spot was hers. Suddenly some one spoke, and so near her that the voice seemed in her ear. It was Brandon's voice, and this was what it said: "I wanted you to come here; I knew you would appreciate the little nook. I have been saving it to show to you, Lola." And then Miss Fordyce recovered her consciousness, and perceived that she was listening.

The two speakers were directly below her; two steps more would bring her within their sight. Her approach had been noiseless—every thing is noiseless on the pine-barrens—and her retreat, if she made it, might be noiseless as well. But although there are no sounds, sight is enlarged and extended; if either of them should rise before she had passed over a full mile, her figure would be recognized at once. Would it not be worse if he should suspect she had been there and stolen away than if she showed herself now? Besides, the woman's burning heart wanted, as usual, to see all, know all, no matter at the cost of what bitter pain. Putting on, therefore, all her armor of cold indifference again, she went on up to the summit, purposely brushing the bushes so that Brandon might hear her approach. But she need not have given herself the trouble; Brandon did not stir. He looked up, recognized her, and raised his hat, but kept unchanged his position at the feet of the Spanish girl. Lola raised her eyes too, and saw the pale, slender woman of thirty standing there and looking down upon them. And then there was silence for several seconds—a perceptible silence which no one wished or intended, only words did not seem to be quite ready. Lola's straw hat lay on the moss beside her. There was a rich color in her cheeks; she seemed excited. She was below medium height; her form was

full and exquisitely rounded; her heavy dark hair, large soft dark eyes, and pretty, arched, half-parted lips gave her a beauty which was in some respects remarkable. It was the manner of a child and the loveliness of a woman.

Eleanor's and Brandon's eyes held each other steadily. "Will you come down and sit with us a while?" he asked.

"Thanks; not to-day. I only came for a few of those lily leaves."

He rose to gather them for her, and as his hand pushed the greenery aside, they both saw one of her little gray gloves lying there, wet with the dews of many nights; and both remembered when it was dropped. It was on her birthday, the 19th of December; he had unbuttoned it himself and thrown it down. To-day he did not touch it, but left it where it was, ceremoniously gathering the leaves and handing them to her. She took them, arranged them with a few orchids she had in her hand, said a few words calmly about the beauty of the afternoon, and then went away, walking a mile straight onward without turning her head, and then, when fairly out of sight, throwing herself down upon the ground among the rough palmettoes, and resting her face on the white sand. Her feeling was: "If it would only open and take me in, and let me rest there forever!"

It is one thing to feel anger against a person we have loved; it is quite another to feel jealousy. When both are suffering, there is a certain equality about it which makes it bearable; but when one finds that the other has a new interest, and no longer cares, then the anger is turned into the serpents of jealousy, biting day and night. Eleanor had been surprised and hurt by Brandon's course since their engagement had been broken, but she had not been jealous until now. It cut her to the heart that he had taken this Spanish girl to that one little nook, placed her on the moss where she herself had sat, opposite the court of the lilies where her own poor glove was lying now neglected and forgotten.

What was it that had parted these two?

"Your coldness," Brandon would have said. And "Your arbitrary will," Eleanor would have answered. When word came at last that the estate was free, the new liberty made a new atmosphere for them in spite of themselves. The change was too great. Brandon had now in his hands a large fortune, and insensibly his feelings altered, or rather, not his feelings, but his manner. He wished Eleanor to go north with him immediately, so that they might be married in the old church at home before the close of the year. She objected to this haste, and deferred the marriage until spring. He was deeply offended, and accused her of indifference and coldness; she was too proud to defend herself, and grew colder still, until at last his accusation seemed founded upon reality. Thus they tormented each other as only those can who have loved each other well, owing to the peculiar intimate knowledge which only love gives. Their words became stings. She roused in him an obstinate anger; he wounded her tenderest feelings. Both were wrong; but when the final parting came, the woman suffered the most.

Practical minds, if they had been told the story, would have said that the whole trouble came from that evil thing, a long engagement; they knew each other so well that they *could* not yield. This was true. But it was equally true, also, that Brandon was arbitrary and Eleanor proud. In a less artificial state of society (if they could have borne to live in one) these natural qualities of theirs might have found expression, and been less dangerous. But they were both quiet, self-controlled, and *blasé*, and had been for years quiet, self-controlled, and *blasé*. The result was that when the spark kindled at last, there was a mighty flame. Human nature is human nature still, in spite of the charmingly weary manners of cultivated society.

In her heart Eleanor had not believed that Brandon would long remain away from her; she made the woman's mistake of judging him by herself. She could not make the first advance, but when he did (surely, surely he would), she would go to meet him with her whole heart. But now, suddenly, while she was longing and waiting, he had shown this strange new fancy.

What was it? In all their long and intimate acquaintance she had never noticed in him any signs of admiration, save perhaps a passing glance or two, for beauty unaccompanied by education and refinement. He had finished all that before she knew him. What, then, was this?

But Eleanor made the mistake that jealous women often make—she did not give their full value to the attractions of her rival. Lola Valdez was not uneducated. With a naturally good mind, she had been

read to by admirers with a taste for literature, had been taught music by those who were musical, had heard something of art from the artist, had studied German with one, French with another, conversation with all. She was a good girl in her way, and had been guarded vigilantly by her old Spanish aunt. Her history had been not unlike that of an opera-singer, who is made love to and who makes love in return every evening of her life, and yet keeps it all apart from her real self. Brandon had begun to talk to her at first to pass away the time; perhaps he thought, too (no man is above this), that Eleanor would notice it. But now he was, in a certain way, fascinated by this girl, and was more influenced by her beauty, too, than he himself realized. He knew nothing of her history; to him she seemed very young and inexperienced. He took for simple nature what was in reality owing to long habit. The girl was not artful so much as learned; there was not a glance of her eye, or an expression on her pretty lips, or a tone of her voice, or gesture of her hand, which had not been made evident to her by the admiration and comment of some lover.

Brandon had been offended with Eleanor on account of her coldness; he now said to himself that she was artificial and conventional as well. *She* would never step beyond the bounds for him; she would not sacrifice one of her rules, traditions, or beliefs. She was a statue, a well-bred Christian statue, who went to church on all the saints' days, fasted, and was so rigidly accurate as regarded her own conscience that she had no time to think of any other; all the rest of the world might go to destruction so long as *she* was saved. Her will was steel; her feelings doled out by rule. He had made a great mistake. And then, by way of diversion, he allowed himself greater liberty with Lola, and began to cherish the thought (more flattering than any other to a man of his age) that the young girl already showed signs of something very like love for him.

After the encounter at the nook of lilies, Eleanor walked no more on the barrens, much as she loved them. Their near, clear distances were too dangerous: she might see them; they might see her. Lola cared nothing for the barrens, and she did not like to walk. But Brandon never gave up for any one his own love of earth and sky and sea—a love which Eleanor had shared, and which had been a strong, unconscious bond between them, from whose severance they were both now suffering. So he carried Lola to the barrens, and her small feet ached with the long, unaccustomed walks. She had noticed all his tastes; and although not comprehending them, had adjusted herself easily to them, as usual. She never made any effort to talk about them: she knew that there she might make mistakes: she simply let herself accord with them. If he paused beside a mossy bank, she sank down upon it as though longing for the rest; if he threw back his head as the west wind came across the barrens, she let her gypsy hat fall back, and drew a long involuntary breath as though enjoying its fragrant softness; when he gathered the little wild flowers for her, she said nothing, but the tender care with which she carried them seemed to betray a deep inward love of flowers. In reality, to her eyes they were weeds; but—they happened to be his fancy.

More time passed. Eleanor had now accepted as a fact Brandon's interest in this girl, and ascribed it to the power of mere youth and beauty. She had no realization of the impression her own faults of character had made upon Brandon; that the very contrast to herself had formed half the charm which now drew him on. On this point she was blind.

She was not much alone, but purposely spent most of her time with the others. She was a little more quiet than formerly, perhaps, but that was all.

One morning she went with a party down the beach to spend the day; mid-afternoon was over, the chowder was eaten, and all the people save herself had subsided into quiet enjoyment of the sea and the soft sea-breeze; at such times as these the loneliness that took possession of her was overpowering. She rose and strolled away from the others down the beach, simply because she could no longer answer when they spoke. There were twenty in the party; the other twenty, including Brandon, had remained at home. Soon she passed the point of the scallop and entered the next one. Now she was alone. Little shore water-birds ran along before her on the wet sand at the edge of the waves with their swift peculiar motion, purple jelly-fish lay here and there, and blue Portuguese men-of-war, stranded at the last high tide. Out on the still sea lay a low bank of fog; at night it would

steal in and rest upon the shore; and when she looked from her window the next morning there would still be a wreath of it around the old light-house, and waving columns on the beach ready to depart. This soft white fog floating in and out is one of the loveliest charms of the Florida beaches. She had passed the second scallop, and now she came to the third. Was there a fatality about it? Here, sitting on the sand together, she came upon Brandon and Lola.

But there was no fatality: we talk too much about fatality: it was merely chance. Here were two persons almost constantly together within circumscribed limits, and a third person, also confined to those limits, had come upon them only once before, namely, at the nook of lilies. It might be said that chance had been unusually good-natured. A Florida pony and phaeton on the cliff above showed how they had come. Lola, in her black dress, was sitting on a striped mantle of Damascus colors which the artist had given her. It was not new, having been some time in his studio, and the girl in her heart hated it; but she had learned what he meant, and now used it occasionally when the background was appropriate. Brandon, stretched on the sand, was reading aloud, and Eleanor's eyes at once recognized the book. It was a little manuscript volume, bound in Russia leather, in which he wrote down stray verses or sentences that he fancied, and among the extracts were many of her own selection. Had they not lived one life for years? She heard the words he was reading:

"'Behind, the broad pine-barrens lie,
Without a path or trail;
Before, the ocean meets the sky
Without a rock or sail.
We call across to Africa—
The waves from mile to mile
Bear on the hail from Florida,
And the answering sigh of the Nile.'"

It was a verse she had selected.

Through these seconds of time she had been advancing, and they were now going through the form of greetings and conventional remarks. She even sat down for a few moments, not caring, she said, to go farther; and then, when she was rested, she left them to themselves again, and went back to her own party.

Rested!

Two more weeks passed; the spring was over; they were approaching the nine-months-long summer of the South. For there is a spring in Florida, although the Northerner scarcely detects it. The perennial green is not changed, but individual leaves come and go; the violets open their blue eyes on the barrens, the jasmine bursts into wreaths of bloom. The date of general departure was now fixed; in a few weeks more Black Point would be left to itself. Eleanor, in spite of all her effort, had begun to change outwardly. It was not that she was paler; on the contrary, there was a slight color in her cheeks now all the time; but her hands were hot; at night she scarcely slept. One day the house seemed especially insupportable. She went out, although the heat was burning, and took the path through the chaparral toward the old light-house. The ancient beacon had not been lighted for more than a century. It had never had a lantern, only an iron cage on its top through whose grating the keeper thrust light-wood and set it on fire when the night was dark and a Spanish ship expected. It was a square stone tower, divided into two stories, with an old winding staircase leading from one to the other. But the wood-work was broken and decayed; from the top you could look down and see the whole of the floor below. In the close chaparral the heat was intense, the hot fragrance from the aromatic bay leaves overpowering. Eleanor thought that if she went up to the top of the light-house, the height would lift her above the densely sweet odors, and the stone walls would keep out the heat; besides, from there she could see the ocean. She went up the old stairway with a weary step, sat down on the floor near the little square window, and leaning her head against the cool stone of the wall, gazed out over the sea. The little window was narrow; she had only a narrow breadth of water before her, although in length it stretched four thousand miles. But the view contented her; there fell upon her heart a kind of lethargy which was something like peace.

While she sat thus, the atmosphere outside was breathless; not a leaf stirred in the chaparral, not a needle of the pines moved on the more distant barrens. The birds were all silent; the large spiders were uneasily finding hiding-places for themselves between the clapboards of the old house. No one was abroad save herself. No one? Surely that was a step,

a voice. Persons had entered hurriedly down below, and as they entered a clap of thunder seemed to break in the air directly above her head. From her narrow window looking toward the east she had not seen the approaching storm. When she recovered from the shock, holding her throbbing temples with the palms of her hands, she bent forward to look through an aperture left by a fallen plank. But she knew by intuition who they were already: yes, Brandon and the Spanish girl. Brandon was using all his strength in an effort to close the old door, as the wind was now upon them, almost a hurricane. He succeeded partially, and drew Lola into the sheltered side; she seemed frightened, and clung to his arm. He spoke to her, but Eleanor could not hear what they said; they were far below her, and the rushing sound of the wind filled the air. It seemed wonderful that the old tower stood, and she almost wished that it might fall; for Lola, really frightened, hid her face on Brandon's shoulder, and then he put his arms around her and drew her close. The woman above leaned her head back against the wall and looked no more.

How long they all staid there she never knew. When the wind had passed on, and the rain began, she could hear every now and then the murmur of their voices, but not their words. When the rain at last grew lighter, she heard the door forced open again with a grinding sound on the stone floor, and then, a moment later, she knew, by some sixth sense, that they were gone. After another indefinite period consciousness came to her that she too must go; for even when the heart is breaking it continues still necessary that one should appear at tea. It was raining, but she did not care. She took off her hat and let the drops fall on her uncovered head; her gray dress was soon wet. While still in the close little chaparral path she came suddenly upon Pierre Brandon; he was returning to the light-house for Lola's lace scarf.

"Where have you been?" he asked, abruptly, holding his umbrella over her as he spoke. The path led only to the light-house, and the chaparral on each side was so dense that no one could penetrate it; she *must* have been there.

She made no reply.

He looked at her searchingly. "Were you there at the same time we were?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Did you hear what we said?"

"No."

"You could not, of course; the wind and the rain were too loud. You were up above, I suppose?"

"I was."

"I will go back with you to the house," said Brandon. "Will you take my arm? I can shield you better so."

She obeyed mechanically, and they walked down the path together.

"I am glad I met you," said Brandon, breaking the silence after a moment. "I prefer that you should know it before any one else. Miss Valdez is to be my wife; it was decided this afternoon." He paused an instant or two, and then went on. "For any pain I may have caused you—although I do not think you have felt any—I now ask your pardon. We were not suited to each other. I do not profess to be good enough for you, and you are far too good for me. Will you take my hand before we part, to show me that you bear me no ill-will, Eleanor?"

And then Eleanor broke down. She stopped, hid her face in her hands, and wept as if her heart would break. Brandon was utterly surprised. He had expected scorn, perhaps anger; but this was simple grief. He looked at her in silence. But a moment can not undo the impression of months: she was tired; she was ill; she had been out in the storm, and her nerves were excited. It could not be for him that she was weeping so. His silence acted upon her like a cold repression; she dried her eyes, lifted her wet skirt again, and walked on. They turned a curve, and were now within sight of the house.

"You are very tired," said Brandon, excusingly. "The hurricane was really alarming. I do not wonder that you were frightened."

But she did not accept the excuse.

Just before they reached the house she held out her hand, and her eyes looked straight into his. "Good-by," she said. He took her hand, and for a moment they stood thus in silence.

"Eleanor," he said, slowly, "what does this mean?"

"It is too late," she answered.

And he did not contradict her.

The next moment she was gone.

The new engagement was not made known. Lola had earnestly asked to have

it kept secret for the present; even the Donna was not told. No one knew it save Eleanor, and Lola did not know that she knew it; Brandon had not thought it necessary to tell her. Fascinated as he was with the beautiful Spanish girl, she was to him but a child. He pleased himself with thoughts of adorning her, of instructing her, of initiating her gradually into knowledge of life, until by-and-by she would develop into womanhood, as the bud opens into the flower. She was not a companion for him, even now. But she was young and fair, and she loved him intensely; this last was the charm.

And now began a singular life of nine days. It is probable that Black Point had never seen so much human passion before—passion of rage and jealousy, passion of suspicion and anger, passion of love, self-sacrifice, and pain.

On the first night Eleanor saw this: a man waiting under the trees, Lola stealing forth to join him, the two figures going away together, and not returning for an hour. The man was shorter than Brandon; his figure and gait were unlike those of any one in the house; it was therefore a stranger. Eleanor's window was the only one that overlooked that corner of the garden. Restless and unable to sleep, she had risen, and was sitting there in the darkness when this occurred. The faint light of a crescent moon showed her the scene and the two figures.

The next morning Lola's eyes were slightly reddened; she seemed nervous. Eleanor noticed this. But Brandon noticed nothing, or, if he did, he attributed it to himself. For she was doubly loving that day, and it was very sweet to the man of thirty-eight. The next night there was another meeting, followed by another feverish day. The third night Lola staid out two hours, and came back alone, with her head bowed down as though she was crying. The next day she did not appear; she was suffering from a violent headache, the Donna said, and she related to every body how the veins stood out on her temples, and how strangely white she was. Brandon came very near proclaiming his engagement that day, so that he might have the right to go in and comfort his poor little love, but he refrained. That night there was a thunder-storm; no one could stir outside. Yet Eleanor watched till dawn. The next day she looked worn and pallid. But Lola came down to breakfast, attired in the Spanish dress, and looking absolutely brilliant: her eyes shone like stars; her cheeks were flushed; she laughed and talked more than usual. She seemed to avoid Brandon a little, and that made him more determined than ever to have her with him. But she would not drive on the barrens; no, she would not walk on the beach. It was not until he suggested the boat that she yielded. They went out sailing, and floated up and down on the summer sea in front of the house almost all day. The fifth night the sky was clear and the moonlight brilliant; but no one entered the garden. Eleanor now looked as though she was on the eve of a long illness; every one noticed the change. Her brain was in a tumult. What should she do? What ought she to do? Something, or nothing? Should she act, or remain passive? And if she acted, would it be really for Brandon's sake, or *for her own*? She waited through the day, undecided. Lola continued gay, and the elder woman fancied it was the gayety of desperation. Yet why should the girl be desperate? Whatever she did in secret, had she not Brandon firmly secured? If this stranger was some former lover, she would never sacrifice for him the bright luxurious life opening before her; she would play with him, pacify him, and then dismiss him to marry the other. This was Eleanor's opinion.

And now for Lola's. During the preceding winter on the river a new kind of a man had appeared in her horizon, like a new star in the sky, namely, a man who did not compliment her or praise her beauty; a man who did not wish to teach her any thing, to form her mind, or mould her character; a man who simply and plainly loved her. When he found that he loved her, he came and told her so, and asked her to be his wife. She was so surprised that she looked at him dumbly; it was unlike any thing that had ever happened to her before in her whole life. She had been steeped in the atmosphere of protestations from childhood. Here was a man who made none, but simply said he loved her, and asked her to marry him! Ethan Carew was a Northerner, but poor. He had bought land on the river, laid out a small farm, and planted an orange grove; but it would be years before he was any thing save

poor, and his wife would have to be a helpmate in the true sense of the word to her farmer husband. Strangely enough, and to herself most strange of all, Lola liked him—before she knew it, loved him. She felt the first real attachment of her life stealing into her heart, her life, where a certain other kind of love had been like apples of Sodom under her feet. Then the Spanish aunt had discovered the affair, and forbade it harshly. This did not make any difference in their love, but it did make a difference in Lola's life. The Spanish aunt had a terrible temper, and the girl's life became insupportable. She fled, and took refuge at Black Point. Ethan was to build a small house on his farm, and then, in the spring, he was to come for her, and the Spanish aunt would find herself very well defied, with the sanction of Holy Church against her.

To this girl, loving Ethan Carew, yet adoring luxury and splendor, came the temptation of Brandon and Brandon's wealth. At first she did not believe that he was in earnest; she had had long and bitter experience on that point. She let it go on, occasionally indulging herself with the dream of what it would be to be his wife; that was no harm, since he would never ask her. At last she could not resist trying to draw an avowal of some kind from the quiet lips of this impassive person, who was with her constantly, yet never much moved. These attempts Brandon took for love. Then when the moment came, and he did ask her, what did Lola do? She turned white, hesitated, and finally, trembling from head to foot as she thought of the other, she murmured a "Yes."

She wrote to Ethan immediately, and asked to be released from her engagement. In answer he came over to Black Point in person. He was the man whom Eleanor had seen.

In compliance with Lola's earnest entreaties, he staid at a little house several miles distant, the hut of a Florida cracker, and walked over to see her in the night. "I do this for you," he said, "although I hate all underhand contrivances. I do not know what to make of you, Lola; but understand one thing—I shall not give you up until you plainly tell me you do not love me."

For Lola had thrown herself into his arms with tears, declaring she would die for him, she loved him so deeply.

She meant to marry Brandon, yet she loved Carew.

But Carew was not a man to long endure trifling, no matter how sweet and caressing it might be. On the third night he told her that she was deceiving him in some way, and that it must end. Would she marry him during the coming week? If she would not promise, he would leave her. And then, in spite of her tears, as she did not promise, he did put her away, and walked out of the garden without once turning back. All the next day she had suffered from the burning pain which the Donna had translated into headache. Thrown with Brandon again, she had lived through the days in a state of feverish excitement, hardly conscious of what she was saying or doing. She was not sure whether Carew had gone back to the river or not, and so would not drive on the barrens or walk on the beach lest he should see her, even from a distance. But it was not that she feared any outbreak. Carew had told her plainly that he would not have her for his wife unless she loved him enough to forsake all else for him. "I am not jealous, Lola," he said; "I know you love me, and I know you do not love this gentleman, whoever he may be, whose name, and perhaps fortune, attract you. If you marry him, loving me, I shall feel free at once, for I shall despise you." He was a cool, determined fellow, if he was poor.

The next day passed, and the next night; he did not return. Lola was now tortured by the fear that he had gone. She said to herself that if she was sure he had left her—left her finally and forever—it would be easier to bear it, and that therefore it was best that she should go herself and see. All of which was simply one of love's devices to be in his presence once more. On the seventh night, therefore, this girl who never walked unless compelled by necessity, this girl who was so timorous that a bird stirring in the branches frightened her, slipped out of the house when every thing was still, and, all alone, went through the chaparral and across the barrens to the hut where Carew had been hidden; and Eleanor saw her go.

Carew was still there; with all his sternness he had not then left her forever. She threw herself upon his breast, sobbing passionately. She loved him; and she could not separate herself from him. Brandon would go away in a few days;

something might happen (although she knew not what) of which she could make use as an excuse to defer their marriage. She still meant to marry Brandon, but she would not give up Carew. If the worst came to the worst, she would not give up Carew. And this was Lola's opinion.

That night when she returned, Carew came with her, and Eleanor saw him.

Another day and night passed, and the ninth night came. Eleanor had gone through every stage of torment; she believed that Lola was holding clandestine meetings with a former lover, but that she would finally give him up for Brandon. She believed that Brandon was infatuated with the girl, and would not credit the evidence against her even of his own eyes; and she said to herself, with feverish bitterness, that it was a hard, hard fate that made *her* the only witness to all that was happening. Again and again the doubt came to her: Brandon is a man of the world, astute and experienced. Would he not, after all, comprehend every thing if he should only *see?* This doubt was the temptation that haunted her.

The ninth night came. Lola, grown bolder by impunity, came out of the house before midnight, passing under Eleanor's window, as usual, on her way to the arbor where she was to meet Carew. She had come to regard that window as quite safe. Had she not passed it again and again without detection? To Lola's mind Eleanor was quite old; probably she was in bed and asleep at an early hour in order to preserve her eyes and complexion. But on this night the young girl had barely reached the first tree when from the front of the house came another figure—Brandon himself. The moonlight was brilliant; he advanced slowly, as if looking for somebody. Eleanor, who had been at her window all the time behind the curtain, saw him, half started forward, then stopped. He came nearer. Hers was the only window on that side; it was open, and he knew that it was hers. He paused and looked up, but she did not move. Then he spoke. "Eleanor," he said, softly—"Eleanor."

She parted the curtains and looked out.

"Come out on the balcony a moment, please."

She obeyed; she was trembling, but he could not see that. It was a low balcony; she was quite near him. His face was turned toward her, his back was toward the tree behind which Lola was hiding. Broad unbroken moonlight lay all around that tree; the girl could not escape; and three steps more in that direction would bring him within plain sight of her crouching form. And it seemed as if even this was not enough; for, as Eleanor stood there, she saw the same stranger come out from the rose thicket, cross over the grass, and join Lola. Ethan Carew had seen it all; and, in any danger, he intended to be with the woman he loved. He almost hoped, indeed, that there would be a discovery, to end the whole matter and give him his own.

And now Brandon had but to take the three steps, and he would see not only Lola, but Carew, the two standing together in the narrow shadow of the tree.

The moonlight shone full in Eleanor's pale face. "Have you seen Lola?" asked Brandon. "I am almost sure she is out here somewhere. Did she pass this way?"

A long period seemed to go by, during which all the most eloquent and subtle devils that ever attack the human mind swarmed around the poor woman who loved him so deeply. It was not even necessary that she should speak at all, they said; hesitation would do it; even silence. Only three steps!

But with a desperate effort over herself, with no hope of any thing save that she would not do this thing, she answered, clearly: "Yes; Miss Valdez came out to get water from the well, but she went back immediately—five minutes ago, perhaps—and is now in her own room. I heard her door close." She paused an instant; then added: "Will you be so good as to bring me my shawl from the front piazza? I forgot it when I came in." Brandon went, without a word; and, as she expected, the instant he disappeared, the two who were hiding left their perilous post, and ran across like shadows to the thicket. When he came back they were safely out of sight, and all was quiet.

He held up the shawl. Her face was wan and white, her hands quite cold, as she took it from him. But she smiled bravely. It was her last effort—a supreme smile of self-conquest and renunciation.

And then Brandon swung himself up to the balcony, and took her in his arms. "Noble, generous woman!" he said. "I saw them both. I know all. Kiss me

once, to show me that you love me, and then I will kneel at your feet and admire you, my only love, now as ever, my wife, my Eleanor."

For once a lie was noble.

Brandon had discovered the true state of affairs several days before. With the first knowledge the whole veil of enchantment had fallen away from the Spanish girl; he understood what she was, and she sank at once into her true position. He was not even angry with her, only with himself. Mrs. Ethan Carew's handsomest wedding present bore his card.

"It is a very satisfactory thing, isn't it?" commented the winter colony, in travelling attire, bag in hand, "that this old engagement of ours is renewed. We were accustomed to it, and so were the pine-barrens and the scallops; in fact, it *belonged* to the Point."

RECOLLECTIONS OF AGASSIZ.

IN the commerce of nations it is important that there should be an interchange of minds as well as of merchandise. In the annual reports of our Secretaries of the Treasury the imports and exports are correctly given in the current coin or currency of the land, and the balance of trade, either for or against us, is correctly estimated; but in stating the value of our imports there is an unavoidable omission of our annual importations of skilled laborers, of inventors, of engineers, and of men of genius generally in the various departments of art, literature, and science. The worth of such men can not be gleaned from the records of the Custom-house; yet it is plain that they must add enormously to the wealth of the country by simply diffusing their exceptional knowledge or exercising their exceptional talents. Indeed, there can be no imported wealth which exceeds in value the importation of the creators of wealth. The body which contains an ingenious and inventive mind may not be equal in bulk to a single case of goods which comes over in the same ship with him; but if the mind lodged in the body be that of a Watt, an Arkwright, or a Bessemer, it is impossible to compute the number of the fleets that may be needed to export the products of his brain. Even in the matter of pure science, it is difficult to compute the value in dollars and cents of an imported man of science of the first class. He may seem to scorn all applications of his discoveries to useful ends; but it is certain that a crowd of bright practical minds will follow in the path of his discoveries, and convert all his additions to the knowledge of nature into additional means for the conquest of nature.

At any rate, there can be no doubt that the vessel which brought Louis Agassiz to our shores brought a scientific intelligence and scientific force which outvalued not only all the rest of the cargo, but of a thousand ordinary cargoes. In getting thorough possession of him, in making him an American citizen, and in resolutely refusing, with his hearty concurrence, to deliver him up to the country which afterward claimed his services, the United States must be considered to have made a good bargain. He was too poor when he arrived here to pay any "duties" into the Treasury; but the impulse he gave to science in this country enriched us in a degree that can not be measured by any money standard. Indeed, the American opponents of his scientific theories were and are among the foremost to acknowledge the marvellous effects of his scientific inspiration; for he popularized pure science, and lifted high in public esteem the whole body of investigators who were loyally engaged in its service. From him came the most notable of all the maxims which illustrate the disinterestedness of the true devotee of science. At the time he was absorbed in some minute investigations in a difficult department of zoology, he received a letter from the president of a lyceum at the West, offering him a large sum for a course of popular lectures on natural history. His answer was: "I CAN NOT AFFORD TO WASTE MY TIME IN MAKING MONEY." The words deserve to be printed in capitals; but Agassiz was innocently surprised that a sentiment very natural to him should have excited so much comment. He knew that scores of his brother scientists, American and European, would have used the words "afford" and "waste" in the same sense had they been similarly interrupted in an investigation which promised to yield them a new fact or principle. Still, the announcement from such an authority that there was a body of men in the United States who could not *afford* to *waste* time in making money had an immense effect. It convinced thousands of intelligent and

opulent men of business, who had never before thought a moment of time devoted to the making of money could be wasted, that science meant something; and it made them liberal of their money when it was asked for scientific purposes. It did even more than this—it made them honor the men who were placed above the motives by which they themselves were ordinarily influenced.

My first impression of the genius of Agassiz was gained when he was in the full vigor of his mental and physical powers. Some thirty-five years ago, at a meeting of a literary and scientific club of which I happened to be a member, a discussion sprang up concerning Dr. Hitchcock's book on "bird tracks," and plates were exhibited representing his geological discoveries. After much time had been consumed in describing the bird tracks as isolated phenomena, and in lavishing compliments on Dr. Hitchcock, a man suddenly rose who in five minutes dominated the whole assembly. He was, he said, much interested in the specimens before them, and he would add that he thought highly of Dr. Hitchcock's book as far as it accurately described the curious and interesting facts he had unearthed; but, he added, the defect in Dr. Hitchcock's volume is this, that "it is dees-creep-*teeve*, and not com-par-a-*teeve*." It was evident throughout that the native language of the critic was French, and that he found some difficulty in forcing his thoughts into English words; but I never can forget the intense emphasis he put on the words "descriptive" and "comparative," and by this emphasis flashing into the minds of the whole company the difference between an enumeration of strange, unexplained facts and the same facts as interpreted and put into relation with other facts more generally known. The moment he contrasted "dees-creep-teeve" with "com-par-a-teeve" one felt the vast gulf that yawned between mere scientific observation and scientific intelligence, between eyesight and insight, between minds that doggedly perceive and describe and minds that instinctively compare and combine. The speaker vehemently expressed his astonishment that a scientist could observe such phenomena yet feel no impulse to bring them into relation to other facts and laws scientifically established. The critic was, of course, Agassiz, then in the full possession of all his exceptional powers of body and mind. You could not look at him without feeling that you were in the presence of a magnificent specimen of physical, mental, and moral manhood; that in him was realized Sainte-Beuve's ideal of a scientist—"the soul of a sage in the body of an athlete." At that time he was one of the comeliest of men. His full and ruddy face, glowing with health and animation, was crowned by a brow which seemed to be the fit home for such a comprehensive intelligence; and the slight difficulty he overcame in enunciating English words only lent to them increased significance. He gave the impression that every word he uttered embodied a fact or a principle. Afterward he so adapted his organs of speech to the English language that he ended in speaking and writing it as though it were his mother-tongue. If there was any exception to be made, it was in one of his favorite terms, "development." He never completely overcame his tendency to pronounce it devil-ope-ment.

It was my good fortune to meet him often during the last twenty-five years of his life; but my first impression, the impression of the comprehensiveness of his mind, was more and more confirmed as I came to know him more intimately. All the facts and principles of his special science were systematized in his vast and joyous memory, so that he was ever ready to reply to any unexpected question concerning the most obscure nooks and corners of natural history; but in replying he ever indicated that his immense grasp of the details of his science was free from any disposition to exaggerate any detail out of its connections. No isolated fact could exist in his mind. The moment it was apprehended it fell easily into relationship to the throng of other facts quietly stored in his broad intelligence, and became one of a group which illustrated a principle. His knowledge of particulars was extensive, minute, and accurate. Every separate fact was vividly present to the eye of his imagination, and yet all his knowledge was generalized knowledge. In thinking, therefore, on his accumulated, his multitudinous materials, it may be said that details were never in his way or out of his way: those that he needed crowded at once upon his mind; those he did not need kept at a respectful distance. I often watched the operations of his intellect when he was

unexpectedly drawn into a discussion, but I never could detect any sign of that confusion of mind which results from a disturbance of the proper relations of memory to understanding. The facts he needed, as I have said, came at once to do his bidding; and the thousands of irrelative facts which were also at his command never obtruded on his attention to obstruct the rapid course of his lucid argument. It would seem as if there never was among naturalists an intellect more thoroughly disciplined than his, or which was less hampered by the abundance of the material on which it worked.

But the marvel of Agassiz, and a never-ceasing source of wonder and delight to his friends and companions, was the union in his individuality of this solidity, breadth, and depth of mind with a joyousness of spirit, an immense overwhelming geniality of disposition, which flooded every company he entered with the wealth of his own opulent nature. Placed at the head of a table, with a shoulder of mutton before him, he so carved the meat that every guest was flattered into the belief that the host had given him the best piece. His social power exceeded that of the most brilliant conversationists and of the most delicate epicures; for he was not only fertile in thoughts, but wise in wines and infallible in matters of fish and game. It was impossible to place him in any company where he was out of place. The human nature *in* him fell into instinctive relations with every kind and variety of human nature outside of him. His wide experience of life had brought him into familiar contact with emperors, kings, and nobles, with scientists and men of letters, with mechanics, farmers, and day-laborers—in short, with men divided by race, rank, wealth, and every other distinction from other men ; and by the felicity of his cosmopolitan nature he placed himself on an easy equality with them all, never cringing to those conventionally above him, never "condescending" to those intellectually below him, but cordially welcoming every body he met on the common ground of human brotherhood. Himself a strong man, his test of manhood was entirely independent of conventional rules. When he discovered a real *man*, it was indifferent to him whether he occupied a palace or a hovel; and certainly no man of science ever equalled him in captivating the representatives of all grades of rank and intelligence by sheer force of humane sympathy. The French, or Austrian, or Brazilian emperor, the peasant of the Alps, the "rough" of our Western plains, agreed at least in one opinion—that Agassiz was a grand specimen of manhood. His scientific contemporaries, though brought into occasional antagonism with his opinions, admitted that he possessed the one exceptional charm which they lacked ; for this wonderful creature could, by his social qualities, make pure science popular among a large class of voters who had hardly risen to an appreciation of the immense advantages which had followed the many practical applications of pure science to their own welfare and advancement. Indeed, the impulse that Agassiz gave to the cause of science in the United States is universally admitted to have been as remarkable as it was beneficent. A distinguished American scientist, who was entirely uninfluenced by the geological and zoological theories of Agassiz, once confided to me his judgment as to the value of the great naturalist's work as a scientific force. "I look upon him," he said, "as a prophet, as an apostle of science; he has made every honest investigator his debtor; he has not only elevated in public esteem the intellectual class to which he belongs, but he has induced the moneyed class and the political class to give science the means of carrying out its purposes. Since Agassiz came into the country you can not but have noticed that private capitalists, State Legislatures, and the Congress of the country have been liberal of aid to every good scientific enterprise. We owe a great part of this liberality to Agassiz. He it was who magnetized the people with his own scientific enthusiasm. He made science popular, because in him science was individualized in the most fascinating and persuasive of human beings. All the rest of us are more or less so dominated by our special lines of investigation, or so infirm in physical health, or so unsympathetic with ignorant people, or so supercilious, or so controlled by some innate 'cussedness' of disposition, that we can not readily adapt ourselves to the ways of men of the world; but Agassiz, with his enormous physical health and vitality, and his capacity to meet all kinds of men on their own level, drew into our net hundreds of people, powerful through their wealth or

their political influence, who would never have taken any interest in science if they had not first been interested in Agassiz. And these men were the men who gave us the money we needed for the extension of scientific knowledge and the promotion of scientific discovery. Agassiz is a great scientific intelligence ; but he is even greater considered as an immense scientific force."

The extraordinary influence which Agassiz exerted over assemblages of men who had small perception of the scope of his thinking was due to a general impression of his disinterestedness, as well as to his magnetic personality. On one occasion, when his museum was in need of money for a purely scientific purpose, he invited the members of the Legislature of the State of Massachusetts to visit it, with the design of inducing them to vote the sum he required. After a short persuasive address, delivered in the hall of the museum, he led them over the building, pointing out the great things that had been achieved, and the still greater things that were to follow if his plan was carried out. In ascending the stairs I happened to overhear two intelligent legislators, evidently farmers, who were considering the propriety of giving the proposed legislative aid. "I don't know much," said one, "about the value of this museum as a means of education, but of one thing I am certain—that if we give Agassiz the money he wants, *he* will not make a dollar by it. *That's* in his favor." The appropriation was made a day or two after, though it was generally considered that no other man could have wrung the sum from the reluctant hands of that economical Legislature.

It is hardly necessary now to affirm that Agassiz did not win this distinction of being the greatest scientific force of the country by any of the various arts of insincerity and indirection. Of no man could it be said with more truth that his behavior was always the expression of his nature. The naturalness of his "good manners" constituted their charm. He was what Dryden calls one of "God Almighty's gentlemen;" a gentleman inborn and inbred; a gentleman who had no need of being trained artificially in the rules of politeness, because in him the gentleman was but one expression of the large individuality of the man. So little was there of varnish in his manners, so little of the restraint on sensibility which we are accustomed to consider as the perfection of good-breeding, that he did not hesitate to indulge in occasional outbreaks of intellectual and moral wrath which coxcombs might consider decidedly improper and ungenteel. Indeed, when any thing which he deemed of vital moment was up for discussion, his speech was as spontaneous as that of a generous, warm-hearted, ingenuous, impetuous boy; and yet the finest gentlemen of his time admitted that he generally excelled them all in his instinctive conformity to that higher law of good-breeding which regulates the intercourse of mind with mind. He was the recognized head, the chairman, of a peculiar Boston club, admission to which depended rather on antipathy than sympathy as regards the character and pursuits of its members. It was ingeniously supposed that persons who looked on all questions of science, theology, and literature from different points of view would be the very persons who would most enjoy each other's company once a month at a dinner table. Intellectual anarchy was proclaimed as the fundamental principle of this new organization, or rather disorganization; no man could be voted in who had not shown by his works his disagreement with those who were to be associated with him; and the result was, of course, the most tolerant and delightful of social meetings. Societies based on mutual admiration had been tried, and they had failed; here was a society based on mutual repulsion, and it was a success from the start. The two extremes were Agassiz the naturalist and Emerson the transcendentalist, and they were the first to become intimate friends. Nothing could exceed the admiration of Agassiz for Emerson's intellectual and personal character. The other members agreed to disagree after a similar charming fashion, and the contact and collision of so many discordant minds produced a constant succession of electric sparks both of thought and wit. Probably not even the club of which Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, and Goldsmith were members brought so many forcible individuals into such good-natured opposition, or afforded a fairer field for the display of varied talents and accomplishments. When they were all seated at one board, and the frolic hostilities of opinion broke out in the free play of wit and argument, of pointed assertion and prompt retort, the effect was singu-

larly exhilarating. Indeed, there is no justification for a long dinner where the attraction is simply in the succession of choice dishes and the variety of rare wines. In all really good dinners the brain and heart are more active than the palate and the stomach. But during the long period that Agassiz presided over the association it may be said that though he did not contribute the most sparkling sayings, he was still the informing and inspiring life of the club. He radiated his vital courtesy and cheer through the whole assembly of notables, fused them into a compact body of friends, and was most warmly acknowledged as their natural head by those members who were specially distinguished for their conversational brilliancy and charm. Agassiz himself prized the club above all others, because it brought him once a month into intimate relations with persons who were not particularly interested in the subjects which absorbed his own intellect and tastes. He delighted in hearing and in replying to objections to his scientific convictions made by persons who approached the deep questions which the advance of geology and zoology had raised, from points of view opposite to his own. It is said that he was somewhat irritable and impatient in discussing his theories with naturalists and physicists; but he certainly exhibited neither irritability nor impatience in discussing the same theories with theologians, metaphysicians, and men of letters, and he was always delighted to meet on neutral ground opponents who did not pretend to have the knowledge which would qualify them to contest his conclusions as far as they were derived from the special facts of his own science. He has been charged with arrogance and self-assertion, but he never showed a trace of these qualities in his familiar intercourse with the members of this club. His associates in that society remember him not only with respect but with love. Ask Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Peirce, Emerson, Cabot, Hoar, Dana, Hedge, Norton—and, could we question the dead, ask Sumner, Andrew, Motley, Hawthorne—what they think of Agassiz, and the response would surely be one of affection for the wonderful creature, who combined such endless fertility of generalized knowledge with such unbounded geniality of nature. It would almost seem that there never existed a distinguished man who called forth so much love from a wide variety of distinguished men, whose love carried with it so much implied respect. Indeed, every body who was honored by the friendship of Agassiz feels honored in the memory of it.

The "recollections" which any of his acquaintances can record of such a noble specimen of physical, intellectual, and moral manhood must be more or less disappointing; for the general impression left on the minds of all who knew him can hardly be expressed in details of his life and conversation. "That dear Agassiz" was the judgment passed upon him by a French custodian of scientific collections who had frequent opportunities to know how insatiable was the greed for knowledge which characterized this greatest of modern naturalists; and "that dear Agassiz" expresses the feeling which is still uppermost in the hearts of all American friends who survive him.

And, first, no justice can be done to Agassiz which does not recognize the deep religiousness of his nature. In his youth and early manhood he was a pronounced materialist. It is said of the ordinary New England divinity student that at a certain date he "experiences" religion. At a corresponding period in *his* purely scientific career Agassiz may be said to have "experienced" irreligion. The same ardor of nature which made him a resolute scientist made him, at least on the negative side, a resolute atheist. And he was perfectly honest in his disbelief. It is difficult to fix the date when he became a theist. One thing, however, is certain, that he passed into all the mental and moral moods which lead many modern scientists to ignore or deny the existence of God, and to rest satisfied in the general conception of "Law," without seeing or feeling any need of a Lawgiver. I have said that he passed into these moods, thoroughly "experienced" them, and felt as well as understood all the logic and all the facts on which such "positivism" is founded. But he gradually passed *out* of this state as he came nearer and nearer, as an investigator, to the inmost meaning of nature. He ended, much to the contempt and disgust of many of his most distinguished scientific contemporaries, in a belief in God more intense than that professed by the majority of theologians. His experience of religion was even more marked than his previous experience of irreligion, and it carried with it all the force

of his nature. Having gone through all the dreary and dogmatic skepticism in which most men of science were contented to remain, he amazed his own class of scientists, in his "Essay on Classification," by urging them to abandon their neutral or hostile attitude toward natural theology, and to look on the various divisions and classes of nature as the embodiment of thoughts previously existing in a divine creative mind. The scorn with which this essay was received in some quarters was unspeakable. Its author lost caste among many of the foremost naturalists of France, Germany, and England. He was, indeed, accused of shamming religion in order to induce the Puritans of America to give him money to carry out his scientific schemes. It was held to be disgraceful that a great naturalist who had done so much to extend the limits of the "Knowable" should forfeit his intellectual rank by ignominiously giving in to the claims of the priests, and asserting that the "Unknowable" was a personal and infinite God, "known" more or less to the student who explores scientifically the facts of nature with a mind untrammelled by either atheistic or theistic prejudices and preconceptions.

The European scientists were strangely at fault in considering the theism of Agassiz as at all influenced by the class that they contemptuously designated as "the priests." His education as a scientist was entirely independent of all the influences which surround the childhood, youth, and early manhood of most English and American men of science. He never felt the passions or appreciated the theories of any of the theological systems from the dictation of which they may pride themselves on being emancipated. He always seemed to me strangely ignorant of the doctrines which divided the various sects and churches of Christendom, or at least strangely indifferent to them. If he was of any sect, my impression is that he inclined to the sect of Unitarians; but I would not assert even that. In reading his "Essay on Classification" I was reminded of the ideas of law presented in the first book of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and I sent the volume to him. He much admired the first book, but took small interest in what followed; and of Hooker's position as the greatest thinker of the Church of England, and as one of the leading minds in the Elizabethan period of English literature, he knew little or nothing. He was, in fact, a naturalist pure and simple, and he rose into supernaturalism in the most natural way.

Indeed, far from compromising the cause of science in order to win the goodwill of theologians, he gave the theologians a great shock by early advancing the theory that mankind had no common ancestor, but that its various races were derived from separate originals. He did not much care about names; he had no objection to the name Adam or the name Eve, but he believed in numerous Adams and numerous Eves. A storm of theological opposition was raised against him in New England on account of this heresy; and I remember asking him, before the clatter had subsided, how he contrived to preserve his scientific independence while living in a community which was generally hostile to all opinions which clashed violently with its theological, philanthropic, and political beliefs and passions. "Why," he answered, "the reason is plain: I never was a quarter of a dollar ahead in the world, and I never expect to be. When a man of science wants money for himself, he may be compelled to subordinate science to popular opinion; when he wants money simply for the advancement of science, he gets it somehow, because it is known that not a cent sticks in his own pocket." And he added, in reference to his own theory: "You know that my belief in the essential unity of the races of mankind is not based on their physical descent from a common ancestor, but on the higher ideal ground of a plan existing in the Divine Mind, discriminating man from every other class of animals, yet carried out according to the laws which regulate the geographical distribution of both men and animals on this planet. Before this scientific discussion is carried far, many of my theological opponents will find that the Divine plan in the creation of man is of much more importance than any question of his physical descent, or the agreement or disagreement of my theory with their interpretations of the first chapter of Genesis. I approach the whole question from a stand-point entirely different from theirs, as I do every other question where science comes into collision with popular belief. And, mind you, my method of arriving at the doctrine of the Divine Existence is a purely scientific method; and you will find, per-

haps before you die, that this ostentatious denial or ignoring of God, common among naturalists whom I warmly esteem, and whose additions to natural history I am the most ready to acknowledge, will end in making the science itself sterile. The positive system, under its many names and modifications, will fail at last in generating the enthusiasm for new discoveries. When the present generation of observers has passed away, the new generation will be more zealous in establishing their dogmas of atheism than any of their theological opponents will be in defending their superstitious dogmas founded on the beliefs of past ages. Their disbelief might be of small account if it were not certain to interfere with their original researches. But I fear science will suffer in the hands of its seeming devotees. They will become controversialists instead of being investigators. Now the progress of science depends on the ever-recurring numbers of noble young men who will be attracted to science by the hope of advancing it by new discoveries, and the unselfishness with which they enter on this course must be as complete as that which we know has animated Christian missionaries. If on the threshold of their career they are supplied with sufficient scientific facts and theories to induce them to engage in a free fight with the persons around them who are not scientifically enlightened, they will spend in the popularizing of current scientific hypotheses the energies which should be sacredly devoted to the increase of scientific facts. And then I will frankly tell you that my experience in prolonged scientific investigations convinces me that a belief in God—a God who is behind and within the chaos of ungeneralized facts beyond the present vanishing-points of human knowledge—adds a wonderful stimulus to the man who attempts to penetrate into the region of the unknown. For myself I may say that I now never make the preparations for penetrating into some small province of nature hitherto undiscovered without breathing a prayer to the Being who hides His secrets from me only to allure me graciously on to the unfolding of them. I sometimes hear preachers speak of the sad condition of men who live without God in the world, but a scientist who lives without God in the world seems to me worse off than ordinary men."

Of course I do not pretend to give the exact words of Agassiz in this report. I am only sure as to the playful remark about his never having a quarter of a dollar ahead in the world, and of the solemn and somewhat reserved way in which he spoke of the involuntary prayer which ever accompanied his investigations into the Unknown. The rest embodies his general opinions, often expressed, that every rounded theory of the universe must be imperfect, that the Divine secret still remains undiscovered, and that scientists would be more profitably employed in extending the boundaries of positive science than in propounding any dogmatic system miscalled positive philosophy. Of one thing I am sure—he had a deep conviction, as strong as that of Augustine, or Bernard, or Luther, or Edwards, or Wesley, or Channing, that there were means of communication between the Divine and the human mind. He had an inward experience of this mystical fact—a fact which lies at the centre of all religion—almost as strong as that which we freely accord to the experience of men of religious genius. This "familiar grasp of things Divine" was not one of the least of the fascinations of Agassiz; and he strenuously insisted that the human mind, in whatever direction of art, science, or literature it was exercised, would starve and dwindle on its own resources alone. It must, he declared, be sustained and enriched by some Divine Power above it if it desired to be continuously powerful; it must be open to inspiration from the Creator of the world if it would gather strength for the difficult task of investigating it. He thus proved that he possessed, in addition to the ordinary equipment of the accomplished man of science, that subtle spiritual essence which is called *soul*. Theologically speaking, all of us have souls, as well as bodies and understandings; but in the common experience of life soul may be said to be a rare, an exceptional quality of human beings. It comes out in flashes here and there; but the majority of men, as they ordinarily meet their fellows, indicate but slight possession of it. Hence the justification of the seeming profanity of the passionate artist who was trying to convince a dull man of culture that this mysterious quality was evident in the picture he was showing him. "I am not sure," he at last exclaimed, as he found his exposition produced no effect—"I am not sure that

you have any soul, but, by ——, I *know* that *I* have!" Certainly all who came into contact with Agassiz were made aware that *he* had a soul, whether or not they had one. Indeed, it flamed out in every expression of his magnificent nature, evident in every statement of fact or affirmation of principle, and in the simplest as well as the greatest things conveying the impression of intense, abundant—even superabundant—spiritual *life*.

A belief in the immortality of the soul was, of course, natural to a man who had such an inward, vehement experience of its reality and force. "To execute great things," says Vauvenargues, "a man must live as though he had never to die." Agassiz lived in this way. He must have been surprised when he received the first intimation, about the age of fifty-five, that he was mortal. His physical health was so great that, when he was superintending the arrangement and publication of one of his early works, he labored for a couple of months steadily at his desk at the rate of sixteen or eighteen hours a day, taking no exercise; and when the delightful task was completed, he started on an excursion among the Alps, which exacted as much labor from his limbs as the months preceding it had exacted from his brain. In fact, he seemed, up to the period of his first attack of disease, utterly insensible to bodily as to mental fatigue. He never had an hour in his life when he was not pleasantly occupied, and he innocently wondered when the people he met in society sometimes complained of being bored with life. Every contrivance to kill time appeared to him the funniest of all jokes. "Time!" he was wont to exclaim; "my only trouble is that I have not enough time for my work. I can not understand why any body should be idle; much less can I understand why any body should be oppressed by having time hang on his hands. There is never a moment, except when I am asleep, that I am not joyfully occupied. Please give to me the hours which you say are a bore to you, and I will receive them as the most precious of presents. For my part, I wish the day would never come to an end." His recreations were only variations in his occupations. He told me that he had never known a dull hour in his whole life. He had many vexations in the course of his career, but his vexations were only new stimulants to his tireless activity. His experience of life was so intense and joyous that he hardly admitted the thought that he was not to live forever. Death, physical death, might alter his mode of activity. He admitted that this accident must happen to him at some time or another, but his faith in the continuousness of his individual life never wavered. To be ten minutes in his company was to obtain the strongest argument for the immortality of the soul. The grandeur of his scientific schemes, especially the scheme of completing his museum, so that it should visibly represent the comprehensive plan existing in his ever-dilating mind, impressed you with the feeling that the physical man himself would "never say die" to the most importunate command of that grim skeleton who huddles into a common grave the philosopher whose brain is glowing with unrealized conceptions, and the husbandman who has only just relaxed his grasp on the plough. When Goethe heard of the death of his mother, he wondered why a woman of such incessant mental activity should have "consented to die." Hundreds of the friends of Agassiz, who could not pretend to have a tenth part of his marvellous vitality, must have felt a similar wonder when they heard of his departure from earth. No two ideas seemed more incompatible than the idea of Agassiz and the idea of death; for that grand soul, with its confident and exhilarating activity, exercised on large designs which could be completed within the limits of no mortal life, appeared to carry within it the principle of deathlessness; and this impression was strengthened by the fact that what it could possibly achieve here was but a small part of the vast work it contemplated. He once told me, in illustration of the theory that the mind worked during even a dreamless sleep, that on one occasion, after toiling on a problem which he felt sure a few hours more of consecutive thinking would solve, he was compelled by physical fatigue to go to bed. He slept for some seven hours, and when he awoke he found the answer to his last obstinate questioning of nature clear in his mind. It would seem that this might be a faint type of the unwearied continuousness of his thinking faculty throughout all the long sleep of death.

It is well known that he held to the doctrine of the immortality of the souls of animals as well as to the immortality of

the souls of men. In a conversation I had with him a number of years ago he attempted to explain to me his conception of the employments of a naturalist in the next stage of existence, and of the unbounded wealth of material which his soul would possess in observing the souls of the objects of his pursuit. To the proposition that animals had no souls he, of course, emphatically dissented whenever it was brought forward. On one occasion, when the subject was up for discussion, I told him that in a recent visit to the country I had obtained confirmation of his theory from an unexpected quarter, for I had overheard a farmer, who was goading a yoke of reluctant oxen to perform an impossible task, exhaust all the vocabulary of blasphemy on the poor beasts, singling out not their bodies, but their souls, as the things he specially desired to consign to eternal perdition, and that he was as particular in selecting the inward, unseen, immaterial essence of the toiling creatures for profane condemnation as he would have been in swearing at an average Christian man. "Ah!" said Agassiz, with a laugh, "that reminds me how stupid most of the keepers of animals are, and how little the fellows know of the minds and feelings of the creatures they oppress." He then went on to indicate that his theory as to animals having souls was derived from his interior knowledge of their natures. And indeed his sympathies included all kinds of animals, as they included all kinds of men, and he was repaid in kind. There is not, I think, a single instance of his having been injured by any serpent or beast, however poisonous or ferocious, though much of his life was passed in the company of animals. It is asserted that they have no language, but he found no difficulty in conversing with them, and they seemed to understand him very well, adapted as his modes of communicating with them were to their different natures. There probably never was a naturalist who combined such a knowledge of their physical organization with such a penetrating glance into what he called their souls. He was, in the æsthetics of zoology, the dramatist of the animal kingdom, as Shakspeare was the dramatist of the human race. Whether he had to do with a jelly-fish, or a whale, or an elephant, he knew each of them as Shakspeare knew the varieties of human kind, from "the heart outward, and not from the flesh inward." It was curious to notice his behavior in presence of the domesticated animals. The ugliest, filthiest, stupidest, most unreasonable, most obstinate creature in the barn-yard is the pig, yet, with a stick in his hand, Agassiz would go up to the most unsociable, "cantankerous," misanthropic grunter, and after a few soft words and a movement of the stick over the bristles of the creature in the right direction, the pig would lift its head erect, its small eyes would glisten with a vague intelligence, it would remain almost motionless in a kind of pleased surprise, and emit a sound indicative of as much content and comfort as are indicated by the purring of a cat. The neigh of a horse to him was a more friendly neigh than any ever heard by a hostler or a jockey. He carried serpents in his hat and in his pockets with a grand unconcern, and dropped them sometimes even in his bedroom, so that his wife was frequently troubled by finding them coiled up in her boots. Whenever he entered a menagerie he was eagerly welcomed by lions, tigers, wolves, hyenas, and other beasts of prey, which considered even their keepers as stupid louts, but recognized in him the one person that they could have a rational conversation with. "Beauty," says the poet, "is its own excuse for being." Agassiz went beyond this tolerant maxim to the extent of affirming that Deformity has its own excuse for being. The fact that any animal existed was with him a justification of its existence; and after conversing with it, and penetrating to its interior nature, he treated it as Shakspeare treated Dogberry, or Ancient Pistol, or Mrs. Quickly, or any of the other queer blood-relations connected with him through a common descent from Adam. As there was no form of human existence which was too low to be beneath the humane sympathies of Shakspeare, so there was no kind of animal existence which was too low to engage the sympathies of Agassiz. And the most evil members of the animal kingdom had no malignant feeling toward him; indeed, they cheerfully consented to let him kill them, knowing that by such a submission to his will they were practically elected as representatives of their species in the grand legislative assembly of the Animal Kingdom gathered in the great hall of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, under the

literal "Speakership" of Agassiz; that is, under the man who was alone capable of being the interpreter of their language, so that its signs could be clearly understood by the human race, from which they were divided by peculiarities of organization and of soul. One can almost conceive of these martyrs of the animal kingdom as rejoicing while enduring the death which insured to the species to which they belonged an intelligent recognition of their merits from the members of the superior race, to whom they were thus introduced through his friendly agency. Whenever I look at them, preserved so carefully in their glass jars filled with alcohol, I for one am delighted to find them in such excellent spirits!

But Agassiz was not merely an accurate scientific observer in the realm of zoology; he was a powerful scientific thinker, and from his youth was intensely interested in the great question of classification. He studied all the various systems of classification with intense interest, and came to the conclusion that the divisions of the animal kingdom according to type, class, order, family, genus, and species were not devices of the human understanding to classify its knowledge, but corresponded to ideas in the Divine Mind in His plan of creation; and that this arrangement in nature was gradually discovered by science, not invented by it. He naturally desired to confer with the champions of all systems, and in his early manhood, after mastering the theory of Cuvier, he hastened to Germany to consult with Oken, the transcendentalist in zoological classification. "After I had delivered to him my letter of introduction," he once said to me, "Oken asked me to dine with him, and you may suppose with what joy I accepted the invitation. The dinner consisted only of potatoes, boiled and roasted; but it was the best dinner I ever ate; for there was Oken. He unfolded to me, during the hours of a long afternoon, the principles of his system more completely than I could have obtained them from his books. There never was such a feast! never before were such potatoes grown on this planet! for the mind of the man seemed to enter into what we ate sociably together, and I devoured his intellect while munching his potatoes. I repeat it—I never ate such a dinner before or since."

In connection with his studies on the true method of classifying animals, Agassiz was passionately interested in their geographical distribution. "If I live," he once exclaimed, "I hope to be able to write a good book on that subject. It is of immense importance, having vital relations to other branches of investigation now pursued by some of the best minds of our time. My convictions are almost settled on this matter. I think that the area over which animals roam is determined by their constitution and habits. Indeed, I am almost willing to assert that when God gave them legs He made the gift under the inexorable condition that they should never run away."

The theories of Agassiz, as a thinker, are now the subject of vehement controversy among men of science. It is, however, my general impression that the facts necessary to place the Darwinian theory on the solid foundation of a law of nature are yet undiscovered; and it was this absence of facts to confirm the most captivating of theories which impelled Agassiz to his passionate opposition, his "noble rage," whenever the theory was mentioned. Indeed, that theory was the *bête noire* of his later scientific life. It diverted him from his own selected paths of investigation into the turmoil of controversy, so that his scientific debates were carried on at the expense of limiting his scientific discoveries. He was conscious of it himself, for the last of his published essays records his belief that science suffers by every diversion of the energies of scientists which tends to substitute premature theorizing for continuous investigating. But in all his contests he never undervalued the positive contributions that any of his opponents had made to zoology, and his admiration of Darwin was always warmly expressed, checked only by disagreement with him on theoretical grounds. Owen was another eminent Englishman whose fame he extended in the United States by enthusiastically pointing out to all questioners the grounds of his admiration of that great zoologist; and when Owen was up for exposition or discussion, it was only by some side remark that his auditors learned that Owen and he were antagonists on certain disputed questions. He loved his scientific enemies as few Christians have grace enough to love their personal enemies; but he always demanded that they should be men who were prac-

tical investigators of the facts of zoology. For amateurs who took the facts at second hand, and built up ingenious systems by combining the discoveries of many specialists in science, he had an almost irrational indifference. I once asked him what he thought of an attack on his scientific position made by an accomplished scholar and thinker, who had mastered the different theories put forth by the acknowledged representatives of his science, and had decided that he must be ranked in the second or third class. Agassiz burst into a roar of laughter, treating what I considered a serious attack as a great joke. "Why, just think of it," he exclaimed; "he undertakes to fix my place among zoologists, and he is not himself a zoologist!" He wondered that I did not join in the laugh at what he deemed the funniest literary incident that had recently occurred. "And," he added, "don't you know that he has never been an *observer*?"

The meaning of "observation," in his mind, differed strangely from the common use of the word. With him it meant the strenuous exertion of all the faculties behind the eye, as well as the assiduous training of the eye itself. After he had been some fifteen years in the country I asked him what he thought was the best result here of his efforts as a teacher of science, and he answered: "I have educated five observers. One of them, to be sure, has turned out to be my deadliest personal enemy; but I still affirm that he is a good observer, and that is the best compliment I could pay him were he my dearest friend."

At the time that "spiritualism" was most popular in New England the men of science were adjured by intelligent ladies and gentlemen who thought they could believe the testimony of their eyes, and who thus considered themselves to be "observers," to investigate the phenomena. Agassiz was among the foremost of the scientists who stepped forward in answer to this appeal, but he and his associates could not force the spiritualists to comply with any of the conditions under which scientists observe. They were constantly taunted for not investigating the wonders which they were constantly prevented by the wonder-workers themselves from investigating according to the accredited methods of science. Agassiz during this controversy happened to meet Home, the chief magician of the sect, in a railway car. "It is sad, Mr. Agassiz," said Home, "that the prejudices of you men of science interpose to prevent the advancement of science, owing to the fact that you refuse to investigate the phenomena which are nightly presented to all unprejudiced observers." "Mr. Home," was the reply, "I never refuse to investigate any thing which promises to advance science, and nothing will give me more delight than to investigate the marvels which occur, as you say, at your meetings." "Well, then," replied Home, "come this very night and witness the appearance of the spirit hand." "Nothing will give me more pleasure," answered Agassiz, "than to be one of the selected guests around the table where the spirit hand appears. My opinion is that it is a physical hand with a little phosphorus rubbed over it; but I am open to conviction. I am a little skilled in the use of weapons, and all I ask is that I shall have the privilege of putting my stiletto through it. If the hand is a spirit hand, no harm will occur; if it is a human hand, I feel confident in my power to transfix it on the table, much to the discomfort of its possessor." Home declined the test. Such a want of faith, he said, would necessarily prevent the spirit hand from appearing. And, indeed, all means of investigation which Agassiz suggested were dismissed as not calculated to induce the spirits to communicate with any company of which he was a member.

The geniality of the nature of Agassiz comprehended, as I have said, all mankind, and all the branches of the animal kingdom. His sympathies, in the full meaning of Wordsworth's lines,

> "Aloft ascending, and descending down,
> Even to inferior kinds,"

were universal; but added to this was a personal affectionateness to his mother, his wife, his children, and his particular friends which it was beautiful to witness. His fiftieth birthday was celebrated by the Saturday Club with a special dinner; and notable poems were read on the occasion by such friends as Lowell, Holmes, and Longfellow. Longfellow's verses are too familiar to be quoted in full, but every reader will remember that they represent Nature as taking the boy by the hand, and leading him irresistibly on to his true vocation of discovering her secrets, which

she gladly unfolded to the favorite she had chosen. There were toil and struggle in the pursuit, but she still lured him on to his object, and

"Whenever the way seemed long,
And his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale."

And at last came the crowning stanza, where the natural mother mourns over the seductions of the great mother, that have drawn her beloved son from the fireside where she wished to keep him:

"And the mother at home says, Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return."

I sat near Agassiz at the table, and watched the effect of the poem, as read in the quiet, subdued tones of Longfellow's voice. His head was bent modestly down, with a musing smile on his lips, as he recalled the scenes of his childhood and youth; but when came the allusion to his mother, it was curious to note the effect of natural emotion on a vigorous nature which had intrepidly and even gayly faced death in every form without the least fear of it. The ruddy face palpably reddened still more with restrained feeling; in a second or two the tears gathered in the bright eyes, and as the last line was uttered, they dropped slowly down his cheeks, one after another, with that slight gasp of suppressed emotion in the throat which it is almost terrible to witness in a strong man. The silence that ensued could not have been more than half a minute, but it seemed to us who were present to endure an hour. Longfellow himself could not have dreamed of producing such an effect, for his tone of voice in the last verse was almost monotonous. But Agassiz recovered his equanimity as by magic, lifted his great head from its recumbent posture, and, with eyes still glistening, bowed and smiled his acknowledgments to the poet with exquisite grace and good-fellowship. The ordinary course of conversation at a festive dinner then ran fluently on. It was the first time that I had seen a great, brave, strong man shed tears, and I am not ambitious of ever seeing it again. It was inexpressibly affecting and inexpressibly painful.

It may be well to add that "Louis" was the favorite son of Madame Agassiz. She was the wife of a Protestant clergyman; and Professor Silliman, who visited her in 1851, tells us that although nearly fourscore, "her healthful person was erect, tall, and dignified, while her animated and warm address placed us instantly at ease." As soon as Professor Silliman told her that he was the friend of her son, that his adopted country welcomed him among its most precious possessions, "her strong frame was agitated, her voice trembled with emotion, and the flowing tears told the story of a mother's heart not yet chilled by age. . . . The next morning she came, walking alone a long distance in the rain, to bid us farewell, and parted, evidently with deep emotion, and not concealed, for we had brought the vision of her favorite son near to her mental vision again. She brought for Mrs. Silliman a little bouquet of pansies, and bade us tell her son her *pensées* were all for him." Such a mother! In reading, but a few days ago, these passages from the journal of the venerable Professor Silliman, I detected the cause of the unwonted outbreak of sensibility which marked the celebration of the fiftieth birthday of Agassiz.

Agassiz, when he first visited the United States, had no intention of making here his permanent home; but he ended in becoming a passionate patriot of his adopted country, and his love for it, his delight in it, and his determination to remain in it, were expressed in terms which might almost have satisfied the requirements of Mr. Jefferson Brick. The warm recognition he met from his scientific brethren must have been very gratifying, but he also found that he soon became a favorite with every kind and variety of our people —scholars, merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, and farmers—and that he could not appear before any audience without receiving the most flattering testimonials of regard as well as of respect. The hearts, the minds, the purses, of the people were open to him. He often remarked to me, as he doubtless remarked to thousands of others, that he had never known such a population as ours. In Europe, if you desired to advance science, you had a hard task in getting money from kings and nobles; but here, he said, the democracy seemed more liberal than kings and nobles. He never ceased to be amazed at the amount of money he obtained from our citizens and legislators in aid of his scientific schemes, and at the short space of time that was consumed in obtaining it. His surprise at first resembled that of

Jenny Lind when she faced the immense audience that attended her opening concert, the price of admission being ten dollars. "Where," she asked Barnum, "does de peoples gets all de money?" The recognition of Agassiz was not confined to the cultured or the moneyed classes. In his scientific explorations in various parts of the country he found that when he desired aid to unearth some curious object he had discovered, a few minutes' talk with farm-laborers or miners near by would send them after him to the spot where they were to use their shovels and pickaxes in his unpaid service. His fame was so diffused that no queer living thing was caught in wood or river, no strange rock unearthed in opening the track for a new railroad, that was not sent to him as the one man in the country that could explain it. His magnetic power when he was himself in the field of observation resembled that of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, drawing all living creatures after him to the sound of his alluring music. He made every body interested in natural history who came within his sphere. To all general statements there are, of course, exceptions; and the exception in the case of Agassiz was, as may easily be guessed, that of a hard-headed Yankee stage-driver among the New Hampshire hills. On one occasion, while journeying through the White Mountain region, he and his scientific companion, seated on the top of the stage, irritated the driver by repeatedly calling upon him to stop when they noticed any thing botanically fascinating on the road, and jumping down from their seats in order to obtain it. Professor Felton, who was with them, kept his seat during the whole ride, and told the driver, in explanation of their conduct, that they were naturalists. On the next day, when the coachman had another load of passengers, he narrated to those near him on the box the strange freaks of his yesterday's companions. "Their keeper," he added, "called them naterals; and certainly they behaved as sich."

Agassiz came at last, as I have said, to love the country so dearly that no inducements were strong enough to tempt him to leave it. He showed to me, shortly after the correspondence was closed, the series of letters which had passed between him and the minister of Napoleon III. The Emperor offered him the post of director of the *Jardin des Plantes*, with a seat, I think, in the Senate. The position was one which a scientific man of the highest rank might well covet, and the emoluments of the office, with that of the other office associated with it, were quite large. His acceptance of the offer would have given him at Paris a rank equal to that which Cuvier occupied in his time. He respectfully declined it, on the ground that he was then engaged in original researches in the United States, which promised to be very fruitful in zoological discovery, and which would take him some years to complete. He considered that the correspondence was closed; but he was surprised by receiving another letter from the minister, renewing the offer, and informing him that the high office would be kept open for him until his American researches were completed. Agassiz justly thought this was the greatest compliment ever paid to him; but his determination to live and die in his adopted country was fixed, and his letter indicating this determination closed the correspondence. I preserve but a vague memory of the letters; they will probably be published in the forth-coming biography of Agassiz by the accomplished and high-souled woman, the companion of his scientific journeys, the partner of his thoughts, troubles, anxieties, triumphs, and aspirations, who was at once the wife of his mind and of his heart. The simplicity, the earnestness, the depth of his affections, were never so clearly indicated to his friends as in the slightest reference he made to her. Such marriages are surely made in heaven before they are afterward consummated on earth!

Another bond which held him to the United States was his high esteem for our American men of science. He felt they were not properly appreciated abroad, especially in England. He hoped to live to the time when this country would be recognized as one of the centres of science, and not as a mere scientific colony of Germany, France, and Great Britain, when the judgments of our scientific associations and journals would confer or confirm reputations all over the world, and when none of our scientists would value, as some of them now do, a slight recognition in foreign journals of science more than the warmest appreciation from American organs of scientific opinion. On the latter point he was wont to indulge in delightful outbursts of noble rage. "Don't

you see," he exclaimed, "that every American man of science who is elated by foreign recognition, and makes it a mark of honor distinguishing him from his brethren here, stamps himself as a provincial as much as a Canadian or New Brunswick politician does when he is unduly excited by a favorable notice from the government at London? Do you suppose that men like Bache, or Henry, or Peirce, or Wyman, or a dozen others, care what is said of them abroad? They stand on what they are, and what they have done and are doing, and they know that every thing they really do to advance science passes inevitably into the current of scientific thought, and must be respected, whatever Edinburgh, or London, or Paris, or Berlin may say. They are metropolitans, not provincials; and I hate to see an American of scientific genius show himself a provincial in spirit when his genius might easily place him among the metropolitans, and force foreigners, as far as in science any man can be a foreigner, to frankly acknowledge his equality with the best of them. You can easily make this country a centre of scientific intelligence if you discard the foolish notion that your true judges are not in your own country, but in Europe. Respect yourselves, and they will soon come to respect you. Be indifferent to what they say, if you desire them to say pleasant things of you." Indeed, Agassiz spoke on this matter as we have heard some self-respecting men of letters speak of the abjectness of spirit which leads many of our authors to value a bit of condescending praise awarded to them by some obscure critic in an English magazine or review as of more worth than the most careful, cordial, and intelligent judgment passed upon them by an American organ of literary opinion.

Indeed, few native-born Americans accepted more thoroughly than Agassiz the ideas and sentiments on which our institutions are founded. He had a boundless confidence in the intellectual as well as the material future of the country. As he was himself brought into cordial relations with every class of our society, and was liked and aided by every class, he considered that pure science, which he specially represented, would always have its claims recognized by our democracy, if men of science followed his example in coming into close contact with the minds and hearts of the people. He had immense confidence in education; but then he desired that educators should be persons capable not merely of communicating knowledge, but of communicating the sacred thirst for knowledge. In his will he described himself as "Louis Agassiz, *Teacher*." Every school-master and school-mistress in the land must have felt an unwonted, ennobling thrill in reading that announcement, for it gave to his or her work a dignity which could not be denied, after one of the foremost minds of the age had adopted "teacher" as his peculiar distinction. Indeed, Agassiz always insisted that something resembling miracles might be wrought in *re*forming the people through *in*forming them, if teachers could be inspired with the grandeur of the task imposed upon them; and his hope for the future of the country rested on his firm belief that it would produce teachers competent to grapple with ignorance and vice, and educate the democracy, whose will, enlightened by knowledge, was to determine the fate of the land. He thought the profession of the teacher the noblest of all professions; and he extended the office of teachers so as to include all good and great minds engaged in disseminating knowledge or in increasing it. He himself gloried in the title of school-master, and preferred it to that of professor; no school-master or school-mistress ever conversed with him ten minutes without gaining new inspiration as well as new information by contact with that comprehensive mind and opulent soul; and there is no danger that our young democracy will grow up to manhood unfitted to perform their duties and vindicate their rights, provided the spirit of Agassiz animates their teachers.

O FRIEND, THE THOUGHT OF WHOM IS SENSE OF LOSS.

O FRIEND, the thought of whom is sense of loss,
So close inwrought with sense of wealth as well,
That, unless overweary with our cross,
Which one outweighs the other none can tell!
Where'er thy spirit be, may it not swell
With old-time thrill of joy to know how here
Thou livest, binding hearts that owned thy spell,
Yet knew each other not? For wheresoe'er
In all the land two strangers meet to-day,
And speak of many things, and speak of thee,
Sudden all distance vanisheth away,
Then eye seeks eye, hand hand, and speech is free:
No need is there of other word or sign—
"Enough! Thou wast *his* friend? Then thou art mine!"

ALEXANDER SPOTSWOOD.

THE reader is requested to go back, in fancy, to the earlier years of the eighteenth century, to look at the portrait of a remarkable man, and follow the scenes of a gay little comedy resulting in the establishment of an order of Virginia chivalry.

About forty years since, the owner of an old house standing near the village of Yorktown, on a grassy lawn sloping down to the great river, amused himself by digging among the overthrown stones of what seemed to have once been a graveyard in the grounds. Parts of a ruined wall remained, and of a species of temple or mausoleum in the centre, erected apparently above the last resting-place of some one. Fragments of tombstones were at last discovered, one of which bore the name and date, "William Gooch, 1655," and on another was found the name of "Alexander Spotswood," the once famous Governor of the colony of Virginia, whose place of burial had been up to this time a lost fact of history.

The old house here spoken of had, indeed, been the country residence of the fiery and imperious cavalier, who captured and hung the pirate Blackbeard, founded the order of the "Knights of the Horseshoe," and became such a mighty worker in iron that he was called the "Tubal-cain of Virginia." A man of enormous energy and activity, crushing public disturbances, quarrelling with the Burgesses, regulating church affairs, and making his strong hand felt in every department of his government, it was to this ancient house, called "Temple Farm," that he came in his hours of leisure to rest from his labors, entertain the old nabobs of the tide-water (who, while sitting over their wine, could see through the window the great expanse of the York), and saunter to and fro, a tall and powerful figure in silk stockings, ruffles, and powder, over this old lawn and near the inclosure—a heap now of overthrown stones—which in due time was to become his last resting-place.

The lineage of Spotswood accounted in some measure for his resolute character. He was either the son or the grandson—it is uncertain which—of the brave old Sir Robert Spottiswood, Lord President of the Court of Sessions, in Scotland, who was executed for his loyalty by the zealots of Parliament, and died firmly, refusing the prayers of a Presbyterian minister, and declaring that "God had expressed His displeasure against Scotland by sending a lying spirit into the mouth of the prophets." Spotswood was the grandson probably of Sir Robert, and his father Commander Spotswood of the English navy. The future Governor was born on board a man-of-war, in the Mediterranean, off Tangier, about 1676, and whilst yet young entered the army under Marlborough, in the Low Countries, where his merit must have been conspicuous, for he became aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief. Half a century nearly afterward he used to show his friends, at Temple Farm, in Virginia, a four-pound cannon-shot which struck and wounded him at the battle of Blenheim; and his portrait, now at "Chelsea," I believe, in King William County, contains a view of Blenheim Castle in the background, in allusion to this incident. As this battle took place in 1704, and Spotswood was sent over as Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia in 1710, when he was only thirty-four, he must have made a name for himself, and impressed the government with a high opinion of his character and abilities. The Earl of Orkney was the Governor, but he remained in England; and Spotswood was the actual ruler. The Virginians greeted him with acclamations, for he brought with him the coveted writ of *habeas corpus*. But the sky was soon overclouded. In the succeeding year came the first collision—the House of Burgesses of Virginia having a will of its own as stubborn and resolute as that of the soldier Governor. Finding that they would not yield to him, he promptly dissolved them; but, as though the adversaries apprehended each other, the misunderstanding was made up, and when disturbances occurred in the present State of North Carolina, the Burgesses voted ample supplies, enabling Spotswood to crush the rioters, which he proceeded to do after the fashion of a soldier averse to any trifling. His energetic character was soon seen in all departments. He thoroughly reorganized and disciplined the militia. At Fort Christina he established at his own expense a school for Indian children, numbering soon about seventy-seven. As Deputy Postmaster-General of the Colonies, he appointed Benjamin Franklin postmaster of Pennsylvania. He built

the famous old powder-magazine in Williamsburg, still standing—from which his successor, Lord Dunmore, was, half a century afterward, to remove the public powder. And when intelligence came that the coast was ravaged by the marauder and pirate Theach, surnamed "Blackbeard," he sent an expedition in pursuit of him, whose commander made a furious attack on the piratical fleet, boarded, cutlass in hand, and cutting Blackbeard down, promptly hung him on the bowsprit of his own vessel. The result of these proceedings, so full of energy, decision, and success, was to make the Governor highly popular with the Virginians.

The greatest services of Spotswood were not, however, warlike services. The man was as eminent in peace, through his strong brain and excellent judgment, as in war from his heavy arm. He soon turned his attention to the arts which make small nations great, and became so energetic an iron-worker that he was called the "Tubal-cain of Virginia." His furnaces rose all over the colony—on the Upper James River, in Spottsylvania, in Caroline, and wherever he found iron. At Germanna, on the Rapidan River, Spotswood founded, under the auspices of Queen Anne, a village containing German workers in metal, and here he built himself another country residence, which Colonel Byrd described as an "enchanted castle," while the village itself only consisted of "a baker's dozen of ruined tenements." Here Spotswood spent much of his time, it would seem, and he is represented by the same gay authority, the master of Westover, as exceedingly uxorious, and indulgent to his wife, who was Ann Butler Brayne, or Brian, a god-daughter of the Duke of Ormond. He was, it is said, above the middle height, with brawny and athletic limbs. A celebrated walker, he would often spend the day in the forests around Germanna, accompanied only by his dog, and bearing his fowling-piece. His features were large, strong, and somewhat disfigured by wrinkles, but eminently pleasing when they were lit up by a smile, revealing his white and regular teeth. In repose his countenance resembled that of a bronze statue. His brow was tall and narrow, his eyes black and brilliant. In moments of excitement they flashed with a determined fire, which proved the depth and resolution of his nature. It was the face of a soldier who had passed through many exhausting hardships, and endured the fury of sun and storm, but whose energies were still alive and equal to any demand upon them.

We come now to Spotswood's march through the summer forest, and his half-serious half-humorous creation afterward of the noble order of the "Knights of the Horseshoe."

The whole affair was a gay little adventure, bright with the tints of comedy and romance. Men's minds were easy in this good year 1714. Virginia was at peace, Blackbeard was hung, the Indians were quiet, no quarrel was going on between the Governor and the Burgesses, and the soldier ruler at the head of the colony craved some outlet apparently for his restless energies. Knowing the Virginians well now, he no doubt believed that they shared this sentiment—that the young planters would welcome an excitement greater than riding over their estates, discussing two-months-old news from England over their wine or games of trick-track, and attending horse-races, cock-fights, and the county court. He had long been ambitious to explore the interior, with the aim of extending the settlements and enlarging the limits of the colony. Of this region nothing was known. The most intelligent persons — even Colonel Byrd of Westover—believed that the river Mississippi took its rise in the "Blue Mountains" of Virginia. In a century, even educated people had only advanced one step beyond the old superstition that El Dorado, the Fountain of Youth, gushed up past the blue barrier. The land, in one word, was a *terra incognita*, and men's minds were *tabulæ rasæ* on the subject, waiting for new impressions.

This was the state of things in the bright summer of 1714, and Spotswood determined to set out and explore the unknown wilderness. His proceeding was characteristic, and indicated a thorough acquaintance with the proposed *matériel* of the expedition. It was not to be a government affair, nor did he wish his party to consist of hired men. His associates were to be young planters fond of incident and adventure, whom he could laugh and talk with as they rode through the great woods, and sleep beside in bivouac at night as one of their number. He accordingly gave the affair from the beginning the aspect of an adventure. It was

a private gentleman inviting other gentlemen to a sort of hunting party. He issued invitations to those whom he wished to accompany him; they were to assemble at a specified place and time; and each companion of the expedition must see that his riding-horse was well shod with good iron shoes to protect his hoofs from the rocky paths of the mountains. Such a precaution was unnecessary in the sandy regions of the tide-water, where you might travel for a dozen miles and never meet with a single stone. In the new country which they were to explore it would be necessary.

The invitations were promptly accepted by a band of gentlemen, who, to judge from the details which remain of their proceedings on the march, must have been inspired by the very génius of mirth, good companionship, and adventure. These assembled at the prescribed time, with the exception of some who were picked up at their homes as the expedition proceeded on its way, and every preparation was made for the comfort and well-being of the gentlemen adventurers in the wilderness. Each one was accompanied by his servant, for the young gallants of the tide-water were much too fond of their ease to engage without necessity in the work of feeding and rubbing down their riding-horses. Pack animals were ready, loaded down with provisions, and an amount and variety of liquids—brandy, rum, wine, and other invigorating drinks—which the chronicler specifies with minute attention and evident gusto. And along with the rest went pioneers, axe on shoulder, to cut a path if needful for the advance of the troop through the bristling thickets covering the rugged steeps of the Blue Ridge. Only one want remained, that of a historian of the performances of the gallant knights; but even that was soon supplied. On the first day's march they stopped at the house of Mr. Beverley, the author of *Beverley's History of Virginia*, one of the oldest and best volumes of colonial annals. The historian was ready, and got into the saddle. The band proceeded on their way by easy marches, gaining an accession to their number at every country house where they stopped. Then the settlements grew thinner and thinner, the roads more and more mere bridle-paths, the forests denser and wilder: the adventurous knights were steadily advancing through the great woods toward the Blue Ridge Mountains, stretching like a long blue wave on the far horizon, bright at sunset with the golden glories of the month of August.

The worthy reader of these pages will pardon a little rhetoric and inflation of style in the chronicler of the adventures of the good knights. It is scarcely to be wondered at that he should become thus animated, or that his style should reflect some of the glowing tints of the bright skies above his personages. It is a little romance of a century and a half since that he is writing—only the romance is true, and his *dramatis personæ* are historic. The winds have long swept away the jests and the laughter, the songs sung, the witty speeches uttered, and the figures of the brave knights have descended into the tomb; but we may see them and listen to them still with the eyes and the ears of fancy, reviving thus the figures, and going with them, as it were, on their gay ride through the forest.

Few incidents took place on the expedition, which was, after all, as I have said, merely a little comedy—the march of a band of hunters, fowling-piece in hand, through a beautiful unknown country. All were personally acquainted with each other, and Spotswood was merely a member of the troop. We can easily imagine his appearance as he rode in front. He was at this time only thirty-eight years of age, and in the prime of life. His tall figure in its rich riding suit, with boots to the knee, ruffles at breast, and cocked hat decorated with gold-lace, had the martial air of the ex-soldier of Marlborough in the Flanders wars; and the horse which carried this stalwart cavalier, at a period when a gentleman's riding-horse was always superb, must have been worthy of the military *ensemble* of his Excellency. Tradition has connected vaguely with the march of the knights the romantic figure of an Indian girl named Wirgina, or Catena. Her origin is not known, or her place of residence, except that she was associated in some manner with the settlement of Germanna. She afterward became a member of Governor Spotswood's family, and the nurse of his son Alexander, who, "whenever he met her in afterlife, would throw his arms about her and embrace her." But one other particular remains in reference to her—that whenever the family of the Governor went

from the capital to Germanna, Wirgina would "leave the carriage and wander over the scenes of her youth." She is a character in the excellent Virginia novel, the *Knights of the Horseshoe*, where the author has built up an edifice of romance upon these few details. Nothing further is known of her—she flits across the path of the expedition and disappears.

So, laughing, jesting, singing, and firing their fowling-pieces at any chance game upon the route, the knights went on their way—halting in some forest glade near running water to discuss the contents of the panniers, both solids and liquids, and lying down at night in soldierly bivouac "under the canopy," or beneath a shelter of woven boughs. The worthy historian Beverley says that they made their way toward the "head springs" of the York and Rappahannock rivers, "in the highest ridge of mountains." This general expression probably refers to the neighborhood of the present Rockfish Gap, where the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad now passes the mountains. The surrounding country at this point is beautiful now—it must have been exquisitely lovely then, with its wild unbroken forests, its bright streams sparkling beneath overhanging boughs, and the ranges of blue mountains sweeping in every direction. The traveller darts along now so rapidly there that he can see nothing, and the world has grown indifferent to the fine wonders of landscape beauty. The sight must have produced a deeper impression on the knights. They came from the level lowland, with its thickets and flat fields, and only reached these superb prospects by a toilsome ascent of the rugged mountains, known at this time only to Indians and panthers.

Spotswood reached the summit of the mountain, and inscribed on a large rock crowning a tall peak the words "Mount George," in honor of the King of England. On another peak was inscribed "Mount Alexander," by the knights, in honor of his Excellency Governor Spotswood. Toasts were drunk on the happy occasion; loyal speeches were uttered; and then—apparently without descending into the valley of the Shenandoah, which some writers suppose he did—the Governor set out with his band on their return to the lowland, which they reached without adventure or untoward accident of any description.

It only remains to give an account of the inauguration of the order of the Knights of the Horseshoe. We have treated this little expedition rather as a gay comedy than as a serious affair; but it seems to have been regarded by the men of that day as a highly important and creditable achievement. It was spoken of as "the great discovery of a passage over the mountains"—which it certainly was; and Spotswood resolved to perpetuate the memory of it by a picturesque device. He ordered to be prepared in London a small golden horseshoe, set with jewels, for each member of the expedition to wear—probably as a "charm" on the chain of his watch, or as a breast-pin—with the inscription, *Sic juvat transcendere montes;* and each of the gentlemen adventurers receiving this little badge was formally dubbed a "Knight of the Horseshoe." Some grave historians, disposed to take every thing, it would seem, in a grandly serious light, have stated that Spotswood was himself knighted by the King of England in consequence of this expedition, the king himself founding the order. For this report there seems to be little foundation. A much less creditable proceeding is attributed to his Majesty King George, who might have been pleased, one would think, at having the Blue Ridge named Mount George. He is said to have repudiated the whole affair, and to have formally declined to pay for the golden horseshoes ordered from London by Spotswood!

The simple facts of the march and the foundation of the order remain. These, at least, are historical. One of the golden horseshoes is still in existence, it is said—a beautiful little trinket, "covered with valuable stones resembling heads of nails," the stones being garnets.

Such is the pleasant little history of the origin of a veritable order of Virginia knights. At the end of the sixteenth century Sir Walter Raleigh, "the shepherd of the sea," as Spenser calls him, had formally created Manteo, an Indian, "Lord of Roanoke and Dessamonpeake," in the land of Wingandaçoa. Thus the Western Continent can boast of two highly aristocratic institutions—a title of nobility, and an original order of chivalry.

Governor Spotswood died suddenly about 1740, just as he was about to take command of the expedition against Carthagena.

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

CHAPTER V.

THERE are two kinds of love—man's love: I am not speaking of woman's just now: the first, born of sunshiny selfism, basking in pleasure, shrinking from any pain, either its own or that of the object beloved, which is, for the time being, itself; the second, strong as tender, while equally capable of pleasure, fears not pain, either personal or vicarious. Grief, suffering, the helplessness of failing powers, only rouse in it a deeper passion, a fonder care. Happy the woman who has found her resting-place there! She need fear neither sickness nor sorrow, old age or beauty's decline. Living however sad and broken a life, she will be cherished to the last, and dying, she will be mourned eternally.

Such a love, though he knew it not at the time—indeed, he hardly knew himself at all, so suddenly and strangely had circumstances developed his dormant nature—such a love, in all its devotedness and intensity, had taken possession of Roderick's heart for his "cousin" Silence.

If, a few hours before, he had been bent upon asking her for his wife, now he almost felt as if she were his wife—as if Fate, stepping in, had absolutely thrown her into his arms. He held her there—fast, fast. No earthly power, except her own will, should ever drag her thence or put her from him.

But he was still quite silent, as was inevitable. Though he staid all the evening with the Reyniers, he never betrayed himself by a single word. Instead of going to bed, he went back to the street where she lived, and walked up and down it till long after midnight, watching the faint glimmer of light in the upper rooms which told that there was death in the house. He tried to fancy her sitting there, either in the silent chamber where, they said, she best liked to be, quiet and tearless, or in the salon beside good Madame Reynier, who had cut out for her a plain black dress, and set her to work at it, feeling that doing even that was better for her than doing nothing. Her principal thought, Sophie Reynier told him, seemed to be to give as little trouble as possible to any body.

"Oh, she is an angel!" the warm-hearted Swiss girl had cried, with her tears down-dropping as she spoke. And Roderick had forgotten himself so far as to turn and grasp her hand gratefully—this good eldest sister of a large family, already betrothed to a young pasteur. Perhaps that made her at once clear-sighted and wise, for she half smiled through her tears, and said nothing.

It did not matter: all small outside things seemed to matter little now. What the Reynier family thought of him, his feelings, or intentions, Roderick did not know, nor did he much care. He had listened calmly while they talked her over; speculated how much she would have to live upon; finally decided that she should be asked to come and stay with them after the funeral, and remain with them till she could get a situation as governess—"perhaps in England, as she knows English so well: monsieur might hear of something?" And monsieur had answered "yes" with the greatest calmness, hugging himself in his own speechless content.

Helpless, poor, with not a friend in the world except these kind Reyniers, it was exactly what he would most have desired. Certain young fellows of his acquaintance, who never committed themselves to the smallest attentions before finding out whether or not a girl had "lots of money," would, he knew, have regarded him with contemptuous pity. But he? To snatch up his penniless darling just as she was, to shelter her in his bosom, to load her with luxuries, to make her his one object of ceaseless tenderness and devoted care, seemed to him the acme of human felicity.

He did not attempt to see her—that, of course, was impossible: and he felt capable of making any sacrifice or exercising any self-restraint for her sake: but it seemed as if only to be near her, throwing over her the faithful shield of his silent love, was at once a consolation and a protection.

He walked the street till all lights went out, except that solemn one which marked the death-chamber; and then, with a blessing on his lips and a prayer in his heart—young man as he was, Roderick was not ashamed to pray—he departed.

Next morning, at the very earliest hour

he could venture without exciting suspicion, he was at the Reyniers' door to hear all that was to be heard concerning Mademoiselle Jardine, and to volunteer any help that he delicately could to the professeur—who, he saw, was a little perplexed and unpractical—in arranging the details of the funeral. Nay, it being a pelting wet day, and the old man very rheumatic, he succeeded in being allowed himself to go and choose the grave in the pretty cemetery which all the Neuchâtellerois are so proud of, and where he had been taken by Madame Jardine herself one sunshiny Sunday afternoon, almost the first Sunday he came to the town.

How long that seemed ago! and how strange it was that he should be standing there choosing a resting-place for this dear dead woman, of whose very existence he was ignorant six weeks ago! Yet now he mourned her almost like a son, and thought of her solemnly, tenderly, as the mother of his wife to be, if God gave him that blessing. Nay, perhaps, looking even farther than that, into the dim future, his thoughts ran on, as human thoughts will run on. But he stopped them.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" Somehow he never now thought of her as any thing but his "darling." "If you give yourself to me, I will be faithful to the trust. God do so to me and more also;" unconsciously he used the familiar Bible phrase, and spoke half aloud, as if, in the total solitude, the spirit of the yet unburied dead were listening to him out of her strange new heaven. "May God forsake me in my need if ever I forsake this orphan child!"

He was but a few years her senior, yet she seemed a child and he a man now. He had grown ten years older in the last twenty-four hours.

Coming back to the Reyniers, he explained all he had done in the most matter-of-fact and unemotional way. He seemed suddenly to have gained the power of unlimited self-restraint, for her sake. To do every thing for her that could possibly be done, and never to let her know it, was all he desired.

The tidings of her were just the same; an English person would have said she was "keeping up well." To these warm-hearted, demonstrative Swiss she appeared passive, almost cold. It was her Scotch blood, they said, which had always made her a little unlike themselves. But more like him and his, thought Roderick; more like the Silence Jardine with whose very name, and, he fancied, much of her very nature, she would appear at Blackhall.

The third day was arranged for the funeral. The only communication that passed between him and Mademoiselle Jardine had been a request he sent by Sophie Reynier that he might be allowed to attend it, in right of relationship, and Silence sent him word back that she was "grateful."

This done, there was no more to do for her; nothing but to wander restlessly about through the long, dreary winter day, and wonder how she was bearing it, whether he would ever be able to make the world feel like summer to her again. Instead of his passion—or, rather, underneath his passion—had come a tenderness almost motherly. He could have sat and watched—watched and guarded—never asking for word or look, indifferent even to responsive love, if only he might have the right to love *her*. The very hardest bit to him of all this time was those few hours when, having done all that was possible for him to do, and having no excuse for inflicting himself further on the Reynier family, he went back to his hotel and tried to lead his ordinary life there—eating, drinking, and sleeping; for he had no young men's small vices; he thought billiards dull, and detested smoking. He could not, this night, even read; and it was not until he woke next morning that it occurred to him he ought to write again to his mother, who would just be receiving his letter of two days before.

Another two days, and he would get an answer. Best so, perhaps. In the few words that he was determined at all hazards to say to his darling before he left—to herself only, regardless of ceremony or custom—the sanction of his mother's approbation would be a help and a consolation. He should be able to tell the orphan that it was not his arms alone that were open to receive her, but those of a new mother, ready to replace, if any ever could replace, in some small degree her who was gone. Very unlike they were, and he had a secret fear that it was a different sort of a daughter-in-law Mrs. Jardine would have preferred—one much grander, richer, handsomer. Silence had the loveliness of lovableness; but even in his wildest passion, her lover knew she was not handsome. Still, in spite of all, there were

two things he never doubted to find in his mother—her strong good sense and her warm heart.

To these he trusted, and felt he might safely trust, the girl he loved—the girl who would make him all he lacked, all that his mother wished him to be. He pleaded this in a letter, touchingly earnest and tender, which, on second thoughts, he determined on writing home. His heart was full—full to overflowing; and almost for the first time in his life he poured it out where, under such circumstances, every good son is right to pour his heart out—into his mother's bosom.

Going to the post, letter in hand—for he had learned Silence's habit of doing things at once, and doing them herself, if possible—he met Sophie Reynier, in mourning dress, hastening to comfort and sustain her friend during the funeral day.

"Is it not rather sad," she said, "that this should be such a lovely day? Look at the lake, it is blue as heaven; and the Alps, they are all *découverts.* Ah, such a day as our poor Madame Jardine always enjoyed so much; and she is to be buried this afternoon!"

Roderick did not reply.

"See, I am taking these few flowers—all I can get—to lay on her breast before the coffin is closed. She was so fond of flowers, as she was of every thing beautiful. And she looks so beautiful now, you can not imagine; and quite young again. Even poor Silence does not weep when we stand beside her. Ah, it is a certain consolation—the beauty one often sees in *les morts.*"

"I have never yet seen death," said Roderick, walking back with her. "Strange at my age; but so it is. I was very ill after my father died; they would not let me look at him again, and I have never known any other loss."

"Monsieur is fortunate—exceptionally fortunate."

"I do not know that. Those are blessed who, like you, mademoiselle, have an instinct for sorrow, who go about comforting all the afflicted of this world. One can not do that unless one understands."

"Perhaps not," said gentle Sophie Reynier, of whom he had only spoken the simple truth; but of every one near Silence, Roderick was disposed to think and speak the very pleasantest truth he could.

As they walked, he was seized with a great longing to behold once more the face of the dead—the face which had never looked on him but kindly—*her* mother's face, which would so soon pass away from every remembrance except hers—and his.

"Do you think you could take me into the house with you?" he pleaded. "Nobody would know, or be harmed thereby. In my country we even think it a tribute of respect to the dead to be allowed to look at them once more. And Mademoiselle Jardine—"

Sophie Reynier suddenly turned to him with a flash of womanly emotion in her kind blue eyes—penetrating as kind.

"Monsieur, you are an honest man—what in England you call a 'gentleman.' You could never act otherwise than kindly to such a defenseless creature as Mademoiselle Jardine?"

"God forbid, no."

"Then I will take you."

But she did not admit him at once; and finding that Madame Reynier had gone out, she told him to come back in an hour, at eleven o'clock.

"By then I shall have persuaded Silence to repose herself for a little. She has not slept all night, and is very restless. She may hear you. Go away now."

He obeyed at once, and went to search through the little town for a few more winter flowers, to "shut them inside the sweet cold hand," like Browning's "Evelyn Hope," saying to himself the lines,

> "So, that is our secret. Go to sleep:
> You will wake and remember and understand."

For, to his dreamy nature, death had as yet appeared only in its poetic side—its pathos and its mystery. The darkness and desolation of loss, the sad realities of sickness and mortality, were to him unknown, as they are to most young men. During these two days he had a little come into the shadow of them, but only in a secondary degree, and all under the glamour of his passionate love, which hallowed every thing with a kind of supernatural glory. As he stood in the salon of his hotel, arranging the little bouquet, and tying it up with a bit of white ribbon which he had gone into a shop and bought, his look was tender rather than sad, and with all his reverence for the dead, he could not forbear thinking whether she—his living love—would notice the flowers, or ask who put them there.

"Monsieur—a telegram for monsieur!"

It startled him for the moment. Not being a man of business, Roderick was unaccustomed to telegrams; besides, his mother had a strong, old-fashioned aversion to them. Yet this one came from her. At least, the address and name were hers, though the wording was in the third person.

"*Your mother is not well. Come home immediately.*"

This was all; but it came with such a blow to Roderick, who inherited his father's nervous temperament, that he felt himself turning dizzy, and obeyed the friendly garçon's suggestion that monsieur had better sit down.

His mother ill? She, the healthiest person imaginable! and she had written to him only a few days before, saying nothing of herself except of her endless duties and engagements. It must be something sudden—something serious. He was wanted "immediately." She could not have got his letter—there was indeed barely time—or surely she would have answered it. Perhaps she was too ill even to read it? His poor mother—his dear, good mother! All the son in him woke up: perhaps all the more for thinking of that other mother whose dead face he was just going to see.

He might go; there was time; no Paris train started till afternoon; and re-reading the telegram, it seemed a little less serious. Though "not well" might be only a tender way of breaking to him a far sadder truth.

"Oh, mother! mother!" he almost sobbed out, as he walked hastily along the lake-side, "if any thing should happen to you! If I should lose you too, before I have learned to love you half enough!"

And all the passionate remorse of a sensitive nature, a doubly sensitive conscience, rose up in the poor fellow's heart. He accused himself of a hundred imaginary short-comings, and suffered as those are prone to suffer who judge others by the standard of themselves. It was only by a great effort that he controlled himself so as to present the quiet outside necessary on reaching Madame Jardine's door.

Madame Jardine's door, from which she would soon go forever—nay, from which she had already gone. He knew not whom to ask for. He stood silent and bewildered; but the little *bonne* seemed to understand, and admitted him without a word.

Beyond the salon was a small bedchamber which mother and daughter used to share. In the centre of it stood, raised a little, and covered with something white, that last sleeping-place where we must all one day rest.

It was not sleep, not in the least like sleep, as, when left quite alone, he drew the face-cloth gently off, the young man acknowledged with a start. No human slumber, but total, perfect, divine repose, where all the anguish of life had been smoothed away, all the passions of life calmed down as if they had never existed. His passion, only a minute before at fever-heat, listening eagerly for any sound in the silent house, suddenly sank into peace. *Something* was before him, beside him, around him; something which in all his days before he had never felt or understood. Life with its noisy clangors melted away before the eternal peace of death.

How long he stood there, gazing on the still face, so exceedingly beautiful—he had never thought before what a beautiful woman she must once have been—Roderick could not tell. At last the door, which had been left ajar behind him, slightly stirred. He thought it was the *bonne*, and would not turn; he did not wish her to see his dimmed eyes. It was more than a minute before he looked up and saw, standing quietly on the other side of the coffin, the orphaned girl, the girl whom he adored like a lover, and yet seemed to cherish already with the protecting tenderness of a husband who has been married many years.

Perfectly pallid, dead-white almost, from the contrast between her black dress and fair hair, Silence stood and looked at him; merely looked, not holding out her hand—both her hands were resting on the coffin. She spoke in a whisper.

"You are come to see her once again? That is kind. She always liked you. Is she not beautiful? But she is gone, you see! She has gone away and left me all alone."

One sob; just one, no more. Nothing in his life had ever touched Roderick like the strong self-command by which this frail girl in her utmost agony controlled its expression, and, recollecting herself, summoned all her courage, dignity—the sacred dignity of sorrow, which asks no help, no consolation.

"You must forgive me; my grief is new. Are these your flowers? Thank you; they are very sweet."

And taking them from him, she began arranging them in the folds of the shroud, gently and carefully, as if she were dressing a baby; then drew the kerchief once more over the dead face.

"Now you must go away."

"I will," he answered—the first words he had uttered. "Only, just once!"

Tenderly removing the face-cloth again, Roderick stooped and pressed his lips upon the marble brow of this dead mother, inly making a solemn vow—would that all men made the same, and kept it, to other dead and living mothers! Something of its purport must have been betrayed in his look, for when his eyes met those of the girl opposite she slightly started, and a faint color suffused her cheek. Fading, it left her deadly pale; she staggered rather than walked, though alone, refusing all help, into the next room.

There she sat down, Roderick standing beside her. The door was open between; he could see the foot of the coffin and its white drapery. Though now, for the first time, he was alone with his chosen love, knowing well, and having an instinct that she must know too, that she was his love, and ever would be, there was so great an awe upon him that he could not speak one word, not even of the commonest consolation or sympathy. And though he could have fallen on his knees before her and kissed her very feet, he dared not touch even the tips of her poor little pallid fingers, so strangely idle, their occupation gone.

"What am I to do without my mother?" Silence said at last, with a piteous appeal, not to him or to any body, except, perhaps, that One to whom alone the orphan can always go.

Roderick could bear it no longer; his manhood wholly deserted him. He turned away his head and wept. The two sat there ever so long, sobbing like children, and, like children—how it came about he hardly knew—holding one another's hands. That was all! No more, indeed, was possible, but it seemed to comfort her. Very soon she rose from her chair, quite herself—her quiet, grave self, robed in all the dignity of sorrow.

"Thank you; you have been very kind in coming to-day, and in wishing to come this afternoon, as I hope you will."

Roderick had forgotten all about the telegram and his mother—every thing in the world except Silence Jardine.

He drew the paper out of his pocket and laid it before her. "Read this! I got it half an hour ago. Say, what must I do?"

Silence read, slowly, and putting her hand once or twice over her forehead, as if trying hard to understand things, then looked up at him with compassionate eyes.

"Your mother ill? I am so sorry for you!" Then, after a minute's pause, "You will go—and at once?"

"Yes; at once."

Both spoke in whispers still, as if conscious of some sacred presence close beside them. He was, at least, feeling this—as if a soft dead hand were laid on his wildly beating heart, and sealing his passionate lips, else he could not possibly have controlled himself as he did.

"I feel I ought to go. But my mother may be better soon. She is very seldom ailing. As soon as ever I can I shall come back again to Neuchâtel—to you. You believe that?"

"Yes." One little word, uttered softly, with bent head, and, after an instant, repeated: "Yes."

Roderick felt his brain almost whirling with the strong constraint he put upon himself.

"One thing more you shall decide," he said. "The train starts this afternoon at the very hour when I ought to be—you know where. Shall I delay my journey—just for one day?"

"Not for an hour!" Silence answered, almost passionately. "Remember, you never can have but one mother. Go to her at once!"

And so he went, without another word, scarcely another look; he dared not trust himself to either. Another minute, and he should have snatched the girl in his arms, forgetting the dead mother close by, and the living presence of Sophie Reynier, who just then entered—forgetting every thing in the wide world except that he *must* have her, must shelter her in his bosom, and tell her that there was her one home forever, that he would die for her, or, better still, live for her, the only woman in the world who could make life worth having. Frantic, impetuous vow! made by how many lovers, and kept by how few!

But it was not made now. The two or three minutes he staid were occupied in

explaining to Sophie Reynier about the telegram, his mother's illness, his compelled journey, and his certain return as soon as possible.

"You will say all this to M. Reynier? And I shall find *her* with you when I come back?"

"Certainly. Yes."

"You will take care of her?"

"I will."

He looked at kind Sophie. There was the tender light of her love for her own good young pasteur shining in her eyes. "Thank you." Roderick took her hand and kissed it, and was gone.

Gone—without the slightest explanation or promise on either side. Still, he did not feel unsatisfied. Though he left her free, he was himself bound. It is not troth-plight that creates love; and often the pledges kept longest and faithfulest are, so to speak, those which were never made. No actual confession had he won: it could not be. But her little cold hand had clung to his a moment, and she had uttered unhesitatingly her soft, firm "Yes," implying that trust which is a man's best pride, a woman's safest refuge; for love without trust is a broken reed. Above all, she had bade him go, had helped him to do his duty. Roderick remembered once hearing his father say that the deepest tenderness a woman can show to a man is to help him to do his duty. Though he was going away, going far out of sight of her sweet presence into what seemed a lonely wilderness of a world, Roderick was not unhappy.

He had no time for much thinking about himself: trains wait for no man, and there were a good many preparations for his sudden quitting of the dear little town, which had grown quite home-like to him. Even the honest garçon at the hotel looked triste at the departure of "ce monsieur Anglais," who had always been so pleasant and kind to every body, and felt a certain consolation, which, indeed, Roderick himself shared, as if it were a sort of paction with Providence, when he decided only to pack his valise, leaving the best part of his luggage behind him.

Thus independent of "baggage," he could easier rush from station to station, so as not to lose a moment on his journey home; for he had determined not to stop, either for sleep or food, if he could help it, till he found himself in Richerden.

Those plaintive words, "You never can have but one mother," seemed continually to ring in his ears, rousing him to all his forgotten duties, his dormant affections. He had never felt himself so much her son as now, when he was about to bring to his mother a new daughter.

And such a daughter! "Soon, soon they will all feel how good she is—how she will help me to be good. My darling! my only darling!"

And as, all in the rainy dark, he whirled through the Val de Travers, watching dreamily the black outlines of the ravine which he had passed in mid-day sunshine such a little while ago—yet it seemed half a lifetime—and thought of her, sitting in the empty house, the poor motherless child, his whole heart melted over her—that full, tender, manly heart, out of which the lonely self-absorption—only that, not selfishness—and the restless yearning, had wholly slipped away. It was not merely that he had found

"His spirit's mate, compassionate and wise."

Every man in love finds this, or fancies he has found it; but some divine instinct told him he had also found a helpmeet—a creature not only to love, but to believe in, not only to cherish, but to rest upon; the sort of woman of whom it is said, "The heart of her husband may safely trust in her: she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life."

There are women, the love of whom, and their love, given or returned, is a curse to any man; but when Roderick, having sat wakeful all night, endlessly thinking, just before dawn dropped into a fitful, brief sleep, the last word he murmured to himself was, "My blessing! my blessing!" It was true.

Catching the morning mail from Paris, he reached London the same night. His twenty-four hours' journey made him feel excessively tired; for though perfectly healthy, he had not the robustness of some at his age—would always be the sort of man who is the better for a woman's quiet, watchful care in small things. Strong emotion especially always took the life out of him in a painful way, till he was half ashamed of feeling so ill for nothing. Catching sight of himself in a hotel mirror, he quite started.

"She would think I looked like a ghost."

And the new, delicious sensation—of the duty of taking care of one's self, of regarding "even wretched meat and drink,"

if one be "dear to some one else"—came upon him till he actually blushed like a girl admiring her own beauty because it is pleasant in other eyes—and—ordered his supper!

The temptation was strong to go to bed and sleep; he was so very tired, and the London hotel was so quiet and comfortable; besides, it was rather pleasant to hear his native tongue about him once more. But no; *she* had bade him not to delay an hour; and every hour, as he drew nearer home, his sensitive temperament shrank with a vague dread from some sort of formless evil that might be awaiting him there. And in his secret heart Roderick a little shrank from pain.

"I am not half as brave as she," he thought. "I should have to go through life 'with all my nerves outside,' as I once heard somebody say, if I had not her to help me. But I shall have her, thank God! Only a brief time—as brief as I can make it—and I will have you, my darling!"

Meantime he did as he knew Silence would have wished him to do—gathered up all his strength of body and mind, and took the night mail to Richerden.

He got there about four in the morning—a thorough Richerden morning, or rather night—of sleet and snow and blinding rain. Entirely worn out with fatigue, he came at last to his mother's door.

For the moment he hardly believed it was his mother's, but that he must have made some egregious mistake. For the house was all lighted up; carriages were going and coming; daintily muffled figures filled the entrance hall: it was evidently the breaking up of some festive entertainment.

He had pictured to himself the silent house, the night of anxious vigil over sickness—death; for even that last terror had, as he neared home, forced itself upon his weakened nerves. Instead, he came in at the end of a ball!

"My mother—how is my mother?" were the first words that passed his lips—they had been knelling themselves into his tired brain for the last hundred miles.

There she was, standing half way up the staircase, in her ruby velvet, point-lace, and all ablaze with diamonds—a little tired and old-looking, as was natural at four in the morning, but beaming with health, good nature, and the exuberant enjoyment of life.

What a contrast to the dead mother whom he had left in her coffin so many hundred miles away!

Waiting for a pause in the stream of guests, Roderick hid himself behind the shadow of the door, till Mrs. Jardine's voice, loud and hearty, had repeated a series of hospitable adieux. Thence he emerged, a somewhat forlorn figure, into the brilliant glare of light.

"Goodness me, Rody! is that you, my dearest boy? Girls, your brother is here!"

She wrapped him in a voluminous embrace, and kissed him many times with true maternal warmth.

"Mother, you have not been ill? There is nothing wrong with you?"

"No, my darling; what should there be? Oh, I remember, the telegram."

A sudden cloud came over her face, which was repeated with added shadow on her son's.

"Yes; the telegram. I thought you were ill, and I came home, as you bade me, immediately. Never mind. Good-night."

"Stop, my dear. Just stop."

But he would not; and went straight up stairs to his own room.

AT THE GATE.

And where were you just now, Mabel?
Where have you been so long?
The moon is up, and all the birds
Have sung their evening song;
I saw you loitering down the path,
So lonely and so late,
Beyond the well and lilac bush,
And hanging by the gate.

I love to hear the birds, mother,
And see the rising moon;
And, oh! the summer air is sweet
Beneath the sky of June.
My cow is milked, my hens are cooped,
And washed are cup and plate,
And so I wandered out a while,
To hang upon the gate.

The gate is by the road, Mabel,
And idle folks go by,
Nor should a maiden brook the glance
Of every stranger eye.
Besides, I thought I saw a cap—
I'm sure you had a mate;
So tell me who was with you, child,
Just hanging at the gate.

Now you know just as well, mother,
'Twas only Harry Gray.
He spoke such words to me to-night,
I knew not what to say;
And, mother, oh! for your dear sake,
I only bade him wait:
And mayn't I run and tell him now?
He's hanging at the gate.

THE CITIZEN OF PARIS.

I WENT to that wonderful city, not to see its palaces and churches, so much as to study its people, the middling class, like that citizen of credit and renown in famous London town whose story has been written in verse. I was so fortunate as to become an inmate of a private French family. My landlord did not, indeed, resemble honest John Gilpin, but was more like some ardent enthusiast of their first Revolution—say, Camille Desmoulins.

I call the young man Victor Leblanc. He is a zealous republican, and is opposed to all religions. He has been married a year. Says an elderly gentleman, his best friend, "Leblanc married young; he wanted to be *sage*." Among his capabilities we must count his talent for domestic affairs. He says that he adores cooking, and when necessary, he can wash the dishes; but he is not the only Frenchman I know that has attained to that pinnacle of domestic virtue. A lower alp is the gathering the clothes for the washerwoman and writing out the list. To come home at evening and render lard is not the most delightful occupation, but he does it, because then, he says, he knows what he is eating, and if it is done at evening, the smell will pass away during the night. When the chimney-sweeps come in the early morning, I am quite interested to see the process, having already noticed the quantities of little chimneys like large stove-pipes on roofs.

One person is upon the house-top, and lets down a rope with a weight attached. He who is below pulls and pulls, until out comes a hedgehog made of strips of iron arranged on a centre. Twice this is sent down the narrow flue, and this is nearly the whole operation.

When I came home from the Exposition one evening, these little birds, the Leblancs, were eating out of one plate. They have pet names that are new to me, as when she says, "Good-by, my wolf;" "Come soon, my angel," is more commonplace. When she is confined to her room, he says, "Eat a little veal, my cocotte;" and again, "Kiss me, my child. Do you want some wine, my child?" "Will you give me some bread, dearest child?" and then, "Thanks, my hind" (*ma biche*).

As he goes one morning, she says, "Good-by, my little wolf," and puts up each cheek to be kissed, in the French fashion. "Good-by, Victor," and goes to the window to see him again when he shall have got down the flights of stairs and into the court-yard. Then hearing the baby, she says, "Yes, my treasure."

Victor's face is fine: he looks like an artist; but he is lame. When he smiles he shows pretty teeth, but he says that he does not like people to think a great deal about teeth; that marriages are sometimes broken off in Paris if the young lady wants a tooth, as they are in the country if the bride's father can only give two cows, instead of three, as he had promised. He is connected with trade, but he embarked when still younger in a literary enterprise to assist a very distinguished person. There was some peril or danger of loss in the venture, French laws on the press being so different from ours; but it was carried through with success. He is secretary, too, of a society whose aims are both moral and political. I hear him speak at one of its meetings, where he seems to make an impression by his forcible and impassioned manner.

Victor is a republican, but he does not like the expression "red republicans." His wife says that the red republicans are those that love to shed blood, which her husband does not. Nevertheless, he is a republican, a very advanced one. He declares that it was not republicans who caused the excesses of the Commune.

"But red republicans?" I ask.

"I told you before that there are no colors among republicans—no white, no black, no red."

He is much opposed to the Bonapartes.

The question having arisen in conversation whether conscience is a sure guide for men who are not enlightened, he answers: "Certainly. If a person is instructed, he can do good; if he is not learned, he can do the same; but the more learned a man is, the greater amount of harm he can do; and"—flaming forth—"the proof is all the Catholic clergy, that kennel of Napoleons, and all the kings of France!" He would not even except Henry IV., the great Henry. "One can not be good and be a monarch," he says; "and although Henry IV. said he would put the hen into every man's pot, yet he starved Paris to make himself king." Of Napoleon I. he said that he was a general, a warrior, but the greatest scoundrel that

the earth ever bore. "He was a drinker of blood. As to the glory of such a man, I trample it under my feet. He swore to be faithful to the constitution, and broke his oath in making himself emperor." I had seen a working-man who spoke of the present young Napoleon as having a great name, and Victor continued: "As to that workman of yours, it is very likely that he cried out upon the boulevards, in 1870, 'On to Berlin!' There were only five or six thousand who cried out, 'To Berlin!' and as for those who cried out, 'Long live peace!' they got blows with head-breakers [*casse-têtes*, made of iron and covered with leather]. Those who cried out, 'On to Berlin!' were police agents dressed in white blouses like working-men."

But if thus severe in politics, what is he in religion? He tells me that his education was begun by the clergy. "At the age of twelve I was very pious, so that when my mother came to see me and gave me my weekly pence, instead of buying barley-sugar, apples, and biscuits, I gave the money to the priests; and my friend Mr. X. was more fanatical than I; he practiced until he was eighteen."

He said of himself that he was pious until the age of twelve, or about the age of the first communion—a time of great importance to the Church, and the time when the majority of freethinkers will probably tell you that they ceased to be Catholics. I asked Victor what turned him against the Church.

"The lies, the filthy lies, that were told me."

"What were the lies?"

"I was told about four girls and four boys who were travelling with a nun in a desert place, and one of the boys said to her, 'My sister, I am hungry,' and one of the girls said the same. The nun told them to pray to the Virgin Mary; and when they did so, there was a sound of thunder, and the Virgin appeared. Then grain was seen sprouting on the desert plain. 'But,' said the children, 'we can not eat this;' and the Virgin instructed them to pray to her Son, to God, to Jesus Christ; and when they did so, behold! the grain was turned into bread. But I knew that bread was not made so."

When a child he had lived in one of the great grain-growing districts.

"But why do you not join the Protestants?" he was asked.

"It is not worth while. I don't need the religion of the Protestants in order to live, or to do good. I like the Protestants better than the Catholics, but that is no reason for joining them." At another time he said, "If I had any need of religion, I would join Mr. Dide's church" (the Liberal Protestant); "but as I have no want of it, I let it pass."

He was asked, perhaps a little ironically, "You have no want of a law to which to conform your actions?"

"Yes, yes; I conform to my conscience, and to my heart."

"But do you think that that is a sure guide for all men—that their conscience is sufficiently enlightened?"

"Yes, certainly."

In speaking before of the same Church, the Liberal Protestant, he had said, "I see no need of my joining them. Let those join them who do."

"Do you not believe that this world is so constituted that he who practices truth and love toward his fellows is the happy man, and he who does not is the unhappy one?"

"No, I do not; quite the reverse."

"Then why do you practice virtue?"

"Because my conscience tells me to. Quakers say the spirit, but I say my conscience."

One evening that Victor had Bordeaux wine on the dinner table, he drank to the health of one of my friends, and afterward to the United States, adding, "And may they never allow the Catholic to become the religion of state!" This amused me a good deal, and we had quite a long argument on the point.

One day there was handed to me upon the street a little notice of a great festival or *fête* by night, from nine in the evening to four in the morning, "in honor of the foreigners met at Paris on the occasion of the Universal Exposition." Some of the attractions were: "A ball, the infernal quadrille, fairy illuminations, flags of all nations, fire-works, American bars, pigeon-shooting."

In speaking to Mr. and Mrs. Leblanc about it, they tell me that these night balls are the ruin of the youth. I spoke to madame about the Jardin Mabille, for which I had heard a man inquire at our American office at the Exposition—doubtless one of my countrymen. Madame L. replied that she did not know in what quarter of Paris it is; that respectable people know such places by name, but do not

know where they are. My landlord has not, I presume, frequented many places of public amusement. He says that he has been five or six times in his life to the theatre.

This citizen of Paris, this Victor Leblanc, is doubtless in some respects quite exceptional.

I find in my note-book a humorous entry that I have seen no country in the world where the right to labor is more generally conceded to women than in France. In the early morning one is helping to sort the refuse from the houses. See that basket with bits of paper. Here is a pile of nice green salad leaves, and there a basket of bits of bread. Perhaps they have a little donkey-cart to haul these out of the city, where they will feed the provender to rabbits, chickens, etc. These people in general have not the degraded look of our rag-pickers. How few people in France have a degraded look! Perhaps two-fifths of the women in Paris wear caps, and I did not note a dirty one. See women helping to sweep the streets with big heavy brooms made of twigs. Other women, hard-looking but tidy, I see waiting on the Place St. Augustine for some one to come and hire them. One woman sets down a heavy basket of bread and takes a loaf into a grocer's; another has a great load in her apron, her long apron whose ends are tied over one shoulder. In her hands she has three of those long slender loaves that are cut into bits at the restaurants. The loaves are about two yards long, looking like poles or stakes. She wears no bonnet, and to rest herself she sets the ends of them down on the pavement, or rests them against the wall. How much they carry bread uncovered in Paris! Once on the street I saw one of the infinite number of cap-women seated behind the little box on which she cleans shoes. She had fallen asleep, and her knitting and folded newspaper lay on the box before her. I see a woman walking the street and knitting. Did some of the women of Paris really take their knitting and sit down in the street to see the heads cut off in their great Revolution? Paris is the grand hotel of the world. It is now full of guests. Paris is content. But what if Paris were sullen or sad? What if Paris were desperate?

At the Restaurant Duval, at the Exposition, notice the force of waiters with black dresses and white caps and handkerchiefs. One says that they used to pay on coming each morning a franc and a half, but now they must pay two. On a bench in the Garden of Plants sits a woman working button-holes in machine-made collars—military false collars. She is working them beautifully, five in each collar. She gets ten sous for the dozen collars, and she can earn thirty sous a day. Poor woman! In the same neighborhood I go into a little creamery and get a bowl of chocolate for five sous. A woman says that the shop is hers, and she has a small custom. Her husband works on the railroad, and her two children are boarding with her parents, who are alone near the Vosges Mountains. Not far off, upon the street, a woman is frying potatoes very nicely. She has a stove in which she burns coke. She sells her potatoes for one sou and two sous, and sells a good many at breakfast and dinner time. She has a cubby-hole or recess in the house front, and pays ten sous rent a day. Riding on the circular railway to the Exposition, there is a nice young woman in the car with a basket and can. She buys milk and makes that soft cheese of which the French are so fond. She puts hers up in bits of cloth, and lays each pat into a bit of a basket. She has a custom at the restaurants outside of the Exposition. In her can is the cream to pour over and make *fromage à la crème*. She has been married a year, and her husband sells flowers near the Madeleine Church. How many women are helping to pull handcarts, or pushing them themselves! Here is one loaded with flowers, there another with meat and fish. In the corner of a court-yard sits a woman carding wool for mattresses. They can open the mattresses, card the wool, and put it into a clean cover. My porter's wife tells me that this wool is mixed with hair. I go one morning to the grocer's and find only a woman there; and when I go to the office of tobacco near us—the government office—to buy postage-stamps, what a pretty woman is at one counter ready to sell stamps or the precious taxed weed! I go to the druggist's, and find Mrs. Apothecary at the desk on one side with her crocheting, and the account-book open before her. After her husband's death the law allows her one year to settle his affairs.

At the Exposition I see my friend Mrs. C——, from "the provinces." Her husband exhibits, and she explains that she

must see that the sales-women are polite. I visit a public school where three of the four teachers are married. The directress or head teacher tells me that she has taught in the public schools seventeen years, and has been married fifteen. Her son is twelve and attends the college ——, where his father is professor. She tells me that living is very dear.

In the Louvre gallery, among the artists at work, there are a number of women. One of them is drawing from Paul Veronese's picture of "The Marriage at Cana in Galilee."

Widows are engaged in business at Paris. I go into a bookstore and find a woman. She says that she is all alone, and gives me her card—"Widow ——." She asks me to send my friends, and sells me pretty note-paper at two sous for six sheets. At the Exposition, in a plantation of trees, I see a board set bearing "Widow Durand, Bourg-la-Reine." On a handbill in the street are the names of Widows Renon, Maulde, and Cock, printers, Rue de Rivoli. My landlord jestingly says that their husbands were printers, and that after having well wept them, they continued the business.

Now, having glanced at some of the occupations of the working-women of Paris, I will speak of three or four persons with whom I became better acquainted, beginning with my friend Madame Widow Y., as French cards say. She politely invites me to spend a day, and I find her up several pairs of stairs, as is common at Paris, in the dearest little baby-house of an apartment, comprising a dining-room about eight by nine, a very little kitchen, a best room, and a dressing closet. Her rent is 450 francs, and she is delighted that her windows look upon a public square. She has no servant, and tells me that she is crazy about order—*maniaque d'ordre*—which I see no reason to deny. She has a great zinc basin in which she stands to take her daily sponge bath. It must not be supposed that hot and cold water is so freely introduced into Parisian houses as into some of ours. I visited none that were supplied with hot water. Fuel is too scarce. Madame Y. gave me for breakfast—the *déjeuner* which is eaten at eleven or twelve—first a stew of pigeons and peas flavored with onion, excellent bread, and the ordinary wine. The second course was a bit of veal cutlet beautifully cooked in a stew-pan with its own juice and a little butter, and a bottle of Chambertin wine eight years old. After this we had asparagus cold with oil and vinegar. Try it before you despise it. Then strawberries and biscuits or little sponge-cakes. Madame ate her strawberries with Chambertin. Then we had very strong coffee, black coffee, but my hostess gives me some milk which she has just boiled. In the afternoon she accompanies me to Père la Chaise. I have been told that she lives upon her interest—*ses rentes*—a Parisian paradise. After the death of her husband a friend saw her shedding tears. "I am tired or sad," she said—"*Je m' ennuie.*" She had no children. Her friend suggested that she should take in some work; and the money thus gained enables her to subscribe to one or two journals, or perhaps to societies, that she otherwise would not. I met her often, once at the opening of the Women's Congress, where she said, in speaking of one present, "I do not like to see women who maintain serious opinions on the equality of women dressed like women of light manners; that injures the cause of women." She further expressed the opinion that women of advanced ideas dislike household labor, adding: "I do not like it myself; there are other things I like better; but not being willing to fail in performing my duty, I do that work with all my heart."

My shoe-maker's wife was almost always in the store. Probably she had one dark room behind the store, and perhaps an attic. Quite a handsome young man with a mustache is the shoe-maker, and he looks delicate. His wife is sweet-looking, and *tres gentille*, I am told. Once she was alone in the store, and she was kind enough to give me some information about workmen's wages, etc. A good workman on ladies' boots with leather heels can earn, if his wife helps him, eight to ten francs a day.

A representative of another class was Madame Z., the dress-maker. She, too, has a family. I mention to her one of my friends who has become a Catholic. "Then," says Madame Z., astonishing me, "she has left the truest religion to take up the most false." I ask whether she is a Catholic. "I am a freethinker," she says. "I accept no dogmas that can not be proved: what I want is truth. On Sunday was the Fête-Dieu, or festival of the holy sacrament, and there was a

church procession round one of the public squares. The clergy carried the sacrament around the square. There has been a remonstrance got up against this, and I signed it. [I had understood that these public church processions are not allowed on the streets.] I signed the remonstrance," she continued; "for what we want is justice, and if it is not permitted to have a procession and carry a red flag with the words, 'Long live the Commune!' neither should there be a blue banner with 'Long live the Sacred Heart!'" If the women who spoke during the Commune were like her, they were able to speak. She says, however, that she did not visit the clubs, which at that time were frequented by men and women; she did not care to participate in denouncing private individuals because they would not join the Communists.

Of quite another type is Miss G——, a teacher in a public school. I had visited their schools, but as I desired further information, she was so polite as to call upon me at my lodgings. The day that she came was a holiday for her—*jour de fête*—because she had accompanied a young person to church who was to be confirmed, and the head teacher had allowed her a holiday. She tells me about her own little girl, an orphan whom she has taken, the child of a teacher, a woman who had died after long illness, leaving five children, and the father had died before. I was astonished that Miss G——, whose salary is about three hundred and forty dollars, should have taken a child thus, but I understand her to say that this course was suggested to her by a priest, who knew what she needed. "I took her at first for a few months, and then I began to love her. She is sweet, *gentille*, and she loves me well, too. I hope that she will never suffer as I did from loneliness. I can not have so handsome a dress, but I have the company of my little girl, who is not bright, but she has tact and warm feelings. The other children were boys; the oldest can support himself, and the same priest took the three younger ones. He is a rich gentleman, who has established an orphan asylum for two hundred girls and one for fifty boys. He began this with the three brothers of my little girl, and after his father died, and he came into his fortune, he was able to enlarge it. He belongs to one of the most ancient families of France."

"But what will you do if you fall sick?"

"I will go to a hospital."

The hospitals of France are, I understand, more extensive and better endowed than ours. A French gentleman who was in America several years said to me at Paris, "You have no hospitals as we have."

It is still the custom to put young children into the country because the air is better. But after you have lived several months in Paris, you will suspect that it is sometimes because other families living in the same house are disturbed by the crying of a baby. At one of my lodging-houses the porter's wife told me that her apartment was entirely too small for a cradle. There were two children, herself, and husband, all lodged apparently in one small room, with a bit of a kitchen. Her youngest, therefore, was at seventy leagues from Paris, where a child's board cost from twenty-two to thirty francs a month; nearer the city it would be from forty to fifty francs.

A baby was born into the family of Victor Leblanc during my stay in Paris. The newly born was dressed in a little sacque, doubtless with a flannel shirt under it, without any petticoats or socks, but with its body well wrapped in a little blanket, which was then doubled up behind to protect the feet, and pinned up at the sides. A thick cap was put upon its head. It is useless to say, "We do not put on caps; we do not confine our children's feet." Is not Paris the centre of the civilized world? But of one little fellow over a year old who did not walk, I am told that he had not been allowed to use his legs soon enough. I said to the mother that we do not pin up babies' feet. "Not in the winter?" she asks.

The habit of putting on caps, which has so long been discontinued with us, seems to be generally prevalent in France, and often doubtless with disagreeable results.

But to return to the newly born girl at our own apartment in Paris. France is remarkable in registering babies, and in the legal papers called acts of birth. Madame Leblanc could hardly comprehend our getting along without them. On the birth of a child, notice must be given at the mayor's office within three days. France must know when he is twenty-one, and ready to serve in the army. An old law required that the child be brought to the mayor's office,

and its sex examined; but the exposure was thought injurious, and the law was modified so as to allow a person or persons to visit it. While Victor was absent for a short time they came, but did not come up, and requested that the child should be taken to the office. So on Sunday morning Victor gets a carriage, and I assist him by holding the baby, and he keeps the carriage shut up close although it is the latter part of May. The mayor is not in the office, but his clerk is there; and there is another party before us—a plain man and the nurse and a baby, and another man as witness. This baby is a day old, and has been brought on foot. What is your name, and what is your wife's? what are your ages? what is your profession? what is hers? These are all the questions I remember. No—whether the baby is to be put out to nurse, is asked somewhere. Victor's is not. He allows the clerk to make the requisite examination, that France may not be cheated out of a young soldier, and we are at liberty. The law does not allow Victor to give a family name. Had the little one been a boy, we could not have named him for our friend Lenoir Leblanc, lest he should say that his name was Lenoir, and cause confusion. France is often fearful or guarded. But we may name him for a great man—we may call him for Victor Hugo.

The shoe-maker and his wife, one or both, went at Whitsuntide to bring home their oldest from the country. He is about three, and a pretty little Frenchman, still wearing his white cap, contrasting with his brown skin. He has on, too, a blue check blouse-apron—his country apron, perhaps. He has a sardine, but he sheds a tear or two because he wants to go back to the country, and his mother says, "To-morrow we will go and ride, and ride." They are very pretty young people, the shoe-maker and wife. Poor little fellow! When I call again I hear that he has become reconciled; he has gone to his grandfather's, near the Luxembourg; he is sweet, *gentil;* he is tractable.

Of the well-known street boy of Paris, the *gamin*, I see little. Most of the boys seem well-behaved. The fruiterer's, however, came late one Sunday morning. He brings us milk, and it seems that he is in the shade. He had spilled milk, I hear, on the waxed staircase, and had spit upon it; and when the porter, the *concierge*, scolded, he mocked at him, saying, "There is no moss upon the flint stones"—*Il n'y a pas de mousse sur les cailloux*—by which he meant what the naughty boys did who mocked at Elisha, as we read, "Go up, thou bald-head." Then, when the concierge tried to catch him, he ran away between the concierge's legs. So he got a whipping from his father or master. If in the Tuileries garden you speak to a decent-looking youth in a blouse, and ask some direction, which he points out, you offer him a small gift, which he thinks beneath his merits, and tells you, "I know Paris, me!" He has shown some English people Notre Dame, and they gave him so much. He walks with you out of the garden; his attentions become embarrassing. You ask the way to the Madeleine of a man in uniform; behold! your boy has fallen back; he disappeared in the stream like ice before that sun of authority.

I find a dozen important points in which the schools in Paris differ from ours in Pennsylvania. And first I suppose that they are not—the grammar schools which they call primary or communal—of so high a rank in public estimation as ours now are.

Another point is that no one is allowed to teach without a diploma or certificate, as in some parts of our own country no one is allowed to practice medicine without a diploma. But to this French rule there is one important exception: if a monk or nun wishes to teach, a letter from a superior, sometimes at least, answers instead of a diploma. A rule very wonderful to us is that the public are not allowed to visit the public schools. Through an especial order from a person in high standing at the Luxembourg I obtained admission into several girls' schools; but as I received no permit to visit the boys', I might have had to leave Paris without enjoying the privilege, had not a French gentleman given me a card of presentation to a distinguished teacher of one of the boys' schools. At one of the Protestant public schools Miss —— admitted me without an especial order, her name having been mentioned to me by another teacher. My English accent helped me here. A Protestant public school! What does that mean? This: that the government aids in the support of three religious parties besides the Catholic

Church, and that it supports Reformed, Lutheran, and at least one Jewish school. I am not quite certain, however, that the Protestant schools are thus divided between Lutheran and Reformed. How great is the majority of professed Catholics in France may be inferred from the fact that of sixty-four pupils at the Girls' Normal School, not one is reported to me as Protestant. The Protestant school that I visited is not large enough to be graded like the others, the Catholic, and the teacher has not a regular assistant. Another great difference between us is the great amount of religious teaching in Paris, regular and irregular. Under the head of regular I place the instruction given in the first morning hour in all the grammar schools. The religious teaching here begins with prayers and the lesser catechism, and a little abridgment from the Bible called *Abridgment of Sacred History*. Of the irregular religious instruction I heard something at one of the girls' schools, thus: a teacher told me that thirty of her pupils were then absent at church, that from the age of ten to twelve children are prepared for their first communion, and that they have to be absent at church for confession or to be catechised so frequently as to cause great derangement in the classes. Nevertheless, I am told that there is in matters of religion a great indifference. The teachers of France after a certain length of service are retired on a pension. I was told at one of the infant schools that the head teacher there must be fifty-five years old and must have served twenty-five years before receiving her retreat or pension, which in her case would be one thousand francs a year. Teachers of a higher grade of course would receive more.

Another point of difference is that coeducation of the sexes is forbidden in France, being only allowed in those communes or townships which are too feeble to sustain two schools.

Another difference between us is that the French have the office of inspector; they have no unpaid school directors. I suppose, however, that these salaried inspectors may be said to correspond with our county superintendents, and that in rural districts their visits are equally rare, so that they do not fill the place of school directors. How far, then, from filling that of a visiting public!

But at one of the infant schools of Paris (they call them asylums, *salles d'asyle*), I had the pleasure of meeting a lady, Madame ——, who is inspectress for five infant schools. In conversation, she says that she admires much the idea of the coeducation of the sexes. At the same school I see a little work called "*Gymnastic Games for Infant Schools*, by Madame Marie Pape-Carpentier, General Inspectress of Infant Schools: Paris, 1868."

The next point of difference is that little or no mental arithmetic is taught in the grammar schools. One of my notes, however, says that there certainly is some pretty powerful arithmetic, of which I brought away an example in a question in decimals done by a little girl of nine. At the Girls' Normal School, however, mental arithmetic is taught in the first year.

In the girls' grammar schools sewing is taught. In the Girls' Normal School the pupils are taught history—that of Greece, Rome, and the East, which last probably means Palestine. They are not taught that of any country of modern times but France, and that of other countries as connected with their own, which indeed gives them considerable European history; but it is worthy of remark that they cease to study the history of their own country at the year 1815.

THE LAST OF THE CHANG-MAOS.

"SINCE we last addressed you, business has been much impeded by the near approach of the Chang-maos, or Taeping rebels, who are threatening the settlement, and an attack from whom is not improbable. Hoping that this state of affairs may not long continue, and asking reference to inclosures, we remain, Yours faithf—"

BANG! BANG!

That letter was never finished. I think that its fragments were found, weeks after, crushed into the pockets of the writer, George Harrison, a young New-Yorker, confidential clerk in the house of X. and Co., and private in the Shanghai Mounted Rangers.

For some days a notice, something like the following, had appeared in the morning papers:

"In the event of an attack, the alarm will be given by the firing of two guns from H. B. M. Consulate. The *chevaux-de-frise* will at once be thrown across the street by the police. Volunteers, both infantry and cavalry, will fall in at the Main Guard, and act in conjunction with the Royal Artillery. The Bund will be patrolled by the seamen from the merchant vessels, and such residents as may offer

their services. In an extremity the senior naval officer will not undertake to hold more than the British Consulate; and it is recommended that ladies and children be removed to the steamers, which will be ready to receive them."

This last sentence was not pleasant reading, recalling, as it did, the Indian mutiny. People thought of the blind confidence which preceded such massacres as that at Cawnpore, of the graves there over which the grass was yet hardly well grown, and of the avenging soldiers, with streaming eyes and clinched teeth, dividing the hairs from the head of the poor murdered girl among them, and solemnly swearing to have a sepoy life for every one. Nor could the situation by any stretch of courtesy be called felicitous. The Taeping rebels, victorious at many points over the "Imps," as they called the Imperialists, were approaching Shanghai, and asked the surrender of the native city, promising only the kindest and friendliest intercourse with the foreign community. But, much to the disgust of the latter, the authorities said "No!" and a fight against heavy odds seemed inevitable. As usual, however, in such cases, all argument ceased with the first gun. George Harrison, his office closed, his uniform and sword on, and his repeating carbine in hand, and helping his frightened *mafoo*, or groom, to saddle his fine Arab, forgot all the law he had laid down at the club the night before, forgot how he had proved the palpable absurdity of helping a miserable government which was bound by solemn treaties to protect the foreigners, and of fighting not for hearth and altar, but for consignors' gray shirtings and Cardiff coal. There came over his mind only that curious feeling of being driven to the wall, and desperate resultant pugnacity, which seem to come to the Anglo-Saxon whenever he finds himself threatened by overwhelming odds in the shape of hostile Asiatics. As he rode hastily to the rendezvous, he exchanged greetings with many members of the corps, both infantry and cavalry, all hurrying on, all cheerful, all "plucky." At the Main Guard he saw quiet clerks of sedentary habits, cool as veterans, and eagerly volunteering for the detachment which was to cover the section of Royal Artillery detailed for a dangerous post, and heard the cheery voice of the colonel, who, cheroot in mouth and bridle in hand, was making his dispositions. Along the streets poured a living mass of flying, shrieking natives—men, women, and children—through which the Rangers, ordered at once to duty, with difficulty forced their way. Through the *maloo* (horse road), and then a squalid village, they reached the "Stone Bridge," only to see the rebels in full flight, leaving the maimed and bleeding bodies of their victims behind them. There was a chance for but one charge, and it was instantly made; but the rough country necessitated a speedy recall, and just as the bugle sounded, George Harrison had seized a prisoner. The rebel attack had failed, and before it could be effectively renewed, the opportunity was lost. Before long the American Dugald Dalgetty, General Ward, the well-known General Gordon, and the "ever-victorious army," had done their work, and the rebellion was crushed.

George Harrison's prisoner was a fine-looking youth, with intelligent and striking face, and he excited the interest of his captors. The danger to the settlement past, the volunteers reflected that they bore the Taepings no ill-will, and rather, indeed, admired their pluck; and as the Rangers rode slowly home, they debated as to what they should do with this boy, who walked along at the side of George's horse, showing no signs of feeling, and apparently indifferent as to what became of him. Short shrift would this poor fellow have had in the hands of the "Imps," and there was not a man but would have fought rather than give him up. In a very short time he was in George's room, responding to the questions of a good missionary who spoke his dialect, his stolid reserve melting away, and his face plainly showing his surprise and delight at discovering that his captor meant him only kindness. Within a few months no one could have distinguished him from the other neatly dressed "boys" about the hong. He learned Pidgin English rapidly; and when George's own servant announced, for the fourth time in nine months, that his mother "hab makee die," consent to his attending the funeral was coupled with a suggestion that he need not take the trouble to return; and Ah-King took his place. From that time George was a well-served man, intelligence, gratitude, and apparent affection combining to this end, and the ex-rebel became quite a local celebrity.

After the fall of the Taepings, matters

in Shanghai resumed their ordinary course, and the years rolled quietly and uneventfully on. The scenes of frightful slaughter and devastation were vividly remembered only by those who had witnessed something of them, or recalled by the ruin and desolation seen by the excursionists, who, as the country grew safer, pushed their boats farther and farther up the creeks and canals. Tea and silk seasons came and went; ships were loaded and dispatched; regular and opposition lines of steamers plied on the great Yang-tze; "old hands" went home, and "griffins" came out; and George Harrison, clever, industrious, and alert, found his position gradually improving, and himself at last gazetted as *taepan*, or partner. Through all the vicissitudes of his life, Ah-King was his faithful Man Friday. In the sultry summer mornings, awaking to find that inexorable sun sending its horizontal rays blazing through the bamboo shades, his light step in the room brought to his master the refreshing promise of cooling bath and superfine coffee, both ready on the minute. As for his wardrobe, no Egyptian task-master ever more relentlessly exacted the tale of bricks from his Israelitish captives than did Ah-King the "counta" of the wily washman. Even of handkerchiefs, the evanescent quality of which is the champion grievance of the Oriental bachelor, George used to relate that he had one more at the end of the year than at the beginning.

At twelve-o'clock breakfast no one's fried sole was so skillfully relieved of its bones, and no one's *café noir* so exactly to his taste. Nor could any thing surpass the scrupulous honesty of the boy, according to his lights, and his rigid regard for the rights of property. A lady member of a party of guests, who visited the house on the way around the world, whispered to her entertainer that she had skillfully hidden sundry *impedimenta* which she wished to discard; but when the party had said good-by, and the caravan of sedan-chairs and luggage-bearing coolies was moving down the street to the wharf, up ran Ah-King, triumphant but out of breath, and bearing aloft a pair of buttonless boots and an ancient hoop-skirt! I say honest according to his lights, because the canons of honesty differ with the meridians of longitude; and with regard to getting the better of a custom-house, for instance, I am bound to say that no virtuous lady returning from Paris could have been more eager or ingenious. When rice—the export of which from Shanghai is contraband—was in great demand, and at a very high price, in Japan, he came one day to his master and said: "Can catchee largee chancee" (much profit can be made). "That licee" (rice) "this side two taelee hap" (two and a half taels per picul); "Japan side seven dollar."

It was explained that while this was quite true, the customs forbade.

"Master," said he, coming closer, "mus-see wantchee that *smuzzle pidgin*" (we must take to smuggling).

Exceedingly vigilant was he, also, in his precautions against the inroads of the lively and persistent mosquito. Little need for *his* master to fling himself from his couch in the small hours of the night, seat himself in an arm-chair, light a cheroot, and steadily ring his bell until every Chinese employé of his establishment, from the dignified comprador to the humblest cooly, had gathered, expectant, in his apartment, only to be quietly told that they must find "two piecee mosquito." No Baker or Cumming ever pursued the wild game of the tropics more faithfully and persistently than he this devouring insect; and ensconced in a bed, the net over which this expert had pronounced in good order, one could mock at the raging outside.

Nor was he only a fair-weather friend. One day his master, who had not felt well for some time, found a strange languor and dizziness coming over him, and tottered from his office to his room. Not a day's rest had he taken through a long and terribly hot summer, and the deadly September malaria had done its work. The dear old doctor, gratefully remembered as friend and nurse as well as physician by many a sufferer, shook his head when he saw him; and that night the fellows at the club all knew that he had a bad attack of Shanghai fever, which has been described as "combining the bad qualities of all other fevers with a few of its own." And then friends rallied, as they always do out there, and no man had more faithful care; but pre-eminent among all efficient nurses and helpers was the boy whom the invalid had saved all those years before. Sleep seemed unnecessary to him, and every requirement

was almost anticipated rather than met. And when the pain and delirium were at last over, and the patient, transferred in less than two days from the marshy surroundings of his residence to the delightful scenery of Japan, reached, by easy stages, a hospitable bungalow perched on the side of one of the Nagasaki hills, he found his home comforts and surroundings reproduced by his servant's thoughtful care. To look from a veranda in this favored region on the prospect spread out below and around, the beautiful harbor and the wooded and terraced hills, is a cure of itself; and with this and the care of the skillful Dutch doctor from Decima, George was soon ready to return to his work, restored and invigorated for two years more, at the end of which he looked forward to a return to his native land. Contented and successful as he had been, and with much to regret in leaving China, the prospect revived all his home longings, and made him impatient to be off. That his boy would accompany him he well knew. He had no mother to "makee die," no "wifo," or "smallo piecee chilo;" and though he would have failed to express himself in Scriptural language, he made something like a paraphrase of the words of Ruth—"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." So all affairs were settled up, overland trunks packed, the last farewell dinner eaten, and farewell speeches made, and George walked down to the jetty amid a volley of fire-crackers, and was pulled off to the French mail steamer, Ah-King, in his fur-trimmed jacket and felt cap, keeping guard over the portmanteaus in the bow of the boat. The run to Hong-Kong was speedily made; and arriving in one of those winter months which are so enjoyable in that colony, the usual two days' detention there promised well for amusement. George called on his old friends, accepted invitations for every available hour, drove out over the pretty Lyeemoon Pass road, and was listening to the band in the Public Garden, when a sudden desire seized him for a farewell walk over the hills. Pleasant enough they looked, with the sun sinking over the ridge, and nothing could apparently be safer than the shady paths. George noticed that an Indian policeman said something as he passed him, but thought it rather a salutation than a warning. As his path grew more and more lonely, and wound in among rocks, he suddenly remembered, however, that it was this particular place which had been mentioned at dinner the night before as unsafe, and he decided to turn around just as he saw two rough-looking natives appear some distance in front of him. Facing about, what should he see but Ah-King coming toward him on a run, panting and breathless. "Master!" he gasped, "you makee—take—care, *Lallee-loon* man come" (*Ladrone*, robber or pirate); and unable to utter another word, he held out George's old-fashioned Colt's six-shooter, loaded and capped. And now, from behind a rock which the boy had just passed, appeared two more ruffians. In an instant George had his back against a bowlder, and dragged Ah-King close to him.

With the wonderful rapidity born only of such circumstances, he realized his position, felt a distinct petulance or disgust at such a probable winding up of his Eastern career, remembered poor Richardson, cut down at Kanagawa on his farewell visit, and recalled home friends and scenes. But he was a good, a cool, and a brave man, and all these flashes of sentiment were overridden by a tried faith, a desperate resolution, and an earnest reliance on the excellence of his percussion-caps and the steadiness of his pistol hand. It all seemed to pass in a second, and the men were closing in upon him as he laid the revolver across his left arm and brought the muzzle down. As he pulled the trigger, he saw Ah-King raise his long knife. George's aim was true; down went the first man, then the second. The other two were an instant late in coming up, and one was a little ahead of the other. The boy, looking as wild as in old Taeping times, stepped forward to meet the foremost, and in the one moment when his master dared not fire on his account the fourth man made a stealthy spring, and was at his side. With a fierce cry, Ah-King, who had wounded his own adversary, threw himself between them, too late to strike, but receiving the robber's knife in his breast just as the third bullet pierced the scoundrel's brain. But one remained. He had been disabled but for an instant, and had turned to fly, when the foremost of a party of Sikh police, coming up on the dead run, brought the butt of his carbine with a crash upon his head. They picked up the poor boy, and

one man was running for the nearest doctor, when an old sergeant shook his head and pointed to the terrible wound in his breast. The fighting glare had gone from his eye, and just before he died, but a few minutes later, his master thought he saw a gleam of affectionate recognition therein.

The good missionary who saw the poor fellow when he was captured had concerned himself greatly about him, and firmly believed that his interest in the Christian religion was real and hearty. So they buried him next day in the cemetery in the "Happy Valley;" and when the service was over, and the military chaplain took George's arm, just as they passed out under the old gateway with "Hodie mihi, cras tibi," over it, he repeated, as if speaking the result of his thoughts about the unwonted ceremony: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

We heard the last of this little story one pleasant spring morning in Paris. George Harrison was with a party of us old China and India people sitting in the covered court of the Grand Hôtel. All were homeward-bound except a couple of fellows going out to Amoy. We had been laughing at a colonel from Bengal for wearing his sun-hat in the Bois, and he had heaped coals of fire on our heads by giving us some superb cheroots. As we were lighting them, some one was reminded of Ah-King, who used always to bring in a burning charcoal ball after dinner in a little silver plate, and he asked Harrison what had become of him. He told us, with much feeling, what I have just written, and it made a marked impression on the party. We all agreed that he was undoubtedly the best, as he was also, as far as our knowledge went, the last, of the Chang-maos.

THE DRAINING OF A VILLAGE.

I WAS called, in the early part of 1878, to examine the village of Cumberland Mills, Maine, where there had been an undue amount of disease, indicating a possible defect of drainage. The village is chiefly owned by Messrs. S. D. Warren and Co., of Boston, and its population is mainly employed in their large paper mill. They had taken every measure that had occurred to them to provide in the best manner for the comfort and welfare of their people, and had expended in drains, sewers, and other sanitary appliances a very large sum; they had, in short, conscientiously done their very best, under the lights available to them, to make their village a model of healthfulness and convenience.

I found on every hand ample evidence of elaborate and costly work, of a charac-

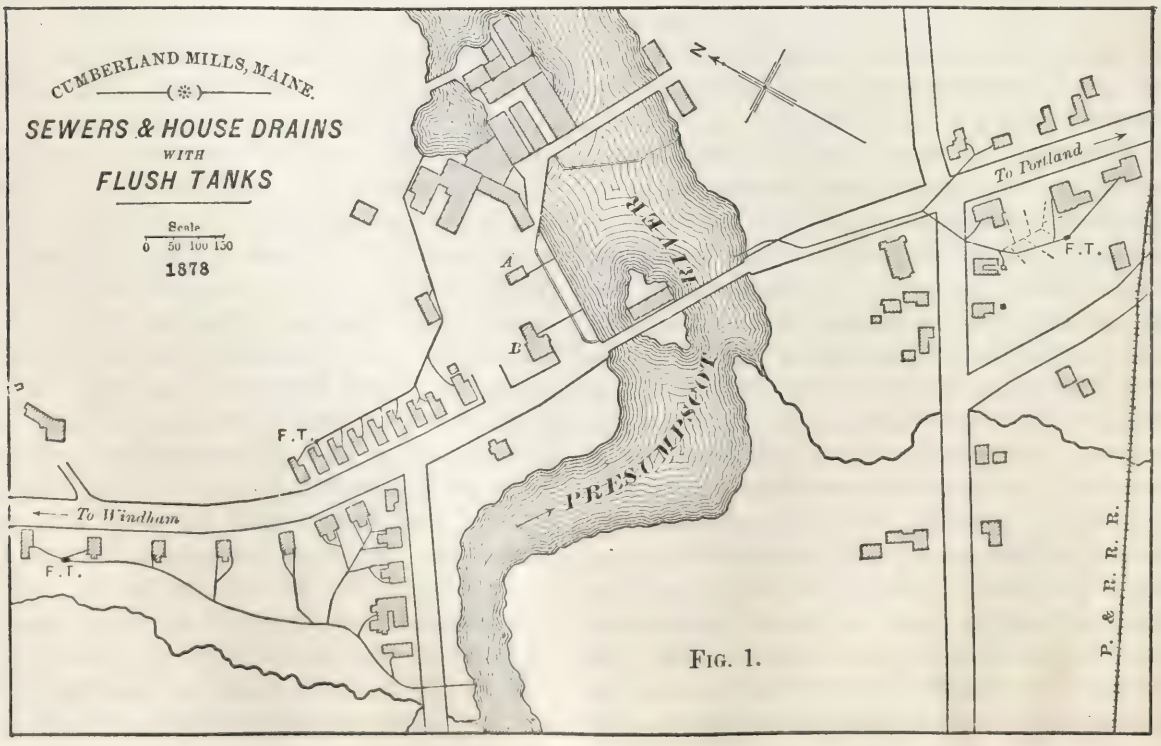


FIG. 1.

ter appropriate to the different classes of buildings. The agent's house had the usual conveniences and the usual defects of a first-class house in the city; the boarding-houses were abundantly supplied with water-works, and the smaller houses had kitchen sinks with running water, cellar drains, etc.; some of the larger houses were heated with furnaces. The workmanship was generally good, and indicated that it had been guided by a good engineering skill, though quite without sanitary knowledge.

To one accustomed to the inspection of drainage works, the gravest faults of arrangement were every where patent. Each house had a drain leading from its cellar to a common sewer of too large size, or to the surface of lower ground in its vicinity. Where water-closets were used, they had been erected with reference to convenience, but without reference to a proper disposal of their wastes. Most of the smaller houses had common privies adjacent to them, and in the majority of cases the drainage of the kitchen sink delivered, often through an insufficiently closed channel, into the mouth of the untrapped drain of the cellar. In some instances there were indications that these drains had become obstructed, and the discharge of the kitchen sink had overrun the cellar bottom. In other cases the foul air of the drain, or of the sewer into which it discharged, flowed back into the cellar and permeated the house. In the few instances where furnaces were used, they took their supply of cold air not from outside the house, but from the front hall, the same air being cooked over and over again—certainly with the effect of economizing fuel. The soil pipes of the water-closets were unventilated, and the insalubrity seemed to be pretty nearly in proportion to the effort which had been made to overcome it.

I was entirely unhampered in my instructions, and was encouraged to do all that the most perfect sanitary condition required. The village lies on rolling ground considerably higher than the pond made by the damming of the Presumpscot River. This pond has a rapid and constant movement. The arrangement of the new system is shown in Fig. 1. For drainage, the houses are grouped mainly into three sets, each with its independent sewer discharging into the river. *A* is the office building, where the work was very simple, and has not been changed. *B* is the agent's house, of which the drainage was entirely re-arranged, with a ventilation of its main drain and soil pipe. It is to the drainage of the operatives' houses that I desire to call especial attention.

The heavier lines indicate the main sewers, of six-inch vitrified pipe, running from the flush tanks (F T) to the river. These are laid with securely cemented joints, and with Y branches to receive the house drains, which are shown by the lighter lines. These house drains are of four-inch vitrified pipe, with cemented joints. Each one of them reaches nearly to the foundation wall of the house, and is connected under the cellar floor with the water-closet, which is in nearly every case located in the cellar. The outlet of each of the main sewers is arranged as shown in Fig. 2, its extension through the bank

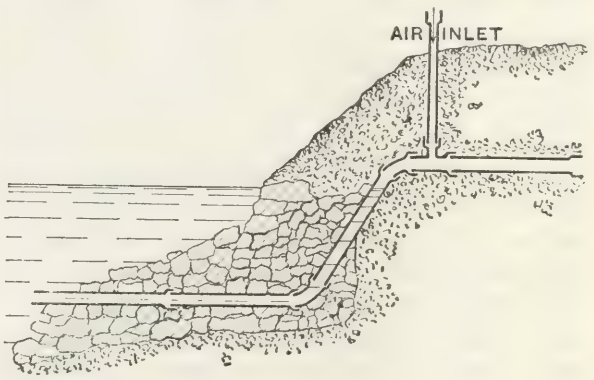


FIG. 2.—OUTLET OF SEWER, WITH VENTILATION INLET.

wall of the pond and for some distance into the water being of iron pipe supported and protected by loose stone-work. At the top of the bank there is erected from a T branch of the sewer a four-inch iron pipe extending above the surface of the ground, and open at its mouth for the admission of air. There is no trap between this point and the foundation walls of the houses, each house drain being connected outside the walls with a three-inch ventilation pipe reaching above the roof, shown in Fig. 4. This arrangement secures a free circulation of air through the entire length of sewer and house drains.

At the upper end of each main sewer there is placed a Field's flush tank, constructed as shown in Fig. 3. This is a brick chamber built in the ground, receiving in one case the drainage of a four-tenement house, and in the two others the drainage of the upper two houses of the series—roof water and all. This drainage enters the tank through the pipe *C*. *A* is the

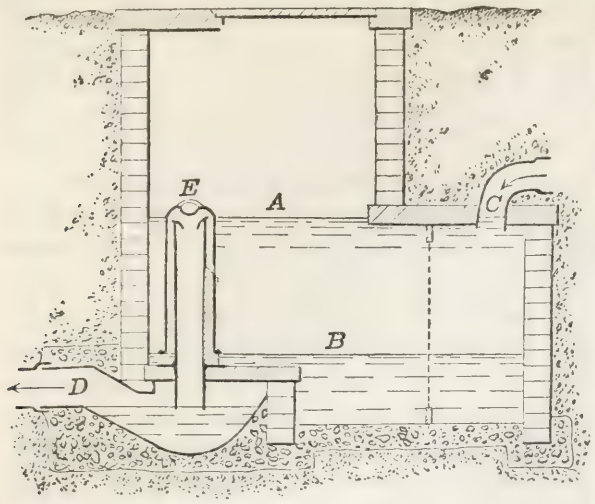


FIG. 3.—FIELD'S FLUSH TANK.

surface of the water when the tank is full, and *B* when it is emptied. The capacity of the tank between the lines *A* and *B* is about five barrels. In front of the entrance there is a wire screen to prevent the passage of coarse material. This is held in place by wooden wedges, and may easily be removed for cleansing. The depression below the line *B* is for the accumulation of solid matters which may not become decomposed. A portion of the tank is carried up to the surface of the ground, with a movable cover for a man-hole. *E* is Field's automatic annular siphon, by which the tank is emptied as soon as its contents rise high enough to flow over the top of its inner (and longer) limb. The short limb is a dome inclosing the inner limb, with a water-way all around its bottom, reaching to the line *B*. The drainage of the remaining houses of each system flows directly to the main drain, where it may deposit more or less of its coarser matters. The drainage of the upper houses flows into the flush tank, where it is held until the top of the siphon is reached. The whole amount (five barrels) is then discharged with great rapidity into the main sewer (*D*), washing it clean from end to end. During storms the roof water increases this action, but the flow of sewage alone is sufficient to remove all accumulations from the sewer.

The arrangement within the houses is shown in Fig. 4, where *A* is a tumbler tank, delivering about two quarts of water at each discharge; *B* is the kitchen sink; *C* is a check-valve trap, preventing the return of air from the water-closet to the sink; and *D*, the water-closet, in the cellar. The closets are of enamelled cast iron, with iron traps, and iron connections with the house drains, the whole being securely set in cement, which forms the entire floor of the closet apartment. The whole cellar bottom is coated in like manner with cement. The closet has a

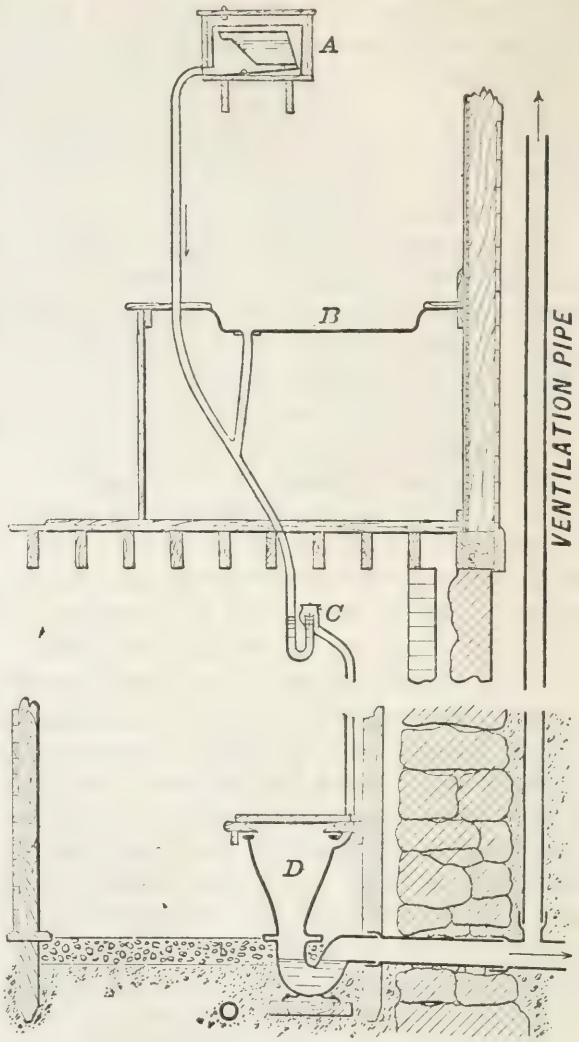


FIG. 4.—HOUSE, KITCHEN, AND CELLAR, WITH SINK, WATER-CLOSET, FLUSHING ARRANGEMENT, AND CHECK VALVE.

wooden seat, but no riser. The whole space around the pot is open to the air and light, and to the broom and floor cloth.

Fig. 5 shows the construction of the tumbler tank, which is a small galvanized iron tank inclosed in a wooden box, of which the cover may be locked, and within which is a small faucet connected with the public water supply, and under the control of the public inspector only. Within the box, and supported on knife-edge trunnions, is a galvanized iron tumbler or tilting basin, with a capacity of about two quarts. Its normal position is shown by the solid lines (*A*), its rear end resting on a buffer of India rubber. The faucet is set to fill it at fixed intervals, usually from five to ten minutes. When

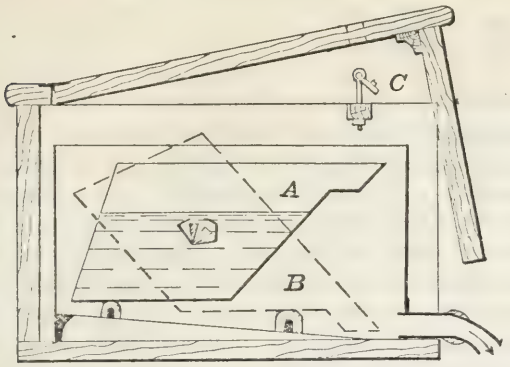


FIG. 5.—DETAILS OF THE TUMBLER TANK.

nearly full, the weight of the water in the projecting lip causes it to tilt forward and assume the position indicated by the dotted lines (*B*), its front side striking an India rubber buffer, and its contents pouring rapidly out, to flow off through the outlet pipe, as shown by the arrow. When empty, its rear end is the heaviest, and it drops back into position, ready to receive another charge of water. *C* is the lock and staple by which the cover is secured. Fig. 6 shows a cross section of the patent

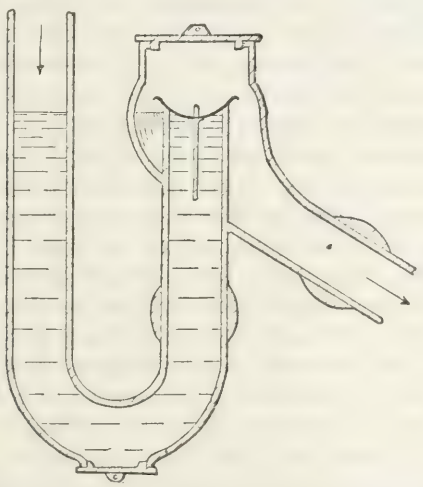


FIG. 6.—CROSS SECTION OF CHECK VALVE.

check valve, by which the air of the cellar or closet is prevented from returning to the kitchen.

The frequency of the flushing discharge is a perfect security against frost; the kitchen waste-pipe is kept clean, and the trapping water of the closet is renewed every five or ten minutes, day and night, all fæces and kitchen waste being carried into the drain and quite on to the river before its decomposition can even begin. This frequent renewal of the water in the closet trap would be a considerable protection against foul air in the drain even were this not ventilated. In effect there is perfect ventilation only a few feet distant from the closet. The whole arrangement is entirely pure and satisfactory, and it secures the removal of all offensive waste matters in a most complete and unobjectionable manner. The same arrangements in principle are applied to the two large boarding-houses, one for men and one for women, and with equally good results.

Other minor improvements have been made, such as the under-draining of a low tract, as shown by dotted lines near the southeast corner of the map; the removal of stables, of all pig-pens, and of all privies. Where cellars are subject to soil moisture they have been drained below the concrete, and with ample protection against the return of drain air through the old drains leading to the old sewer, or to the hill-sides. These drains have absolutely no connection with the foul-water system, which delivers below the surface of the water in the river, which is frequently and thoroughly flushed, and which is abundantly ventilated close up to the wall of every house. Not as a matter of drainage, but as being very necessary to health, the cold air supply to furnaces where these exist has been cut off from the front hall registers and brought into communication with the outer air. The houses shown on the map which are not connected with the sewers are mainly either not the property of Messrs. S. D. Warren and Co., or are to be torn down or removed.

The method of sewerage above indicated, and, so far as working-people are concerned, the method of house drainage, are almost universally applicable to country villages generally, and even to very large villages. Indeed, with a very moderate increase of size in the main sewers, where a hundred or more houses are to be drained, it is the best system available for many villages which have city charters. It would often be necessary, but by no means always, to secure some better means of sewage disposal than its discharge into a river or brook. One very important fact in this connection is apt to be overlooked, which is, that while the outflow of large and sluggish sewers is poisonous to fish, and in every way unfitted for admission to rivers, fresh fæcal matter and fresh kitchen waste are food for fishes, which are its natural and proper scavengers. The whole household drainage of a town should be carried immediately into a river by cleanly flushed sewers.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE death of the sister-in-law of Napoleon Bonaparte, who died nearly sixty years ago, brings us face to face with an epoch which is already historical and remote. It is strange to think that a woman who was married before the battle of Austerlitz, and who in a certain way was a conspicuous figure in the era of Napoleon, has been just buried. Twenty-five years ago, although then nearly threescore and ten years old, she was still a handsome woman, proud of her personal attraction and adapting her toilet to show her round arms. She must have been a beautiful woman when young, and exceedingly fascinating, but at the later period of which we speak her manner was imperious, and her tongue caustic. Of late years she had passed out of general knowledge until the news of her death apprised the public that she had been living. If she has left a faithful story of her life, as is reported, it will be a book of singular interest and value from its intimate glimpses of the most famous family of modern times, yet a family made famous by the daring genius of one member only. All her manuscripts, however, are bequeathed to her grandson Charles Joseph Bonaparte, and his judgment, of course, will determine the question of publication. Mistress Elizabeth Patterson, who was buried in the most private and unostentatious manner, was the widow of a king, the sister-in-law of the greatest of modern emperors, of two kings, of a queen, of a prince, and of two princesses. She had declined the throne of a principality, and had demanded to be made a duchess of France by Napoleon. He assented, but, "smiling, put the question by," paying her an annuity until he was overthrown. It is reported that Talleyrand said of her that as a queen she would reign with consummate grace, and that Gortchakoff said, if she had been at Napoleon's court, the Allies would have found the task of dealing with him more difficult. Talleyrand and Gortchakoff were *complimenteurs* of the old school, but the anecdotes are characteristic decorations of her story.

Jerome Bonaparte, afterward King of Westphalia, during the Napoleonic ascendency, was undoubtedly sincerely attached to his wife. But Napoleon, who was in the eyes of court circles in Europe a parvenu emperor, although the only really imposing royal figure of his time, was naturally careful of all the proprieties of sovereignty, and one of the first of these is that the head of the reigning house must approve the marriage of the members. He consequently condemned Jerome's marriage; and after a little contest with his brother's imperial will, Jerome yielded and abandoned his wife, and was rewarded with military and naval commands, and the throne of Westphalia. Madame Patterson herself sought a divorce, and her action has been always thought strange, as she was a lawful wife of unsullied character, and the Pope had refused to annul her marriage, which was strictly canonical. It is not impossible, however, that her admiration of Napoleon and her consciousness of the impossibility of shaking his will, joined with an indomitable pride which made her scorn to be a deserted but passive wife, may have determined her resolution. It was better to be wholly and lawfully free—better, even if she had no other counsellor than ambition. When Jerome complained that she was willing to receive aid from his brother Napoleon, but not from him, she is said to have replied that she preferred shelter beneath the wing of an eagle to suspension from the pinion of a goose. Once, after the separation, she met Jerome. It was in the gallery of the Pitti Palace, in Florence, and his royal wife was with him. Jerome said to the Princess, "That lady was my former wife." Madame Patterson said only, "It is Jerome."

What a glimpse into what a world, all still and spectral now, this opening grave gives us! There must be very few women living who, like Madame Patterson, were wives and mothers when William Pitt died. And this was the last of the figures that were conspicuous then, for Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who still lives, the Nestor of British diplomatists, was not at that early day distinguished. Madame Patterson was married in Jefferson's first term. She was born two years after the close of the Revolution, and before the Convention met that framed the Constitution of the United States. To recall such dates and such events is to go back to the beginnings of our national history, and to live among scenes and persons of which now scarcely a contemporary survives. The fires of those hot passions have burned out. Looking upon them from the cool distance, we can see how insincere much of the fury was, and how essentially small much of the apparent greatness. Such reflections are those of the preacher coming to the exhortation of his sermon. But they are none the less timely and significant. Are our furies so much sincerer? Is our greatness so much greater? When their public contests were over, Jefferson and John Adams, who had been relentless enemies, became cordial friends. After all, then, you were not an assassin of liberty and an incendiary of the Union? I was mistaken, was I, and you were aiming at the same end by another method? We were both angry, reckless, selfish, and prejudiced, were we? Good-night, brother, and pray that our children may be wiser than we!

THOSE parting words of the ghosts that appear as we recall the days when Madame Patterson Bonaparte was a beautiful young bride, remind us of more recent words that we heard

from a modern statesman. We were looking at the residence of a famous man, and the statesman, who had seen much of active and distinguished public life, said that he had known all the great men of his day in Washington and elsewhere, and during the highest party differences. But they were always friendly and familiar, he said; they did not permit their political differences to affect their personal relations. *Messieurs, tirez les premiers*, was always their motto and their spirit. He lamented that it was not so always. He thought, evidently, that there was a kind of convention in the matter. The "friends of administration," as the old phrase was in England, will always insist that Charles Fox is a French revolutionist in disguise, and Charles Fox will always denounce "administration" as plotting the overthrow of liberty. But may not the augurs dine together, for all that? When the curtain at St. Stephen's is rung down, and the audience has gone home, and the lights are out, and the paint is washed off, and the stage armor is laid away, and the dagger is deposited with the other properties until the next regular performance, and the resounding and reverberating *r*'s in "w-r-r-r-retch" are hushed until the curtain is rung up again, why should not Mr. Folair and the other gentlemen of the play take a quiet chop together, and quaff a foaming tankard, and smoke the pipe of peace?

This was plainly the view of the statesman, who has borne his part in the contests of his time, and it is the feeling of many other people. It is plausible, and, indeed, when we look at the contentions of other times and countries, we can see the errors, and the factitious ardor, and the ingenious sophistry, and the simulated wrath. Nor is it to be denied that party spirit is a very mischievous evil, to be repressed and subdued by all sensible men. But politics are not merely a game to test the cleverness of the players. They are founded upon earnest conviction and temperament. So long as they are honorably conducted, those differences of opinion need not breed personal estrangement. *Tirez les premiers*, however, was the greeting of men who were about to fight to the death, because there was no other adjustment of the difference. In the same way, honorable politics, although they may lead to civil war, need not occasion personal ill-will. But then honorable politics imply a respect of treatment, a freedom from misrepresentation, or taunt, or calumny, or ridicule, or innuendo, which are seldom found. When a man charges an opponent with unconstitutional conduct, or insists that he favors a course which is prejudicial to the public welfare, he merely states that his opinions differ from those of his opponent, and, of course, one opinion may be as defensible as the other. When Webster and Hayne differed as to the nature of the Constitution, and each maintained his view with argument, there was no reason whatever that they should not eat together the quiet chop, nor smoke the peaceful pipe. But when one gentleman asserted that his opponent supported a system which was the sum of human villainies, demoralizing to all who were brought within its sphere, and making them man-stealers, brutes, and assassins, it was hard to separate the abstract view from its concrete application. It is true that the accused might reply that the charge sprang from ignorance, and could not be accepted as a sincere assertion; but, on the other hand, if a man really believed that the person, the associate, or the colleague of whom he spoke was in fact a thief and a murderer, he could not honestly treat him as if he were a gentleman. If he did not think so, he had no right whatever to say so, and he showed himself to be no gentleman.

A member of Congress accepted an invitation to the house of a colleague. "Do you think him an honest man?" asked a friend. "No, I think him a blank scoundrel." "Why do you go?" "Because he is my colleague." That kind of courtesy is corrupting in the highest degree, because it makes a certain position screen rascality. All that blank scoundrels have to do, then, is to secure such a position, and they will be treated as honorable men. But if this member of Congress did wrong in socially countenancing a man whom he believed to be a rascal, how could he have done right in taking the quiet chop and smoking the peaceful pipe with another man whom he believed to be a much greater rascal? When an especially brazen and outrageous offender is arraigned before any kind of tribunal, there is always some one who thinks to establish his own charity by saying that he who is without sin may cast the first stone. As a reproof to censoriousness, which was the significance of its first application, this is a wise and timely maxim. As an exhortation to constant forbearance and charity, it is a comfortable scripture. But when a fellow is caught smearing a baby with kerosene and scraping a match, or in the act of blocking the track of an elevated road so as certainly to throw the train into the street below, is it then Christian charity to whisper that he who is without sin may cast the first stone? Then let us close the courts and raze the prisons, and the more wanton and cruel murders an assassin commits, the more heavenly let our charity be in blessing him on his way to commit more.

Difference of opinion upon any subject whatever need not produce personal alienation, as our statesman truly said. A man may sincerely hold, as certain old divines held, that innocent infants may be damned eternally. It is a hideous fancy, and was a necessary conclusion from certain theological theories. But it was honestly held by men who would have been burned rather than that a hair of one of their own darlings' heads should be injured. So a man may argue earnestly that all old people

ought to be put out of their misery by charitable murder, as among some African tribes, and the advocate would whip a child whom he saw tormenting a venerable fly. But if, reducing his theories to practice, he should be found in the act of relieving his grandmother with a hatchet from the woes of old age, even our statesman might recoil from the chop and pipe, however tranquil. It is easy to imagine Falkland and Hampden never quarrelling, always tenderly courteous, and even meeting on the battle-field without rancor. But Burke broke friendship with Fox, not because of difference of opinion, but because he thought that Fox, by defending atrocious crimes, made himself a party to them, and shared the responsibility. No honorable man, of course, retains friendly relations with one whom he believes deliberately to do wrong or to be a dishonest rascal; but nevertheless there may be the utmost political difference, and the warmest respectful expression of it, with no prejudice to subsequent quiet chops and tomato sauce.

It is evident that Madame Gerster, of whom we were speaking last month, has as great partiality for the rôle of Amina in *La Sonnambula* as Jenny Lind formerly had, and the last performance of the opera, when Madame Gerster "took her benefit," was remarkable for the enthusiasm of the audience. It lingered long after the curtain fell, and would not go. It called and called, when the lights were turned down, and when the prima donna had appeared many times, and had led on all the chief singers, and Arditi, the leader of the orchestra, and at last Mr. Mapleson, the manager, who smiled and bowed, but forbore to make the speech which was demanded. At length, after she had changed her dress, Madame Gerster appeared in her street costume, and once more smiled across the stage, and the audience slowly departed, many of them to wait at the stage-door and see her get into her carriage. It was a great delight to the patient devotees to catch a fleeting glimpse of the side of Signor Campanini's nose through the glass door of another carriage which turned to drive away. The good-natured throng cheered faintly, and ran for a nearer view, while he smiled and waved his hand and drove off, very contented, let us hope, with a fuller purse, and a kind remembrance of the Western barbarians.

Every body agrees that it was the completest and most satisfactory opera that we have ever had in the city, and Mr. Mapleson, on the evening before the departure, when he had a benefit, and there was a rush of more than two to the gallery door, announced that he should return next year with even sweeter nightingales. That is not probable, for there are few singers of sweeter voice and more thorough training than Madame Gerster and Messieurs Campanini and Galassi. But the arrangement he has made shows how successful the enterprise has been, and the secret is plain enough. "My diplomacy," said a famous statesman, "consists in saying just what I mean." Mr. Mapleson's secret is in doing every thing well. He had some of the best singers now living, an admirable orchestra and leader, and an excellent chorus. One fine singer does not make an opera, nor good singing with a poor orchestra or inadequate accessories. It was the completeness of his preparations and the knowledge of what is necessary which has sent the manager home satisfied, and the company happy.

There is something magnificent and quite in the key of this complacent nineteenth century in the statement that Colonel Mapleson leaves all of his properties and scenery in New York, "having a duplicate of the same in London." There is generosity in the remark that "the item of boots and shoes alone consists of several thousand pairs," all under a superintendent in chief of the order of St. Crispin. Then there is a very strict system regulating the wardrobe—precision tempered with fines—so that very little has been lost. Similar large and careful arrangements were made for the voyage home. The "artists in chief" enjoyed "a first-class saloon passage," and the chorus occupied the second cabin, which was especially fitted up for them, and furnished with books, games, and resources of all kinds to divert the weary hours at sea. With still more felicitous thoughtfulness, Parmesan cheese, macaroni, and an Italian cook were provided for these warbling sons and daughters of Italy—a little fact which destroys the popular theory that the Italian peasants and bandits and other associated persons who give such pleasure in the opera are really a mere multitude of Phelim O'Tooles and Bridget O'Shaughnessys from Avenue A. The end crowns all. It was farther arranged by the truly Napoleonic manager that when the ship reached Queenstown a telegram should notify the Midland Railway Company at Liverpool to provide a special train to convey the warblers to St. Pancras Station, London, where cabs should be in waiting to carry each bird to his nest, while the Tower Hamlets Rifle Brigade, one thousand strong—the regiment of which Mr. Mapleson is colonel—should be in waiting to receive the manager returning from his triumphal campaign, and escort him to his home.

All this shows mastery of the means of success, and helps to explain the memorable operatic season which closed in April. It was interesting to observe the continuing spell of the old and familiar works, the *Sonnambula* and *Lucia* and *Puritani*, and to see how they hold their ground against the newer taste. There seems to be no good reason to suppose that they will be presently antiquated, nor that they should not maintain themselves as *Don Giovanni* and *Il Flauto Magico* have done. It is a different music, but the genius and life of Italy are in it, and it has a simple melodic

grace and fascination. The form of the opera is evidently in no danger of disappearing. Wagner, the most advanced of reformers, has certain new theories of opera, but it is still opera. In this the new school has all the delicious absurdities of the old—the expression of all passions and emotions in song, an absurdity, however, which merely makes the opera stage fairy-land, and at once happily relieves us of logic and probability. In the world of opera the lover offers himself in a florid melody, and the mistress of his affections responds in shakes and cadenzas as naturally as the Beast turns out to be a Prince, and Puss in Boots outwits the magician. Charles Lamb said that the world of the dramatists of the Restoration was a diocese beyond the realm of conscience. The opera is a world beyond the realm of common-sense. But what a pretty and pleasant realm it is! Come again, birds of song, with your Parmesan cheese and your thousands of shoes, your "*bel alma*" and your "*ah non giunge*"—come again! rifle our pockets, enchant our memories and hearts, and welcome!

Once in Dresden the Easy Chair climbed up into a little room where an engraver was finishing a picture which is now famous. He had worked long and faithfully upon it. It was truly a work of love, and it had cost him his most precious and essential possession for his art—his eyesight. The engraver was Steinla, and the picture was the Madonna di Sisto. The work itself was singularly soft and tender and accurate, and it was easy to feel the engraver's sense of consecration to the great and noble task of making one of the most beautiful pictures in the world more familiar to the world. Even if he should sacrifice himself, he would have done something that was worth doing, and although it might bring him no renown beyond the praise of a very few connoisseurs, the beneficent effect of multiplying and diffusing beauty would be none the less. The Madonna di San Sisto itself can be seen only by those who go to Dresden. Among pictures there is none more justly famous, and the devoted engraver toiled long and patiently, and at such enormous sacrifice, to reproduce it so far as lines could do it, from the same love and instinct that produced the picture. There was something exceedingly touching, however, in thinking how few who might see a copy of the engraving, and so be drawn on to admiration of the painting and to reverence of the painter, would even look to see the name of the engraver, or know it if they saw it, or remember it when they turned away.

There is no form of art in which the unselfish devotion of the artist is more signally illustrated than in the higher forms of engraving—the reproduction of great and interesting pictures. The astonishing development of wood-engraving within the last few years is such as to raise a doubt whether the art of Steinla, and Müller, and Bartolozzi, and Raphael Morgen, and Toschi, and Marc Antonio, and the rest of the brilliant company, can survive the contest. Our own pages testify to the exquisite skill and charm of this branch of the art, and a late work by Mr. Schoff, an engraving of Mr. Rowse's head of Emerson, which may be seen and bought at Putnam's for the very moderate sum of ten dollars, is a remarkable and beautiful specimen of the noble school of steel-engraving. It is, indeed, doubly valuable, as the finest and most satisfactory portrait of Emerson that we shall ever have, for such Mr. Rowse's portrait unquestionably is, and as a work which wiser critics of engraving than the Easy Chair hold to be of exceptional excellence technically, placing Mr. Schoff at the head of our steel-engravers.

It has, indeed, all the good qualities of an engraving—clearness, lightness, force, delicacy, form—and it preserves the resemblance to the picture so perfectly as to satisfy the exigent artist himself. This, too, like Steinla's, has been a work of love. Mr. Schoff has wrought not only with perfect appreciation of the drawing, but with grateful reverence for the subject. The expression of Mr. Emerson's face is very subtle and elusive, and it can be scarcely fixed upon canvas or paper in any aspect without an apparent insistence and persistence of look which is somewhat foreign to the essential likeness. But the head in this engraving is that of the mature vigor of the man. It shows the fullness of his intellectual life, the serenity and purity and loftiness of spirit, which are like an effluence, and are most deeply and permanently impressed upon all who know him whom so many of the best call master.

Not the least interesting fact in this engraving is that it shows how singularly mistaken those are who have supposed Mr. Emerson to be only a rapt mystic or dreamer above the clouds. What Lamb called the sanity of true genius is its sympathy with men and life and the situation. This is especially notable in Dante and Shakespeare. They were men of their time and country as well as of all times and countries. Nothing is more striking in this head of Emerson than its Americanism of to-day, almost what might be called its Yankeeism. The refined, penetrating sagacity, "the slow, wise smile," are not less observable than the spiritual elevation, and it is in that harmonious wisdom that his extraordinary hold and influence upon the intellectual and moral life of his time most plainly appear. This head and that of Webster are the two representative heads of New England genius and influence thus far; but how singularly different each from the other it is not necessary here to define.

Our purpose was only to call attention to what is certainly one of the best, if we should not say the best, engraving of a noble head that American art has yet produced, and one

which every lover of American genius and influence would most gladly have if he knew that it could be had, and could command the moderate sum to procure it. Mr. Schoff will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he has not devoted his skill and time to a subject unworthy of them. His work satisfies all the conditions; subject and skill go together; and he has laid all who delight in a worthy perpetuation of great genius and lofty character under permanent obligation.

A CORRESPONDENT in Connecticut thinks that in calling Nathan Hale an unsung Agamemnon we did some injustice to his countrymen, many of whom have told his story in prose and song. We were certainly not unmindful of many tributes, but we rather compared his actual renown with that of André. The Englishman had the fortune to link his name with the most startling event of the Revolution, surrounded with every romantic circumstance, even to the scene and details of his interview with Arnold. Hale had nothing of this kind to decorate his deed. The event itself was not uncommon, however unusual the heroism, and the freer it was of the ordinary and picturesque elements of romance, the more touching and impressive was its nobility of self-sacrifice. Our correspondent is a Yale boy, and he says that in 1853, at the centennial celebration of Linonia, a college society, Mr. Francis M. Finch recited a poem in which there was a lyric upon Hale, some of the verses of which he sends, and the Easy Chair prints them without permission of the poet. Mr. Finch is well known by "The Blue and the Gray," a poem which followed the war with those voices of peace which were then very deep and sincere on all lips. Let us see, before recurring to the earlier song of the Revolutionary hero, how the later strain sounds in these days. It was in September, 1867, that "The Blue and the Gray" was published, prefaced with an extract from the New York *Tribune* to the effect that the women of Columbus, Mississippi, "strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the national soldiers:"

* * * * * * *

"From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.

"So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Broidered with gold the Blue,
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

* * * * * * *

"Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms the Blue,
Under the garlands the Gray.

"No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

It was a daring strain twelve years ago. It would be still more daring now. But it is prophetic, and one of the poems of the war time and subsequent feeling which will remain.

The classmates of the poet, who have, perhaps, often wondered that he has been content to write so little, will be glad to recall their college days in these stanzas from his ballad of Nathan Hale:

"To drum-beat and heart-beat
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.

"By starlight and moonlight
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag
And the armèd sentry's tramp,
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

"With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented line,
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine,
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

* * * * * * *

"With calm brow and steady brow
He listens to his doom,
In his look there is no fear,
Not a shadow trace of gloom,
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

"In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod,
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God;
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

"'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree,
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

* * * * * * *

"From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of Earth, the glad of Heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn!"

THE Rev. Dr. Crosby and his friends have undertaken the temperance movement in the old way, and with a public interest which is the best augury of the result. The old way

was that of aiming at temperance rather than at total abstinence—a way which will be recalled by those who remember the temperance meetings of forty years ago. At a late meeting for "moderation," Dr. Crosby said that the chief target of the good temperance orators has been the moderate drinker. He, after all, is represented as the guilty offender. The descriptions of the results of drunkenness, the ruined home, the broken-hearted wife, the starving children, the poverty and crime, have all seemed during the speech to indicate the drunken husband and father as the criminal. But just as the interested and sympathetic hearer is preparing himself to join in the condemnation of the father and the husband who has imbruted himself and destroyed his home, the fervid Nathan turns upon him and thunders in his face, "*Thou* art the man." It is the moderate drinker who must bear the responsibility. It is not the man who is overmastered by his appetites, and who abandons himself to pouring into his mouth the support of his family, but the man who restrains himself, who does not degrade his home, nor ruin wife and child, who is satirized and anathematized as the wrong-doer. The drunkard is to be pitied. When he strikes his wife to the ground, and flings his child out of the window, he is possessed by a demon; "the worm of the still" has stung him. But sad as it is, what word is sharp enough for him who does not, indeed, strike his wife or harm his child, but who is that moral monster—a moderate drinker?

There is something wrong here, as an eminent lawyer was wont to say when the evidence went against his client. The drunkard may be an estimable member of society, but is the moderate drinker so hopelessly reprobate? Is a man who does not drink to excess necessarily so very much worse than one who does? The argument against the drinking of intoxicating liquor is that it robs a man of his reason and his health, produces crime, and enormously increases taxation. Is that true of the moderate men? Are they the people who are responsible for these results? At the meeting of which we speak, Dr. Crosby and Mr. Frothingham were present, and made excellent speeches. Do they represent the class of citizens who are to be arraigned justly as men whose habits rob them of their reason, produce crime, and increase taxes? Yet they are "moderate" men. The meeting was called to favor moderation. It was a meeting of the very class which is roundly denounced by sincere orators as the bulwark of the dram-shop. It is true that Mr. Frothingham said that he should advise every young man not to be even moderate, but to abstain altogether; and that while he did not think that he had been injured by his moderation, he thought that if he began life again he should follow his own advice to the young man. It was doubtless judicious advice, but certainly the meeting and its character and the tone of its speeches should suggest to the ardent missionaries of the good cause that there should be some discrimination, and that to hold the moderate drinker responsible for the crimes of the drunkard is to hold the rich man who is not wildly extravagant to be as corrupting a member of society as the rich man who is.

The argument, indeed, is that it is the example of the more intelligent and moderate class which seduces the less resolute, and that the strong should deny themselves for the sake of the weak. We have heard an intelligent but not a wise politician call the grog-shop the poor man's club, and the question is often asked why the poor man should not take his whiskey if the rich man takes his Champagne. But any reasonable orator will see the fallacy of such reasoning. If the whiskey be no more noxious than the wine, and the wine be innocent, and if the man can afford it, and if he drink it without excess—in other words, if conditions exist which do not exist—there can be no harm. If the postulate of the temperance orator be that every form of wine as well as of ardent spirit is unwholesome, and can not be taken without injury, that it is in fact a seductive poison, the use of which every moral and sanitary and social reason condemns, then, of course, there is no degree in the wrong of the use, as there is none in the freshness of an egg. But if the cause is to wait until this point is settled, it will not advance. Indeed, the merit of Dr. Crosby's position is that he proposes to punish the disorder which drunkenness produces, while he restricts in the most sensible way the sale of drams, and meanwhile encourages every appeal to the moral character and resolution of those whom the tempter tempts. Of course his plan does not discourage the efforts of those who are persuaded that the use of wine or of any beverage but water is morally wrong and physically pernicious. But he says only that if we would prevent the immediate consequences to society of drunkenness, we must agree that the sale shall be sensibly regulated, and that drunkards shall be made to pay for the offenses which drunkenness produces. The questions of the essential poisonousness of all forms of the juice of the grape, of the iniquity of the least sip, and of mutual responsibility he leaves to be fully considered. But "moderation" wisely insists that meanwhile the work of regulating the sale and of relieving society shall go on, and it holds it to be a pity to repel the active and earnest co-operation in this good work of those who are very powerful and always sober. It is pleasant to remark the cordial welcome which Mr. W. E. Dodge, a patriarch of abstinence, gives to the movement as a forward step.

THERE was one good word spoken at the meeting which we have just mentioned, and that was the hearty denunciation of "treat-

ing." Two young brokers meet in Broad Street at ten in the morning, and begin the day with a nipper. They are scarcely past twenty, certainly not thirty, and one invites the other to drink, and the other "returns the compliment," and by noon they "smell like old topers." The Brokers' Board shows a certain number of young men of this kind whom the nipper has nipped—young men with puffy faces and rosy skins, who have always a certain ration of ardent spirit in their blood, and who are as plainly marked as if they were stamped and branded. Before they know it they have a regularly recurring thirst, a gnawing desire of liquor. It is not moderation, it is immoderation, and very soon "liquor has got the better of them." It is the result of "treating."

In certain parts of the country it was, and perhaps it still is, a point of courtesy to "treat" a friend, or a stranger whom you met, or the company. To decline a "treat" was to insult the proposer. Drink or shoot was the curt alternative. The habit springs from the feeling of good-fellowship, which has always asserted itself in this way. The liquor was also considered to be a cordial and stimulant. If a man raised a house or barn, the rum flowed freely. If he sheared sheep, the "hands" looked for their liquor. If he led the mowers in the hot July day, the jug of New England lay handy. The funeral company were treated to brandy, rum, and gin. Two friends met: "Come, take a drink." In the houses of many politicians no one was suffered to depart without a visit to the sideboard. "Henry Clay was a perfect gentleman: he handed the whiskey bottle and then turned his back," that the guest might pour as he pleased. Yankee Doodle was the original of Captain Rice. "Captain Rice he gin a treat."

Here is a plough to which every body can put his hand. Public opinion has done much to stop "treating," but much remains to be done. One of the most strenuous of temperance reformers said that to make dram-drinking difficult was to complete the reform. It is the ease with which young men can step in and "treat" each other which, in his judgment, was the main source of the mischief. Drunkenness is originally a social vice, and "treating" is a social ceremony. If, like Mr. Greeley, we could make the "young man" hear, we should say to him, whether you go West or go East, or North or South, don't treat or be treated. It is that senseless, ludicrous, terrible, tragical habit of "treating" which so often kindles the insatiable fire that spreads and spreads, feeding itself, and consuming health, honor, peace, character, happiness, home, and heaven.

We have already mentioned the delightful series of pretty and convenient volumes called "English Men of Letters," and edited by John Morley. There are already issued the lives of Johnson, Gibbon, Scott, Hume, Shelley, Goldsmith, and Defoe, and there will be doubtless others when this magazine is published. Each volume is prepared by a writer who, from all the memoirs of his subject and from a thorough survey of his works, gives us a fresh and admirable portrait. It is a kind of literary labor which has become indispensable, now that the mass of literature has so greatly increased that the general reader can not hope to read in detail any but special subjects. Yet every body wishes to have a general knowledge of the famous authors of our literature, and these volumes are like the fascinating conversation of those who knew them well, and knew how to tell their story. They are thus far all excellent in different ways.

Gibbon, for instance, was one of the most indolent of men in every thing but his study and his literary work, in which he was one of the most faithful and industrious. But the simple story of his eventless life is charming reading, and is very likely to send the reader to the great history. If it does not—and for most people to read Gibbon's history is a serious undertaking—this excellent sketch does not permit you to escape without some knowledge of the scope and character and style of the history. It will be said that at best it is a very superficial knowledge. But the general knowledge of literature must be superficial, and it is absurd to say that a man should know nothing of Gibbon and his history because he can not know all. In the *Hume*, Professor Huxley in the compass of the small volume will give the intelligent general reader a better idea of Hume's exact views in philosophy than he would probably get from his own study of Hume's works. The reader, of course, will not find it easy reading, if he be unfamiliar both with philosophy in general and with Hume in particular, but the book will be a delightful lesson to him of the felicity with which one master can expound another.

In the *Goldsmith*, William Black, the novelist, challenges Forster's theory that somehow Goldsmith was poor and needy because he was an author, and insists that it was because he was reckless and improvident. It was not his profession, but his temperament, that explains his hard life. He was often well paid, says Mr. Black, and he might have smoothed his own way if he had wished; but the charming, childlike, careless fellow, always a boy, was lavish and thoughtless, and scattered profusely in the sunshine what he should have saved for the rainy day. But he does not say this in any canting or "preaching" strain. It is the generous, friendly tone of a fellow-author throughout. It is easy to see his perfect sympathy with Goldsmith, and no little book will give a kindlier, truer picture of that touching life, that tender and sweet and pensive genius.

The story of Shelley, by Mr. Symonds, is the work of one who has great admiration for the poet, but who is not blinded by the glamour of his power. The weird, undisciplined, wayward youth, whose life was tragically entangled with

that of others, and whose conduct must be condemned by any noble and manly standard, is shown doubtless as he was, and his lover does not extenuate the desertion of his young wife. A man may be as wild and defiant as he will, if he chooses to put himself alone against the inexorable conventions of the world, but the moment that he drags others into the contest unwittingly, and involves those who have not consented to the risks of his whims or the torture of his convictions, he is a man to be condemned. Mr. Symonds says that there is reported to be evidence which will show that Shelley was innocent of the melancholy fate of his wife, but it has not yet appeared, and the biographer can only censure upon what he knows, and reserve his judgment for what may yet appear. It is a most romantic tale, all the more striking that it belongs to the most "respectable" class of English society. There must always be a singular pity and tenderness of regard for Shelley, despite all rebuke, as for a delicate bird astray in an alien sphere, dashing himself heedlessly against pitiless thorns amid scenes incomprehensible.

From Shelley to Defoe is to turn from a skylark to a mastiff. Two such names show the richness of English literature, and the ample opportunity of this attractive series. Those who know and those who do not know the lives and works of the English writers in detail can either renew or acquire a delightful knowledge in these books. Mr. Henry James, Jun., is to write the volume upon Hawthorne, and it is sure to be one of the most admirable sketches of the famous American, and one of the most valuable of the volumes.

THE recent beautiful birthday gift to Mr. Longfellow, from the children of Cambridge, of a chair made from the wood of "the spreading chestnut-tree" under which the village smithy stood, was a symbol of the good wishes of all his countrymen, who hold him in the truest and most affectionate regard. His exquisite poem in reply was full of that depth and purity and tenderness of feeling which, with the singular grace of imagination, the flowing melody, and the perfect felicity of his verse, have made him peculiarly the poet of the home and of the holiest domestic affections. It is pleasant to remark the signs of his unabated and constantly renewed popularity, of which the latest and most significant is the serial issue of his poems in convenient small quarto parts by Houghton, Osgood, and Co., his publishers—a publication decorated and enriched by the beauty of type and paper, and by profuse, various, and admirable illustrations. The popularity of no poet of our time has been so great as that of Longfellow. Of no poet's works have there been more or more costly and beautiful editions. But this latest will be accepted as the most attractive of all. The illustrations are by the most noted of our artists, whose hands have plainly followed the prompting of their hearts, who have delighted to co-operate with the publishers in giving so fair a form to these household words.

Editor's Literary Record.

IF M. Jules Simon's memoir of the government of M. Thiers[1] is not history, it is at least the rich stuff out of which history is made. It has the merit of preserving in permanent form, for the use of the future historian of the present French Republic, a large body of authentic and valuable contemporaneous material illuminating its earliest and most trying years. The first volume opens with a recital of the embarrassments that beset the Government of Defense at the capitulation of Paris, and of the irreconcilable divisions that prevailed among its members on the questions whether there should be war or peace, and whether the election for delegates to the Assembly should be free to all citizens, or should exclude those who had been functionaries of the empire or enemies of the republic. The methods by which these divisions were prevented from degenerating into civil strife are detailed; elaborate accounts are given of the election and its results, of the character of the men who composed the first Assembly at Bordeaux, of the events of this memorable session, and of the demarkation of party lines that became visible in it; and the story is told with mournful eloquence of the preliminaries of the peace that was finally voted. Far the larger portion of the first volume, however, is occupied by a vivid sketch of the incidents attending the revolt of the Commune in Paris, from its triumph on March 17, 1871, shortly after the evacuation by the German army, till its suppression in the last weeks of the following May. In this masterly sketch of the deadly conflict between the two governments, while the enemy sat at the gate in grim expectancy, M. Simon minutely describes the growth of the Socialists and Internationals in Paris, and their affiliation with and final surrender to the Commune, and shows with equal particularity how France, while rent by disorder and anarchy, was enabled by the energy and statesmanship of Thiers and his coadjutors to hold up her head among the nations, and to take amazing strides toward the resuscitation of her ruined prosperity. The second volume reviews the entire legislative work of the Assembly while Thiers

[1] *The Government of M. Thiers, from 8th February, 1871, to May 24th, 1873.* From the French of M. JULES SIMON. 2 Vols., 8vo, pp. 533 and 506. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

was Chief Executive and President, and the record shows that nearly every act of salutary national importance was either devised or inspired by him, or carried through by the sheer pressure of his strenuous efforts and influence. As incidental to his elaborate outline of this work of legislation, M. Simon recites the various administrative acts of M. Thiers which have made an indelible impression upon the national life of France, including those relative to public instruction, trial by jury, the regulation of municipal governments, the functions of councils-general, and military service. Large space is given to accounts of the terrible straits to which France had been reduced by the Germans, the exactions and outrages to which her people had been subjected, and to the masterly management—financial, political, diplomatic, and industrial—by which M. Thiers was enabled to carry out the payment of the war indemnity, and to hasten the liberation of the territory from the presence of the invader. The work is an exceedingly able and interesting exposition of the almost insuperable difficulties which encompassed the administration of M. Thiers, and in spite of which he secured material order to France, restored and perfected her laws and institutions, and firmly established her credit, and is an eloquent and earnest tribute to his character as a patriot and his abilities as a statesman.

In a volume published several years ago, Mr. Capes told the history of the early Roman Empire from Augustus to Domitian, and he now continues the recital from the accession of Nerva, after the assassination of Domitian by his wife, to the close of the reign of Marcus Aurelius. The volume is entitled, *The Roman Empire of the Second Century; or, The Age of the Antonines*,[2] and it is marked by the same ability, careful exactitude, succinct fullness, and picturesque paintings of the times and portraitures of individuals that signalized its predecessor. Graphic biographical sketches of Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines occupy the larger half of the book; and these are followed by elaborate and able essays on the attitude of the imperial government toward the Christians, on the characteristics of the state religion and of the rites imported from the East, on the literary currents of the day, and on the administrative forms of the imperial government.

Mr. Hamerton's *Life of Turner*[3] is more and less than a biography. Turner was an unsocial being. He had no close friends or companions with whom he held free and unreserved intercourse, and no legitimate children to love and honor him, or whose pride and affection caused them to treasure his sayings and doings, or to be solicitous for the preservation of the minute and characteristic incidents of his life. He was keen, observant, and parsimonious; wrapt up in his art, ambitious of renown, sensitive to and yet contemptuous of public opinion, and of a suspicious and secretive disposition. Moreover, his conversations were usually in monosyllables, and he wrote few or no letters revealing the inner thoughts, motives, and feelings of his heart, as these rich relics of great men commonly do, while enabling the reader to see what their writers saw and did in all the stages of their career. But besides these involuntary difficulties, common to all biographers of Turner, with which Mr. Hamerton was obliged to contend, he was hampered by an honorable delicacy from using much of the material that was open to him, because it had been previously harvested by another biographer. If for these reasons Mr. Hamerton has been able to impart less information of a personal kind than is desirable in a biography, he has yet collected a goodly amount of it, and arranged it with great skill; and with it he has woven much more that is certain or probable, derived from circumstances connected with Turner's works, or revealed by the works themselves. Notwithstanding his industry and ingenuity in collecting and arranging such material, it is less as the biography of the man than of the artist-nature and work of the man that Mr. Hamerton's memoir will be prized. Far more than a mere biography of personal happenings and incidents, it is, besides, the history of the mind of the great artist. Taking Turner's productions as they appeared, either singly or in groups, from his boyhood till the completion of his career, Mr. Hamerton gleans from them a mass of varied facts and inferences, which serve to give us a sense of more intimate acquaintanceship, and even companionship, than we have been able to derive from all other sources. These facts, and inferences as weighty as facts, permit us to feel "the very pulse" of the nature of the poet-painter; to trace the march and to estimate the quality of his genius; to witness the earlier and later movements of his intellect; to closely observe the transitions of his style and methods, and to understand the motives of them; to take note of his personal and professional idiosyncrasies, prejudices, eccentricities, defects, and excellences; and to gauge his intrinsic and comparative powers. Mr. Hamerton's book, besides being a candid and discriminating study of the genius and works of Turner, has a substantial technical value for the information which is embodied in its numerous minute analyses of the painter's greatest productions, and for its exhaustive exposition and criticism of the principles which he applied to their creation.

The *Life and Letters of Baroness Bunsen*,[4] by

[2] *The Roman Empire of the Second Century; or, The Age of the Antonines.* By W. W. Capes, M.A. "Epochs of Ancient History" Series. 16mo, pp. 226. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[3] *The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. With nine Illustrations, etched by A. Brunet-Debaines. 12mo, pp. 424. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[4] *Life and Letters of Frances, Baroness Bunsen.* By Augustus J. C. Hare. 2 Vols., 8vo, pp. 516 and 486. New York: George Routledge and Sons.

the author of *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, covers the record of an unusually long and beautiful life. Born in 1791, and surviving till 1876, and during this long interval being a resident successively of England, Rome, England again, Switzerland, and Baden, the baroness had opportunities such as have been rarely enjoyed for close familiar intercourse with the men and women of her day most distinguished for rank and station, as well as for genius and learning. These volumes show that she did not neglect those opportunities, but was an interested and intelligent observer of all the great political, military, artistic, and ecclesiastical events that occurred in Europe from the time when the first Napoleon made thrones the counters of his ambitious schemes until the empire of his nephew was trailed in the dust. Mr. Hare prepares us to enter sympathetically upon the biography of the baroness by a captivating preliminary account of her immediate ancestors of the Granville family, especially graphic being his portraitures of her great-aunt Mrs. Delany, the intimate personal friend of George the Third and his queen, and of her own mother, the beautiful Miss Port, who lived with Mrs. Delany, and shared with her the attentions and affection of the royal family. The glimpses here given of the kindly old king and queen, of their intimate daily life and their informal social companionship with Mrs. Delany, and of the inner domestic life of the royal household, are very pleasing. After the death of Mrs. Delany, her beautiful niece married a Mr. Waddington, a granduncle of the present French minister of that name, and in her lovely and secluded Welsh home devoted her rare intellect and accomplishments to the rearing and education of her children. The extent of this home training, as applied to the future Baroness Bunsen, may be inferred from the fact that at nineteen, besides being an excellent English scholar, conversant with history, and taking an intelligent interest in contemporaneous religious, philosophical, and political questions, she was studying Greek, Latin, Spanish, and Italian, together with Euclid and Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. With all this, however, the feminine accomplishments and domestic duties and requirements, and the physical development of the young girl, were assiduously cultivated, with the result of a vigorous and healthful body, a well-equipped mind, without the least tendency to pedantry or ostentation, and a store of elegant tastes and valuable knowledge that stood her in good stead throughout her brilliant and varied life. It is impossible for us here to follow the course of this strong, bright, and lovely girl through the stages of her delightful youth, her marriage with Bunsen, and the happy life of absorbing love and mutual help that followed. We must refer the reader to Mr. Hare's enjoyable volumes for this fascinating detail. After her marriage with Bunsen, Mr. Hare wisely allows the story of her life to be unfolded by her own letters, addressed with the frankness of a full and loving heart to her darling mother, to Bunsen himself, and to sisters, brothers, children, and dear friends. They are rich in their manifestations of filial love and confidence; in unstudied but charming pictures of domestic happiness and social ease; in close views of eminent personal friends, such as Stein, Niebuhr, Brandis, Thorwaldsen, Schadow, Neukomm, Cornelius, Overbeck, and others; in glowing descriptions of Italian and other lands and scenes; and in fine criticisms of works of literature and art. Especially pleasing are her letters describing the father and mother of her husband; those covering the period of her long residence at Carlton Terrace, London, while Bunsen was Prussian minister to England; and those which reveal her to us in her last and most beautiful years at Baden, where she was the centre of the love of her children and grandchildren, and the honored friend of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, and of the present Emperor of Germany. These last form the fit sequel to a life of remarkable power and dignity, tempered by sweetness, and irradiated by the gentlest piety. The contemplation of a character so pure and lofty can not be otherwise than purifying and ennobling to the women of England and America into whose hands these instructive volumes may fall.

It can not be disguised that the traditional reputation for honesty, sincerity, piety, and disinterested patriotism which has been accorded to Defoe by all his former biographers, from Sir Walter Scott and William Hazlitt down, is completely reversed by the revelations of Mr. Minto's volume[5] on the life and writings of that popular and powerful writer. We may not enter into the details which Mr. Minto gives with, perhaps, a too eager zeal to construe all of Defoe's acts in the light of some of them, and to interpret his whole life and character by particular facts. It is enough for us to say that the evidence which Mr. Minto adduces in the form of recently discovered documents in Defoe's handwriting that were unknown to his earlier biographers is overwhelming, and convicts him not merely of shiftiness, treachery, and hypocrisy, but of venality and unblushing and persistent mendacity. The revelations of Mr. Minto substantiating these charges are painfully thorough. Still they do not blind him to Defoe's power as a controversialist, his ability as a writer, or the substantial value of the services which he rendered to the cause of civil and religious freedom and the welfare of England. The various works which fell from Defoe's inexhaustible pen, especially his inimitable political and controversial pamphlets and serials, are passed in careful review; their occasions are fully stated, their effects

[5] *Daniel Defoe.* By WILLIAM MINTO. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 167. New York: Harper and Brothers.

are noted, and exhaustive synoptical outlines are given of them. The volume is a complete literary biography of this remarkable man.

Dr. Moritz Busch attended Bismarck throughout the Franco-German campaign as the member of his staff to whom was confided the delicate task of consulting the papers of Germany, England, and France for what was said by them *pro* or *con*, of correcting certain of their statements, of replying to their political allusions and attacks, of furnishing them with early intelligence of important events, and of supplying them with incisive editorial and other matter inspired by his chief, and intended to influence public opinion in favor of Germany. He accompanied Bismarck in this capacity from August, 1870, when the German army moved into France, until after the capitulation of Paris, in March, 1871, during the siege of Paris residing in the same house with Bismarck, dining with him and the other members of the staff, and having constant intercourse with him. He therefore had unusual opportunities for observing his chief narrowly, and of listening to him in his unguarded moments of relaxation, and when he was under the strain of official duty. The results of this observation were noted down in a diary from day to day, and are now given to the world in a work entitled *Bismarck in the Franco-German War*.[6] The performance is in many respects unique, and not a little sensational. The author daguerreotypes the habits and manners of Bismarck with realistic minuteness; reproduces his guarded and unguarded conversational droppings with refreshing unreserve; reveals his traits of temper, disposition, and character as he understands them; and repeats with ardent relish his numberless reminiscences, jokes, stinging or satirical thrusts, and favorite anecdotes, the while utterly reckless whose feelings are wounded or whose toes trod on by the hard heels of the rough great man. On the whole, Bismarck's character will not be hurt by these free revelations. It must be plain to the dullest comprehension while reading them that few men could be involuntarily subjected to so close a scrutiny and come out of the ordeal so well. Surprisingly little is revealed that is seriously disparaging to his character. Despite his occasional hardness and seeming inhumanity, he could be frank, engaging, tender, considerate, and humane in deed, however inexorable he might seem in theory. Nothing can be clearer than that he was animated by the most intense zeal for the welfare and security of the father-land, and that to exalted powers of statesmanship he added the most fervid patriotism. Dr. Busch has padded his volumes unduly with reproductions of his old editorials, some of which, it is true, have a substantial interest as revealing the secret springs of actions that have become historical, but for the most part they are prosy and tiresome. Had the work been confined more strictly to personal recollections of Bismarck's sayings, it would have been equally entertaining and far more widely accessible. We should not omit to say that some of the descriptions of military operations and of battle-fields are graphic pictures of war's desolation, and that the numerous brief glimpses which are afforded of other distinguished persons than the great Chancellor are often highly characteristic.

In these days, when veneration for great men is seemingly dying out, so that even the name of Washington is more often coupled with a sneering witticism than mentioned with grateful and reverent emotion, it is a boon to come upon a volume like Dr. Taylor's *Moses the Lawgiver*,[7] which concentrates attention upon the life and character of the great Hebrew leader, whose story should be made a household word, in order that his piety and patriotism may become a perpetual incentive and example. The volume belongs to a series of biographical discourses prepared by Dr. Taylor, illustrative of typical Scripture worthies, all of whom are heroic and inspiring figures. In the one before us, the author, leaving the abstruser questions of chronology and Egyptology on one side, devotes his learning and eloquence to the exposition, defense, and application of the inspired narrative of the captivity, the flight, the wandering, and of its record of the man who was the central figure in each. Each discourse is appropriated to some marked event or crisis in the life of Moses, and, combined, they form a complete outline of his career from his birth and early training to his death and burial. Besides illustrating the character and acts of Moses with distinctness and force, the several discourses furnish accurate and instructive views of the life, manners, laws, religion, arts, and civilization of the ancient Egyptians, and of the history and institutions of the Israelites anterior to and during the life of Moses. The volume should have the effect of reviving the fading sense of veneration in the minds of youth, and it must at least give an enhanced interest in Bible study to those who have not yet suffered from the benumbing influence of the prevalent apathy for men and things that were once revered.

Admirers of the drama will find much pleasant entertainment in Mr. Baker's *English Actors*:[8] After a sufficiently elaborate introductory essay descriptive of the mystery and miracle plays and of the moralities and interludes that were the predecessors of the true drama in England, the author gives an outline of the origin of the English theatre, and follows with suc-

[6] *Bismarck in the Franco-German War*, 1870, 1871. Authorized Translation from the German of Dr. Moritz Busch. 2 Vols., 12mo, pp. 364 and 374. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[7] *Moses the Lawgiver*. By Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D. 12mo, pp. 482. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *English Actors, from Shakspeare to Macready*. By Henry Barton Baker. 2 Vols., 12mo, pp. 308 and 311. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

cinct notes of its subsequent growth and progress, and with graphic biographical sketches of all the successive actors, from Burbage and Shakspeare to Macready, who have won an established reputation on the British stage. These sketches are conveniently grouped in periods, severally embracing the actors of the "Restoration and the Betterton School," of the "Garrick Period," of the "Kemble Period," and of the "Kean and Macready Period;" and besides being rich in personal anecdote and incident, they give the reader a vivid idea of the ups and downs, the shifts and devices, the rivalries and friendships, of professional players, together with their social surroundings and their relationship to the great dramatists whose plays their talents recommended to public favor. One of the most obvious reflections forced upon us by the perusal of these readable volumes is the improved moral and social standing of the modern actor, and the increased refinement and purity of the drama and the stage since the days of Wycherley, Congreve, and Sheridan.

Our budget of prose fiction is so full that we must be satisfied with the briefest presentation of its contents. Noteworthy among these is *Within the Precincts*,[9] a quiet tale by Mrs. Oliphant, redolent with the odor of an old English abbey church, and having just enough of her favorite ecclesiological refrain to be agreeable. Among other venerable rubbish of this fine old church, and deriving its name from it, is a remnant of chivalry styled "The Chevaliers of St. Michael"—a body of retired military officers who are the pensioners of a charity connected with the parish, which affords a genteel and comfortable refuge for them and their families. The interest of the story converges upon Lottie Despard, the brave, practical, motherless daughter of one of the least worthy of these old chevaliers, who is an airy and selfish old coxcomb, and who, with an equally selfish lout of a brother, taxes the girl to the utmost in her efforts to live with simple elegance and keep up an appearance of gentility. Besides being brave and beautiful, Lottie has a voice of wonderful quality, and upon this gift a triple love story is founded, in which three lovers contend for her favor. Of course she returns the affection of the one who is the least worthy of it, and who, after brightening her life for a time, wounds her sorely by proving false and mercenary. Time, however, and her gift of song, exert a curative influence upon her, and her nature is expanded and its richness brought out by the sufferings she underwent. Finally a purer, nobler, and more unselfish love completes the cure of her wounded heart, and rewards her for all her anguish.—We have no hesitation in classing Defoe's *Journal of the Plague in London*[10] with works of romance, since, notwithstanding the literalness of its style and the general historical accuracy of its narrative of the facts attending the origin and course of the terrible pestilence it chronicles, there can be no doubt that the coloring and arrangement of its incidents, and the disposition, grouping, and personality of the actors who figure in it, are as purely fictitious as the existence of the imaginary narrator who assumes to have been an eye-witness of and participant in the scenes he describes. None of the fictions of this unrivalled story-teller, not even his peerless *Robinson Crusoe*, have more of the charm of apparent verity and reality than this singular production; and there are extended passages in it which he has never equalled elsewhere in simplicity, pathos, tenderness, descriptive power, and the faculty of conjuring up tragic situations of overpowering intensity. Moreover, the work is a fine specimen of expressive and masculine English, and a timely revival of the memory of a visitation which has many features in common with the scourge that now threatens the civilized world.—*All or Nothing*[11] is a conventional story of English society, in which a worldly mother interferes to break off the engagement of her beautiful and pliable daughter with the man she loved, and by whom she was loved in return, and contrives to marry her to a richer wooer, for whom she has no warmer sentiment than esteem. The usual complications and wretchedness arising from such a marriage, with which novel-readers are thoroughly familiar, form the burden of the story.—*Dosia*,[12] *Pretty Little Countess Zina*,[13] and *Marrying Off a Daughter*[14] are three novels from the preternaturally active pen of Mrs. Henry Gréville. They are all founded on Russian life and manners, and are told with sparkling French vivacity, but have little depth or earnestness of feeling. *Dosia* is the best of the trio, and it is impossible not to be amused and interested in its prettily willful and charmingly hoidenish heroine, who is more boy than girl in her tastes and accomplishments, till she is softened and made more sweetly womanly by an access of true love. The others are merely instances of the author's faculty of making commonplace bright and attractive.—*The Disturbing Element*[15] is an engaging short story by Charlotte M. Yonge, describing the experiences of a club of young ladies, formed by them, under the leadership of a sweet-tempered spinster, for their mutual

[9] *Within the Precincts.* A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 83. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *Journal of the Plague in London.* By Daniel Defoe, Author of *Robinson Crusoe.* "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 44. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *All or Nothing.* A Novel. By Mrs. F. Cashel Hoey. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 83. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *Dosia.* A Russian Story. By Henry Gréville. Sq. 12mo, pp. 260. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

[13] *Pretty Little Countess Zina.* A Russian Story. By Henry Gréville. Sq. 12mo, pp. 430. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

[14] *Marrying Off a Daughter.* By Henry Gréville. Sq. 12mo, pp. 288. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

[15] *The Disturbing Element.* By Charlotte M. Yonge. "Appleton's Handy Volume Series." 24mo, pp. 203. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

intellectual improvement, and which goes on swimmingly, till a disturbing element invades it in the form of certain masculines, who become lovers of the fair students, and interrupt their plans by courtship and matrimony.—Young people who are fond of fairy tales will be interested and instructed by Mr. Bunce's *Fairy Tales: Their Origin and Meaning.*[16] Its scope is modest and its treatment popular, the aim of the author being to create a taste for folk-lore literature by an account of the fairies of different ages and lands as they survive in popular traditions, and by reproductions of some of the pleasing fables that are current concerning them.—Although *Bel Marjory*[17] is a love story intended to meet the case of those who have scruples against romance-reading unless it be sugar-coated with religion, so far as we can discern its love passages are marked by the same appetizing complications, alternations, and vicissitudes that are to be found in the ordinary novel. Its actors have the same propensities and are moved by the same passions and emotions as their profane prototypes, and its plot conforms to the stereotyped model.—The author of *The Grahams of Invermoy*[18] tells his story with realistic distinctness and graceful vigor. Besides having a sufficient variety of love's experiences to give a glow of changeful color to the narrative, his delineations of social life in the Scottish Highlands are very graphic. The scene of the tale is not confined to that region of commingled romance and common-sense, but carries the leading actors to London and its busy life, to Spain and the army operating there under Wellington, to Waterloo, and thence to Paris, and is fertile of stirring or romantic incidents connected with each.—The author of the *Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family* has added another to her felicitous revivals of olden life and times. Following her usual method, in *Joan the Maid*[19] she puts in the mouth of a quasi-spectator the romantic story of Joan of Arc, and causes him to depict the most striking traditional or historic passages in her career from the stand-point of one who believes that she is divinely commissioned. The narrative is chaste, fervid, earnest, and has all the illusion of reality. The scene opens and closes in the west of England, and is embellished by some exquisite transcripts of its home and rural life. Its tone is sweet, strong, and pure.—In few of her romances has Miss Braddon exhibited a greater fertility of resources of the sensational kind than in her novel *The Cloven Foot,*[20] in which, not content with lifting the veil from the debasing career of a coarse and dissipated but beautiful French dancer, she regales us with the details of two mock marriages and as many violent deaths, of a tragic accident, and a murder with horrible attending circumstances, and of the inevitable crop of detective experiences and trial scenes. Interwoven with these feverish incidents is a love story of considerable power.—A shade less sensational than the novel just laid down is a tale by Mr. F. W. Robinson, entitled *Coward Conscience,*[21] whose chief attraction is the character and fortunes of the pure and beautiful daughter of a wealthy receiver of stolen goods, who did not scruple to be a thief when a tempting occasion offered. The girl, having become conscious of her father's business, endeavors to escape from the villainous atmosphere around her, and in her efforts to do so accidentally meets and is befriended by a gentleman, who, after many obstacles surmounted, becomes her husband. The tone of the story is not elevating, and it is copiously interlarded with profane expletives, which are the more shocking because they are the utterances of a dying man.—*Quaker Cousins,*[22] by Agnes Macdonell, and *The Sherlocks,*[23] by John Saunders, are strong, genial, and wholesome tales. In each the narrative is flowing, the love situations pure and sweet, the characters well balanced and impressive, and their bearing in prosperity and under the pressure of adversity such as to win our sympathy and admiration.—*The Awakening*[24] is a sprightly brief tale of the success of a clever and romantic device, contrived by two maidens to win back to one of them—a rural Chloe—the affection of her lover when it had been cooled by the blandishments of London society.—Totally unlike the staple English and American novel is the fresh and graceful tale, *The Barque Future,*[25] just translated by Mrs. Ole Bull from the Swedish of the Norwegian novelist Jonas Lie. Of course it is the old story of love, but the entire setting of the story is out of the beaten track. Instead of its scenes being laid amid the surroundings of artificial society, they are cast among the hardy folk of the stormy sea-coast of Norland, amid a society which retains the vigorous freshness of primitive simplicity. Though the love story is a delightful idyl, yet

[16] *Fairy Tales: Their Origin and Meaning.* By John Thackray Bunce. "Appleton's Handy Volume Series." 24mo, pp. 172. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[17] *Bel Marjory.* A Tale. By L. T. Meade. 12mo, pp. 380. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[18] *The Grahams of Invermoy.* By M. C. Stirling. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 59. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[19] *Joan the Maid, Deliverer of France and England.* A Story of the Fifteenth Century. Done into Modern English by the Author of *Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family.* 12mo, pp. 357. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[20] *The Cloven Foot.* A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 76. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[21] *Coward Conscience.* A Novel. By Frederick W. Robinson. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 76. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[22] *Quaker Cousins.* By Agnes Macdonell. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 94. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *The Sherlocks.* A Novel. By John Saunders. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 85. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[24] *The Awakening.* By Katharine S. Macquoid. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 74. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[25] *The Barque Future; or, Life in the Far North.* By Jonas Lie. Translated by Mrs. Ole Bull. 12mo, pp. 253. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.

the peculiar charm of the book lies in its spirited transcripts from life of the customs, usages, social characteristics, toils, trials, amusements, and romantic superstitions and observances of the strongly marked but artless children of the far North.

President Bartlett's *From Egypt to Palestine*[26] is a volume that addresses itself to a large circle of readers and inquirers. Sufficiently learned to compel the attention of professional scholars for the light it throws on important theological and archæological problems, it is yet so unencumbered by the abracadabra of technical learning, and so lucid and spirited in its recital of incidents of travel and exploration, as to conciliate and securely fasten the interest of the non-professional reader. The purpose of the volume is to bring together the ascertained results of the investigations which have been industriously prosecuted for many years by scholars and travellers bearing upon the history of the Israelites, in connection with Egypt, the Sinaitic peninsula, and the wilderness, and to present these results in a form so compact as to admit of an intelligent unity of view. Not content, however, with the facts and inferences that might be exhumed from books, President Bartlett determined to travel over the entire route of the Israelites described in the Pentateuch, with special reference to the subject; and in doing so he made it a point to examine personally the several lines of travel ascribed to the Hebrews by former writers, and to form a judgment of the accuracy or fallacy of their conclusions by his own careful observations. It is apparent throughout the volume that it has been his constant practical aim to weigh the difficulties which have been raised as to the possibility of the journey described in the Pentateuch, to ascertain without partisanship or haste the real facts so far as they might be revealed by observations carefully made on the spot, and to discover the extent of the correspondence between the Land and the Book. Apart from the absorbing interest which attaches to this candid and eminent scholar's minute and step-by-step tracings of the Israelitish journey, to his identifications and descriptions of sacred sites and landmarks, and to his accounts of the geographical relations of the places mentioned in the Bible, his volume has an independent fascination as a graphic record of travel and exploration, both with reference to his special inquiry and to a considerable field outside of it. Besides being a profoundly interesting popular exposition of the route of the Israelites, it is also a rich depository of valuable material illustrating other Old and New Testament scenes and incidents, and throwing light on the history and remains, the past condition and present state, both of the region traversed by the Hebrews and of the countries—Arabia, Egypt, Syria, etc.—that lie adjacent to it. Though one should by any possibility be indifferent to the identification of the route of the Israelites, he must be a morbidly apathetic reader who could be proof against the attractiveness of this volume as a book of travels and a copious store of fresh, curious, entertaining, and valuable information.

The publication of a new edition of the late Professor Tayler Lewis's *Six Days of Creation*[27] affords a striking illustration of "Time's revenges." When the treatise first appeared, nearly a quarter of a century ago, its advanced ideas were attacked with almost equal vehemence by scientific and theological bigots, and it was pronounced false or fanciful by the one, and heterodox, or at least dangerous, by the other. Since then it has lived down these assaults, and at this day probably expresses the conviction of the great mass of Christians. In this essay Professor Lewis did not set out to discuss the subject of creation, in its six-timed aspect, from the side of theological or physical science, but from the Scriptural or philological side. Calmly disregarding the attempts on the one side to oppugn the Biblical record by the facts of science, and on the other to defend it by a reconcilement of the narrative in Genesis with those facts, he, for the first, undertook the task of setting forth the Biblical idea of creation, philologically ascertained, or, in other words, "creation as revealed in distinction from any scientific or inductive theory of the earth." This was his leading design; and the ideas which flow in the wake of this design, and are elaborated by him with great learning and ingenuity, are the following: that revelation is independent of science; that it uses its own language, which is neither scientific, nor philosophical, nor metaphysical, nor poetical, but phenomenal; that the Bible, rightly interpreted, is of authority in its direct teachings of natural as well as moral truth; that creation was an alternating series of growths, each having a supernatural beginning; that the creative periods are indefinite, of a duration not measurable by accepted ideas of divisions of time; and that the days spoken of in Genesis are not the common diurnal revolutions measured by the rising and setting of the heavenly bodies. A large body of collateral topics suggested by or in illustration of these positions is introduced in the treatise, the whole forming a masterly exposition—exegetical and philological—of the portions of the Old Testament which relate to the order of creation, the origin of man, and divine revelation. The chief point evolved in this work, that the Bible does not teach that the cre-

[26] *From Egypt to Palestine, through Sinai, the Wilderness, and the South Country.* Observations of a Journey made with Special Reference to the History of the Israelites. By S. C. Bartlett, D.D., LL.D. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 560. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[27] *The Six Days of Creation; or, The Scriptural Cosmogony.* With the Ancient Idea of Time-Worlds in Distinction from Worlds in Space. By Tayler Lewis. 12mo, pp. 416. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

ative days were twenty-four hours long, but that they were indefinite periods, is supported with unusual erudition and convincing cogency.

The Greek text of *Stories from Herodotus, and the Seventh Book of the History*,[28] has been edited by Dr. Keep with the object of presenting Herodotus in his twofold character of the profound historian and the fascinating story-teller to beginners of Greek in colleges and academies. The larger portion of the text is occupied with the Seventh Book, which is reproduced, without abridgment, from the plates of the Harper's text edition of Blakeley's Herodotus. The stories have been freshly set up, and comprise selections from the brilliant moral, historical, and romantic episodes that diversify the narrative of Herodotus. Copious English notes are appended, extending over more than half the volume, carefully prepared by Dr. Keep so as to afford all reasonable help to the student in construing the text, and in unravelling its historical, mythological, and other allusions.

The publication of cheap miniature volumes of entertaining, useful, and standard literature has reached an unexpected magnitude in this country, and promises to exert a powerful educating and refining influence upon many to whom more extensive works are either inaccessible by reason of their cost, or forbidding because of their formidable size and the amount of previous training demanded for the due comprehension of them. The month of which we now give the literary record has been peculiarly fertile of this class of publications. Thus Poetry is worthily represented by the complete poetical works of Goldsmith,[29] whose genial humor and elegant simplicity may now irradiate the humblest home; by Cowper's delightful social and domestic poem on *The Sofa*;[30] and by a tasteful collection of *Ballads of Battle and Bravery*,[31] comprising some of the finest lyrics in the language. Then, again, the taste for the Drama is judiciously catered for by a reproduction of Goldsmith's charming humorous comedies, *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Good-natured Man*;[32] and for Fiction by a selection of sketches of English rural life and scenery from Miss Mitford's *Our Village*.[33] In Biography we have a clever compilation of the *Life of Thomas Carlyle*,[34] affording a condensed view of his character and theories, his literary labors, and his rank as a historian and thinker; and in Narrative we are given a graphic account of the horrors of the slave-trade,[35] with a description of the way in which crews are still shipped for it in our Northern sea-ports, by one who was a six months' victim. The taste of collectors of bric-à-brac and curiosities of industrial art is intelligently directed by a dainty little manual on *Bibelots and Curios*.[36] In a primer of the natural resources of the United States[37] a large amount of solid information is brought together in a condensed form concerning our coal, iron, and other natural products, and relative to the products of the soil, the forest, the rivers, and the seas; and it also contains a large body of useful facts relative to soils, rain-fall, and climate. Lastly, a most important contribution is made to knowledge in the spheres of History and Hygiene. To the former by Mr. Towle's clear and comprehensive sketch of the history of modern France,[38] from the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon in 1851 to the present time, including a summary of its principal political and military events, and of its social, military, financial, industrial, and educational condition; and by Mr. Eugene Lawrence's outline of modern English literature,[39] from Cowper till the present day, comprising brief but satisfactory sketches of the principal poets, novelists, lecturers, and historians of the period, together with judicious criticisms and analyses of their productions. The contributions to hygiene are two excellent health primers, respectively on baths and bathing,[40] and on personal appearances in health and disease;[41] and Colonel's Waring's adaptation of Fleeming Jenkin's invaluable lectures on healthy houses[42] to the needs and conditions of American social life. These lectures embody a lucid exposition of the cardinal principles of house drainage and ventilation, and are of substantial practical value.

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[28] *Stories from Herodotus, and the Seventh Book of the History.* With English Notes by Robert P. Keep, Ph.D. 18mo, pp. 338. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[29] *The Poems of Oliver Goldsmith.* "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 128. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[30] *The Task.* Book I.—The Sofa. "Standard English Authors Series." 16mo, pp. 62. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[31] *Ballads of Battle and Bravery.* Selected by W. Gordon M'Cabe. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 153. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[32] *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Good-natured Man.* Comedies. By Oliver Goldsmith. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 212. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[33] *Our Village.* Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery. By Mary Russell Mitford. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 160. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[34] *Thomas Carlyle.* His Life, his Books, his Theories. By Alfred H. Guernsey. "Appleton's Handy Volume Series." 18mo, pp. 201. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[35] *Six Months on a Slaver.* A True Narrative. By Edward Manning. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 128. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[36] *Bibelots and Curios.* A Manual for Collectors. With a Glossary of Technical Terms. By Frederick Vors. 18mo, pp. 116. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[37] *The Natural Resources of the United States.* By J. Harris Patton. 18mo, pp. 115. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[38] *Modern France.* By George M. Towle. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 146. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[39] *English Literature Primers.* Modern Period. By Eugene Lawrence. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 133. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[40] *Baths and Bathing.* Sq. 16mo, pp. 93. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[41] *Personal Appearances in Health and Disease.* By Sidney Coupland, M.D. Sq. 16mo, pp. 96. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[42] *Healthy Houses.* By Fleeming Jenkin, F.R.S. Adapted to American Conditions by George E. Waring, Jun. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 121. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Scientific Record.

Astronomy.—The following minor planets have been discovered this year: 192, by Palisa, February 17 (his fifteenth planet); 193, by Coggia, March 1 (his third planet); 194, by Peters, March 21 (his thirty-third planet). Dr. Peters also discovered a second planet, March 21, which was really *Leto*, but which could not be reconciled with any known asteroid, as the elements of the *Berliner Jahrbuch* were given for an epoch ten years wrong.

There has been a sum of $5000 appropriated by Congress to be expended by the Navy Department in experiments to determine the velocity of light, and hence the sun's distance, when the aberration constant is known. The experiments are to be conducted by Professor Newcomb, superintendent of the Nautical Almanac. The aberration constant is being redetermined by Nyrén, of Pulkova, with the prime vertical transit.

The report of the Fort Worth (Texas) party to observe the eclipse of 1878, July 29, has been handsomely printed in quarto, under the editorship of Mr. L. Waldo. It contains an introduction, and sections on time observations, longitude determination, latitude observations, geographical positions, and these are followed by the reports of Mr. Waldo and other members of the party, and by reports of other persons. The whole has four illustrative plates. Mr. Waldo took several photographs of the corona through a double refracting prism. The negatives were examined by Professor Pickering, who reports that they show tangential polarization of the corona if a certain arrangement of the apparatus had been made. The arrangement used was unknown to him while he made this examination, but really was such as would, according to Professor Pickering, indicate such tangential polarization; and this is the conclusion to which Mr. Waldo comes—that the light of the corona is tangentially polarized. It is to be noted, however, that these negatives were submitted to Dr. Hastings, who does not admit this conclusion, and who shows how the phenomena may be otherwise produced. Professor Rees observed with a spectroscope, and found a continuous spectrum to the corona crossed by dark lines, among which C and D were identified.

Professor S. P. Langley, of Alleghany Observatory, who is now in Italy, sends to the *American Journal of Science and Arts* a brief description of the proposed observatory to be erected on Mount Etna, under the direction of Professor Tacchini, of Palermo, at an elevation of over 9600 feet above sea-level. He adds: "I write in the hope that the example thus set by Italy may find imitators with us. I have been now for some time at a less high but still an elevated station here, about 4500 feet above the sea, engaged in observations which may be of some use in determining what may be expected in similar sites in our own territory, their aim being to substitute some sort of quantitative data for our present conjectural knowledge as to the degree in which the conditions of vision are improved at higher stations, and to form with something of definiteness a standard of comparison. The results (which will probably appear in a report presented to the United States Coast Survey) are not as yet complete; but I may say, in general terms, that while as regards observations of precision, perhaps even as regards work on double stars and like measures, the gain is less than might have been expected, too much can hardly be said of the immense advantage of an elevated station for almost every kind of research connected with solar physics. This is specially the case as regards the chromosphere; while as to the corona, concededly, our only hope (with our present means) of materially extending our knowledge of it lies in the prospect that we may yet be able to see it without an eclipse, if the observer be in an exceptionally transparent atmosphere."

Professor Holden, U.S.N., and Lieutenant Bergland, U.S.A., have translated an important paper, by Dr. Gyldén, director of the Stockholm Observatory, on the relations between the number, brightness, and relative mean distances of the fixed stars. It is published by the Scientific Society of the Troy Polytechnic Institute.

The gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society has been sent to Professor Hall for his discovery of the satellites of Mars and other astronomical works.

In *Physics*, Deprez has contrived a very ingenious velocity regulator, which may be used either for electro-magnetic motors alone, or, by a special adaptation, to any kind of motor. Upon the rotating axis of the motor two insulated collars are fastened, one of which carries an elastic spring of metal, at the extremity of which is a metallic mass, through which an adjusting screw passes, which presses by the force of the spring upon the second collar. In the case of a magnetic motor the battery current which drives it passes through this spring from one collar to the other. When the velocity becomes sufficient to generate centrifugal force enough to overcome the tension of the spring, contact is broken between the adjusting screw and the second collar. The motive power being thus withdrawn, the speed of the motor lessens, until the tension of the spring is again in excess, and contact is re-established. The limits between which this variation of velocity takes place may be made as small as one pleases by suitable adjustment of the spring. To test this question the author measured the time required for a certain

number of revolutions of a magnetic engine furnished with this regulator, varying the battery power in the different experiments. He found that with two cells 1646.6 seconds were required to get 51,000 rotations, while with four cells the time required for the same number of rotations was only 2.5 seconds more.

Freeland, of the Senior Class in the Towne Scientific School, University of Pennsylvania, has described a machine constructed by himself for playing automatically the well-known game of tit-tat-to. Attempts to devise such machines have been numerous, but thus far unsuccessful, most of the machines exhibited, like the celebrated chess-player of Maelzael, having a concealed player within. After making an elaborate theoretical analysis of the simple game referred to, Freeland chose certain limiting conditions for the machine. These were, first, that the machine should always play the best move, and second, that its opponent, during the first three moves, if he wishes to play one of two or four symmetrical moves, shall take the one having the lowest number. Tabulating the moves under these conditions, he transferred the table to a revolving cylinder, and thus transformed the symbolical table into a mechanical one. This cylinder has 150 lines upon it, dividing it into squares, the first four moves of the opponent being grouped in four rows of nine lines each, the answering moves of the machine being grouped in a separate row, though upon the same line, parallel with the axis, as the others. Pins at the intersection of these lines determine the moves by means of ingeniously arranged mechanism. When the machine succeeds in getting its three marks in a row, it announces the fact that it has won by ringing a bell. Though some of its games have, of course, been drawn, it has not thus far been beaten in a single one.

Jacques has studied the effect produced by the motion of the air in an auditorium upon its acoustic qualities, using for this purpose the Baltimore Academy of Music. Having proved by direct experiment that variations in density in the air transmitting sound not only decrease materially the intensity of the sound, as Tyndall has experimentally shown, but also actually modify its form, and thus give rise to confusion and indistinctness, it naturally followed that in public halls where such currents of air really exist in abundance there must be much difficulty from this cause. In the building above referred to the whole supply of fresh air is admitted at the back of the stage, is there warmed, then crosses the stage horizontally, passes through the proscenium, and diagonally upward toward the roof, across the auditorium, in one large current, and goes out partly through the roof, and partly through registers in the gallery ceilings, into a ventilating tower over the chandelier, whose heat is the motive power. About 15,000 cubic feet of air per minute are thus drawn through the house. The acoustic qualities of the house, being exceptionally perfect, are ascribed largely to the condition of the air within it. To test the question, experiments were made by stationing persons in various parts of it during a performance, and asking them simply to note the comparative ease with which the performers could be heard. At various intervals the valves controlling the circulation of air were reversed, so as to produce currents. Almost invariably the testimony was that at times, which proved on comparison to agree with those at which the reversals had taken place, the sound was confused and indistinct, and people all over the house were seen to make an effort as if to listen.

Holz has examined the specific magnetism of magnetic iron, and finds that its value is greater than that of any magnetic substance yet examined. Its maximum permanent magnetism is nearly as great as this, and is greater than that of steel hardened so as to be as hard as glass. Its permanent magnetism is sooner removed and its demagnetization sooner effected by the same external forces than is the case with steel.

Preece has suggested that electricians record earth currents produced by magnetic storms in absolute units. If the earth current be observed upon a galvanometer, it can easily be reproduced upon the same instrument with a known resistance and a known electromotive force, and hence its strength in webers can be ascertained. Thus if an earth current produce on a galvanometer a deflection of 50°, and one Daniell cell reproduced this deflection through a total resistance of 125 ohms, then the current would be equal to 1 divided by 125 or to 0.008 weber. Or, if the length, resistance, and general direction of the cable or wire be given, as well as the direction of the current, the difference of potential at the two ends would be known. Thus a cable running due east and west, 246 miles long, having a resistance of five ohms per mile, would have, if the above current passed through it, a difference of potential at its ends of 9.84 volts. Simultaneous observations at different and distant stations would throw much light on the potential of the globe.

Heraud has produced a new constant battery of simple construction. The liquid used to excite it is a solution of ammonium chloride, and the depolarizing substance employed is mercurous chloride or calomel. In presence of zinc the ammonium chloride gives zinc chloride, ammonia, and hydrogen. The hydrogen reduces the mercurous chloride, yielding metallic mercury and hydrochloric acid. This latter uniting with the ammonia gives ammonium chloride again. To prevent the formation of zinc oxychloride and its deposition on the zinc, one-tenth of ammonia solution is added to the solution of ammonium chloride. The zinc is suspended in the middle of the liquid, and the carbon, the positive electrode, is inclosed in a canvas bag. After working on a

closed circuit for 248 days, the current retained two-thirds of its original strength.

In *Chemistry*, Wills has called attention to the fact that the action of the electric light in air produces a direct union of the constituent oxygen and nitrogen, and gives rise to oxides of nitrogen which are injurious in their action. Direct experiment to test the question in the laboratory showed that in four experiments nitric acid was generated equivalent to from half to three-quarters of a gram per hour. The author points out the importance of this result in its bearing upon the question of the general introduction of the arc between carbon points for illumination.

Mills and Hogarth have made a series of experiments in order to compare the equivalents of acid bodies dynamically. The ordinary mode of comparison is, as is well known, by noting their capacity of saturation as measured by the quantity of metal in their normal salts. The authors selected sulphuric and hydrochloric acid for their experiments, and the results of their experiments show that although two molecules of hydrochloric acid may be the chemical equivalent of one of sulphuric acid, as determined by the weight required for saturation, it is certainly not the equivalent in any dynamical sense. Their experiments even render it probable that a single molecule of hydrochloric acid is dynamically equal to one of sulphuric acid. This view of the authors is confirmed by a determination of Ostwald, based on the alteration of the specific volume of solutions. He finds that two molecules of hydrochloric acid stand to one of sulphuric acid as 1.93 to 1.

Pohl has described a simple and sure method for detecting the difference between natural and artificial turquoise. This discovery is of great importance, inasmuch as the imitations, which are produced in Austria, England, and France, are found to possess all the characteristic physical properties of the natural stone in regard to color, hardness, density, fracture, and microscopic appearance. The difficulty of detection is increased by the fact that there are two distinct varieties of turquoise, a blue and a green one, differing considerably in their physical properties. That from Persia is sky-blue, while that from France, Nevada, Germany, and Mexico is greenish-blue to yellowish-green. The Egyptian variety resembles the Persian, but is paler in section and more brittle. The author places a portion of the mineral in a covered crucible, and heats it to redness over an ordinary Bunsen burner. If it be a real turquoise, a peculiar crackling noise, like that given by sodium chloride when heated, will be heard, and a deep brown-black earthy powder is left. Artificial turquoises do not crackle, and the remaining mass is a greenish-blue solid.

Anthropology.—The friends of the science of man living at our national capital have organized in that city an association, entitled "The Anthropological Society of Washington." Several meetings have been held, and important papers read. The object of the society, as stated in its constitution, is to foster in every way the study of man, and especially to seek to perfect the valuable and growing collections in Washington. The president of the society is Major J. W. Powell; the recording secretary, Mr. Elmer J. Reynolds; the corresponding secretary, Professor Otis T. Mason.

As archæological wonders multiply, it becomes necessary to revive an old principle of logic—that the amount of proof demanded in any case is proportionate to the strangeness of the phenomenon. On the heels of the elephant pipe of Muscatine County, Iowa, come three shell gorgets from Colonel Hilder, of St. Louis, made from Florida shells, and each engraved with a very life-like image of a spider. The first was taken from a stone grave in St. Clair County, Illinois; the second, from a mound in the same county; the third, from a mound in New Madrid County, Missouri. It is an interesting fact in this connection that the wild Indians in the vicinity call the Navajos spiders, because they spin and weave. Those who are fond of speculating may conclude that in these graves we have the remains of some celebrated weavers, or, perhaps, of distinguished chieftains of the ancient and honorable spider gens.

In the sixth number of *Matériaux* for 1878, M. Falsan speaks of the presence of rocks marked with "cup cuttings" in the middle region of the Rhone basin. The paper is called forth by a remark of M. Desor's in his description of the "cup cuttings" of Switzerland: "It seems extraordinary that up to this time none of these bowlders have been seen in Italy, Austria, or in the east of France." The paper is of great interest to American archæologists, and it would be a good work for some one to collect the facts concerning the distribution of these same objects in our country.

In *Botany*, we have to report a paper read by Mr. C. H. Peck before the Albany Institute on United States species of *Lycoperdon*, of which nineteen are enumerated. The species are described in detail, five being new.

The *American Quarterly Microscopical Journal* has two papers on botanical subjects, one by F. B. Hine on *Saprolegnica*, which contains the writer's observations on species found in Central New York, and is illustrated by four plates. The second article, by Rev. A. B. Hervey, relates to the structure and classification of algæ.

The *American Journal of Science* has an interesting article, by Professor Tuckerman, on Minks's observations on the development of lichens. Professor Tuckerman states that he has detected microgonidia in *Parmelia tiliacea*, var. *flavicans*, in specimens collected by Mr. Charles Wright.

The *British Journal of Botany* contains a translation of a paper by the late Professor A. Braun on the vegetable remains in the Egyp-

tian Museum at Berlin, the most important plants considered being the papyrus, and the different species of grain. Professor Braun believes with many others that all the stories about the germination of seeds or grains taken from mummies or Egyptian remains are false, and he states that the great obstacle in the way of a study of the ancient flora of Egypt is the ease with which deceit and imposition can be practiced in the manufacture and sale of so-called antiquities. The plants and seeds whose antiquity is best ascertained are those obtained by soaking bricks until the clay is removed, and the vegetable remains left behind, which can sometimes be accomplished. Unfortunately, however, the plants thus brought to view are generally marsh plants which were growing wild, and thus little light is thrown on the botanical character of the species formerly cultivated in Egypt, as they were rarely imbedded in bricks.

The *Botanische Zeitung* has of late been principally devoted to an article by Godlewski on the "Change of Form produced in Plants which are grown in Darkness." The subject is discussed from a physiological rather than a morphological stand-point. In the same journal is an article by Stahl on the resting form of *Vaucheria geminata*. When assuming the resting stage, the species mentioned divides into a number of cells, so that it resembles the species of *Gongrosira*. There then escape from the cells amœboid bodies by which the plant is propagated.

With relation to algæ, several important works must be mentioned. Reinke has published in the Nova Acta of the Leop. Carol. Akad. an account of the development of the *Cutleriaceæ* of the Gulf of Naples, and the first volume of the contributions of the zoological station at Naples contains two papers on algæ, one by Falkenberg, on *Discosporangium*, a new genus of *Phœosporeæ*, the other by Fr. Schmitz, on *Halosphæra*, a peculiar pelagic alga, vulgarly called at Naples "punti verdi." The zoospores of the last-named species, as figured by Schmitz, are very peculiar, having the cilia attached at the blunter end. The same botanist has a paper on the green algæ of the bay of Athens, at the end of which he describes a new order, to which he gives the name of *Siphonocladiaceæ*. The *Botaniska Notiser* also contains two papers on algæ. The swarm spores of *Trentepohlia* and their conjugation are treated by Wille, and Nordstedt describes some new species of *Vaucheria*.

Zoology.—The literature of zoology has been enriched by the publication of Moseley's *Naturalist on the Challenger*—a most interesting record of the voyage of the *Challenger*, by one of the naturalists aboard, whose other original works have, in fact, been the most important thus far of any done by the members of this expedition. Moseley's discovery of the insect nature of *Peripatus*, and of the hydroid nature of the *Millepora* and *Stylasteridæ*, are of much more importance than the descriptive systematic labors of the other co-laborers, useful as these have been.

The first notice of cave infusoria was by Tellkampf, who discovered several species of monads in Mammoth Cave. Additional forms were found there by Packard, but they have not been described. Dr. Joseph is, so far as we know, the first European naturalist to note their presence in European caves. In the waters of the grottoes of Krain sedentary forms were found to occur on the gills of the cave salamander, on the bodies of cave crustacea, and myriapods. One of the most interesting forms is *Peridinium stygium*.

Mr. S. F. Clark describes in the Bulletin of the Cambridge Museum ten new species of hydroid polyps dredged in the Gulf Stream and Gulf of Mexico by Mr. Agassiz.

Some new intestinal worms from birds, frogs, and turtles are elaborately described by Professor Ramsay Wright in the Proceedings of the Canadian Institute. He points out the value of the use of picricarminate in rendering transparent the different organs of trematode worms, and also states that the worm so common in the shad last spring is *Ascaris adunca* Rudolphi.

A fresh contribution to the embryology and structure of Brachiopods is Professor Brooks's work on Lingula in the *Scientific Results of the Session of the Chesapeake Zoological Laboratory for* 1878. Many new facts are presented, all tending, with those already known, to prove that Morse's claim that these animals are "worms" was the correct one. Professor Brooks, however, infers that the Brachiopoda are specialized descendants from Polyzoan ancestors, being simply a higher, specialized group of what were originally Polyzoan-like forms. He concludes that the *Rotifera*, *Polyzoa*, and *Veliger* (an early phase of mollusks, through which nearly all now pass) "seem to be three branches which diverged very early from a common vermian stem. The Brachiopoda are the most highly specialized representatives of the Polyzoan branch, and the true mollusca stand in a similar relation to the Veliger branch." The three stems he unites as a fundamental division of the animal kingdom, which he terms *Trochifera*.

A blind crustacean (*Asellus cavaticus*) of Germany is described in a comparative way by Dr. Fries in the *Zoologischer Anzeiger;* while Dr. Thomas H. Streets, U.S.N., describes in the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia a number of pelagic crustacea collected with the towing net by Surgeon William H. Jones, U.S.N., over a period of about four years, in the Pacific Ocean. Many of these interesting forms take refuge under the umbrellas of jelly-fishes, and a number of them are known to be phosphorescent. Dr. Streets suggests that the reason that these creatures shun the light is because they carry their own light about with them.

After the examination of about six hundred specimens of eels by Messrs. Packard, Kingsley, and Minot, three males were found, corresponding in the coarse and fine anatomy of the male glands to those claimed by Syrski, and afterward by Dareste, to be males. Moving spermatozoa were, however, observed, and as these have not been hitherto detected, the question of the sexes and breeding habits of the eels is in a way to be definitely settled.

Engineering and Technology.—It is reported that Admiral Ammen, Commodore Selfridge, Commander Lull, and Civil Engineer Menocal have been appointed to represent the United States government at the pending international conference at Paris, to discuss the advantages of the several routes proposed for a ship-canal across the American isthmus, and to decide upon the best. The American Geographical Society and the Chambers of Commerce of several of our chief cities, it is reported, have also sent delegates.

The Bulletin of the Iron and Steel Association has just published the warmest kind of an indorsement of Morrison's improvement in furnaces, adapting them for consuming waste fuels without smoke, to which we called attention as an important invention nearly a year ago. The Bulletin thinks the invention especially worthy of the attention of Pittsburgh manufacturers.

An engine of the detachable type, known as Pyatt's steam motor for street cars, has been in experimental service on the Market Street railway in Philadelphia for some time, and apparently with satisfactory results. This type of engine, as we have long since advocated, is better adapted for the street railways than those of the self-contained type, since the former permits the use of the present rolling stock, in which large amounts of capital are represented, and which the self-contained engines would render practically worthless.

China is now constructing her first telegraphic line for public business, and an agent for the projectors of a Pacific submarine cable to connect the west coast of America with China and Japan is said to be at present in correspondence with the Chinese authorities, to obtain their aid to the enterprise. The cooperation of Japan is reported to have already been secured.

Dr. Kedzie, president of the State Board of Health of Michigan, in a just-published report to that body, calls special attention to the dangers of lead-poisoning from the use of tinned wares—a state of affairs resulting from the almost universal deterioration of the tinned goods at present in the market. This will appear from his statement that "it is an astonishing fact that a large proportion of the tinned wares in the market are unfit to use because of the large quantity of lead with which the tin is alloyed." The so-called marbleized ware he also pronounces to be unsafe for household vessels, for the same reason. The *Boston Journal of Chemistry* not long since called attention to this evil, which appears to be so widespread and serious as to warrant legislative interference.

The difficulties between the Sutro Tunnel Company and the mining companies of the Comstock, which have threatened to seriously cripple the utility of the tunnel, are reported to have been compromised to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

A royal commission, comprising among its members several eminent scientific men, has been formed in England for the purpose of investigating the influence of atmospheric fluctuations, etc., upon the liberation of explosive gases in coal mines; the application of effective indicators of the presence of firedamp; the employment of explosive agents in coal mines; and generally to ascertain whether science can suggest any practical expedients not now in use for the prevention of accidents, or for their amelioration.

Apropos of this subject, we may allude to the suggestion contained in a paper lately read before one of the leading societies of mining engineers in England, to employ compressed air in mining coal in place of gunpowder. Upon this system, cast-iron "cartridges," gauged to burst at a certain pressure (say 10,000 pounds) are employed to break down the coal, the power being compressed air furnished by powerful air-compressors. The system is warmly approved by mine inspectors and engineers, on the score of safety and effectiveness, and the only objection to it is its expensiveness as compared with the method in use. This objection, it is hoped, will be obviated.

The substitution of steel for iron appears to be going on abroad with the same rapidity as in this country. In the item of iron rails, for example, the substitution of steel has reduced the production in Wales about ninety per cent., and in the north of England to almost nothing.

Mr. John Halloway, an English metallurgist, has excited considerable interest in metallurgical circles by a suggestion that pyritous ores could be treated directly in the Bessemer converter (the sulphur of the ore supplying the fuel for the blast) for the profitable extraction of copper.

A continuous hoop mill, the invention of Mr. Bernard Lauth, and which has been introduced into several of our largest mills, is attracting some notice. It is reputed to be capable of rolling fifteen hoops sixty feet long in one minute, with an unskilled laborer and four boys as attendants. The best work on the old hoop mill is about eight hoops per minute, requiring five skilled laborers and four boys to a train.

Valuable discoveries of iron ore deposits suitable for Bessemer pig have been found in New Jersey. A description with analysis appears in the lately issued report of Professor Cook, State Geologist, for 1878.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 25th of April.—The Army Appropriation Bill was reported in the United States House of Representatives March 27. The sixth clause forbids the presence of United States troops at the polls, and takes from the United States marshals the power to enforce the supervisor law. The bill limits the number of enlisted men to 25,000, and appropriates $27,500,000. The clause authorizing railroad companies to transact general telegraphic business is retained. The bill was passed by the House April 5, by a vote of 148 to 122, and by the Senate April 25, by a vote of 41 to 30.

The Legislative Appropriation Bill (over $15,000,000) was reported in the House April 1. An amendment to the bill was adopted, April 10, providing for the re-issue of $10,000,000 currency reserve for the payment of arrears of pensions.

General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, was sworn in as Senator April 16.

In the House, April 22, were introduced and referred 1385 bills.—Mr. Stephens's bill for the exchange of silver and greenbacks was adopted by the House April 23. It provides that the holders of fractional silver coins, presenting them in sums of $20, or any multiple thereof, at the office of any Assistant Treasurer, may receive lawful money therefor in like sums upon demand.

The Rhode Island State election, April 2, resulted in the re-election of the present State officers (Republican), Governor Van Zandt's majority being 3826. In Wisconsin, April 1, the Republican candidate for Associate Judge of the Supreme Court, Orasmus Cole, was elected by 5000 majority. The Republican majority in the Michigan State election (for Associate Judge of the Supreme Court and University Regents), April 7, was from 5000 to 10,000 over the Democratic and Greenback coalition ticket.

The Kentucky Republican State Convention, at Louisville, April 10, nominated Walter Evans for Governor.

The board of inquiry in the case of General Fitz-John Porter has made a report exonerating him, and recommending his restoration to the army.

The President, March 26, nominated President A. D. White, of Cornell University, as minister to Germany, and Cornelius A. Logan, of Illinois, as minister to Central America.

The subscription, April 4, of $59,000,000 to the United States four per cent. bonds is sufficient to redeem all the outstanding five-twenty six per cents, of which at the beginning of the year there were $350,000,000, the saving in annual interest being $7,000,000. On April 18 subscriptions for $150,000,000 four per cents were accepted by Secretary Sherman. Subscriptions were also made for $44,556,300 ten-dollar certificates of deposit (convertible into four per cents), but the Secretary declined, preferring first to offer them for sixty days to the general public. The subscriptions of April 18 provide for the redemption of $150,000,000 of the ten-forty bonds (five per cent.). The remaining ten-forties ($44,556,300) have been called in by the Secretary. The annual saving of interest by the refunding of these bonds will amount to $1,945,563.

An attempt was made to assassinate the Czar of Russia April 14. This was followed by extreme measures on the part of the Russian government against Socialism. Governors-General have been appointed over six of the most populous districts of the empire, with despotic powers. The well-known novelist Tourguéneff has been expelled from Russia.

The British garrison under Colonel Pearson, for a long time shut up in Ekowe by the Zulus, was relieved April 3, after a desperate conflict.

The motion to censure the government's South African policy, March 31, was rejected by the British House of Commons by a majority of sixty votes.

The German Reichstag, March 27, unanimously adopted a motion in favor of an autonomous government for Alsace-Lorraine.

DISASTERS.

April 18.—At Walterborough, South Carolina, a disastrous tornado, destroying much property, and causing the loss of six lives.

April 17.—Fire-damp explosion in the Agrappe coal mine, near Mons, Belgium. Loss of one hundred and seventy-seven lives.—Gas explosion in the Wellington Colliery, at Departure Bay, British Columbia. Twelve lives lost.

OBITUARY.

March 29.—In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, George B. Wood, M.D., LL.D., the eminent professor and medical author, aged eighty-two years.

April 4.—In Baltimore, Maryland, Madame Jerome Bonaparte (*née* Elizabeth Patterson), in her ninety-fourth year.

April 12.—In New York city, General Richard Taylor, son of President Taylor, and a distinguished Confederate general, aged fifty-three years.

April 21.—In New York city, General John A. Dix, ex-Governor of New York, in his eighty-first year.

March 30.—In France, Thomas Couture, a distinguished painter, in his sixty-fourth year.

April 5.—In Prussia, Dr. Heinrich Wilhelm Dove, the celebrated archæologist, aged seventy-six years.

April 12.—In Paris, Jean Hippolyte de Villemessant, the French journalist, aged sixty-seven years.

Editor's Drawer.

APROPOS of the organization of the present House of Representatives, where parties were so very closely divided, the importance of skill in one's medical attendant is forcibly illustrated. The physician attending Representative Acklen in Washington, Dr. Garnett, is a stout Democrat. Somebody asked him if it was true that his patient was dying. "Dying?" ejaculated the doctor; "do you think I'd let a vote die when we have only one majority, and no time for a special election to fill the vacancy? Erebus! no! I'd take his medicine for him and die myself first!"

THOSE of our readers who are actively engaged in promoting the temperance cause will appreciate the following:

By far the best thing in Sir Wilfrid Lawson's paper in the last number of *Nineteenth Century* is its conclusion. It is a story, a witty parable, worth all the rest of the article put together. It describes a "species of temperance meeting," at which all the clergymen glorified moderate drinking, and lauded Timothy as the model man. An elderly farmer rose and protested that he had heard that sort of thing before, and it did no good that he ever heard of. It reminded him of the test for leaving a lunatic asylum. The patients were taken to a trough of water, and told to empty it, though it was continually supplied by a pipe of running water. "Those who have not regained their senses," says he, "keep ladling away; but them as isn't idiots stop the tap."

A PHILADELPHIA correspondent says:

"In this age of activity and haste to reach results, I desire to cite an instance to prove that there remain some easy-going specimens of humanity who have no wish to take part in the general rush. A friend of mine, residing in Philadelphia, who had occasion last year to visit South Carolina, was detained a few days in one of the larger towns, and took a morning walk which led him near a school where a large number of colored children were taught. Seeing a colored boy of some twelve years of age lounging listlessly about the place, he accosted him thus:

"'Boy, do you go to this school?'

"'No; don't go to any school.'

"'Why don't you go to school?'

"'Don't want to go.'

"'*Why* don't you want to go?'

"'Oh, caze dey *hurries me so!*'"

IT'S all in the way in which things are stated. So thinks a Dakota lawyer, who is of opinion that the following way of putting it may be interesting to lawyers and judges in the East'ard. A case was on trial at Sioux Falls before a justice of the peace. The suit was in replevin, and the attorney for the defendant made a logical argument tending to show the insufficiency of the affidavit for replevin. The justice, after casting his eyes thoughtfully to the ceiling for a moment, decided the point thus: "Gentlemen, after serious reflection upon this matter, I can't see that this affidavit *cuts any particular figure* in this case *just at this stage of the game*. Motion denied. Call in your witnesses."

QUAINT obituary notices are common the world over. Less frequent are those announcing a wedding. A city correspondent sends us the following, the first three of which were published in a New York magazine in 1802; the last is from a similar production in 1816:

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, at Albany, Mr. Henry Weaver to Miss Margaret Ruby.

The web that he wove caught her heart;
'Twas Hymen bid Henry to smile;
'Twas Cupid that pointed the dart,
And a Ruby that crowned all his toil.

At Savannah, Mr. Samuel Comb to Miss Sarah Ruffhead.

Though Sarah's head be ne'er so rough,
We hope it will be combed enough.

At Halifax, Nova Scotia, the Rev. Archibald Grey to Miss Martha Head.

Martha has at once become Grey,
And the pair are literally Grey-Headed.

On a Mr. Tudge, aged fifty-four, who was lately married at Winchester to a Mrs. Allgreen, aged forty-four:

Then ne'er the pleasing truth disown,
That love can live, though youth has flown;
For here a wedded pair is seen
In age all dry, in love all green.

A FRIEND at Washington sends us this *verbatim* extract from the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill passed by the Congress recently adjourned:

"The following sums are hereby appropriated to pay the widows and heirs of members of the present Congress, *lately deceased in conformity with the direction of the House of Representatives.*"

HOWARD PAUL writes from Paris:

"I took an aged Hebrew to the Opera, the other evening, to witness *Les Huguenots*. Suddenly my friend burst into a guffaw, as if an idea had struck him.

"'Why do you laugh?' I gently inquired.

"'Laugh! the beth game I ever thaw. A bloomin' lot o' Protethtanth an' Catholicth a-killin' of each other to music written by a Jew. Ha! ha!'"

A CORRESPONDENT who recently visited the Mammoth Cave, under the guidance of "William," had not proceeded far through the passages of that wonderful place before he was forcibly reminded of the presence of a stalac-

tite by a stunning blow on the head. "Look out!" said William; "there's rules against knocking off any specimens."

Farther on they came to a large pillar which was formed by the joining together of a huge stalactite and a corresponding stalagmite. "See," says William, "this is the stalag*mite*, and this" (pointing to the ceiling) "is the stalac*tite;* where they join they are *mitetite*" (mighty tight).

Proceeding on, they came to the Altar. It was here that a young lady was married, who, to save her fortune, had faithfully promised that she would never marry a certain young gentleman on the face of the earth. Accordingly she married him under the face of the earth. William observed that this was "running matrimony into the ground."

A GENTLEMAN in Detroit contributes the following:

"Among our best citizens in Detroit is Robert ——, wha cam' here frae Scotland mony years ago, and brought wi' him and still retains an unco feck o' the peculiarities o' his countrymen. Ae day he gae testimony in a case which was flatly contradicted by anither witness. Smarting under this, he couldna rest till he tauld his bosom cronie Willie —— a' aboot it. Willie gae a sly and canny smirk, and then said, 'I dinna ken, Robin, wha o' the twa swore to the truth; but ae thing I do ken —if it was ye who swore to the lee [lie], *ye'll stick till't.*'"

THE Sixth Michigan Cavalry, of the famous Custer Brigade, was commanded by Colonel ——, formerly a member of the Michigan bar. In the early morning of the last day at Gettysburg, while his regiment, with others, was in line awaiting orders, the men became noisy in their conversation and laughter. Turning nervously to them, the gallant colonel sang out: "Keep silence there!" and added, apologetically: "Not that *I* care, but it will *sound better.*"

OUR friend Mr. Hovey, the clever editor of the Boston *Transcript*, is thankful to one of his friends for a little anecdote of the Rev. Caleb Bradlee, of Scarborough, who once in a while used to visit Gorham (Maine) Academy, and talk to the boys. They always expected something funny from him, and always got it. Once he said to them, during a certain Democratic Presidency: "If you make good boys, you will make good men. Some of you may make a Washington or a Jefferson, and the Lord knows 'most any of you *might make a Polk.*"

THE anecdote in the April number of the Drawer relating to the opening of a court by a crier, reminds a Boston correspondent of a similar scene which occurred in New Hampshire some years since. The late Arthur Livermore was the presiding judge, and a crier was officiating for the first time after his appointment, and was not able to repeat the stated form of opening. On his utterly breaking down, the judge said: "Now, Mr. Crier, repeat after me. 'Oyez!'" and the crier repeated after the judge, sentence by sentence, through the usual proclamation. Then said the judge, "Now say, 'God save the State.'" The crier repeated, "God save the State." The judge added (*sotto voce*), "And the crier too."

THE same judge represented the State of New Hampshire in Congress, and having made a brief speech, John Randolph of Roanoke commenced a reply with: "Mr. Speaker, the gentleman *from Connecticut*, who has just addressed the House," etc. When John Randolph had concluded, Judge Livermore was promptly on his feet, saying, "Mr. Speaker, I wish to reply to the gentleman *from Rhode Island.*" It brought down the House, and the two gentlemen became friends.

WHO is it that invents these things? Or are they "founded?" This one, for instance, which we came across the other day in the corner of a newspaper, appears to be not only fat with beauty of diction, but covers ever so much ground:

"Ah! Heaven does indeed temper the wind to the shorn lamb," pathetically said old Mrs. Diffendorfer, the other evening, at a tea-drinking, after emptying her twenty-eighth cup of Young Hyson.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"You know that young widow, Mrs. Biffen, who lives across the street from us? Well, she had nothing but sorrow, trouble, and distress for the past five years. First her father was killed by a burglar; then her mother married a minstrel; after that she had the yellow fever and small-pox together; and next her husband failed, and she had to take in washing. It was perfectly dreadful. The poor woman nearly went crazy. She was just beginning to bear up a little again, when her brother was sent up to the penitentiary for life; and finally, last month her husband died in a fit, and the very next day her baby choked to death on a gum-drop."

"Gracious! the poor thing!"

"Wasn't it just terrible? Every body believed she'd commit suicide then; and she would have done so, too, but last week somebody providentially coaxed her to go to a church raffle—and what do you all suppose happened? Why, she won a seal-skin sacque!"

"You don't mean it?"

"She did, though—perfectly splendid; came within an inch of the floor. The darkest hour is just before dawn, after all. Now isn't it?"

HERE is an experience which our clerical friends can apply practically to themselves, should a similar exigency arise: An English clergyman recently found he had forgotten to take his written sermon with him. After a pause he said: "I shall preach you a short sermon to-day from these words: 'Man that is born of a woman is but of few days, and full of trouble.'" He then proceeded, without any introductory remarks: "I shall at once divide my subject into three parts: First, man's ingress into the world is naked and bare; secondly,

his progress through the world is with sorrow and care; and thirdly, his egress out of the world is nobody knows where. In applying my subject I would remind you, my brethren, that if you live well here, you will do well there. And I can't tell you better if I preach for a year."

A "WOMAN'S Suffrage" Convention was held several years ago in the town of Washington, Litchfield County, Connecticut, by three well-known ladies, prominent leaders in the cause. After the meeting had proceeded for a while, one of the ladies invited any gentleman present, who held opposite views, to state them—"it might bring up a little debate, and add to the interest of the meeting"—to which they would endeavor to reply. After a death-like stillness of a moment or two, an old gentleman, by the name of Jeremiah Peck—well known throughout that part of the county for the interest he took in reforms of all kinds, his somewhat eccentric ways, and a keen wit withal—arose. He didn't know as he had any thing to say on the other side, but in the early part of the world's history woman was given a great many privileges, and it wasn't long before she took advantage of those privileges, and got the men into a good deal of trouble. "Now," said he, "if we grant you these 'new rights,' what guarantee can you give us that you won't get us into any further trouble?" No "reply" was attempted, except the shout from all over the room which greeted him when he took his seat.

OLD Farmer B—— is distinguished for two things—his great wealth, and ignorance of society and books. He had some grown-up daughters, and an attachment sprung up between one of them and a young minister located in the neighborhood, who, one fine Sabbath, went home with her for dinner. Previous to the announcement that dinner was ready the old gentleman was duly posted to request the minister to say grace at the table. No sooner had all got seated around the table than the old gentleman, in his usual uncouth manner, looked up and said, "Now, Mr. Preacher, go on with your *'ligion!*"

RECENTLY a suit was tried before an Indiana justice of the peace wherein a lady was plaintiff, and a bank, defendant. The evidence showed conclusively that the fair plaintiff had no right to recover; of this no one could have the "shadow of a doubt." Her learned counsel knew well that unless he could get the sympathy of the "squire," his client would have a "lost cause." He therefore labored hard in applying the "sympathetic process." He gushed with eloquence of great warmth in referring to his client's rights, until finally great tears came trickling down his cheeks, at the sight of which the justice (who was a very tender-hearted individual) was also moved to tears. This satisfied the attorney that the sympathy of the Court was in behalf of the lady, and he closed his argument by saying, "It does my heart good to believe that this honorable Court, in the exercise of a sound discretion, will not allow the rights of a pure and noble lady to be trampled beneath the cloven feet of a soulless corporation;" and took his seat, as confident that he would get a judgment as ever poor Miss Flite was.

Thereupon the squire rendered the following comprehensive and satisfactory decision. He said: "The plaintiff in this case is a woman, and her counsel has for the last hour touched the sympathy of the Court in her behalf, and I am glad of it; but I think, under the law, that justice is on the side of the bank. I therefore will find in favor of the bank, and let *the record show that Mrs. —— has the full sympathy of the Court.*"

A CORRESPONDENT at Lynn, Massachusetts, sends us the following epitaphs:

From a grave-stone at Wendell, Franklin County, Massachusetts:

Mary Hardy Goss Hill Sawin,
Providence, R. I., 1810 to 1846,
Wendell, 1846 to 1870.

Orphan of Affection and Grief.
Adopted by Aunt and Grandsire,
Nurse of their hospital home,
Wife and Widow those of Dea. John Hills,
Happy wife of Gratitude.
In rural home of Thos. E. Sawin 8 years.
Often prisoner of Calamity & Pain.
Exhile of Inherited *Meloncholy* 15 years.
Petient waiter on Decay and Death.
Lover of all who love Jesus.

From a grave-stone at Malden, Massachusetts.

Miss Phebe Sprague
Died in 1805,
in the 16th year of her age.

Natively quick and spry,
As all young people be,
When God commands them down to dust,
How quick they drop, you see.

THIS, from a Cincinnati correspondent, is very neat:

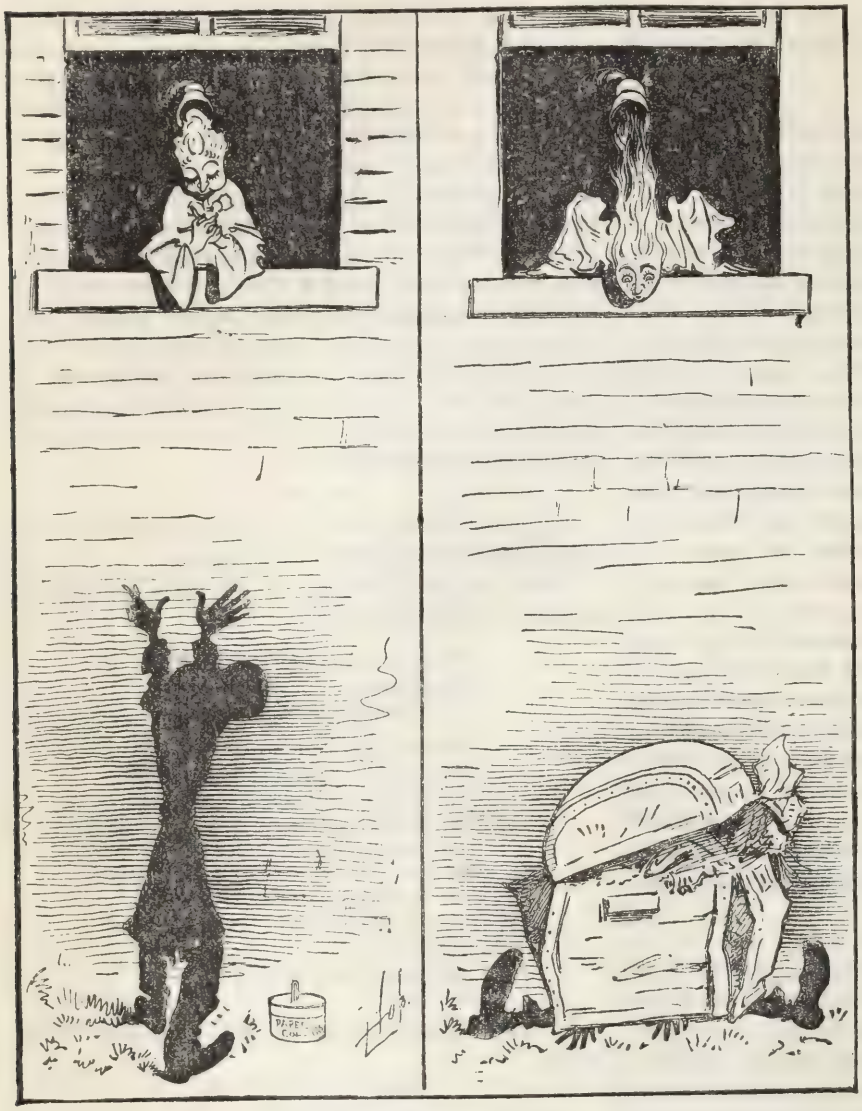
"Apropos of the sayings of the little ones, I am reminded of an incident which touched me very much at the time, and may find a responsive chord in the hearts of some who are parents.

"I was sitting on my porch of a pleasant summer morning, when up runs little five-year-old Belle, intent on a visit to a playmate across the way.

"'Papa,' she asks, 'may I go over and play with Carrie a while?' and then, as she seemed to discern a dissent in my face, she put her little rose-bud lips to mine, and quickly added: 'Please don't say No—*think a minute first.*'

"Was there ever a more charming protest against a hasty and inconsiderate answer? Of course the little girl had her wish. We are

perhaps all too ready thoughtlessly to deny many of the requests of the little ones—things that seem trifling to us, but are every thing to them. And when their little appeals come, before letting the No rise too quickly to our lips, let us think a minute."



A ROMANCE SPOILED.

JULIET. "Yes, Georgie dear, I am all ready; only I have a little baggage which I can't positively do without. Oh, how nice to be abducted thus!"

ROMEO (*rashly*). "All right, love; just toss your dear little baggage out of the window. I will take care of it!"

Which she somehow or other managed to do. [*He never told his love.*

To such of our well-meaning but oversanguine countrymen as bother our consuls abroad about their genealogical trees, imaginary family crests, ancestral wealth, etc., etc., the following decisive and *incisive* official report comes with admonition all the way from "Nuremberg the ancient:"

It seems that some months ago a professional gentleman of no mean pretensions applied to our consul at Nuremberg to look up or into the present condition of certain ancestral estates and unclaimed legacies said to have been left by the applicant's grandfather, who had died, many years ago, within the limits of the afore-mentioned consular district. This particular heir desired immediate attention given to his business, so as to enable him to act understandingly after coming to Europe to effect a final settlement as the representative of the sole heirs. Partly owing to the standing of the applicant, the consul thought possibly there might be something in it, so he did give it his "immediate attention;" and after much correspondence, delay, and at a cost of some ten dollars out of the consul's own pocket, the final report came from the Landgericht (Surrogate's Court) having jurisdiction—a formidable-looking document, with seals, ribbons, etc. After the usual compliments, the royal Bavarian judge informed the consul literally as follows: "You can say to your client A B that his paternal ancestor C D was well known in the community where he lived and died. During his entire life he was a pauper; he died a pauper, and was buried by public charity."

THEY are so precocious in the neighborhood of Worcester, Massachusetts!

"My little seven-year-old girl," writes a friend, "was in the sitting-room alone with her uncle, and dreamily looking from the window. Without turning her head, she said, 'Uncle Horace, eight and seven make fifteen, don't they?' He replied that she was right. 'Then,' said she, in half soliloquy, 'it is only eight years before I shall have a beau, and, oh! *I dread it.*'"

PERHAPS the following, from a Newark (New Jersey) correspondent, may have been suggested by the recent fine show of dogs at Gilmore's Garden:

"I have a little daughter of six summers," he writes, "who recently had a slight cold, and was kept in the house a day or two as a matter of prudence. A few days after, she said to her mother, 'I know why I did not die when I was sick: because, when you were out of the room, I prayed to God, and asked Him to let me live; I told Him I wanted to see more of the new pup, and had lots of things I wanted to do.'"

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCL.—JULY, 1879.—Vol. LIX.



ON THE BEACH.

NARRAGANSETT PIER.

THE reader who will take the trouble to look at a State or county map of Rhode Island (they come to the same thing) will notice that Narragansett Bay is divided at its mouth by a long, narrow island—Canonicut. At the southern point of the island is the well-known Beaver Tail Light-house, just opposite Newport Harbor. West of the light, on the mainland, a little estuary, Narrow River, or Pettaquamscott Inlet, makes in through the rocks and sand, and then, breaking into a T, sends one arm due north, where it turns into a fresh-water river, and another about two miles southward. Parallel to this branch runs the strip of sandy coast now so well known as Narragansett Beach. At its southern extremity, where the shore breaks up into rock and pebbles, is the village—the "Pier" proper. Between the beach and the inlet the ground swells into a gentle ridge of farm-

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NARRAGANSETT BEACH.

ing land, where Senator Sprague has set his villa—a graceful complex of summer architecture, forming one of the most charming residences in the State. Still further inland, west of the inlet, and looking directly down on it, rises the steep bluff of Narragansett Heights, the southern spur of a chain of low hills running far up into the State, and crowned at its southern extremity by Tower Hill Hotel, with its cottages and out-buildings. From the Heights the land slopes still further westward, with open pastures and gentle indentations, till at about three miles inland we come to the more wooded and broken regions of Wakefield Village, Peacedale, and Kingston. South of these settlements runs a chain of ponds, beginning with Silver Lake (fresh-water), and then a string of continuous salt lakes or inlets, opening into the sea just inside Point Judith, where the coast begins to trend sharply to the west. Indeed, the whole region is dappled with just such pretty sheets of water, of greater or smaller magnitude. There is Warden's Pond, and Weston's Pond, and Wash Pond, and Cedar Lake, and Potter Pond, and such a host of others that to say they form a preponderating feature of the scenery, however bad a pun, would be good geographical truth. This pleasant and peaceful country was once the site of an active and wealthy rural community. Relatively, at least, it was far more important in the social economy of the State than now. Old residents can still spin you endless yarns of the busy, genial, comfortable life and people of the olden time. The land is redolent of traditions drawn from the old Indian and colonial days. Over by Silver Lake is a mound which the farmers declare must have been an Indian barrow. From the Heights one can descry, dim and blue on the northern horizon, the peculiar rounded outline of Mount Hope; and brave, unfortunate King Philip is a favorite figure in local legend.

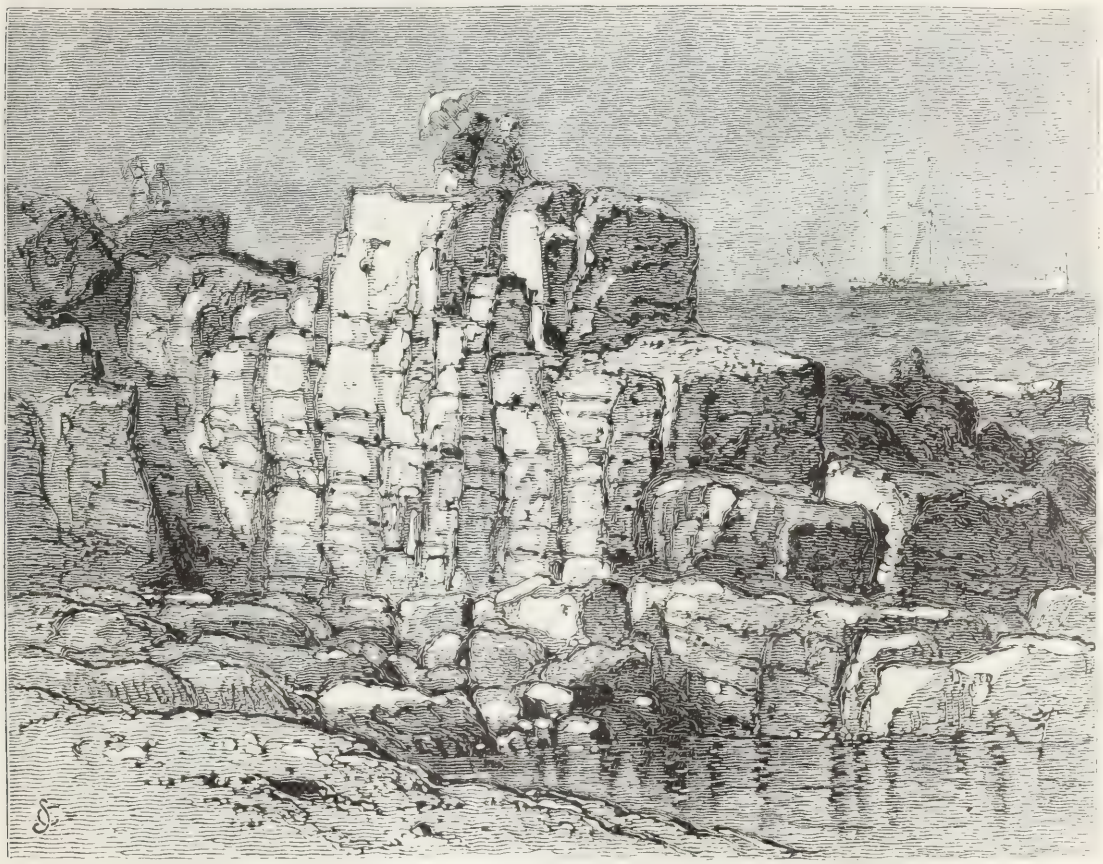
All through the pleasant country-side the canny Quakers met, trafficked, and hobnobbed with the guileless red man, spinning the socio-commercial copper in that comfortable game which always turned out heads for the Quaker and tails for the savage. Up and down the coast roamed that pirate bold, Captain Kidd, seeking a hiding-place for his unlawful gains. Right at the foot of Tower Hill, too, where in my time sweet Emma K—— and her childish playfellows used to pick blackberries and cull flowers, he is said to have come to his taking off by judicial *sus. per coll.* Far up the coast, toward Bristol, is the sequestered farm-house where the regicide Whaley is supposed to have sheltered himself from the pursuit of Restoration reaction and the minions of Whitehall.

The old post-road from Bristol to New York used to pass through Kingston and Wakefield, and of course supplied the local annals with plentiful sprinkling of murder, robbery, counterfeiting, and other dramatic complication. Boston Neck, the strip of land between the inlet and the shore, was formerly the seat of rather a peculiarly well-to-do and aristocratic community. One or two solid old gambrel-roofed houses on the ridge still speak from their ruins of old-time comfort and geni-

ality. Sitting on the Tower Hill piazza, a shrewd Providence lawyer, who might wear, in Athenian fashion, a Narragansett grasshopper in his hat, so deep-rooted is he in the soil, has told me how long the old-fashioned traditions subsisted in this out-of-the-way community, and how, in his grandmother's family, the pillion on which she used to ride behind her husband on occasional journeys was, almost in his own time, a familiar bit of furniture. If one needed a proof that the inhabitants were a substantial race who loved their ease and took it, we might glean one from the fact that hereabouts was born Gilbert Stuart, the painter. Later, too, the neighborhood gained a celebrity in national history by the birth of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry.

But most of these glories have passed away. The centralizing tendency of civilization has gone over the country, curdling the scattered forces of the rural community into ganglia of commercial or social activity. Providence, Bristol, New London, Newport, Wickford, and other pushing young places have spread out their spider lines of economic traction in railways, post-roads, and steamers, and sit in the centre of the web, steadily drawing to themselves the main elements of growth.

I would gladly have the reader seat himself with me on the broad shady piazza of the Tower Hill House, and give himself up for a brief space to the sweet influences of the surroundings. The one thing which will seize him at first glance is the sense of vastness and limitless breathing space.



THE ROCKS OF NARRAGANSETT.

Nowhere else in all sea-side resorts will he be likely to get so much air and elbow-room. The ocean view, vast as it is, forms but the setting to a foreground of such endless variety, such exquisite delicacy and minuteness, that it takes some days for the stranger to fully comprehend its endless capabilities, and blend them to one coherent picture in his thought. Right beneath us the land slopes sharply eastward from the bluff, through rugged pastures, to the head of the inlet. Just beyond, in the middle distance, lie the rich meadows of the Sprague villa, with its graceful roofs and cupolas peering out above the greenery. Further to the right the Pier spreads out its straggling cluster of hotels and boarding-houses, offering, as they glow and gleam in the afternoon sun,

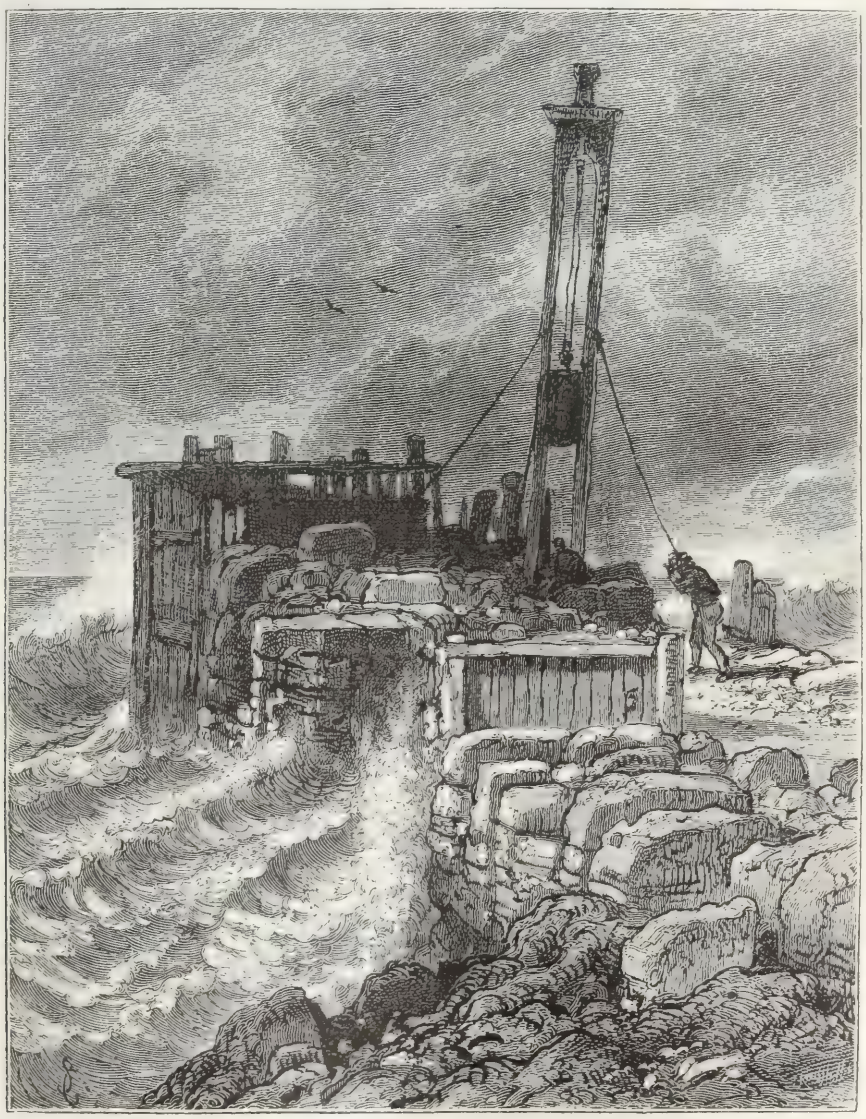


ANGLING.

a dazzling mass of light and color, and giving to the picture the light of human interest. Turning farther to the right, we see, breaking the horizon line, the low wooded knoll of the "Haunted Castle," and over the tree-tops, due south, we can make out to-night the gleam of Point Judith Light. Next in order, after a little space of clear sea, come the dim outlines of Block Island, studded, as we can see by morning light, with hotels and fishing villages, and swarming with coasters. Then more open sea-line, almost down to Montauk Point; and then, farther to the southwest, the land shuts us in, and the view is filled by the varied lines of the Salt Ponds, with their pretty miniature capes and knolls and wooded banks—a perfect mosaic of rich and brilliant tints. But to the minds of most readers the name of "the Pier" carries with it a savor of social rather than of merely æsthetic interest. So in quitting our nature-studies for the moment, we will leave the macrocosm of sunlight and scenery, pack our valises, and go down the hill for a peep at the *microcosm*—the whirl and gayety of "society" at the beach.

Eight or ten years ago there was, in the modern sense at least, no Pier at all. There was a beach and some rocks, a straggling village of the smallest pattern, a dock and breakwater, a few coal and lumber sloops, and two or three plain farmers' houses, where a few quiet summer boarders took shelter for a season's rest, bathing, and fresh air. But somewhere back in the dark ages of 1870—these Argonautic migrations are always a little mythical—some aristocratic Jason, seeking less, perhaps, a new fleece than fleeing from that of the Newport hotels, wandered over to these Colchian shores. He looked upon the land and found it good, and, what is more, he told all his friends. He must have done so, for just at this period we read that the Trimontane and Gothamite Hellas was stirred to its depths. Old and young, grave and gay, beaux and belles, dandies and dandyesses, packed their Saratoga trunks, shouldered their croquet mallets, and came trooping over to the new land of promise, where living was cheap, if not good, and the too-affectionate mosquito a thing of tradition. Straightway, as in a night, the one-time lonely shore blossomed with boarding-houses. Old farm-houses were enlarged, new clapboard and shingle caravansaries hastily run up, sidewalks laid, permanent bathing-houses erected, and due provision made for both spiritual and fleshly wants by the building of two or three chapels at one end of the village and a restaurant and drinking saloon at the other. A lit-

tle steamer, a very little steamer—hardly more than a tea-kettle in a coal-box—was set to run between Newport and the Pier. Two or three years after, the growing needs of passenger travel and the Hazard Mills brought about a branch railroad from Kingston, on which in summer a bustling little locomotive with one passenger-carriage comes whistling and fum-



OLD PIER AT NARRAGANSETT.

ing down the valley several times a day from Wakefield. The town seems in the full tide of growth, and no one can well say where it will stop. Just now it looks like a regiment in battle array, with long, shallow, company front, and slight show of reserves or camp equipage in the rear. All along the shore stretches the row of hostelries, beginning at the railway station with Whaley's Cottage, continuing north-bound with the Mount Hope, Continental, Rodman's, Atlantic, Atwood's, Taylor's, and Matthewson, and turning a sharp corner by the bathing beach into a group of others, in which the Metatoxet, Elmwood, Delavan, and Seaview are the most prominent. Even in this early period of its socio-municipal history the place is already taking on its class traditions. Each of the houses begins to show a certain specific character and social flavor. The Mount Hope, spacious and well appointed, is crowded, bustling, and showy, the great house of call for transient visitors, and a welcome haven of refuge to belated strangers from Mesopotamia and the parts beyond Jordan. The Continental, similarly large and comfortable, claims aristocratic position for its wealthy New-Yorkers, Southerners, and Philadelphians, of which last there are generally enough to give it a definite local color. Rodman's, a sort of agglutinating, gradual-evolution style of barrack, so far as the building goes, has yet



PETTAQUAMSCOTT RIVER.

gained a reputation for its social good tone, jollity, and swarms of pretty girls. So strongly does the feminine element predominate, and so iron has this law of natural selection become, that its queer little crannies of rooms are regularly handed down, by a sort of anti-salic law, in the line of female succession, and it has been proposed to set up as a sign-board the title of the clever little German comediette, *Zehn Mädchen und kein Mann*. The same strictness of inheritance prevails at Taylor's, and to some extent at the Elmwood. Both, in spite of their small, dark, cramped, and inconvenient rooms, have yet acquired a certain social *cachet* which makes a foot-hold there a thing of value. The Matthewson, Metatoxet, Delavan, and others are all comfortable houses, but of less specific character, and more accessible to general patronage.

Exclusive or otherwise, they make altogether a cheery picture on a pleasant afternoon, when the drive along the shore is alive with carriages and promenaders returning from the after-dinner airing. The lawns in front of the houses are dotted with pretty figures in still prettier toilets, intent on croquet, lawn tennis, or battledoor, assisted by an occasional languid dandy, irreproachable in dazzling linen, white flannel, or fashionable tweed. The children are scampering, romping, and squalling in every one's way, yet too pleasant to be dispensed with. The train has just come puffing into the station—a little way down the beach—from which crowds of new arrivals come pouring out, with much effusive hand-shaking, embracing, and eager clamor of welcoming tongues, and the whole is overlooked by the calmer phalanx of philosophic elders on the piazza, who look up from newspapers or knitting to glance over at the sleepy steadfastness of the sea, gently washing in on the pebbles just across the road, and think, no doubt with a trace of hidden heart-ache, how strong the contrast between the awful permanence of the one and the bright, ephemeral gayety of the others. Still prettier is the scene on a fine night, when the moon, rising full over the ocean, floods the Pier front with a tide of strong yet mellow radiance, turning the whole eastern horizon to one sheet of shimmering silver, gleaming white and cold on the long façades of the hotels, blending yet contrasting with the ruddy glare from countless windows and hall doors, and gently touching the soft draperies of the happy groups as they come straying homeward from the evening's social meetings, and fill the balmy night air with girlish merriment and "resounding laughter sweet." And speaking of social gayeties, here may be the place to remark that Narragansett has a specific character among summer resorts. It has not the adventurous solitude of the Adirondacks, nor the frank, gypsy-like abandon of Mount Desert. Equally little has it of the noisy whirl of Saratoga, or the plutocratic grandeur of Newport. There is no Long Branch Corso of jingling "turn-outs" and petroleum splendor, no dazzling ball-room brilliancy of Cape May or New London. The Pier is certainly not shoddy, but equally not athletic. The white umbrella and sketching stool of the



WHERE ARE THE GENTLEMEN?

Conway Meadows would seem as strange here as the rod and gun of Moosehead Lake. If an occasional enthusiast succeeds in catching an exceptionally stupid bass or blue-fish, he is borne in triumph on the shoulders (figuratively speaking) of all his feminine acquaintance, and straightway erected into a mild species of tea-table idol. No one gets—in London street parlance—"outside of a horse," for the elementary reason, probably, that there is no horse to get outside of. No one goes on "tramps," because tramps involve rough coats and boots, some fatigue, and much perspiration, and are radically incongruous with the gauze train and immaculate shirt collar of civilization. No one ventures on the treacherous yachting party, so sure to disturb the equilibrium of toilet, manners, and diaphragmatic action. There was for a season or two a rash and eccentric innovator who roamed the country-side in a blue flannel shirt and trousers, and got helplessly mixed up



WHERE THE GENTLEMEN ARE.

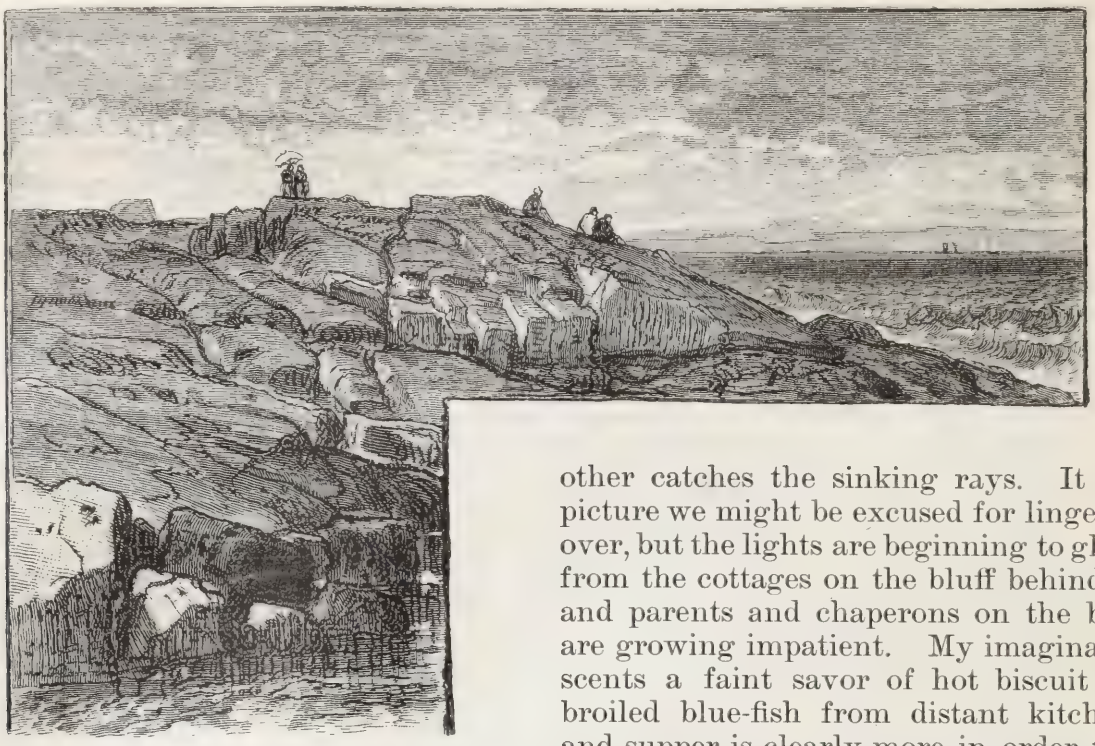
in the Pierian mind with the boatmen at the fish-house or the lads at the lumber-yard. But he was so severely "sat on" by the Narragansett upper classes, and became such a social pariah among all right-feeling people, that his life grew a burden. Even the few friends who clung to him in his degradation inquired anxiously of his health at eventide, as of one recklessly rushing to destruction, blindly throwing away youth, health, and a once unspotted name. No one ever followed his baleful example. No one in this tropic zone ever did or does any thing to seriously interfere with personal appearance or habits. The Pierian world is metropolitan society on a basis of light but graceful *négligé*. Its prominent feature is quiet good tone, with a perceptible shade of exclusiveness which never unbends beyond the possibility of recovery at a moment's notice, yields to no enthusiasm which would shake the placid *nil admirari* of the select. A gentle and patronizing approbation of nature claims occasional indulgence, but never beyond the requirements of *crêpes de Chine* and kid boots. Pierians commune with the eternal verities on Sunday afternoons from the rocks below the railway station. Sooth to say, there is a very pleasant Watteauish charm in the scene when the great bowlder-like mass of Indian Rock is studded with its groups of picturesque human barnacles, "camping down" in every phase of comfortable lounging except the ungraceful, the ladies duly fortified with sun-shades and novels, the gentlemen patiently attendant with wraps and mantles, or daintily recumbent in mascu-

line seclusion with the sundry forms of nicotine that comport with feminine neighborhood. It is the social exchange, the pump-room, Kursaal, and Corso of the beach, only second in its easy idleness to the grand event of the day—the morning bath—of which more anon.

You may circulate freely, chatting and exchanging greetings with friends from the different houses, only observing due regard for circumstance and situation. Don't peer too curiously under the shade of that great sun-umbrella as you pass, for the confidential attitude and murmured conversation of the pair it shelters show that one of the "events" of the season—the old, old story—is running its roseate course, and we shall hear more of it next December on Madison Square or at the Rev. Dr. ——'s. Bow to that group of stylish girls, or drop a passing word, if you choose, but be shy of subsiding under their lee and hinting a design to join the party. They are on the watch for higher game than you, my poor friend. Even the lively little Chicago belle who smiled so confidingly in your eyes last night on the Elmwood piazza will be apt to show an embarrassed chill of manner, as painful as unfathomable to your guileless soul. For does not the *Proserpine*, just from Newport, swing at her anchor in front of the Continental? Young Crœsus, Gauche Boozy, or Gunnybags Junior may saunter this way at any moment; far-seeing beauty is armed for conquest in all her terrors, and has no spare fascination for chance or ineligible cavaliers. Do not suppose, however, because the upas shade of Newport fashion stretches over to this quiet coast, that it stupefies all alike. Down in that cool crevice close on the water you will find a little knot of genial women and good fellows in whose company you may light your cigarette, stretch yourself at ease, and talk or be silent, while with the keen enjoyment of a cultivated sympathy you watch the panorama before you. Confess, with me, that it is a lovely spot, a very dreamer's paradise. We are sheltered from the slant rays of the sun by the rock behind us, and the shelf we are lodged on is so fashioned that while the waves foam and dash right below us, within reach of our hands almost, we are safe from any thing worse than an occasional puff of spray. In its wintry rage, however, the surf can do dire work; witness the great schooner taken up bodily and planted on an even keel on the shingle upon the little beach just north of us. Now, as we lie here, they play idly in and out, pouring in miniature cataracts over the little reefs beneath us, and lifting those dark blood-red, weed-draped masses of kelp just below high water with a wet



IDLE HOURS.



INDIAN ROCK.

glitter of emerald and ruby which almost dazzles the eye, while the great lazy frondage of bladder-weed "goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide, to rot itself with motion."

Next a little pleasure-boat comes drifting by, her boom swinging free, and the light breeze dead aft. A larger yacht is just firing her pop-gun and rounding to her anchorage in front of the hotels on the beach, and the little *Florence*, on her last trip from Newport, comes sputtering and wheezing toward her wharf down by the railway station. As the sun sinks behind us, and the long streaks of alternate cloud-shadow and light stretch from the sunset in great curved bands of blue and purple and rosy gray toward their converging point on the opposite horizon, the mist banks in the offing begin to blush like the after-glow on Alpine summits, while the sea lies glimmering beneath them cold steely gray by contrast. Overhead the flecked and dappled masses of fleecy cloud gleam in flame-color and gold, setting sharply off against the cool deep azure beyond. The Newport headlands stand out transparent, dusky red, shadowy, yet illuminated in the magical light. The distant sails stud the horizon with spots of pink and crimson, like jewels of amethyst on a ring of purple enamel, varied with the diamond flashes from the Newport casements as one after another catches the sinking rays. It is a picture we might be excused for lingering over, but the lights are beginning to gleam from the cottages on the bluff behind us, and parents and chaperons on the bank are growing impatient. My imagination scents a faint savor of hot biscuit and broiled blue-fish from distant kitchens, and supper is clearly more in order than scenery. So fold the plaids, help the ladies carefully over the steep ledges and slippery bowlders till we can gain the bank. Notice Dr. Houghton's pretty little cottage at the top of the path. They had a garden party there last week, and there was music and dancing on the lawn, and pretty toilets, and "Punch and Judy" for the children, and refreshment table, and much flirtation all along the line. The proceeds went, I believe, to the support of "St. Peter's by the Sea," the pretty little brown-roofed Episcopal chapel back of the Continental. The comfortable plank sidewalk on which we are now sauntering homeward through the huckleberry bushes was paid for from the proceeds of the private dramatic entertainments at the "Academy" (!), in which young Kerbstone and Bella La Mode so dazzled their sympathetic friends just at the close of last season.

Tea over, and the week-day machinery cleared away from the parlors and piazzas in all the houses, the piano is opened, the *Carmina Sacra* got out, and for an hour or two the whole village is vocal with the sober strains of "Hamburg" and "Mear," or the lilting inspiration of "Hold the Fort" and "Pull for the Shore." As music it doesn't touch the highest artistic mark, certainly, but it is soothing and sympathetic. Thoughtless misses and stalwart young swells, who for six days a week know little melody but "Conosci il suol" or *Madame Angot*, feel the gentle

infection, and those who came to sneer remain to sing. Quaint, isn't it, to see young Biceps, just arrived with all his blushing Springfield honors thick upon him, roaring away like a sturdy, red-faced, six-foot sucking dove, and rasping his manly larynx with an intractable chromatic, as he looks over the book with sweet Nelly S——, the daintiest little devotee who ever carried a poor fellow's thoughts skyward on the wings of earthly sentiment? But there is nothing like proximity. Biceps won't be the worse for a little vicarious devotion; and if Nelly can make him available in "convertible" (or other) bonds, why shouldn't she? So none of your scoffing, you æsthetic heathen! If you don't like the music, or the spirit of it, light your cigarette and take a stroll down the promenade. By the time you get back the singing will be over, and the crowded piazzas in much the same tide of unsanctified gossip and flirtation as on ordinary evenings.

The culmination of the Narragansett day—if it is not a paradox to put a culmination at the beginning—is the morning bath. The daily dip, in the Pierian economy, takes a most important place. It is so convenient in situation and appurtenance, so pleasant in itself, and so admirably breaks the monotony of the long summer hours, that it has become the great objective point of the situation. From the farthest hotel, the Mount Hope, an easy half-mile walk brings one to the spot, while the guests at the nearer houses have hardly more to do than to step round the corner. The beach is admirably smooth, level, and free from tidal alteration. The influx of sea-weed, which so often leaves the Newport bather in the unpleasant position of a *croûton* in a basin of pea soup, is rare. The deadly chill of the eastern waters gives place here to a tepid, wooing softness which tempts the most delicate to linger, and from a robust exercise of mere hygienic necessity, makes the dip an æsthetic enjoyment. There is but slight under-tow, and the surf is rarely alarming. Life lines and buoys would seem like a satire on our smiling waters, and no case of fatal accident has ever shocked our careless security. Once, indeed, a few seasons ago, a plucky girl who could float but not swim found, on trying to touch bottom, that she had drifted beyond her depth, but with fine presence of mind she recovered her horizontal position, and lay calmly looking skyward awaiting rescue. She was eventually saved by capillary attraction—in plainer English, towed in by the hair of her head, which luckily was not of the patent reversible attachment order so common nowadays. While, therefore, at Mount Desert only a few matutinal fanatics chill their marrow and abrade their cuticle by an early plunge from barnacle-studded rocks, and the languid Newport lounger, like the Turkish pasha with the dancers, would rather pay some one else to do it for him, at Narragansett every one bathes, the doctor permitting.



"ON THE WINGS OF SONG."



INDIGENOUS LOUNGERS.

At eleven o'clock the little village square by the "Elmwood" offers a busy scene. Carriages are whirling by in hot haste, or drawing up in front of the post-office, while the inmates chaffer with the fruiterer for the first early peaches from New York, stroll in at the apothecary's for family doses and cream soda, or inquire anxiously of the much-enduring postmaster if "there is any thing for me to-day?" Improvident new arrivals are picking out bathing dresses at the country store, deep in the choice of blue flannel, waist belts, and fancy stockings. The saturnine, good-natured indigenous lounges, piscatorially picturesque, in shirt-sleeved serenity, about the wharf, smoking the philosophic pipe, and watching the queer goings on of "them taown folks," with a lazy, half-amused, half-contemptuous interest. A richer tone and finer *chiar-oscuro* are added to the scene by the funny little darkies—Cupids in ebony or Day and Martin—who swarm from the washer-women's shanties back of the beach, skirmishing about among the carriages, and watching the proceedings with open-eyed delight. And through and over all the human tide sets steadily down the little back lane to the "Studio" at the head of the beach. Why "the Studio," where art is supposed to give way to nature, no one has ever clearly told. An upper room contains billiard tables and a bar, while the lower floor is devoted to lunch and supper rooms. The long corridor through which we pass to the sands is furnished with a stand for the visitors' register, and a counter loaded with bananas, cake, sweeties, and other concrete forms of indigestion made easy. The front balconies enfilade the beach, and here, on a pleasant forenoon, you will find a fairy phalanx of youth and gayety, of pretty faces, and gauzy toilets, and dainty summer hats, shifting and changing like a kaleidoscope, and enlivened by a cheerful chatter of feminine tongues, like a large opera-box or a Murray Hill reception in morning dress. The same scene is repeated all down the beach, where the great permanent bathing-houses on the sandy ridge, with their sheltered gable ends and benches looking seaward,

supply even better ground of observation for the lookers-on.

Nothing could well be prettier. Besides the sober ranks on the benches, groups of peripatetic fair wander along the shore, or sit calmly in the soft sand, careless of starched muslin and kid gloves, ensconced under great sun-umbrellas or extemporized tents, and hedged about by admiring cavaliers, some dry, in the cos-



A RACE ON THE BEACH.

tume of the nineteenth century, others in bathing dress and in varying stages of dampness. The Narragansett bathing costume is, artistically at least, an improvement on the conventional pattern. It is often graceful, almost always compendious. The men have found out that for the swimmer a yard or two of superfluous stuff may advantageously be retrenched at elbows, neck, and ankles. Their dress, with a moderation born of good taste, shrinks from extremities, and the snug *maillot* of the modern haberdasher *accuses*, as a Frenchman would say, a fine contour of thew and muscle, which would do honor to the Apollo Belvedere, or the Antinous of the Capitol. The ladies have very literally followed suit. Like Pope's Narcissa, they feel that

"One wouldn't, sure, be frightful when one's dead"

—or dipping. So pretty stuffs, abbreviated skirts and trousers, and colored stockings have generally replaced the cumbrous proprieties of old. The ancient figure of fun has become a very comely object, wet or dry, and the witch of the pantomime has budded into the Columbine. To meet a party of these joyous young people, in idyllic unfolding, trotting up the beach for a preliminary "breather" before going in, or drying off after coming out, would make a rural precisian faint with dismay.

The stretch of water before the bathing-houses on a fine August morning of-

fers a very cheering spectacle. The little children, golden-haired, blue-eyed, and chubby, in various light and cherubic undress, are paddling in the creamy ripples, screaming with delight as the wavelets



A NATATORY LESSON.

chase them up on the sand, or hanging back and squalling dismally as scolding nurses or papas try to drag them in for a serious dip. Farther out come the compromise ranks of sober matrons or timid youngsters, who stand, or squat rather, mid-leg deep, rising and stooping in solemn cadence, with that queer penguin-like gravity which marks the cockney bather all the world over, or presenting their shoulders to the last ripples of an infant breaker, in the delightful conviction that they are "battling with the surf." Still farther out come the real bathers. The beach is so level and the water in fine weather so quiet that it needs little courage to walk out to one's armpits. At this depth we shall find a fringe of lively people in the very heyday of robust enjoyment. Here a pair of bright-eyed lassies are trying a race, the more skillful showing the other "how to do it," sputtering, screaming, and laughing, but making little headway, while young Biceps stands shoulder-deep beside them, encouraging and criticising their efforts. Next comes the couple we last met under the umbrella, the youth teaching the maiden how to float, keenly relishing the ecstatic familiarity of tapping her soft round chin to make her keep her head back, and the frightened clutch of her convulsive hands as a roller breaks over her and brings her gasping to her feet.

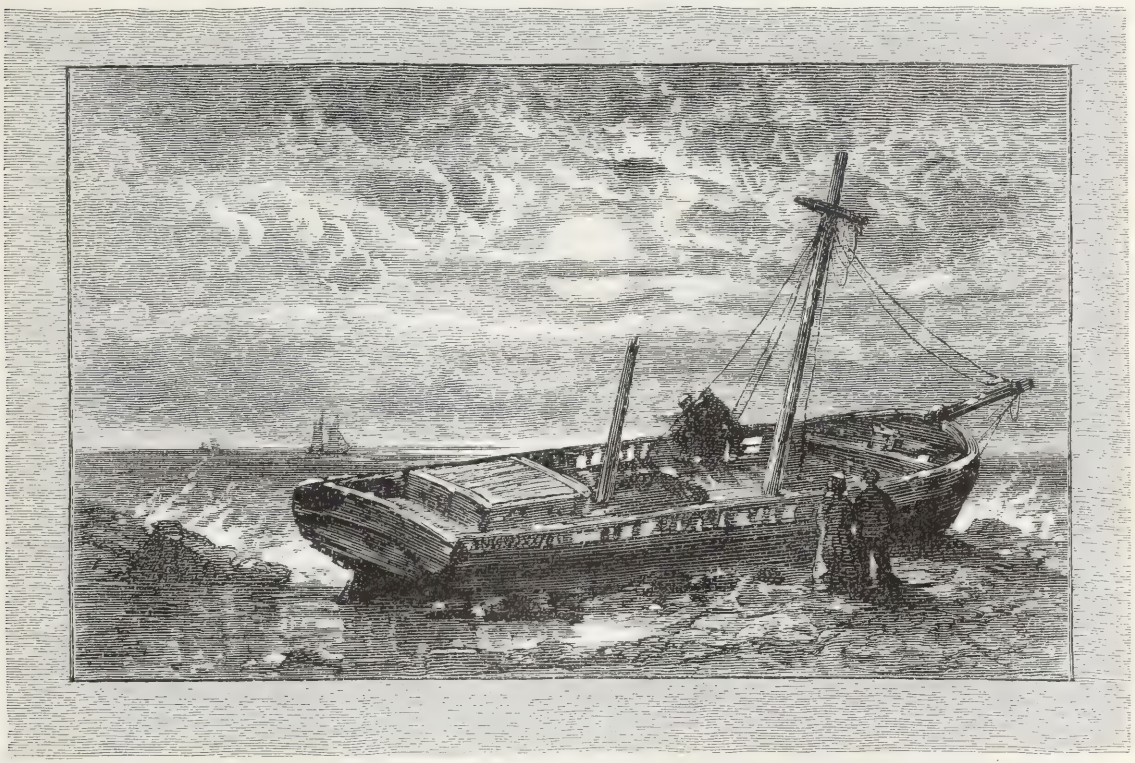
As we turn, two or three lively girls salute us with a shower of splashes before replying to our morning compliments or plunging into the discussion of a promised picnic. Pretty little Mrs. Tourterelle, a bride from St. Louis, is on her tiptoes and up to her chin, but still sticks fondly to her husband's manly arm, half in pride at the protection, half with the breathless feeling that drowning itself would be bliss at his side. None the less is her heart wrung with anxiety when he quits her tendrils, sends her shoreward, and goes headlong through the clear green crest of a big breaker, which swings him skyward, and flashes round him in a silvery glitter and dazzle of spray, before he settles to his steady swing, and strikes out seaward; for a rod or so out some lads have run in with their cat-boat as far as they dared, and rounded to, for the fun of the more daring swimmers, who are swarming round her, clambering over the sides, dripping, and resting on the cabin deck, or taking "headers" from her stern for the return swim.

Don't, if you know what's good for you, imitate Kerbstone and Bella La Mode, who, after their dip, are sauntering up the beach to dry in the sun, dripping but blissful in aquatic intimacy, absorbing salt-water and sentiment at every pore. Go straight to your bathing-house, like a sensible fellow, and then let us join the people in the verandas, clothed and in our right minds. Engaged to Mrs. Coquillage for a *partie fine* over raw clams and lager at the "Studio," are you? Go, then, most absorptive of mortals, while I saunter homeward along the swarming promenade to dinner, deeply pondering on that admirable elasticity of digestion which can assimilate bivalves and beer at 12.30 P.M., yet have room for lamb and blueberry pie less than two hours after.

And so, with bathing and talk and reading and all sorts of pleasant junketing, the summer wears on. We try the resources of the place to the uttermost. We run up mythical "strings" at the bowling-alley back of the beach, where the pins are

so very corpulent and "bottly" that they roll over in spasmodic ten-strikes "if Cæsar carelessly but nod on them." We scarify our knuckles and "muddify" our best light trousers boating out with the boys for lilies in the pond at the foot of Sprague's lawn. We go out one nice showery day for perch on Salt Lake, and come back with a longer string of colds than of fish.

Then one golden afternoon we drive down to Point Judith, and clamber up in



AT THE WRECK.

the little whitewashed tower to see the Fresnel light, and pitch pebbles into the hawse-hole of the old wreck on the beach, and clamber out on her bowsprit, and sit on old timber, and talk pleasant, quiet talk suited to the calm sunset hour and the soft plash of the incoming tide.

And sitting on the topmost rail, leaning against the cat-heads, our poetical member, inspired by the scene and surroundings, takes out pencil and paper and writes the

SONG OF THE WRECK.

High o'er the beach the shattered hulk,
With storm-wrenched timbers stern and gray,
Mars, with its grim, unsightly bulk,
The brightness of the golden day;

While tossed on high each gnarlèd beam,
Clear cut against the amber sky,
Like wrestling giant arms might seem,
Flung out in helpless agony.

And fancy counts the winters gone
Since, bowed beneath the tempest's hate,
The hapless vessel, drifting on,
Came groaning, shuddering to her fate,

And gallant lives of stalwart men,
Borne upward on the raging air,
Went out 'mid terror, night, and pain,
In one fierce pang of wild despair.

Now while on shore and sea the sun
Its purple mantle gently lays,
And far-seen islands, one by one,
Melt in the rosy glimmering haze—

While welling up through breach and seam,
The sun-tipped wavelets pulsing flow,
Telling the beach their summer dream
In sea-blown murmurs faint and low—

Fair, gentle girls, with eyes like stars,
And rippling laughter crisp and sweet,
Cluster around the gray old spars,
The bright foam dancing to their feet,

Till when the sunset glories fade,
And twilight deepens into night,
When, keenly flashing through the shade,
Flames o'er the sea the beacon light,

Their parting voices wane and faint
To stillness all unknown before,
Save where the night wind moans its plaint
Round wreck and tower, on wave and shore.

Courage, sad heart! Though dark and chill
Thy storm-wrecked life in ruins lie,
Though wailing ghosts its chambers fill,
And strength and hope and impulse die,

Still youth and love some tender gleams,
Some joy-light, o'er thy gloom shall cast,



AT THE TURNSTILE.

Stirring to transient, happy dreams
The old sweet yearnings of the past.

And when the darkness falls again,
Stand, like the watch-tower, strong and sure;
In patience bide thy lonely pain,
Steadfast, *remember*—and *endure!*

Then, when the twilight deepens and the long lance-like rays from the tower begin to shoot out upon the darkling water, we drive home in the big wagon through the misty moonlight, making the lonely way-side echo with "Up-I-dee," and "Good-night, ladies," and the like good-humored and discordant nonsense, which we should be rather ashamed of in any less frank and gypsyish surroundings. That evening we dress in haste, and go round to the Elmwood for a "hop" in the long pine-floored dining-room, and are profoundly impressed with the gentle shyness of the Pierian youth, who deck their house and bid their guests to a feast, and then set them to capering inside, while they, clever creatures! have the pleasure of watching them *outside* through the long windows of the moon-lit and *spoon-lit* piazza.

And at last, when the days begin to shorten and the gay summer birds are taking wing for the autumnal woods and hills of Plymouth or Gorham, when our state-rooms are engaged, and our trunks are standing packed and ready, we go back for an evening to our old haunts on the Heights. Once more we sit with the new old friends of the season on the broad veranda, and watch the full disk of the harvest-moon rising over the Newport headlands, and throwing out the pretty roofs and towers of Sprague's villa in sharp, jagged silhouette against the silvery glimmer of the sea. And as we talk over the last month's pleasuring, the whole picture—as always when some marked epoch of our lives is drawing to an end—seems to fade into the past. The most recent experiences, the most vivid impressions, grow strangely shadowy and dim, touched with the soft light of a tender and regretful reminiscence. For it has been to us a pleasant and a healthful season. Out in the sweet fresh air, under the influences of rock and sand and breeze and sky and ocean, our bodies and our souls have thriven alike. To the kindred spirits about we have drawn closer in a frank and hearty intimacy. Thoughts and feelings have budded and deepened in

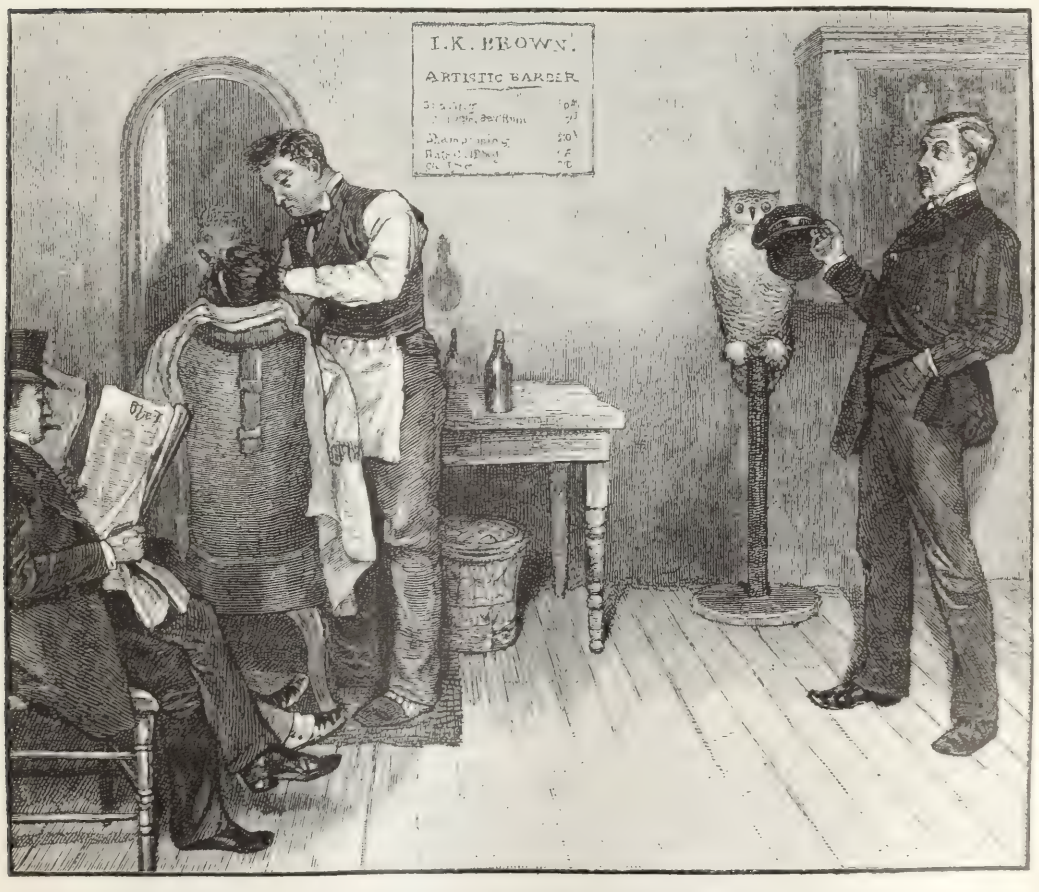
this carnival of nature which the closer air of cities would have stifled. Kind words have been said and kind actions done, fine thoughts suggested and sweet emotions brought to utterance, whose traces will be hard to efface. Though we never see each other's faces again, their gentle memory will stand by us in many a time of despondency and trial and bitter need. It has been well for us to live this little space of our lives together, and not for worlds would we forego the having lived it. And so, with many warm hand-clasps and sad, thoughtful faces, we separate for our last night at Narragansett.

When, next morning but one, we come out on the promenade deck of the great steamer, we are gliding down past Blackwell's Island, and the clash and hum of the awakening city rise to our ears. Our idyl is over, and work-a-day life is upon us. The August sun is burning hot and bright over the eastern line of the Sound, and as we turn to go in for luggage and wraps we catch ourselves murmuring with the poet:

" Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim,
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me!"

THE OWL-CRITIC.

A LESSON TO FAULT-FINDERS.



"WHO STUFFED THAT WHITE OWL?"

"WHO stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop;
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And can not be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

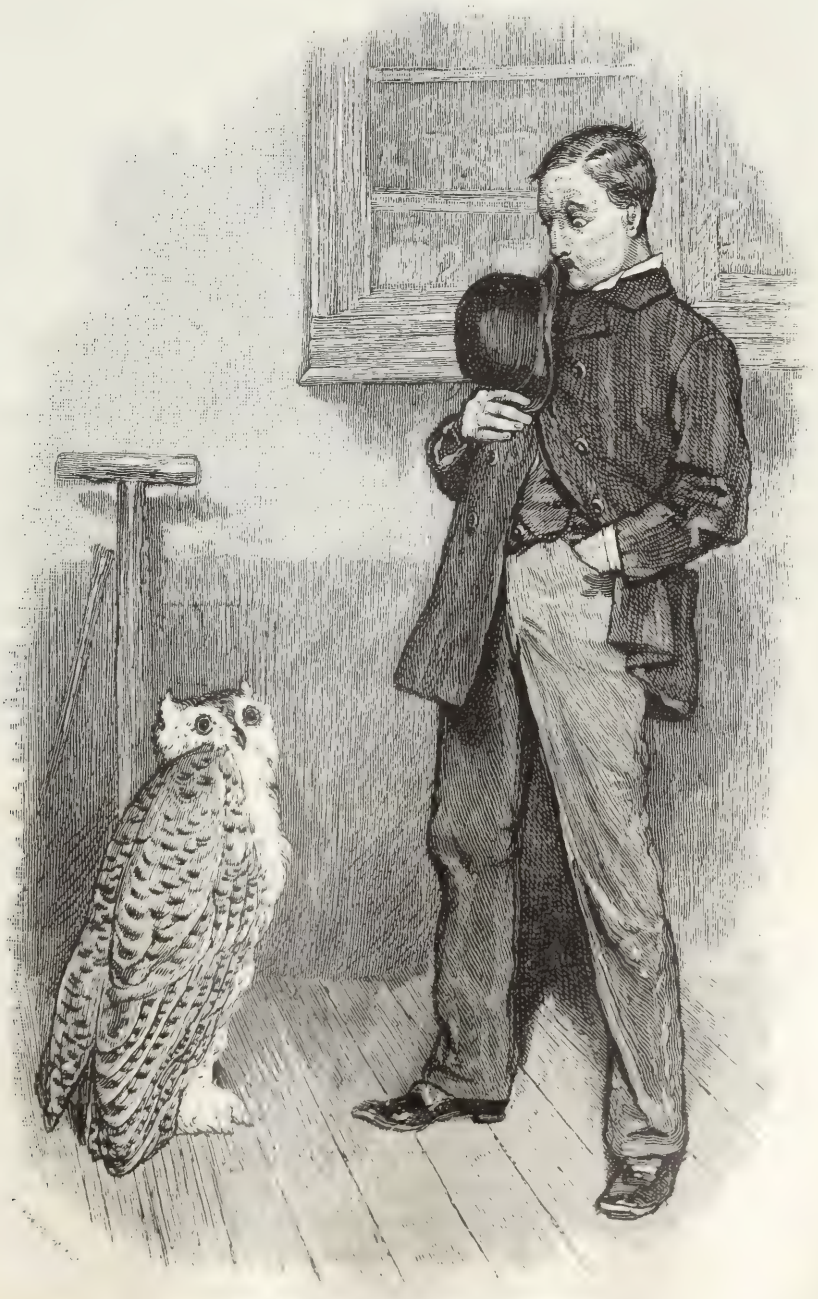
"I've *studied* owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl can not roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't *do* it, because
'Tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark

An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.



"I'M AN OWL; YOU'RE ANOTHER."



THE TWA BRIGS OF AYR.

THE LAND O' BURNS.

"Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses."

SOME forty-five miles southwestward from Glasgow, by the Clyde to Greenock, and thence by the mountain-bound Frith, in a sheltered bay with a low shore that sweeps inland to the hills, stands the little town of Ayr, whose commercial consequence is overshadowed in the estimate of the literary traveller by its consecrating associations with Burns. The poet was too well imbued with *amor patriæ* not to admit any fair claim made upon his compatriotism, and every Scotchman takes to himself some small share of his glory as a personal heritage. The Highlander far north and the lowland peasant by the border embrace him with a common pride. Away up among the Hebrides and down by the Pentland Frith he is spoken of as "ours" with a tone of intimacy and satisfaction; he is as homogeneous to the purple heather and misty peaks as to the wind-blown moors and softer pasture-land of less remote districts. But so much particular interest has been cast upon Ayr by his sweet and melodious genius, his associations with the little town beginning with birth and continued through manhood, to be perpetuated in some of his tenderest and wittiest songs, are so numerous, that it and its environs have come to be known as the Land of Burns; and thither in the summer season, while the winds of the north are not too bleak nor the skies too dull or rainy, thousands of tourists travel who cherish an admiration for him. From June until about the middle of September one of the dapper little steamers with oblique funnels and sharp straight prows familiar on the Clyde communicates with Glasgow daily, carrying passengers at a very reasonable fare. At all seasons the town may be reached by railway, and to the many transatlantic travellers who choose Glasgow for disembarkation we say, Visit Ayr by all means, even if a day is all the time you can give to it: one's reading of the poet is immensely vitalized by the briefest acquaintance with the localities from which he drew his inspiration.

Our approach was from Edinburgh by the train leaving the Caledonian Station at half past six P.M., and we sat in a compartment filled with fresh-colored, wholesome, sensibly dressed Scots, whose clear blue eyes and weather-beaten appearance reminded us of Peter Bell, who had "set his face in many a solitary place against the wind and sky." The rudest forms of the Scotch dialect are melodious, and give a commonplace theme a charm to a stranger whose ear is musical. The Scotch manners are sincere; the Scotch mind is unusually intelligent; and altogether we like the Scotch as travelling companions. The conductor of the train had been in

charge of it for nearly a quarter of a century, departing from the Caledonian Station night after night at the same hour. "D'ye mind the mon?" one of our fellow-travellers asked another. "Ay, ay, these score o' years." We said that we supposed he would break his heart should any thing happen to his train. "Naw, naw, not quite; he had one that nippit off his toes;" and at the next station, as the conductor came to the carriage window for our tickets, a slight limp showed the injury this faithful servant had suffered.

What with stoppages, changes, and examination of tickets, which were repeated at nearly every station, with so many punchings that we were left with the merest shred of card-board at the end of the journey, it was after ten o'clock when we alighted in Ayr, and it was impossible to do else that night than draw chairs around the glowing sea-coal fire in the coffee-room of the King's Arms—an excellent tavern at the foot of High Street. The coffee-room was furnished in massive mahogany, and the decorations were of the most sober character. A saturnine waiter attended to us in a threadbare swallow-tail; but our wants were simple—a sugar bowl, a goblet, a jug of hot water, a slice of lemon, and a certain malt liquor which it is needless to mention. At the end of the room a picture of Burns was framed, and we afterward discovered that the same handsome, kindly face looks down from the wall of nearly every cottage in Ayr.



THE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.

In the morning, when you come to know the town, it is a very charming old place, historically as well as in a picturesque point of view. Alexander the Third oft-



HIGH STREET AND WALLACE TOWER, AYR.

en held his court in Ayr, and in those days it was protected from foreign invaders and lawless neighbors by a wall on the south and east, a castle on the west, and the river on the north. It was visited by the plague in 1610, and more than two thousand persons died of the disease. If we mistake not, it was the scene of some of Wallace's heroic exploits, and it is associated with Cromwell through a fort built by the great usurper. The town divides itself on the sides of a river, which is spanned by the "twa brigs" celebrated in one of the poems by Burns. In the dialogue that occurs between the two structures the new one sneeringly asks the old:

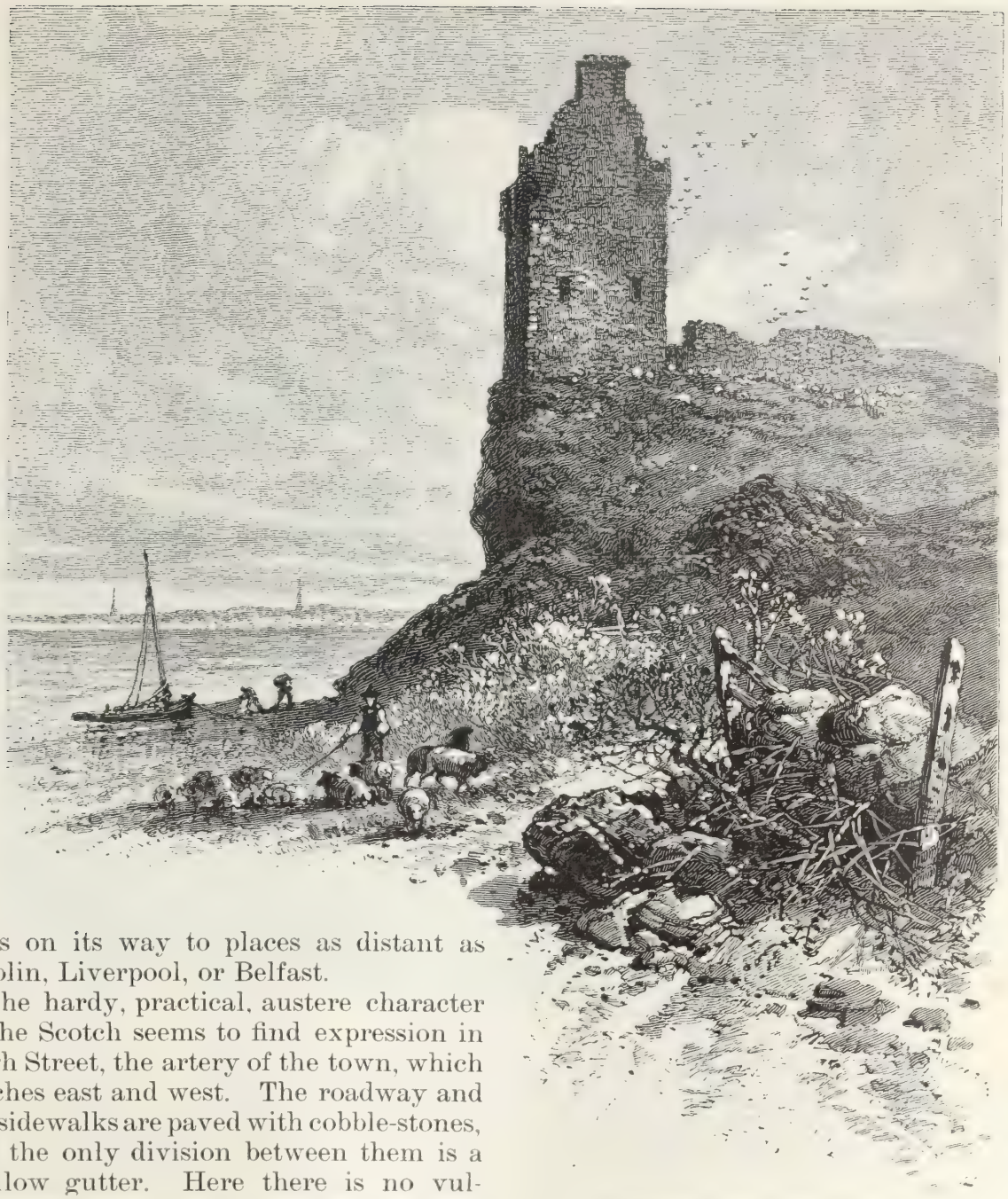
"Will your poor narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern time?"

And the old one answers:

"Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
And though wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!"

There was prophecy in the air that night when the poet, impelled by all-directing Fate, wandered by the Wallace Tower on High Street to where the tide-swollen Frith was sullenly dashing along the shore, and the new "brig" was indeed a "shapeless cairn" last autumn, while the old one was still bearing its burden of traffic. The former becoming insecure, had been closed and partly demolished; the latter, narrow and incommodious, looked like a solid natural rock thrown across the stream. There is a sun-dial in the middle of the old bridge, and the cobble-stones of the pavement are interlocked with the cohesion of hornblende in granite. Eastward the river becomes shallow, and foams upon the rocks with which the bottom is strewn; the banks are green at no great distance above the bridge; and below, a mixed fleet of fishing boats, barks, and smaller craft is moored to the wharves, that extend to the breakwater, over which the water of the Frith flies in southwesterly gales.

In early times the harbor was the principal port on the Clyde, and it was thence that Bruce embarked with his small army to invade Ireland in 1315. Its trade was with England, Ireland, and the Isle of Man, and in 1656 its aggregate tonnage was only 177. But its history has been prosperous, and it now has a fine masonry breakwater, several handsome piers, and a revenue of £10,000 annually. The honest townsman becomes complacent in contemplating the improvements, and feels that Ayr is what an American would call "quite a sea-port." Most of the exports are coal and iron from the neighboring smelting furnaces and mines. Most of the vessels are sailing ships of small tonnage, though occasionally a coasting steamer



GREENAN CASTLE, NEAR AYR.

calls on its way to places as distant as Dublin, Liverpool, or Belfast.

The hardy, practical, austere character of the Scotch seems to find expression in High Street, the artery of the town, which reaches east and west. The roadway and the sidewalks are paved with cobble-stones, and the only division between them is a shallow gutter. Here there is no vulgar ostentation—no toy houses with superabundant ornamentation, no alluring show windows with all the stock arrayed for inspection. A bank or some other affluent corporation has erected at a few prominent corners a modern structure, corniced and three-storied, but most of the buildings are severe, white, and without projections from their façades other than the eaves that overlap the second of their modest two stories. The gable roofs are thatched, and in some instances the straw has become a parasitical green of the vividest kind, though usually it has been weathered to a cold iron-gray. Strange little alleys branch off, mysterious little closes lead to nowhere in particular, and sometimes in an out-of-the-way corner a quaint little edifice is discovered with many peaked dormer windows, and a second story that overreaches the first, from which it is supported by slanting wooden props. There are no interior stairs, and the denizens of the upper floor attain it by a winding flight of stone steps from the street. One little house off High Street, dating back two centuries, is ornamented with a statue of Sir William Wallace—a sad, gaunt-visaged man, who, if his portrait is faithful, had more of the aspect of a priest than of a warrior; and on the main street a tower of great height is erected in commemoration of the same hero. The lower half of the tower is used as a public-house, and our sense of propriety is outraged by the degrading asso-



TAM O' SHANTER INN.

ciation, though the public-house generally appears less vicious to us when, a few moments later, we pause before the Tam o' Shanter.

Ay, the very house in which Tam and Souter Johnny prolonged their market-night meetings, the foaming ale growing better with each successive draught, Souter telling his queerest stories, Tam and the landlady growing gracious—a house not less famous than the old Boar's Head in Eastcheap, or the Bell at Edmonton, named in these latter days after that drouthiest of "drouthy neebors," the incorrigible Tam, who elbows Rip Van Winkle, Bailie Nichol Jarvie, and Conn in our vagabond affiliations. It is a plain, plastered, thatched little tavern, tinted yellow, in contrast to the surrounding houses, which are white. Over the door is a sign-board with a creditable painting of Tam leaving the house,

"Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg,"

and the souter grasping his hand with maudlin affection before he plunges through the storm toward Alloway. The landlord holds the history of the tavern precious, and on another sign-board he specifies its associations, with the additional announcement that "a chair and caup are in the house." The "caup" is the identical one drained by Tam, the chair the one he sat in, and it would be a teetotaler of less than usual flexibility who could pass without ordering some mild beverage as an excuse for viewing the interior.

The landlord's name is A. Glass, and he is not only a most devoted admirer of Burns, but also a poet in a very small way himself. He was absent at the time of our visit, and we were met at the door by the landlady, who showed us up a dark flight of stairs into the little snuggery where in olden times the more favored customers were entertained. Imagine a

twilight room, about eighteen feet long and twelve feet wide, with a clean sanded floor, the wood being knotted profusely, and hollowed between the knots by the shuffling of many feet, ancient and modern; the ceiling is of well-seasoned, time-stained timber, and is bent as though the years passing over it, with the mutations of seasons, had left a weight upon it; the huge beams are so low that a stove-pipe hat must bow under them; the walls are smoky, and hung with a few autograph letters of Burns carefully framed; a big fire-place promises warmth on the coldest nights; and there is ample space for pipes, tobacco, and beer on a long table. These



"A HAGGIS, SIR."

details being arranged in the reader's mind, he has an idea of the apartment in which the cronies of the poem met and sang over their "reaming swats;" but to be in a proper mood to conjure up a vision of the scene as it was, he should stimulate himself with a whiskey punch of the kind that the landlady brews divinely; he should choose an evening for his visit; and, behold! in the blue cloud of smoke Tam appears toasting the souter for the twentieth time, and beaming with boozy happiness, while the buxom landlady stands near, ready to replenish the copious tankards as often as they are emptied. Never did boon companions swear reciprocal allegiance with greater fervor, nor jest or song elicit readier applause, than among the merry-makers at the inn on the stormy market night. The chairs that Tam and the souter sat in night after night, authenticated beyond a doubt on the landlord's honor, are at the farther end of the room, each indicated by an inscribed brass plate. Sat in! Let us change the tense—the chairs that they *sit* in; for unless tobacco smoke and the silky vapor of Highland malt whiskey mislead us, these two roisterers are before the fire now—Tam, with the broad-brimmed bonnet of the pattern that is called after him, and the souter, with his cap and apron, in a gleeful condition of receptivity. Thus may one who is not ascetic concentrate a night with this jovial spirit company in an hour at the inn.

When we asked the waiter at the tavern what he had for dinner, he answered, "A verra nice dish—a haggis;" and seeing us smile dubiously, he repeated, "Oh yes, it's a verra nice dish, a haggis." Neither of us had hitherto tasted this famous mess, and we ordered it with some misgivings, in deference to the customs of the country. The table was set, and half a dozen condiments put before us; then the waiter flourishingly removed the cover of a large platter, and, lo! the haggis. "Good heavens!" cried our fellow-traveller, "what horrible thing is that?" "It's



"ABOOT TWA MILE, STRAIGHT OOT."

a verra fine dish, is a haggis," murmured the waiter, with a shake of the head meant to be convincing; and though its appearance was entirely against it, suggesting all sorts of unpleasant objects, it proved as savory and as appetizing when we had nerved ourselves to tackle it as we imagine the *olla-podrida* of Meg Merrilies must have been.

The birth-place of the poet, the monument, Alloway Kirk, and the "auld brig o' Doon" are clustered together about three miles from the town, and we started for them after dinner. The road is a good, firm macadam, bordered with low stone walls. Here and there it is hedged and overarched by trees like the English lanes, but the landscape of Scotland is colder and less luxuriant than that of the South. A few prim little cottages stood by the way; at the porch of one an old lady was spinning, and at an embankment behind another a bare-legged lassie was filling a bucket with spring water from the "spoot:" spinning and bare legs have survived the refinements brought in from England. The yellow and brown autumn leaves had fallen, and were swept along the road by the wind. The trees were touched with faint purples, blues, and browns. Once in a while we saw the Frith reaching out to the Arran shore, with its gray and peaked hills; and then the water was hidden by a wood, in which, despite the lateness of the season, many bird voices made themselves heard. One does not want companions on a road like this, over which the poet rode so often, and from the surroundings of which he gathered much of his material. His figure is ever present to us:

"The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from every bough."

We passed a little fellow with rosy cheeks and a Scotch cap. "How far is it to the Burns cottage?" we asked. "Aboot twa mile, straight oot," he answered, in a loud, confident voice.

A little bend in the road brought us suddenly upon the Burns Cottage, in which the poet was born, and which, like the birth-places of many other poets, has become a drinking-house. It is a low-roofed thatched cottage one story high; the thatch is a storm-beaten gray, and the walls are white with a fresh coat



"AT THE SPOOT."

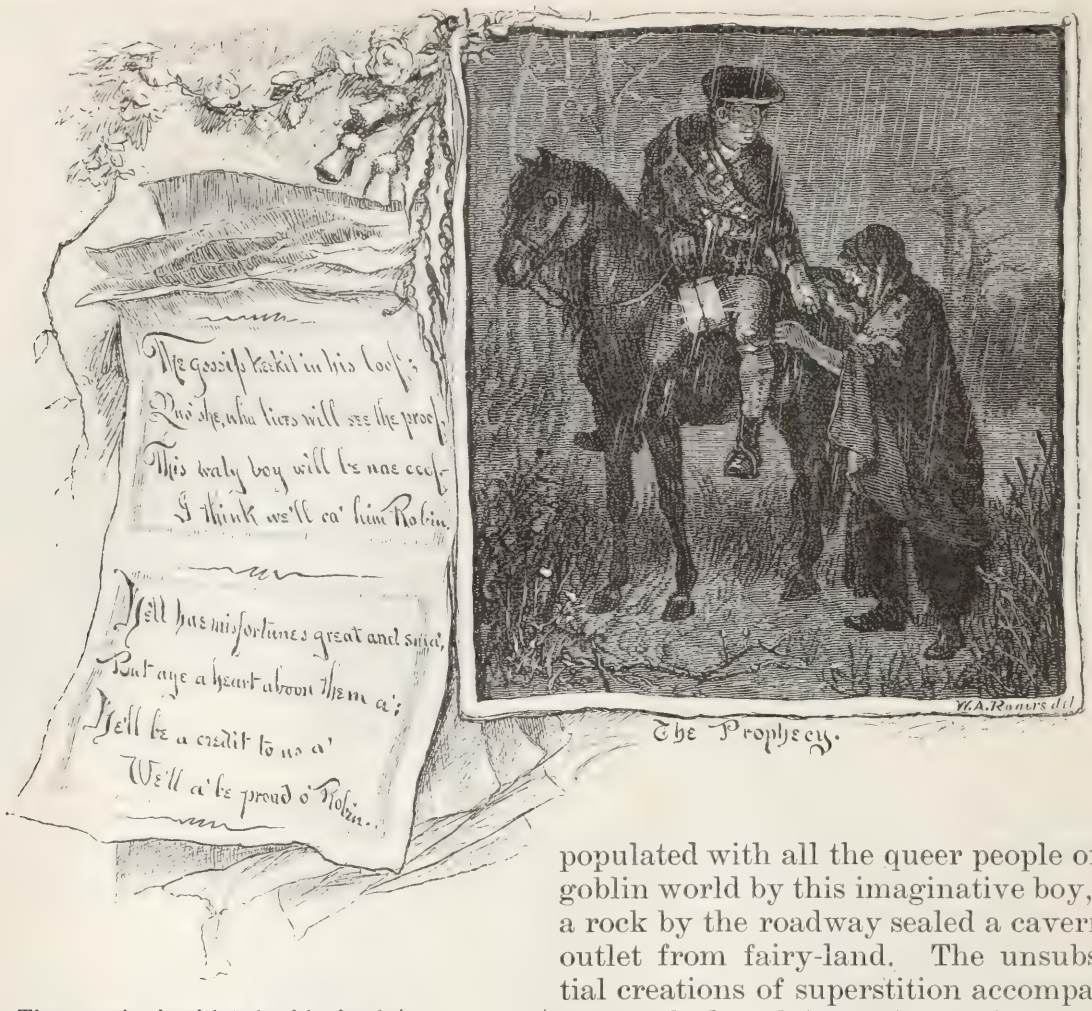


THE BURNS COTTAGE, ALLOWAY.

of whitewash. A sign-board offers entertainment to the traveller, and allures him by announcing the distinguished event with which the humble little cottage is connected. "It is too late for the crowds that come in the season, Sir," said a bright-eyed little lady behind the bar; "but scarce a day goes by, even in winter, without a visitor." She took us into the kitchen, which was a glare of white; the hard floor of flag-stones was pipe-clayed, and the walls and ceiling had been recently washed with lime. A somnolent old clock of the Dutch pattern was ticking at one end of the room; at the other end a sideboard turned several rows of platters toward us for admiration, and their lustrous cleanliness could not fail to evoke praise. A wide grate was built in the nearer wall, and in the further corner of the opposite wall was an alcove, with a very old-fashioned bedstead hidden by its curtains. It was in that cozy little nook, perhaps in that very bed, the poet was born, on January 25, 1759, while a storm was beating outside. There is a tradition that his father, riding in haste to fetch the doctor, met on the river-brink an old gypsy, whom he helped across the swollen stream, and that the same woman prophesied fame for the babe. This tradition has been embodied by the poet in a charming song:



AT THE SPINNING-WHEEL.



The Prophecy.

"The gossip keekit* in his loof;†
Quo' she, Wha lives will see the proof;
This waly‡ boy will be nae coof§—
I think we'll ca' him Robin.
He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit to us a'—
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."

The verified relics are few in number and unimportant in kind; but under this roof the poet's early life takes the color and form of a personal intimacy. We see him as the thrifty old gardener's son, developing from infancy to boyhood, an obstinate, offensive, misunderstood urchin, with few friends; he is quick at learning, fond of reading, and is at eleven years of age a critical grammarian. While a mere child he is wrapped up in the "Vision of Mirza," the *Life of Hannibal*, and the *Life of Sir William Wallace;* but more attractive to him than any written literature are the wild legends of an old woman resident in his family, who is full of songs and tales about devils, ghosts, enchanted towers, elf-candles, warlocks, witches, brownies, and cantraps. The neighboring fields and woods were populated with all the queer people of the goblin world by this imaginative boy, and a rock by the roadway sealed a cavernous outlet from fairy-land. The unsubstantial creations of superstition accompanied him to bed and to work—for he was not very old when some employment was found for him. His father was broken down in health, and he was the youngest of seven children, so that the utmost frugality of life was compulsory; but there was some pleasure for him in the folk-lore, and these fancies gave him his earliest literary impulse. His reading extended to "Pope's Works," Shakspeare, *Locke on the Human Understanding*, *Hervey's Meditations*, Stackhouse's *History of the Bible*, Taylor's *Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin*, and *A Select Collection of English Song*—such pabulum as is common on the book-shelf of a Lowland farm-house. Then he fell in love, and with love began keener sorrows yet than those of his poverty-stricken boyhood—keener sorrows, and poetry! "I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones composed by men who had Latin and Greek; but my girl sang a song which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son on one of his father's maids with whom he was in love, and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he, for, excepting that he could smear sheep

* Looked. † Palm. ‡ Goodly. § Fool.

and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself." There is this about Burns: whatever the precise quality of his intellect was, whether it was that peculiar something which we call genius, or a high order of talent, his spirit, a heart-opening vision of him, endures under the roof of the old cottage, and the birds twittering on the trees in the autumn wind, the rustling leaves, and the wavy grass seem to echo his life.

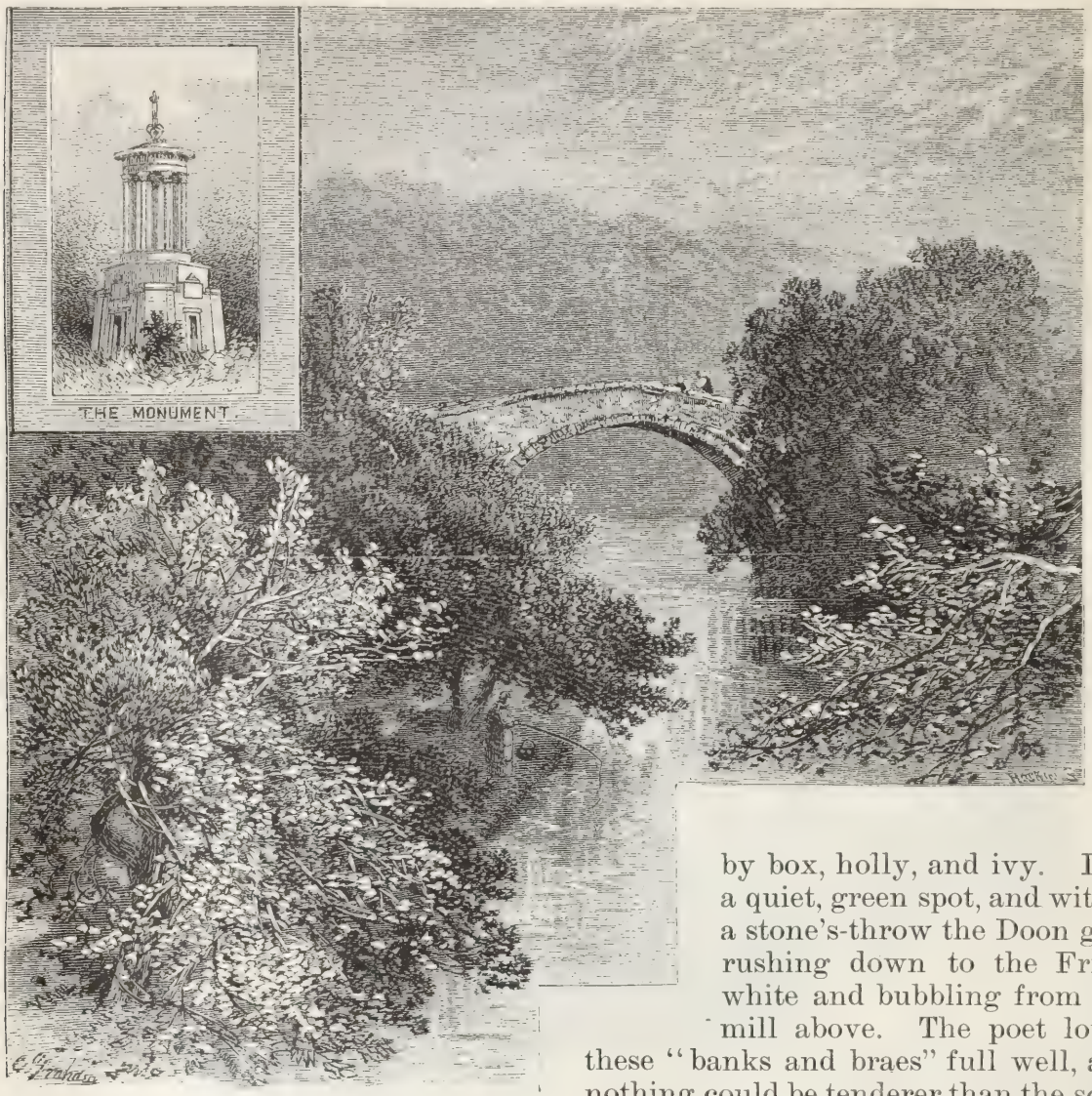


ALLOWAY KIRK.

At the rear of the cottage a large bar parlor has been built for thirsty tourists, and furnished after the showy style of modern taverns. The landlord is an American, or at least he bears a lieutenant's commission in one of the Pennsylvania regiments—a document which is conspicuously exhibited on one of the walls.

"Alloway's auld haunted kirk" is only a few paces from the cottage. It is gray, bleak, and roofless, standing in an old grave-yard which is still used for sepulture. It has no ornamentation about it except the moss and some vines which age has lent to its four rectangular walls. A little belfry rises from one of the gables, with the bell hanging in it and the chain dangling down. The interior is grass-grown, and a vigorous tree is doing its best with its luxuriant branches to substitute the roof, which is entirely gone. The graves are crowded, old and new. One of the stones is dated 1621, another 1665, and several have knightly bearings carved upon them. Those of later date include the graves of the poet's father, mother, and youngest sister. It is a very old church, having been built some three hundred and fifty years ago; the bell is dated 1657; but though the lateral walls are secure, how useless it would be to restore the building for religious services! Would not ludicrous fancies of the ungodly Tam make devotion and decorum futile? Who could glance at the little window in the western wall without thinking of Cutty-sark at her supple gambols? and what effort could shut the ears to Tam's enthusiastic shout as he reveals himself to the witches!

"Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very e'en enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark!'
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied."



AULD BRIG O' DOON, AT AYR.

A little old man, extraordinarily tearful, lies in wait for tourists, and points out to them all the "objects of interest" in the church-yard, quoting the most laughable parts of "Tam o' Shanter" to them in the saddest voice, as he conducts them from grave-stone to grave-stone.

The monument is on the banks of the Doon, within a few yards of the cottage and the kirk. It is built of stone, combining Grecian and Roman architecture, and its form is that of a circular temple, with Corinthian columns supporting the dome, which is about sixty feet high. The pedestal contains a small apartment in which a few relics are preserved—Bonnie Jean's wedding ring, two exquisite wine-glasses given to Burns by Clarinda, Bibles presented by Burns to Highland Mary, the first Edinburgh edition of the poems, and the drinking-cup, or *quaich*, of Nanse Tinnock. The monument is inclosed in a lovely garden, and close hedged by box, holly, and ivy. It is a quiet, green spot, and within a stone's-throw the Doon goes rushing down to the Frith, white and bubbling from the mill above. The poet loved these "banks and braes" full well, and nothing could be tenderer than the song he has written about them. The "auld brig," whose key-stone saved Tam from his pursuers, spans the stream close by, and its arch, that has endured many a storm, has the light appearance of a wreath of mist. The monument cost sixteen thousand five hundred dollars, this sum being raised by subscription.

Not far from this structure Carrick Hill rises abruptly from the road, and from its crest a wide view is revealed of the Frith and its mountain boundaries in purple haze, Ailsa Craig out toward the sea, the town on the bay, and the village at the foot. These scenes will always have an interest from their association with the poet; but his family is on the verge of extinction. Two maiden ladies of advanced years, the Misses Begg, are the only survivors. They live very comfortably in a little cottage called the Bridgeside, within two miles of the old kirk, and hospitably receive visitors who are interested in the poet, though they possess few reminiscences of him. General Grant, and Henry

M. Stanley the explorer, had been among their recent guests; and through their kindness we were allowed to copy the following interesting and hitherto unpublished letter of Burns to his brother William:

"ISLE, *Tuesday evening.*

"DEAR WILLIAM,—In my last I recommended that valuable apothegm, Learn taciturnity. It is absolutely certain that nobody can know our thoughts, and yet from a slight observation of mankind one would not think so. What mischiefs daily arise from silly garrulity and foolish confidence! There is an excellent Scots saying that A man's mind is his kingdom. It is certainly so; but how few can govern that kingdom with propriety! The serious mischiefs in Business which this Flux of language occasions do not come immediately to your situation; but in another point of view—the dignity of man—now is the time that will make or mar. Yours is the time of life for laying in habits. You can not avoid it, though you will choose, and these habits will stick to your last sand. At after-periods, even at so little advance as my years, 'tis true that one may still be very sharp-sighted to one's habitual failings and weaknesses, but to eradicate them, or even mend them, is quite a different matter. Acquired at first by accident, they by-and-by begin to be, as it were, a necessary part of our existence. I have not time for more. Whatever you read, whatever you hear, of that strange creature Man, look into the living world about you, look to yourself, for the evidences of the fact or the application of the doctrine.

"I am ever yours, ROBERT BURNS.

"MR. WILLIAM BURNS, Saddler, Longtown."

From Ayr we went southward over the mountains, and through a wild and beautiful country, to Dumfries, catching a flying glimpse as we went of sturdy-looking stone houses and heavy fences; of women working in the fields; of lasses washing at the burn-side, realizing the picture given in Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd:"

"A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths."

At Dumfries Burns died, and there he is buried in a mausoleum, the sculpture of which realizes the words of the poet on his first appearance as an author: "The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me."



SCOTCH WASHING.



THE MOWING.

The clock has struck six,
And the morning is fair,
While the east in red splendor is glowing;
There's a dew on the grass, and a song in the air—
Let us up and be off to the mowing.

Wouldst know why I wait
Ere the sunlight has crept
O'er the fields where the daisies are growing?
Why all night I've kept my own vigils, nor slept?
'Tis to-day is the day of the mowing.

This day and this hour
Maud has promised to tell
What the blush on her cheek was half showing.
If she waits at the lane, I'm to know all is well,
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Maud's mother has said,
And I'll never deny,
That a girl's heart there can be no knowing.
Oh, I care not to live, and I rather would die,
If Maud does not come to the mowing.

What is it I see?
'Tis a sheen of brown hair
In the lane where the poppies are blowing.
Thank God! it is Maud—she is waiting me there,
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Six years have passed by,
And I freely declare
That I scarcely have noticed their going;
Sweet Maud is my wife, with her sheen of brown hair,
And we had a good time at the mowing.



PICKING PEACHES.

A PENINSULAR CANAAN.

III.—DELAWARE.

IMPORTANT as are the manufactures of Northern Delaware, and considerable as are the other agricultural interests of the midland and southern portions, the peach crop is the distinctive, the characteristic, Delaware production. The midland region of the State, comprising the lower part of Newcastle, the whole of Kent, and the northern portion of Sussex counties, is of the most pronounced type of the Delaware body social—that odd comixture of Northern and Southern life and characteristics peculiarly Delawarian



RUNNING FOR THE TRAIN.

—and it is here that the peach, that semi-Northern, semi-Southern fruit, reaches its maximum of quality and quantity.

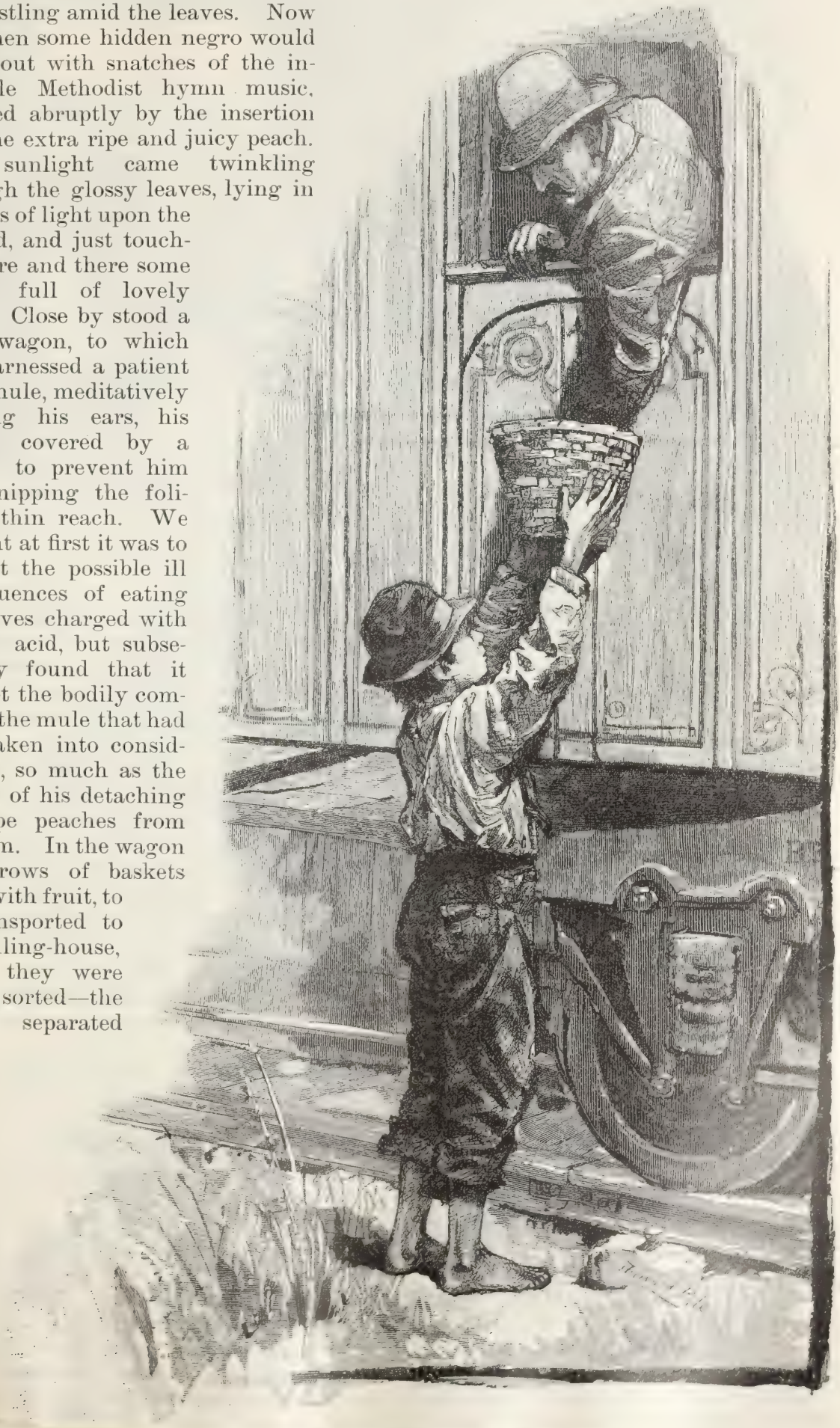
Delaware, the land of peaches! the land where during two months of the year the air holds the fragrant aroma of this king of the fruits! Peaches, peaches every where—in baskets, in crates, in boxes, in wagons. At every station of the railroad that traverses the spine of the Delaware water-shed one sees those peculiar vehicles generically known as peach wagons, square, cumbersome, and roomy, unloading their luscious contents. At the more considerable stations all is noise, hubbub, and confusion. One by one the peach wagons come rumbling up to the waiting cars, each one striving to get in first, so as to unload and home again. At the cars is a very Babel of voices calling for manifests, numbers, and what not, commingled with the squealing of mules, the shouting and swearing of teamsters, and the cracking of whips. Along the roads in all directions rumble the peach wagons, each in a little cloud of dust, like a miniature thunder-storm, each wending its way and converging to a centre represented by the nearest railway station. The traveller on the railroad passes long trains of freight-cars, hanging around and trailing after which is a luscious odor of most luscious fruit.

In New York the Delaware peach is rarely seen at its best; the fruit is picked while yet hard, and so shipped, ripening in the cellars of the commission merchants or on the stalls of the venders; but when they are allowed to ripen to full maturity in the broad and native sunlight of their Southern home, when they swell with the last few hours of ripening, the blush side turning a delicate velvety crimson just mottled with a few darker spots, when they soften, not to flaccidity, on the trees, turning the last drops of sap to nectareous juice, then the Delaware peach is a thing hardly to be sufficiently admired, charming alike with its beauty, its odor, and its taste.

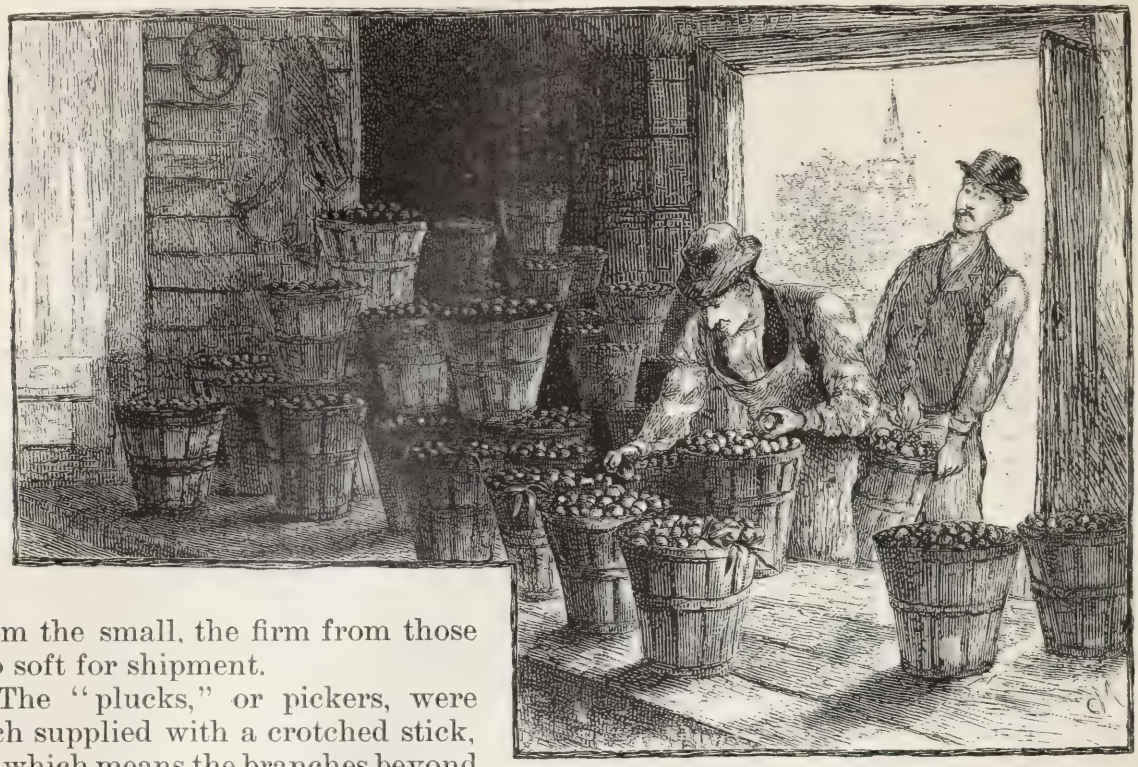
In a full orchard of such peaches we found ourselves on a fine day in August. It was the height of the season, and beneath the overarching shade of the deep green peach foliage, with its steely glint, hung the beautiful fruit, fair as that of the Hesperides. The orchard lay spread out near the shores of Delaware Bay, not far below Collins Beach—a summer resort considerably patronized by the people of the vicinity and by the citizens of Smyrna, the third town in the State. Beyond the vistas of the orchard and a stretch of marshy lowland extend the beautiful waters of the broad smiling bay, dotted with ships and boats of all descriptions. We had driven down with a party of friends, pleasant, kind, cordially hospitable, as Delaware friends are apt to be. The gentlemen of the party plunged directly into the orchard, still wet and sparkling with the early morning dew, leaving the ladies seated in the carriage to beguile their leisure with the interesting occupation of fighting the mosquitoes, clouds of which swarmed up from the dank outlying marsh lands beyond, borne on the gentle wind that blew wooingly from that quarter.

A busy scene presented itself to the visitors: step-ladders reared aloft among the dark foliage, each one occupied apparently only by a pair of legs, the body belonging to them being hidden by the sur-

rounding foliage, betrayed only by the rustling amid the leaves. Now and then some hidden negro would burst out with snatches of the inevitable Methodist hymn music, checked abruptly by the insertion of some extra ripe and juicy peach. The sunlight came twinkling through the glossy leaves, lying in patches of light upon the ground, and just touching here and there some basket full of lovely fruit. Close by stood a light wagon, to which was harnessed a patient little mule, meditatively flapping his ears, his mouth covered by a muzzle to prevent him from nipping the foliage within reach. We thought at first it was to prevent the possible ill consequences of eating the leaves charged with prussic acid, but subsequently found that it was not the bodily comfort of the mule that had been taken into consideration, so much as the danger of his detaching the ripe peaches from the stem. In the wagon stood rows of baskets laden with fruit, to be transported to the culling-house, where they were to be sorted—the large separated



IN THE NORTHERN MARKET—"PEACHES, ONE CENT."



ASSORTING THE PEACHES.

from the small, the firm from those too soft for shipment.

The "plucks," or pickers, were each supplied with a crotched stick, by which means the branches beyond their reach were drawn toward them; the peach which the practiced eye of the picker tells him is fit to pluck is carefully detached from the stem, and as carefully deposited in a basket slung by means of a broad leathern strap from the shoulders; some of the pickers in the more remote parts of the orchard are supplied with two of these baskets, to avoid the necessity of much travel to the cart in waiting. The greatest precaution is taken that none of the peaches shall be bruised, the slightest contusion creating fermentation and subsequent rot, which quickly spreads through the basket, speedily ruining the whole.



A FARM "PLUCK."

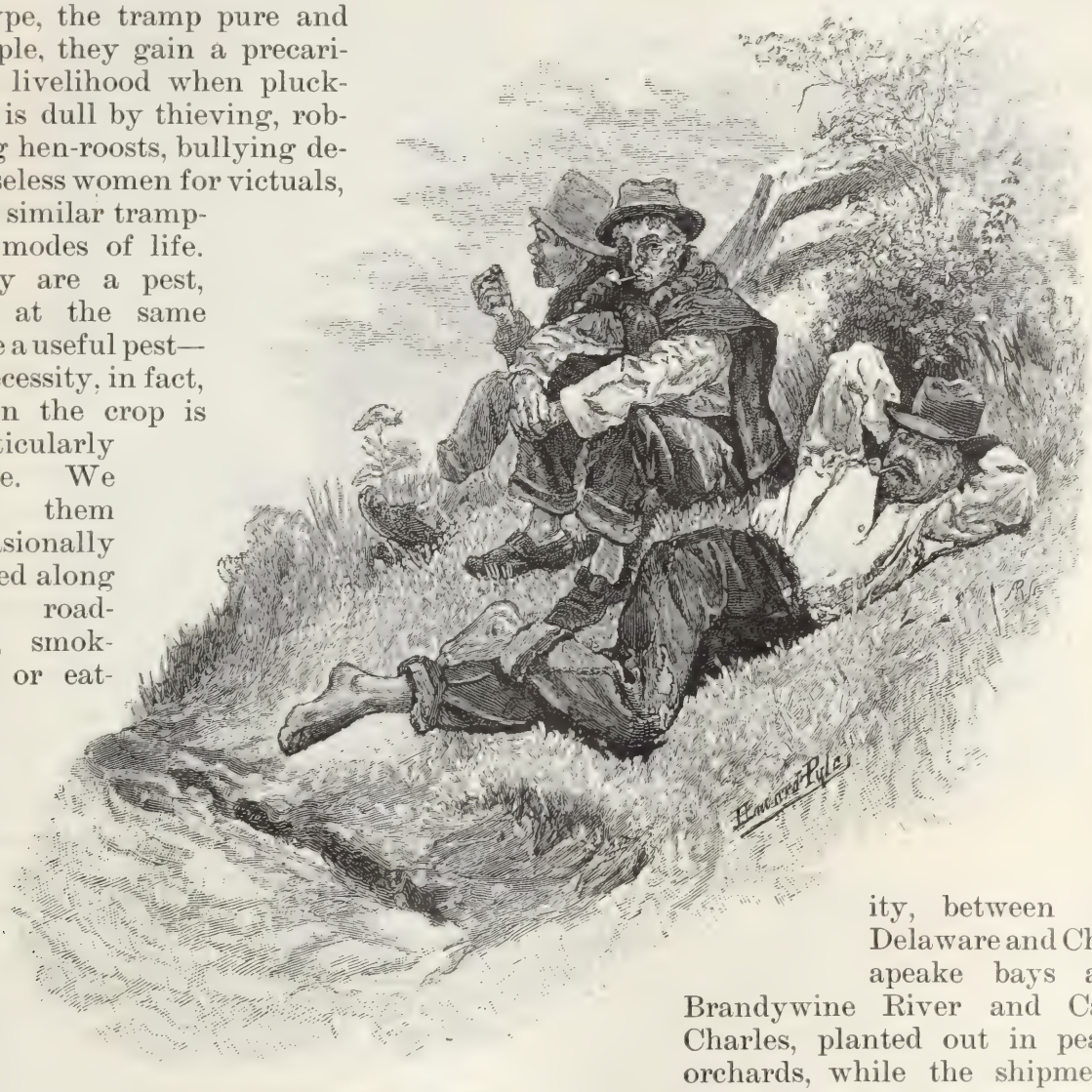
We had never seen such peaches as were picked. One basket was pointed out, and that a full one, which held but fifty-three peaches, that is to say, each one somewhat smaller than a pint cup.

One old negro, sitting placidly on the bottom of an empty peach basket, evidently took good care of number one, for he was quietly engaged in splitting open and devouring a little pile of fruit on the ground beside him.

The pickers are generally allowed, with wise liberality, to appropriate for their own use such peaches as are too soft for shipment.

Back from the orchard some distance stands a cluster of farm buildings and outhouses, among which is the culling-house —a large open building, in the shelter of which the peaches are sorted. Piles of empty peach baskets and crates stand back in the shadow, while along the floor stand rows of baskets full of luscious fruit, and gayly bedecked with cool green leaves.

In the particular orchard just described the peach-pickers were not specimens of the "peach-pluck" proper, but farm laborers of a more respectable class. The true peach-plucks are a nomadic people, a cross between the genus tramp and the berry-picker described in a previous paper. Like their better-known prototype, the tramp pure and simple, they gain a precarious livelihood when plucking is dull by thieving, robbing hen-roosts, bullying defenseless women for victuals, and similar trampish modes of life. They are a pest, but at the same time a useful pest—a necessity, in fact, when the crop is particularly large. We saw them occasionally seated along the roadside, smoking, or eating their meal of crusts and cold meat begged from some neighboring farmhouse, or stalking in solitary magnificence along some lonely lane. The negroes among the peach-plucks, though low enough, do not seem quite so miserable as the whites, their queer remarks, quaint songs, and jolly, rollicking laughter somewhat hiding their too frequent brutality and squalor.



GROUP OF NOMADIC "PLUCKS."

Few crops require more experience and attention than that of peaches. The peach-growers of the peninsula have only produced the excellent quality of the varieties of that fruit through long years of—in some cases—costly experiment. The earlier growers of peaches, owing to the comparative scarcity of that fruit in the market, realized enormous profits, far beyond any now received. As to the present quantity of fruit, it is estimated that there are over fifty thousand acres of land, of the most productive quality, between the Delaware and Chesapeake bays and Brandywine River and Cape Charles, planted out in peach orchards, while the shipments average from three to four million baskets per year, besides the quantity canned both in Delaware and Maryland. Every where in lower Newcastle County and throughout Kent is seen the dark foliage of the peach orchards, for it is there the fruit attains its maximum of quantity and quality. From any elevated point one sees the blue-green foliage rolling away in gently undulating billows of verdure as far as the eye can reach. The peach-tree bears from fifteen to twenty years in proper fruitfulness, after which time its powers seem to decline, and such old trees are replaced by those of newer growth. The peach only grows upon the branch produced the previous year, so when the tree ceases to

send out sufficient new fruit-producing twigs, its powers of usefulness fail, and it is necessary to replace it with a younger and more vigorous tree. In a tree in perfect health the foliage is of a dark steely green, the young shoots sound, well filled, and shining. The first signs of decay, betokening a lack of proper cultivation, show themselves in a yellow tinge of the leaves and a certain wrinkling of the young stems, technically called the yellows. The fruit cracks before coming to maturity, justifying Hosea Biglow's simile,

> "Like a peach thet's got the yallows,
> With the meanness bustin' out,"

and soon the tree ceases producing fruit, and dies.

At one time the peach-culture of the peninsula was very seriously threatened by a species of aphides, or plant-lice, coming from no one knows where, in the fashion of the Colorado beetle, and spreading far and wide, overrunning the trees, sucking the sustenance from the leaves, and depriving the young shoots of their vigor. Many orchards were seriously injured by this pest, and fears were entertained of a general spreading of the blight. However, these insects disappeared in the same mysterious manner in which they came, much to the relief of the anxious peach-growers.

The orchard is set out with trees about twenty feet apart, and is cultivated in the same manner as Indian corn, requiring for full strengthening heavy manuring or fertilizing. From the moment the first peach bud appears the anxiety of the owner commences, and every night he anxiously watches in fear of some late frost that may chill the delicate germ of the infant fruit. These untimely frosts are the bane of the peach-grower, desolating whole crops, leaving only a remnant of what they might have been. The eccentric course of these destroying frosts has been and is a source of much speculation with the peach-growers. Sometimes in orchards side by side, each equally healthy, each apparently equally sheltered, one will be smitten, the other escape; at times one corner of an orchard will be blighted, while the rest will be exceedingly fruitful. It would seem, indeed, as though the cold air lay in belts alternated with narrow zones of warmth; but even in times of great northwest gales the phenomenon of partial blight will be manifest. Probably the true reason of this peculiar occurrence is the relative maturity of the buds, those farther advanced being in more danger than those yet partially covered with their sheltering winter coat.

During the last twenty-eight or thirty hours of the ripening of the fruit—a space shorter or longer as the days are warm and sunny or cool and damp—the peach increases nearly one-fourth in size, swelling almost perceptibly with its delicious juices. The peach for shipment is gathered when just on the point of ripening, before it has turned soft enough to be easily bruised by transportation.

Scarcely less dreaded by peach-growers than a failure is an over-crop, when the superabundant fruit ripens too fast to be plucked, when the overcharged markets return but a pittance to the producers, sometimes not even paying for the expense of shipment. In such a case the peach is fit for nothing but to turn into brandy, and even then the small stills of Delaware can not relieve the orchards of their burden.

Besides the millions of bushels of peaches shipped annually from the peninsula to Northern markets, vast quantities are canned or otherwise preserved both in Delaware and Maryland, the former State probably exporting the greater amount. The largest establishments are those of Dover, one of the chief of which we visited with much interest. It is a long, low, three-storied building standing beside one of the shady main streets of Dover—a sleepy, old-fashioned little town, the capital of the State. Around it hangs a fragrant but heavy aroma of stewing peaches, smelling appetizing enough to the transient visitor, but not quite so much so, perhaps, to those who enjoy the fragrance for some three or four solid months in the year. Drawn up before the door was a row of carts and wagons laden with peaches and pears, looming among which stood a huge peach wagon, the largest we had ever seen, containing 150 baskets of fine peaches, which were being unloaded and conveyed to the culling-room. In this room were baskets of pears and peaches stacked high against the walls, in the midst of which richness sat three or four men busily engaged in sorting the fruit over, selecting the ripest and most perfect for canning.



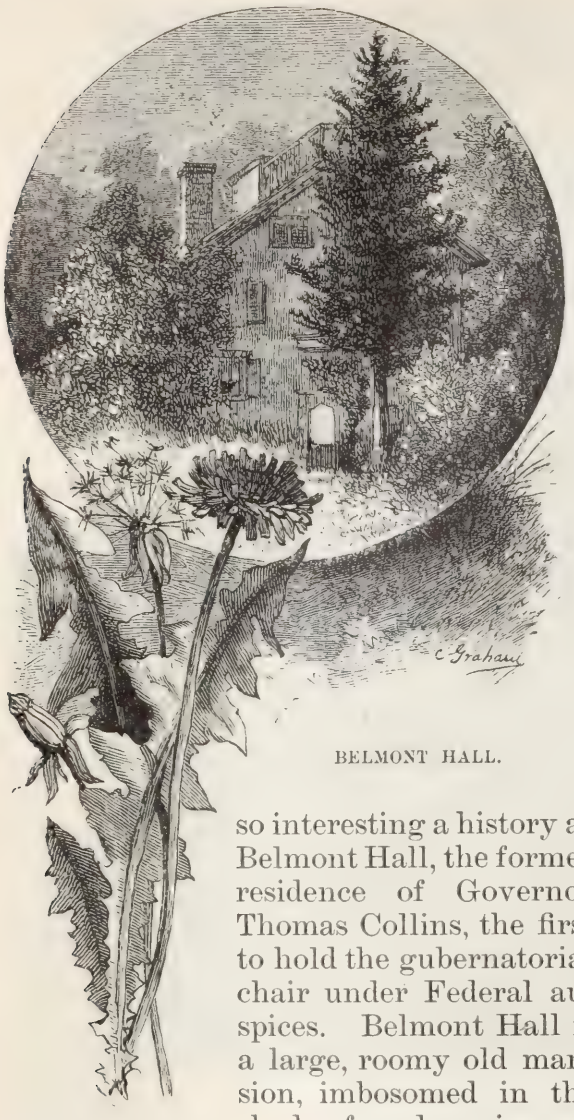
THE PEELING-ROOM.

Following a guide with a basketful of pears, we traversed the building, and entered a low room, where the fruit is pared preparatory to canning, called the peeling-room. Here a busy scene presented itself. A crowd of girls, chatting and laughing like so many magpies, were busily engaged in peeling, their hands moving like lightning as they pared, split, and stoned the peaches, a basket of rapidly diminishing fruit on one hand, and an as rapidly filling bucket of halves on the other.

An elevator immediately outside of this room transported the buckets of peeled fruit to the floor above. Here the peaches are steamed preparatory to being packed in the cans.

The building is not very large, but the quantity of fruits and meats—peaches, pears, plums, hams, turkeys, chickens, and game—canned, preserved, and potted in this establishment is something startling. Some idea can be obtained when it is understood that 30,000 cans of fruit are prepared and preserved here yearly, and that in the winter of 1877–78 eighty tons of chickens and turkeys and ninety tons of ham were canned alone, besides the quantity of game and other meats potted. Curiously enough, one of the articles of importance, the demand for which is yearly increasing, is real old English plum-pudding. This is put up in cans in this establishment, and shipped thence to the very country where this peculiar viand had its origin. Numbers of people in the old country buy "real old English plum-pudding" prepared in the little State of Delaware. In the winter of 1877 and the following year 17,000 cans of this dainty were prepared and shipped.

Among the many interesting structures of by-gone times, old, quaint, and redolent of legends and stories of the past, such as here and there mark the progress of times and events in Delaware, few if any have



BELMONT HALL.

so interesting a history as Belmont Hall, the former residence of Governor Thomas Collins, the first to hold the gubernatorial chair under Federal auspices. Belmont Hall is a large, roomy old mansion, imbosomed in the shade of aged acacias and cedars, seated on a gentle elevation, overlooking the town of Smyrna in sombre stateliness, as though silently rebuking all this modern hurly-burly, and meditatively contrasting it unfavorably with the good old time opulence and placidity, thinking of a hundred or so years ago, when the fine old gentlemen and stately powdered dames came a-visiting with great family coaches and four, outriders and negro grooms, "through certain wildernesses of Delaware." The mansion is situate in the midst of lawns ornamented with beds of rich and rare flowers, with here and there an evergreen trimmed to odd shapes—hearts and darts and vases and what-not—lending a quaint old-fashioned air to the lawns, well agreeing with the no less quaint and old-fashioned house they surround.

It was at Belmont Hall that the first legislature of the State under Federal government was convened. The first intention was to hold the Assembly at the county court-house at Dover, as at that time there was no State-house for their accommodation; but this transpiring, the county officers issued a protest, and the Honorable Body still persisting in convening, they were expelled by the sheriff at the point of the sword. After this abortive attempt Governor Tom Collins invited the Assembly beneath his hospitable roof; and so it fell out that Belmont Hall, "nigh to Duck Creek cross-roads," now a suburb of the town of Smyrna, became the centre from which the State Constitution and laws were issued for the well-being of its worthy citizens, who have not always, unfortunately, kept them in the best of remembrance.

The old mansion stands with but little change from the time when Governor Tom Collins organized his government there, and remains still in the possession of his descendants. The same old window-shutters hang along the lower stories, the same massive doors are still in use, with their heavy hinges and locks stamped with the old British coat of arms.

Dover, the capital of Delaware, is a pretty, old-fashioned little town in Kent County, of about nineteen hundred inhabitants. It contains a number of old buildings, among them a Presbyterian and an Episcopalian church, also a fine new court-house and public buildings.

Here the first regiment of Delaware was mustered in Revolutionary times, one company, raised by some sturdy woodsmen, glorying in the name of "The Blue Hen's Chickens"—a name which has clung to the sons of Delaware to the present day, the State itself being known as the "Blue Hen."

At Dover, not far from the court-house, stands a roomy old dwelling, formerly the residence of John M. Clayton, Secretary of State under President Tyler. Here he lived during the more active portion of his life; here he entertained his friends in the broad, generous style of Delaware hospitality, playing for their delectation his fine old fiddle, or expounding for their edification the State Constitution.

John M. Clayton was a man of undoubted ability and great power and strength of character. During his life he possessed an influence in his native State such as is rarely attained in this country of uninherited political power, but an influence which died with him and the Old-line Whig party to which he belonged, leaving

as its fruit a State Constitution the most deleterious to progress and the most unfair to its subjects.

It was he that really built the Constitution of 1831, and so hedged it in by clauses that, as he said himself, he "locked the door and threw the key away." As the Constitution now stands, an equal number of State Representatives and Senators are elected from each county, notwithstanding that Newcastle, the upper county, has a population equal to both the others together, and ten times their wealth.

John M. Clayton was born in Sussex County, Delaware, July, 1796, and died at his residence in Dover, November, 1856. He is buried in the Presbyterian burying-ground, his remains being covered by a not large but tasteful mausoleum.

Delaware has always been a favorite centre of Methodism, some of the first meetings of the sect in this country being held in that State. About eleven miles south of Dover, not far from Frederica, stands a low-roofed English-brick church, founded in the latter part of the last century by a certain Barrett, who heavily endowed it, and from whom it is called Barrett's Chapel. Here Bishops Coke and Asbury, the former appointed to his charge in this country by Wesley himself, first officiated, and here in subsequent years many important preachers of that faith held forth to their interested hearers. The Methodist form of religion is probably stronger in Delaware than in any State in the country, in proportion to its size.

Dotted throughout the whole peninsula one finds numbers of such old religious structures, nearly all of them with some special points of interest. Such, for instance, is old St. Anne's Church, at Middletown, built about 1703, to which was extended the particular patronage of Queen Anne herself. At this church an altar cloth is shown said to have been worked by her royal Majesty's own august hands, the corner heavily embroidered with the royal initials, A. R. (Anna Regina), worked with yellow silk on a dark background.

Another is the old Welsh Tract Church, so called from a tract of land purchased by the Welsh near the present town of Newark, in Newcastle County. In the month of June, 1701, sixteen persons sailed from Milford Haven, in Wales, in the ship *James and Mary*. They first settled in Pennsylvania, but subsequently removed to Delaware, then called the "Lower Counties on the Delaware," where they purchased a tract of land and erected a church. The original church was built of logs; the one that now stands is a more modern structure, bearing the date 1746.



JOHN M. CLAYTON.

Many of the tombstones are very old. One of them has an inscription, nearly erased, in old Welsh:

Riceus Rythrough
Traues ahud ffanwenoc
In Comitaru Cardigan
erhrie Sepultus fuit
An Dom 1707
Ætat is fine 87.

General Howe, on his march through Delaware to the position he took at the battle of Brandywine, fired into this



church. The doors were pretty well bullet-riddled.

Sussex, the lower county of Delaware, partakes of the character of the regular Maryland peninsula topography. The land is low and level, with no hills, and scarcely a perceptible undulation of the surface. It is generally covered in the southern portion with a growth of pine timber, and with white and black oak and hickory in the more northern. The central part of the southern portion seems to dip into a low basin, a tangled wilderness of cypress and cedar, called the Great Dismal Swamp, in whose depths the gloomy waters of the Pocomoke River take their rise, flowing southwardly and westwardly through the lower portion of Maryland, and finally emptying their dark sluggishness into the shining bosom of the Chesapeake Bay. This portion of the State is by far the newest, having been settled but in comparatively recent times. Here one finds the usual characteristics of pioneer swamp life — the bilious look and muddy complexion indicative of miasmatic atmosphere and hard work before the swamps are fully drained. The condition of the people is now, however, steadily improving; smiling farms show themselves here and there, and an air of prosperity begins to make itself apparent in well-thatched barns, broad fields of Indian corn, or verdant peach orchards. But along the borders of the Pocomoke River all is yet a wilderness of unclaimed swamp land, dark, marshy, and almost impenetrable.

A great quantity of timber is, however, cut every year from this swamp, and so it is being gradually cleared away. Thousands of excellent shingles are also split out here every year during the drier seasons, when the morass can be more easily traversed by the shingle men. These shingles are not, as might be supposed, cut from the live trees, but from huge cypress logs which have fallen perhaps centuries ago, which have been covered up



RAISING CYPRESS LOGS IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

by the close mould of the swamp and the rank decay of vegetation, and so been not only kept from decay, but thoroughly seasoned by their long preservation. These logs are exhumed from various depths, from six or seven inches to as many feet, sometimes being found lying three or four tiers in depth. The durability of shingles cut from such logs is little less than marvellous.

It was a fine morning in the latter part of August when we hired a team in Berlin—a little town in Eastern Maryland, near which Admiral Decatur was born—to convey us to the Delaware cypress swamp, there to see the exhuming of these logs and the cutting of them into shingles. A guide who knew the shingle region was also hired, at the not exorbitant price of fifty cents, to accompany us. We found ourselves bowling along the sandy road that leads northwestwardly from Berlin into Delaware and its Dismal Swamp.

When we reached Whaleyville, near the borders of the swamp, the directions given were to Spriggitt's Cross-Roads (or some euphonious name of the sort), about four miles beyond the Delaware line, through a mosquito country, and along a road so sandy that the little mare sank hoof-deep at every step.

Spriggitt's Cross-Roads was reached at last, and then the travellers took a treacherous-looking road that plunged into the depths of the swamp. After jogging on for some little distance, they reached a spot where a stack of freshly chopped shingles stood along the road-side. Here the guide drew rein.

Soon a crackling of dead branches was heard, and a rather good-looking young man made his appearance, carrying an armful of freshly cut shingles. He was clad in a blouse and a coarse pair of corduroy trousers strapped around his waist, about his neck was loosely tied a faded red bandana handkerchief, and on his feet were a pair of brogans, stained red, as were the lower parts of his trousers, by the tannin-tinctured soil of the swamp.

He led the way, and we followed closely at his heels, traversing a series of logs that formed a pathway for some distance into the depths.

"What do you kick those hollow logs and stumps for?" we inquired presently, noticing that our conductor was careful to tap all such with the toe of his shoe.

"Snakes," said the native, briefly.

"Snakes! What kind?"

"Moccasins."

After this we followed our guide in si-



MAKING SHINGLES.

lence for a while. Presently we resumed our inquiries.

"What do you walk on these logs for? The ground on either side looks solid enough."

"P'r'aps it is an' p'r'aps it ain't. It might be solid enough, an' then, agin, ye mought sink up to yer waist in some quag."

As we plunged deeper into the swamp the trees increased in size. Here and there a black pool of water lay gleaming sullenly, hiding, as it were, among a thick growth of rank ferns and venomous-looking flowers. Vine-covered cypresses rose high aloft, the inevitable streamers of gray moss hanging motionlessly pendent. The noise of the shingle-cutters sounded ever more clearly, like the rapping of a gigantic woodpecker—"tap, tap, tap; tap, tap, tap"—as they chopped out the shingles, the sound of the voices of the invisible workmen and an occasional burst of laughter echoing mysteriously in the gloomy and otherwise unbroken solitude; and so we came upon the shingle centre.

The workmen had just excavated a log, the butt or root part within a few inches of the surface of the ground, the stem at the farther end some two or three feet below. At about twenty feet distance from the butt a young man was busy sawing through the log. His cheeks were hollow, his features angular, a general cadaverous look betokening chills and fever. The saw had a handle only at one end, like the instrument used for cutting ice. The sharp end struck deeply into the ground at every movement, but was not dulled, because of the entire freedom from grit of the soil, composed as it is of decayed bark and vegetation.

We watched with interest, taking a sketch in the mean time, until the log was sawed through. It now made a section about twenty feet long, and comparatively easy to handle. The gang, composed of half a dozen hands, now set to work to raise it from its resting-place, with long levers of stout saplings, the process accompanied with many grunts and oaths. It was a picturesque sight—the men in their red and blue shirts straining and tugging at the giant log that lay in its long, grave-like cavity. At length it starts at one end with a sucking noise as it leaves its oozy bed, is gradually raised to the surface, and is finally rolled bodily out of its excavation to the fresh air, where it lies like some newly disinterred antediluvian monster, huge, black, and slimy.

"A purty good log," says one of the men, as he draws the sleeve of his red shirt across his sweat-beaded brow.

When the log is thus finally raised it is sawed into sections each about two feet in length; these are then split down to the requisite thickness for shingles. The logs are first discovered by means of a sharp iron stake, which is thrust into the ground wherever a slight mound-like elevation

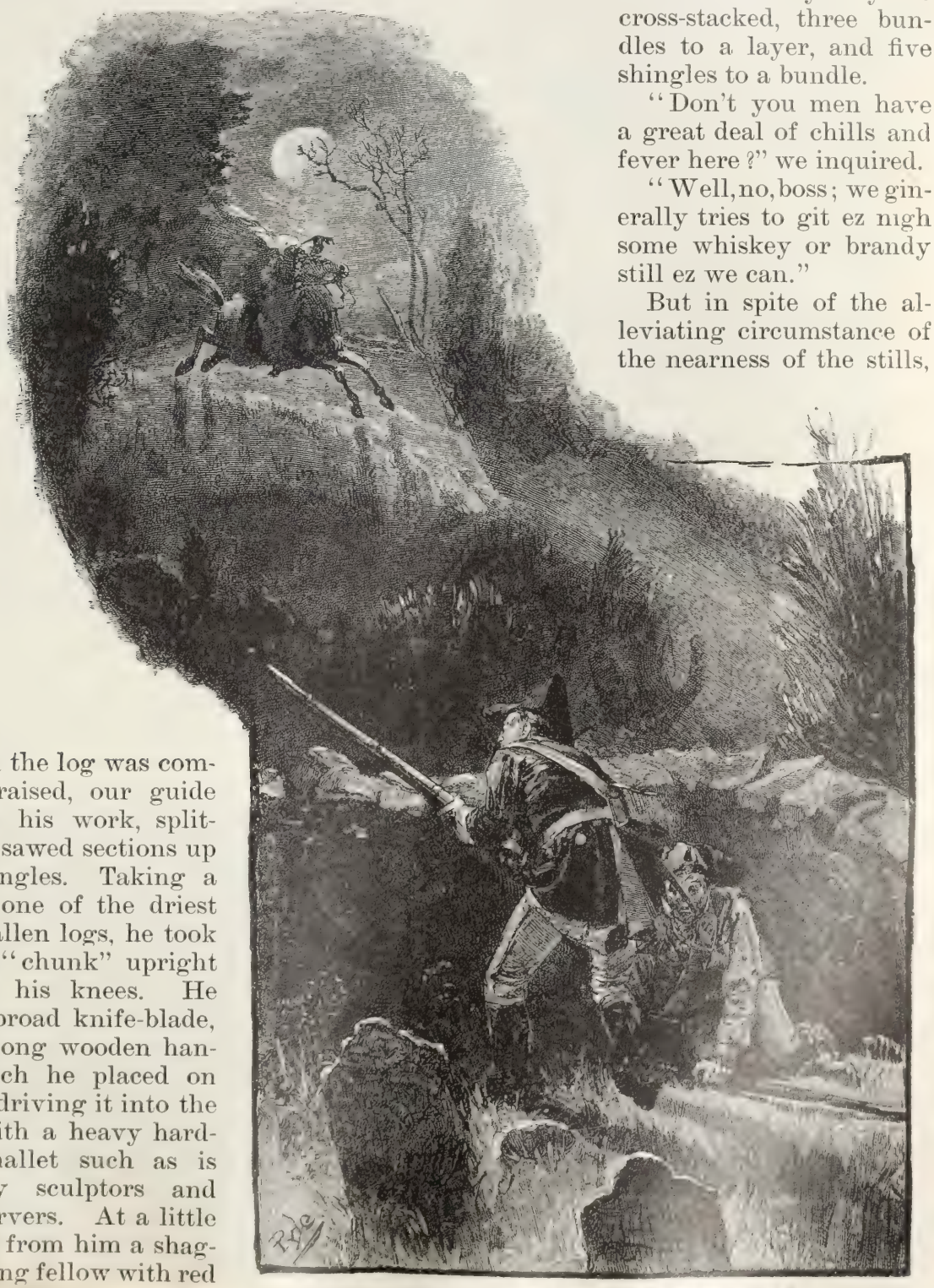
betokens the probable presence of a log or logs beneath. If the point of the stake strikes the hard surface of wood instead of sinking easily into the morass, the soil is cleared away, and a square foot of the stump exposed. The practiced eye of the shingle man can tell at once whether the log is useful, the requisites for use being straight grain throughout, with no knots, soundness and no decay. If a sound, good log, it is then uncovered, sawed through, and raised.

When the log was completely raised, our guide resumed his work, splitting the sawed sections up into shingles. Taking a seat on one of the driest of the fallen logs, he took a large "chunk" upright between his knees. He used a broad knife-blade, with a long wooden handle, which he placed on the log, driving it into the wood with a heavy hard-wood mallet such as is used by sculptors and stone-carvers. At a little distance from him a shaggy-looking fellow with red shirt and patched trousers was sitting at a shingle-horse, shaving the split slabs of wood smooth and tapering. Beside him lay a pile of clean, crisp-looking shavings, emitting that odor peculiar to well-seasoned cypress. The horse used is the ordinary cooper's horse, and needs no special description. From this point the shingles are carried to the road-side, to be handy for transportation. While drying they are piled in small bundles of five or six shingles each, placed a little distance apart, to admit of easy access of dry air. When dry they are cross-stacked, three bundles to a layer, and five shingles to a bundle.

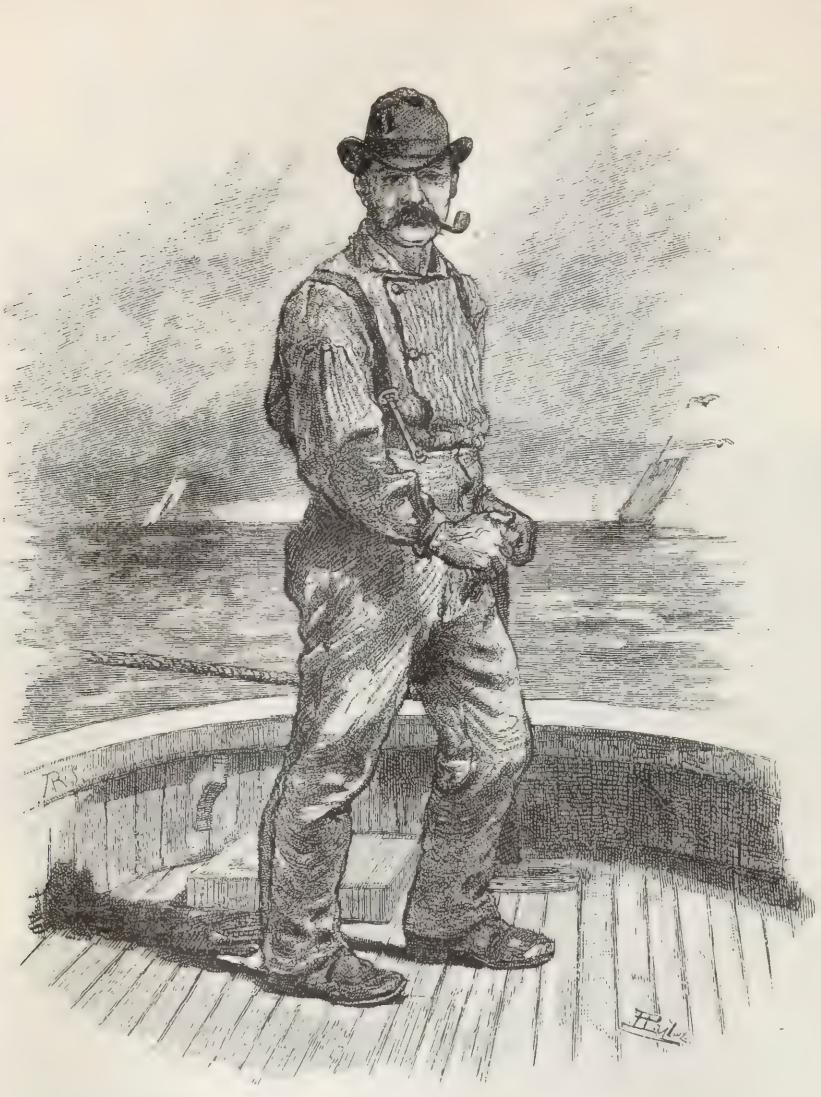
"Don't you men have a great deal of chills and fever here?" we inquired.

"Well, no, boss; we ginerally tries to git ez nigh some whiskey or brandy still ez we can."

But in spite of the alleviating circumstance of the nearness of the stills,



THE PHANTOM HORSEMAN.—[SEE PAGE 207.]



THE CAPTAIN OF THE YACHT "DELAWARE."

shingling is hard work, the hardest kind of work, and for which a mere pittance is received, ninety cents to a dollar and a quarter being the average sum per day. But yet they seem to be a well-contented, jolly set, rather liking the dismal old swamp, and well satisfied with the mere necessaries of life — hog, hominy, and whiskey.

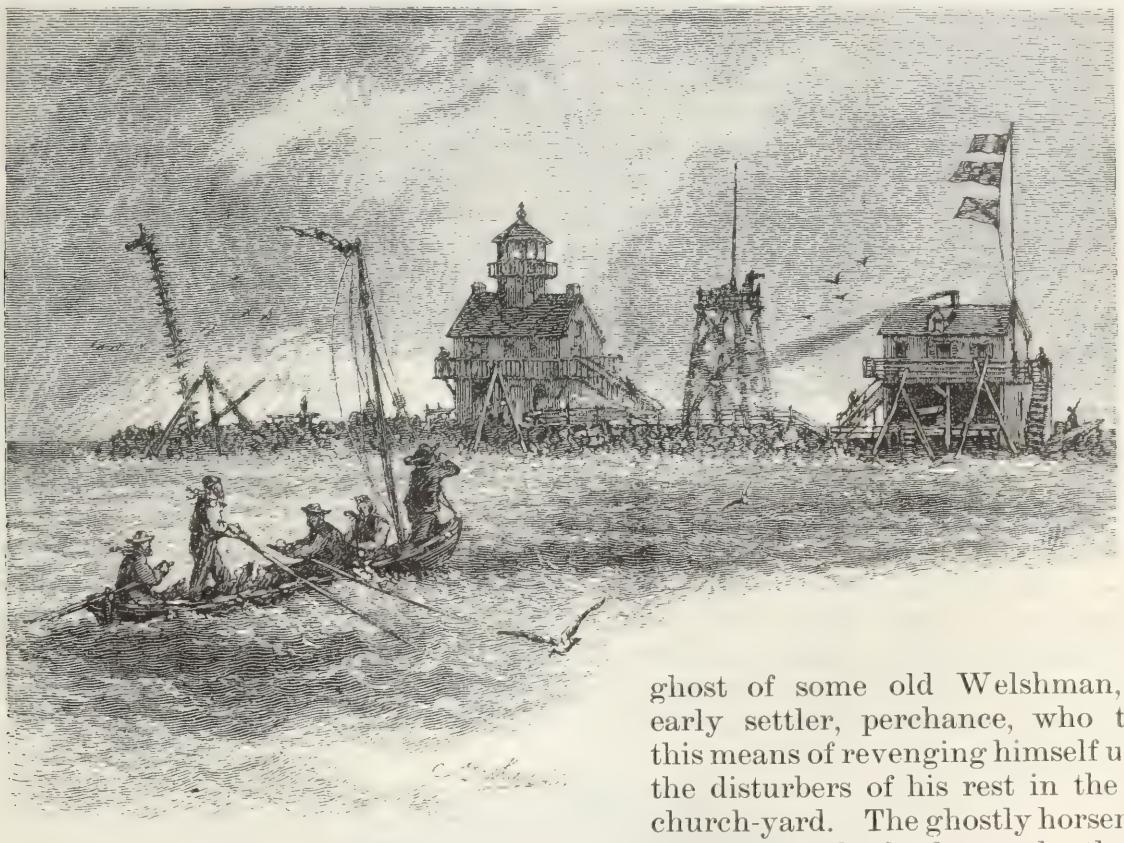
In the northern and eastern part of Delaware, where the highlands of the Susquehanna send down spurs, waves of woody and rocky hills gradually diminishing toward the southward, sinking to the even undulations that take their place in Central Delaware, Newark, the collegiate town of Delaware, lies sleeping in the lap of the uplands, shaded by elms and maples. In the heart of the little town is Delaware College—a broad, roomy, porticoed building of early nineteenth-century architecture. It has competent professors, and offers an excellent classic and scientific course of study. Immediately outside of the town stands a large, comfortable-looking, yellow house, the former residence of Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist.



LEWES.

Here it is said that he wrote his books and mounted the most of his specimens. Many of the latter he donated to the Delaware Academy, from which they were subsequently removed to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science.

About a mile south of the town, and overlooking the old Welsh Tract Church previously mentioned, rises Iron Hill, several hundred feet above the sea-level. It derives its name from the quantities of hematite iron ore found within its bosom —an ore rich with sixty to seventy per cent. of iron.



BREAKWATER LIGHT.

With a friend we drove from Newark to visit this hill. The road ran over an almost level stretch of valley, finally crossing a bridge that spanned the Christiana River, at this point a small streamlet winding around the base of the hill, with brisk gurgles alternated by sleepy stretches of glassy placidity. Along this road General Howe marched his troops to the valley of the Hockessin previous to taking up the position he occupied at the battle of Brandywine. Legends of those exciting times have been handed down from sire to son in the neighborhood, one of which interested us particularly.

When General Howe occupied a position for some days upon Iron and Chestnut hills, the outposts of the American army, stationed at the old Welsh Tract Church, were intimidated and thrown into great confusion by the nightly visitation of a phantom horseman shrouded in white, who was wont in the silent hours to career with thundering hoof-beats across the old bridge over the Christiana. The grisly visitant was supposed to be the ghost of some old Welshman, an early settler, perchance, who took this means of revenging himself upon the disturbers of his rest in the old church-yard. The ghostly horseman was frequently fired upon by the affrighted sentries; but he always rode upon his thundering way with his ghostly white horse, paying no more attention to the bullets than though they were so many mosquitoes. The spiritual visitant was a useful accessory to General Howe, keeping back the advanced posts and scouting parties of the Americans.

This had continued some days, when one night an old corporal was placed on sentry duty at this detested post—a tough, skeptical old fellow, with little belief and less fear in ghostly visitants. The night was bright, with a full moon that lent a mysterious lustre scarcely less strong than that of the young day. Midnight arrived, and soon was heard the clattering sound of a horse in full gallop, echoing clearly in the stillness of the night, descending the steep road down Iron Hill. A young sentry who was on guard with the old corporal immediately crouched down behind the wall in as small

a space as possible, and began repeating prayers rapidly to himself. The skeptic merely changed the quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other, cocked his old flint-lock, and rested it upon the top of the wall. Presently the mysterious horseman came in sight, now gleaming white in the moonlight, now swallowed in the shadow of some wide-spreading way-side tree. The skeptic took a long, steady aim at the advancing apparition, waiting until he approached within easy range, then pulled the trigger. A flash, a bang, and when the puff of smoke cleared away, the horse was seen galloping off alone, and a white figure lying in the middle of the road. The body was cased in a heavy steel cuirass.

The yacht *Delaware*, Job Green captain, was lying off the quaint, old-fashioned town of Newcastle, with a jolly party aboard, when we joined it, and soon set sail, directing its course southward to the town of Lewes, at the mouth of the bay. It was a beautiful day, with just enough of a fair breeze to dance the boat on her way, all sail set, like some beautiful water-bird, past sleepy little towns, half hidden snugly among the green of their woodlands, till Fort Delaware was reached—a gray pile of stones, with long barracks and quarters, and a slender guard, befitting our economical times.

On the second day of their cruise the yacht party reached the town of Lewes, the first settled spot along the Delaware River. The wind had been blowing a stiff breeze, luckily favorable, and the party had, on the whole, enjoyed themselves, in spite of an occasional call from the ladies for a certain most useful utensil on shipboard—the basin. The old town of Lewes lies on a cove, the coast of which juts out into Cape Henlopen—a rambling old town standing back from the water's edge behind a stretch of white sand beach, the quiet houses imbosomed in trees. It possesses, among many points of interest, an old fort built in 1812 for the defense of the town, which is still in a perfect state of preservation, with guns mounted precisely as they originally were.

The harbor of Lewes was formerly almost defenseless to the weather, subject to the huge unbroken waves of the Atlantic whenever eastern or northeastern gales swept along the coast. Numbers of coasting vessels were wrecked along the shore in front of Lewes, till at length, for the protection of these coasts, the government erected a defensive breakwater of large masses of rock, famous throughout the coast as the Delaware Breakwater.



A BIT OF SENTIMENT.

THE HAPPY ISLAND.

CHAPTER I.

KLING! ling-a-ling!

"How that door-bell keeps at it!" said jolly Mrs. Crapsten to her pretty daughter Isabel.

"I should think," said Isabel, "that it had rung twenty times since we came up to work."

But both of them were interested in the new mountain dress which they were making, and for the moment neither of them gave another thought to what was passing below. Mrs. Crapsten adjusted the white trimming on the navy blue, Isabel assented or dissented, and both plied needles and scissors for a few minutes longer.

Kling! ling-a-ling! again. And this time Isabel looked out from the window. "Why, poor papa is having a terrible siege, while we are so quietly at work here. Both Taber's boys are here; that dumb man from the crossing is here with his carry-all; there are two horses tied at the outside of the stables; and John M'Ginniss does not disguise his rage as he takes this last team across to the barn."

"Can your father have called a Board meeting here, and I forgotten it?" said Mrs. Crapsten, rather anxiously. And she came to the window herself.

"I think not," said Isabel. "I guess they are map-peddlers." The girl said this without a ray of humor. "Map-peddlers" had long been the generic term in that family for that immense class of people who, in the present form of our civilization, come in upon you, with no claim whatever, to grind their own axes or advance their own interests, without the least regard to your convenience or to any of your rights.

"I will see," said her mother, anxiously still. And she sent a girl into Mr. Crapsten's study with this note:

"Shall I make lunch ready for these gentlemen?"

But the note came back with a short "No."

Then Mrs. Crapsten knew that they were all map-peddlers.

If this were a drama, the play would open by showing Mr. Crapsten's study, with all these people in it. But it is quite impossible to describe it even in a long chapter, though from the worst seat in a theatre all could have been seen in an instant.

Poor Mr. Crapsten was standing, pale, tired, and confused. His desk and papers showed that he had been writing when the invasion began. Around the room, occupying every chair, were strong-minded women and weak-minded men, glaring angrily at the person with whom Mr. Crapsten was talking, or occasionally looking round with pity and contempt upon those who sat opposite to them. On one side the room, in a separate group, the secretary of a temperance society which believed in prohibition was abusing to their faces the treasurer of a temperance society which did not believe in it and the grand worthy chaplain of the Sons of Temperance. These gentlemen, indeed, did not agree on many points, but, in different vehicles, they had all come, at the same hour, to ask for Mr. Crapsten's money. On the other side of the room the agent of a life-insurance company which did not have the Tontine principle was civilly telling the agent of a society which did that he and his directors ought all to be sent to the penitentiary. In the background (C., of the play-book) the lady president of the Society for the Protection of Little Ones was saying stinging things to the actuary of the Association for Preventing Cruelty to Children. All this was, so to speak, the by-play, while Mr. Crapsten, tired and pale, explained to Mr. Job Jobson that he could not sign the petition on the Rights of Working-Men, because, if he signed it, he should have to go to the committee which heard the petition, to plead for it, and that he had not three days to give to that object.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Jobson: "to what object more important can you give three days?"

"Do you propose to be present yourself at the hearing?" said poor Mr. Crapsten.

"I? No, Sir. I shall be occupied in more important duties. I shall be creating a healthy public opinion."

"So shall I," said Mr. Crapsten; and he turned and bowed civilly to Mrs. Miriam Heartsease Pennybacher.

"I beg your pardon," said Dr. Heebe, the chaplain, "but I came before the lady."

"Yes," said poor Crapsten, "and I think she came after you. Will you go on, madam?"

"I am sure I am very sorry to take up your time. I know how much occupied you must be. But every one, dear Mr. Crapsten—every one tells me that if I can only interest you—"

[*Enter*, R. H. L. E., Mr. *and* Mrs. WHITE FEATHER. *Dumb-show. He presents a card.* Mrs. WHITE FEATHER *courtesies.* Mr. CRAPSTEN *shows chairs.* Mrs. PENNYBACHER *resumes.*]

"I do not know where I was. Oh yes, I was saying, my dear Sir, what every one tells me, that if I can only interest you in the cause of childhood—the sacred cause of childhood, my dear Dr. Wilmot—"

"My name is Crapsten."

"I beg pardon! Oh, name—yes, what? My dear Dr. Crapsten, every one says to me that if I can only interest you in childhood—in the sacred cause of childhood—I am so sorry to occupy your time."

"How many children have you?" said poor Mr. Crapsten, meaning to be kind.

"I? Children? Sir, I said nothing of children. It is the cause of childhood—the sacred cause of childhood."

"But, madam, I have seven children, and I am—"

[*Here the door opens, and* Mrs. CRAPSTEN *enters, gloved, booted, pelissed, hatted, and all but veiled for a drive. Enter with her* ISABEL *with her father's coat and hat, and the maid* JACYNTH *with his over-shoes.*]

Mrs. Crapsten. "Indeed, George, you are late already. The Board will need you for a quorum. [*Turns to the company.*] You must excuse my husband, ladies and gentlemen; the Board meets at two, and it is now twelve and three-quarters. [*To* Mr. CRAPSTEN.] The horses are at the door, my dear—at the side door. [*To the map-peddlers.*] You will find refreshment in the dining-room. [*To* JACYNTH.] Show the ladies the dining-room; the gentlemen will follow."

[*Exit in triumph with* ISABEL *and* Mr. CRAPSTEN, L. H. L. E. *Tableau of* JACYNTH *and disappointed map-peddlers.*]

CURTAIN.

CHAPTER II.

YOU see, Mr. Crapsten was a simple, pure-minded, unselfish gentleman of large wealth, and as large public spirit. The invasions of such people as have been described had long since driven him from his palace in Providence to his country house in the Narragansett country. This was what he gained by the departure. Still, none of this imbroglio could have happened but that Ellen M'Grath had been married the week before.

Ellen M'Grath was a pretty girl, from the north of Ireland, who had been in Mrs. Crapsten's service since she "came over," fifteen years old. She had learned to know a "map-peddler" as far as she could see him. She knew by a certain inborn *coup d'œil*, like any other great general's, whether he had accident policies, or life policies, or fire and marine policies. She knew if he carried subscriptions for cyclopedias or "galleries of beauty." She knew a lightning-rod man from the president of an orphan asylum for negroes. And she would never have admitted one of this crew in her master's "study hours." But Ellen M'Grath had been married. She had married Perry Mitchell, as handy a carpenter and as tender a gardener as ever drew a seine for shad, or beat to windward in a southeaster off Block Island. Perry Mitchell would have said of himself that he was "awful handy about most chores;" but, for myself, I think he never showed himself so sensible as when he persuaded pretty Ellen M'Grath to marry him.

Still, as you see, what was joy to him was death to poor Mr. Crapsten. This Nora—Ellen's cousin, who had been imported specially from the neighborhood of Mullingar to take her place—was a good, neat girl, but she did not know the treasurer of the D. E. F. H. M. when she saw him. Nor could she tell a matron of a Retreat from a lady patroness of Cuban exiles.

When Mr. and Mrs. Crapsten and Isabel returned from their drive to the Board meeting—which was simply a gathering of his own family, without guests, around his own dinner table—the "proctors" were all gone. "Proctors" is the name given to map-peddlers in the statutes of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, by which statutes their occupations were made felony, being, in fact, the stealing of the time of others with a view to using it for their own behoof. Mrs. Crapsten knew they would be gone. The express train then passed East Greenwich at 3.11, and she knew they would not wait for the accommodation. No; they would charge for "trav-

elling expenses," and would prefer to sleep at home.

Not one word was said either in the drive or at dinner about the invasion. The subject was too sore. But after Mr. Crapsten had finished his soup, and had carved the mutton, his watchful wife led him to talk about his "report"—how much was finished, and how much remained to do. Then she led the way carefully, and at last made it sure that Isabel would like to go over to Newport for ten days. Then she made it clear that Isabel could not go unless he went. Then she suggested that he could take the "report" over to Newport and finish it with Isabel—Isabel could copy and calculate for him. She only wanted a quiet time in Newport while Dr. Harris was seeing to her teeth, and she could not go to him for more than half an hour each day. Then, at Newport there would be no interruptions. And at Newport he could have the Redwood Library.

The plan was a good plan. More than this, it was Mrs. Crapsten's plan, and she meant to have her way. Most of all, she had it. And the next morning Mr. Crapsten and Isabel drove over to the Pier, and took the *Florence* for Newport. Two large boxes carried the statistics and documents needed for the "Report on the Organization of Emigration."

Thus was an excellent, industrious, unselfish man, who gave every instant of his life and every penny of his income to the poor, to his country, and the service of his God, driven from the comforts and conveniences of his own house to such as he might hire in a Newport boarding-house, in order that he might escape the interruption of those persons who were not content with his serving God in his own way, but wished to persuade him to serve in theirs.

Before his back was turned Mrs. Crapsten had telegraphed to her cousin Karl Whitaker; and Mr. Crapsten had not been gone an hour before Karl reported to Mrs. Crapsten for duty. He had just resigned his post on the Coast Survey. He loved Mrs. Crapsten as he loved his life, and he would do any thing to serve her. Meanwhile Mrs. Crapsten had also sent for Ellen Mitchell, the bride, and had held high conclave with her. Her honey-moon was so far advanced that in this philanthropic family it was time that she also should begin to serve the world.

Karl Whitaker lent himself, day and night, to his cousin's plans. Nor had any man ever a better "first luff" than Perry Mitchell proved to be. That was, indeed, just what Perry Mitchell was fit for. Before Mr. Crapsten returned, even, the pretty porter's lodge, where the long avenue turns in from the Kingston road, just where Gershom Tucker's house used to stand, had been refitted for Mitchell and his wife to live in. They were established there. And Ellen would have promised on the book, but it was not needed, that never a proctor of them all should pass without her knowledge. The old ice-road, which leads back from the house by the pond a quarter of a mile, to the Riddell place, was cleaned out, gravelled, and with its grass cut and its shrubs trimmed, it made a very pretty "avenue." The Riddell house had a new coat of paint; had red baskets with hanging plants, fresh from Newport, hanging on the piazza; had a flag flying from the cupola; and represented admirably well, to all wayfarers who might come so far, Mr. Crapsten's own manor-house. In the large parlor of the Riddell house—with rattan chairs galore, with two large sofas, with four Turkish rugs on the Japanese matting—presided Karl Whitaker. He represented Mr. Crapsten.

The trap was set. Who should be the first buzzing blue-bottle who should come in?

CHAPTER III.

THERE was not long to wait. Karl was but half through with his cigarette, as he lay in the hammock the morning after he had taken possession, when the rattle of wheels startled him. He threw the end away, and was at his desk when Oliver Garner (a cross between Narragansett and Congo he, whom Karl had retained as his familiar) brought in the card of

Augustus E. J. Southgate, M. D.

R. E. Institute of Medicine.

Dr. Southgate was at once admitted.

Karl explained that Mr. Crapsten was away for the day, but would be very sorry to miss Dr. Southgate, whose name was so well known to him. Dr. Southgate bridled, and put his thumbs in the sleeves of his waistcoat, and stood with

his back to the empty fire-place, and explained that he was about to deliver a course of lectures with a manikin, and a stereoscope, and some wax models, and that he would be glad to have Mr. Crapsten head his "bespeak," and at the same time give him the names of the neighbors who would probably take tickets. Karl listened courteously and attentively. When the doctor had delivered his whole speech, Karl, observant of the cue, took his turn.

Karl. "It is very curious, my dear doctor, that you should call now. Here is a letter for you, which I directed even after you were in the house. You have saved me a postage-stamp." The amazed doctor opened it to read the following lines:

"My dear Sir,—Could you favor me with an interview at your convenience? I wish to see you on some business of Mr. Crapsten's.

"Respectfully yours,

"Karl Whitaker.

"Little Crastis, *May* 11, 1877."

Karl did not say, and the doctor did not know, that the envelope box on the table held ninety-nine copies of this note ready to be addressed to any proctors as their cards were brought in.

The pink envelopes in the pink box were similar, but they were ready to address to women. As a card was brought in to Karl, he had simply to address his letter, and all was ready for the visitor.

To Dr. Southgate he said: "What we wanted to propose, doctor, was this: We have an establishment for the higher education of boys and girls at Fernando Key, off Florida. I have—no, Mr. Crapsten has with him—a letter, which I can not show you, therefore. But no matter. Just what we want is a professor of physiology, who would not be unwilling to act as physician, and perhaps to assist in the singing in the chapel on Sundays. What his full duties would be, I can not tell. In fact, doctor, if you took the place, you would make it very much for yourself. Of course you would not think of accepting till you had seen the place. But what I should propose would be that you should take a few weeks and go down and see it."

Dr. Southgate was surprised, and tried to conceal his surprise. He was delighted, and tried to conceal his delight. With the ordinary delusion of an ignorant and under-bred man, he tried to make Whitaker think he was constantly receiving such proposals. With the inexperience of a man who had never served mankind, and had never been asked to serve it, he was amazed at the simplicity by which a sincere offer was made. Of course he grasped at it, though he pretended not to. To be cared for for three months was more than his fondest dream an hour before. When should he go?

Karl. "To say truth, doctor, we send off a schooner with some of the institute to-morrow from the Pier. Could you not spend the night with us here, and sail from the Pier to-morrow?"

Doctor. Mumble, mumble, mumble—"my baggage and"—mumble, mumble, mumble—"my classes—"

Karl. "We have a little stock of clothing of assorted sizes, from Fenno's, for the colony. Suppose I fit you with a pea-jacket and appurtenances for the voyage? And when you come back—eh? you see?"

Doctor. Mumble, mumble, mumble—"institute"—mumble, mumble—"vacation"—mumble—"term-time. My size is forty-five, outside measure"—mumble, mumble, mumble.

At the end of which Karl stepped to the door, paid Taber's boy, and sent him back to the station. And the doctor staid.

Before this was settled, Mrs. Claudia Jane Springer—sister of the founder and principal of the Young Ladies' Institute at Elmer, Mississippi—entered. Had called to ask Mr. Crapsten to head her subscription list, and preside at a public meeting on the subject of Southern education and the closing of the Bloody Gulf.

Karl (*to* Mrs. Springer). "It is very curious, madam, that you should call now. Your name is hardly dry on this note, which I wrote this morning. Only I had not your address. I mislaid the journal of last Wednesday."

[Mrs. Springer *opens the note, fluttered and with interest.*]

Karl. "You need not read it, madam. The truth is, what we want—what Mr. Crapsten wants, I mean—is to establish an institute of instruction among these people—virtuous but benighted, dear Mrs. Springer—on the coast of Florida. Mr. Crapsten has a right in an island there, called Fernando Key; and if you, madam, or some lady of your reputation and force of character," etc., etc., etc.

Mrs. Springer. "My engagements with my sisters"—mumble, mumble, mumble, etc., etc., etc.

Karl. "I have thought of all that; but you know— Of course we are overrun with applicants. Just look at that pile of letters, and this boxful, not yet filed" (sardonic smile). "In a word, dear Mrs. Springer, it is not every day that we could find a lady of your intelligence, of your culture, of your training to business, and, let me say, as between friends, of your presence. If Mr. Crapsten insists on any thing, it is that the leaders in this enterprise should be ladies who were born ladies, and gentlemen of good family. Might I introduce you to Professor Southgate, who is to take the Professorship of Physiology in the institute, and will lunch with us, while I see the people who are waiting?"

[*Stage direction. This scene is varied by the frequent entrance of* OLIVER GARNER, L. H. L. E., *with silver salver and cards. Door-bell passim. Exit* Mrs. SPRINGER, R. H. U. E. *Enter* FRED BOREMAN, L. H. L. E.]

Fred Boreman [*looking round*]. "Mr. Crapsten? I expected to see Mr. Crapsten —my classmate Crapsten."

Karl [*rises to meet him*]. "Mr. Crapsten is in Newport to-day on business. But he will be sorry to miss you, Mr. Boreman. I have just addressed this note to you."

Fred Boreman [*opens note and reads*]. "How fortunate! He asks me to call. A pity he is away. [*Aside.*] The first man who ever asked me. [*Aloud.*] We are old friends—near friends. Lived in the same entry in Hollis. I coached him in his Greek and chemistry, you know."

Karl. "Indeed, he often speaks of you. As he is not here, I can tell you what he wants, and you can tell me if you can serve him. The truth is, what we want—what Mr. Crapsten wants, I mean—is some man of college education—a man of the world, too—who can represent him at Fernando Key, an island he has bought off the coast of Florida. He can not go there himself. But he wants some one—well, to see to the orange-trees, to give directions as to the new buildings, and, in short, to live there till he comes. I take some credit that it occurred to me that you would do this thing admirably well. Now, if your engagements would permit—"

Boreman [*aside*]. "I wish I knew what they were. [*Aloud.*] Let me look at my memoranda. The 15th—no, that Cross will take for me; 9th to 15th of August I must be at Fortescue's—"

Karl. "But Mr. Crapsten would write to Fortescue. In truth, we want you to start to-morrow. A lot of people go to-morrow in Crapsten's own schooner, and we want—I do not say a superintendent, but a man of the world—you understand me? well!—to keep them good-natured, and make things seem home-like, you know. Let me introduce you to Professor Southgate here. You will stay and lunch, at least. Southgate understands it better than I do." [*Rings, and bids* OLIVER GARNER *send back to the station* Mrs. SPRINGER'S "*team*" *and* Mr. BOREMAN'S.]

[*Exit* BOREMAN, R. H. U. E. *At the same moment (dumb-show of cards as before)* OLIVER GARNER *admits* Dr. DIMITRY KOULAGOFF, L. H. L. E. Dr. KOULAGOFF *bows. Looks uneasily for a place for his hat.*]

Karl [*rises courteously*]. "Let me take your hat, doctor. Excuse me while you read this note, which, by Mr. Crapsten's direction, I addressed to you only to-day."

[*Same dumb-show as before. After the doctor has looked at the note—*]

Karl. "The truth is, my dear doctor—"

Dr. Koulagoff. "Mais, monsieur, je n'entends pas l'Anglais."

Karl. "Ah, *pardon.* Ni moi, le Bulgare. Mais, s'il vous plaît, causerais en Français. Ah! bien! Vraiment, M. le Docteur." [*And then, as before, with same dumb-show, explains that at Fernando Key there will be needed some one to introduce the system of vine-growing from Eastern Europe, and, preparatory to that, to correspond with the princes of Bulgaria in reference to the colonization, etc., etc. All this rapidly and with gesture, ending by an introduction to* Professor SOUTHGATE—*same dumb-show as before—and entrance of* Mrs. WILDERSPIN, L. H. L. E.]

Mrs. Wilderspin. "I understood you kept a sort of intelligence office here."

Karl [*grimly*]. "Madam, that is just what we do. This morning we have offered so much that we have very little left."

Mrs. Wilderspin [*not listening*]. "I am sure I am sorry to take up your time, but I wanted to find occupation."

Karl [*civilly*]. "Yes? and in what line —a teacher?"

Mrs. W. "No. I am too old for that."

Karl. "Housekeeper, perhaps; large establishment, seven servants; housekeeper has a separate table."

Mrs. W. "No. I have bad headaches. I can not rise before twelve in the morning."

Karl. "Companion to a rich lady in Newport, possibly. Salary $500. Duties, to drive between three and five in the afternoon, and to attend parties in the evening."

Mrs. W. "No. I hate to ride."

Karl [*with sympathy*]. "What then?"

Mrs. W. "If you knew of an empty house, furnished, you know, and with the fuel, I think I and my husband could live in it while the owner, you know, went to Europe."

Karl. "Just the thing; we have it exactly. In truth, my dear madam, Mr. Crapsten—I am not Mr. Crapsten—wants in his home at Fernando Key, while he is at the North, a gentleman and lady of refinement. You understand me, I am sure [*etc., etc., etc., as before*]. Could you talk with Professor Southgate and Mrs. Springer?—they understand it perfectly." [*Same dumb-show as before.*]

[*Exit* Mrs. WILDERSPIN, R. H. U. E. *Enter* OLIVER GARNER, L. H. L. E., *and introduces* Rev. JOHN CORBAN.]

And so on, and so on, through that day and the next. In truth, the *Curlew* did not come round from Boston till Friday. On Friday she sailed, with twenty-four passengers, for Fernando Key.

"The happiest thing in the world," said Karl to his cousin, "that I took the Key off Fotheringay's hands. I only thought of it as a good place for shooting. But I would give sixpence to see old Webber when these people arrive. I have telegraphed to Halfenstein at St. Augustine, and he will have at least six days' notice. There is enough to eat, anyway."

And so every third or fourth day through the summer these mad conspirators sent off to old Webber twenty or thirty of these reformers. Not one ever declined Karl's offer. In truth, it opened a better life to each of them than he was leading, or she. And as Karl said, whenever his cousin's heart failed her, "Let them reform each other. When I have a dull carving-knife," said he, "I always take another, and give them both new edges by rubbing blade against blade."

And so it proved at the Key.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD WEBBER, at Fernando Key, had an easier time than seemed probable, when the *Curlew* arrived and her several successors.

When these two crazy madcaps, Karl and his cousin, started this enterprise, Karl had still so much method in his madness that he telegraphed to an old "pal" of his, at St. Augustine, quite full instructions. Interpreting these instructions very broadly, Halfenstein bought two of Skillings's ready-made school-houses, and two churches, which he found waiting purchasers. He chartered a little steamer, took a deck load of Southern timber, and hired twenty Minorcans and four stout negroes. With this assorted cargo he came in on old Webber at the Key one fine May morning, ten days before the *Curlew* appeared.

The consequence was that when that vessel brought in her living cargo, after a slow but not disagreeable passage, quite a little village stood empty awaiting them, and they passed from the discomforts of a packet schooner to the luxuries of sweet soft air, bananas and oranges on the trees, roast pig, fried chickens, omelets of seven patterns, yams, mangoes, apples of paradise, and peas of Elysium, served in two rival refectories—which had no such Popish names—under the varied cuisines of Mammy Chloe and Uncle Stephen. Of mattresses and other bedding Karl Whitaker had put enough on the *Curlew* for a hundred philanthropists.

To a person of systematic mind or training it would seem that the new-comers would be disturbed when they found so little other preparation than this which was thus made for physical wants. But that happened which neither Karl nor Mrs. Crapsten had foreseen. The philanthropists were not people of systematic mind or training. To find that neither "institute" had any scholars did not seem strange to them. They were, indeed, used to institutes on paper. To have nothing to do from Monday morning till Saturday night was neither new to them nor disagreeable. To wait, as they did, by Halfenstein's directions, for fuller arrangements when "the Board" should have its quarterly meeting, was most natural of all. All of them were used to waiting for something to turn up. Halfenstein had had the wit to arrange two boarding-houses,

with the knowledge that a slight rivalry would improve the fare, and that so much separation into two parties would make the new establishment more lively. Even Stamboul, at its worst government, enjoyed the partisanship of the "greens" and the "blues." And Halfenstein said afterward that his anxieties were all over when he saw the *William Tell* come into the wind, so that he knew she was going to run for his pier. She was the second packet. She sailed four days after the *Curlew*, but arrived only two days after. From the moment when the *Curlew* people could patronize the *William Tell* people, he said social order was established. Caste or class had come into society, and from that time all was well. Two or three times a week a packet would arrive. Always a load of philanthropists, "proctors," or other map-peddlers. Always they landed weary of a voyage, hungry, and tired. Always the different orders of the little state welcomed them with a lively condescension. Gradually they fell into the little coteries of the "red schoolhouse" and "the new school-house," the "hill church" and the "shore church." Before long they knew the rights and the wrongs of the *Gwendolen* passage, of the row on board the *Neptune's Bride*, of Dr. Southgate's quarrel with Professor Drisko, and of William Wildasin's scandalous flirtation with Mrs. Belle Blackburn. The regular organization of the two institutes still waited directions from their Boards. And it proved, according to Halfenstein, who had letters from Karl by every packet, that each Board had failed in a quorum at its quarterly meeting. Strangely enough, none of the philanthropists or other proctors ever received any letters. The square truth, in honest English, was that no human being in the world ever had missed one of them, or knew that they were gone, excepting a few boarding-house keepers, who were glad to see the last of them. Halfenstein, however, put it in a much more elegant way. He was forever receiving great government envelopes from the Post-office Department, and abusing the red tape of government, which would not give them an office. But for newspapers they did not lack; he kept old Michael, with two mulatto boys, cruising in a fruit boat in the channels, and never vessel passed from London, from New York, or New Orleans, but gladly exchanged the "latest dates" for the freshest oranges and bananas. For books, Karl had a box of novels sent down by every packet, and the philanthropists seemed to read nothing else. The insurance men generally stuck to the newspapers.

The *Curlew*, the *William Tell*, the *Web-Foot*, the *Gwendolen*, the *Roycroft*, the *Sea-Gull*, the *Neptune's Bride*, the *Olivia Emmons*, eventually made a regular line between the Pier and the Key. They brought many passengers, but never took away one. Karl was careful about this. The skippers were instructed to say that they had to go to the Dry Tortugas and the Wet Bahamas, and other parts unknown; and as soon as they had landed their deck loads, off they went. Indeed, they went in the middle of the night always, with never a chance for a stow-away. But, to say truth, as long as I was on the island (I was at that time the collecting agent for the S. P. O. H. C.) I never saw or heard of any one who wanted to leave. We were all awaiting the quarterly meeting of our respective "Boards," and wanted to know how our rank was to be determined. Now

"Boards are made of wood; they are long and narrow,"

as it says, or should say, in the copy-book.

As the summer passed, and the autumn came on, our occupation took more the form of established society. The insurance men of our side, as Mammy Chloe's boarders were called, would take a chance, after their siesta, to walk over to the other village, and insure the lives of the hands who were at work there in putting up new houses, and of the philanthropists who lived there. Meanwhile their insurance men came over and insured us and our workmen. None of us had any money. But we soon invented a system of credits. We gave our notes payable in ninety-nine years. Then once a week, every Monday evening, there was a meeting in the "red school-house," which partook of the character of a "clearing-house." These notes were "cleared" against each other, and the balances only were entered in a big book, which we called "Doomsday-Book." This simple plan made business very active. The lightning-rod men made enormous contracts for rods—simply subject to the approval of the "Boards." The rival school

agents for "Fortescue's Readers" and "Tyrwhitt's Reading-Books," and the men who introduced "Ptolemy's School Geography" and the "Periplus Series of Physical Geography," were very fortunate in their contracts with the professors. Occasionally a professor would deliver a lecture. But generally the schoolhouses proved more useful for private theatricals and for tableaux. We had a charming series of tableaux, organized by me, for the benefit of the Society for Providing O. F. H. C. We distributed the tickets for sale in the two boarding-houses, and gave a free ticket to every one who sold ten. The house was full, and the proceeds, on paper, were very large.

Our summer and autumn passed, therefore, both intelligently and agreeably. Before it ripened into that pleasant Florida winter, we had a population of near 1000 philanthropists. But the original division of two villages still held, and Aunt Chloe's people and Uncle Stephen's people were in some sort two communities. As it happened, each had a church, and each an institute. Of course there were in each village a dozen boarding-houses in place of the primeval two. Still, the impression held and holds that Uncle Stephen had secrets in the frying of clams unknown to Mammy Chloe, and that he permitted the use of these secrets, by certain royalties, in all the Hill cookery, while the Shore knew nothing of them. However this may be, it is certain that the gumbo soup of the Shore was unmatched and unmatchable by any thing furnished on the Hill.

CHAPTER V.

As the blushing October of lovely Narragansett blushed its rosiest before November ravaged the whole scene, Isabel and her father took a charming scamper on horseback one day over the hills and far away. As they came back to the Kingston road, Mr. Crapsten threw himself from his horse, took down the top rail of a bit of fence, and cried to Isabel:

"Now show me how well you can leap those bars."

The girl did it without hesitation. Her father did the same, and led her into the still glades of the forest.

Oh, how still!

"Dear child," he said, reverently indeed, "I will show you things hidden from the foundation of the world."

And he did so.

He led the way where the horses' feet sank deep in greenish-gray lichen, which had grown on the graves of other lichens, which were the monuments of others which were growing in the days of Canonchet. There was not soil enough for any thing but this humble greenish-grayish-blue, and the craunch of the horses' feet had a weird, dry sound which seemed to be an echo from another century. There came over Isabel the feeling that no human being had ever stood there before.

"Dear papa, when did you find this solitude?"

"Only yesterday. But I have made many such discoveries this summer. When mamma does not ride with me, I am very adventurous."

Isabel [*a little frightened with her own rashness*]. "How much time you have had for yourself this summer!"

Mr. Crapsten. "Yes. I am sometimes troubled about it. But do you know, I never had the letters so well in hand, my business never troubled me so little, and really [*with a timid laugh*] I have almost finished the book on the emigration of the Iranian tribes."

They rode happily on, silently, till he began again, a little anxiously:

"We have not had so many of the people you call 'map-peddlers.' Do you know, I am a little frightened. I hope I was not rude that last day before we went to Newport."

Isabel. "Rude, papa! you do not know how to be rude. You could not be rude if you tried. Now do not go and worry about those things."

But Isabel, who was in her mother's secrets, rode home like a guilty thing. When they passed the letter-box where the mail-rider left the Little Crastis mail, the girl slipped off her pony, let him run up to the stable alone, and herself carried up the mail to her father.

"There, papa, it is a dear little mail. I've a letter from Tom, mamma has one from Aunt Kate, and there are only three for you."

And her father said he should have just time to read the letters before dinner.

Dinner seemed particularly jolly that day. The younger boys were in great feather—had caught the biggest pickerel within the memory of man. Mary M'Ma-

hon had surpassed herself in the chowder and clam fritters; and the Trustum Bay oysters were perfect. As they sat at the dessert, rather more lazily than usual, Mrs. Crapsten said: "I had a nice letter from Kate; they will all be here Friday. What was your mail?"

Mr. Crapsten. "Oh, I ought to have told you, for I was really very much pleased. Isabel, go bring the letters."

And when the girl returned, he handed one to his wife.

"There, that is from Baring's people. They are well pleased with the Cattaraugus success, and have made on the other side a syndicate. Hope joins, and Caruthers, and even the great Rothschild nibbles. They offer me ten millions for my interest, or I may join with them."

Mrs. Crapsten. "And you are pleased? Did I know about this?"

Mr. C. "I think I told you. It was that time I went to Boston, and left you at the Champernoms' at Hingham."

Mrs. C. "I don't remember."

Mr. C. "Well, it is a long story; but we have nothing to do. You know the Cattaraugus and Opelousas all went down again after—after poor George Orcutt went up."

Mrs. Crapsten nodded, for the subject of George Orcutt was a sad one.

Mr. C. "Well, it occurred to me one day that all it needed was to make a cut-off or connection between that sharp bend at Wills's, so as to unite us with that poor weak-kneed Pemaquid and Kittatinny line. They were in the hands of receivers, you know."

Mrs. Crapsten nodded again, though she had no idea what a receiver was.

Mr. C. "Well, I gave orders to buy up the P. and K., and of course I got their stock for nothing, and their bonds for a whistle. I saw Beamish that afternoon —Jack Beamish, George's son—and sent him with his things and a party to Wills's. They got an old charter on the way; he ran his experimental line that week; and the next week Grimes—no, Groves, those New Hampshire people—took the contract. Of course it worked; their road has been running now for near three weeks; the Philadelphia people get their pork a penny cheaper; and if you knew it, that winter butter you ordered of Hastings yesterday will cost you a cent less because of Jack Beamish."

Isabel [*admiring*]. "And all because of you, papa!"

She had never heard her father explain business at such length.

Mr. C. "Yes; well—because of me, I suppose. That is what I am for. Somebody must plan things. But, somehow, for a year or two I have never seemed to have any time to attend to what I wanted to do—until this summer. I said to Isabel that I was afraid something was wrong."

Mrs. C. "And you have really sat here to-day, and talked about pickerel and oysters and clams, when we were ten million dollars richer than we were yesterday?"

Mr. C. "Pourquoi non? I forgot all about the letter. What is the good of the money, unless we can help other people with it? But if you bid me sell to the Barings, why, you can found your Old Ladies' Home, and endow your Medical College for Women."

Isabel. "And you, papa—I know what you want to do: you can send your colony to the Upper Canadian!"

Mr. C. smiled good-naturedly. "You have found me out, have you? Well, if I believe in any thing, it is in the 'Organization of Emigration.'"

Then Mrs. Crapsten, who, as has been seen, is a bold woman, determined on the instant to dare all, and to confess to her husband the whole "Organization of Emigration" which she and her cousin had carried forward.

Mrs. C. "After you have had your nap, I want to take you to drive."

Mr. C. "Gladly. Where to?"

Mrs. C. "Well, where you do not like to go. I shall take you to the Riddell place."

Mr. C. "As you will. But it is a gloomy old hole. I have not been there this summer."

Mrs. C. "I know you think so, but you do not know how gay and festive Karl and I have made it."

Mr. C. "Yes, Karl brags of it whenever he comes over. Well, any where with you."

And he went off to his nap.

"To think," cried Mrs. Crapsten to Isabel, when they were alone—"to think that a horde of people who say they know more than your father, should be able to keep him for years from helping the world forward in his own way! Now, in three weeks, that they let him alone, he has made food cheaper for half the world, and is all the more ready to go on and do so much the more."

Mr. Crapsten slept exactly his appointed hour, and then was ready at the carriage; so was Isabel; so was her mother. He wondered at the improved avenue quite as much as they could have asked. He was delighted with the clumps of rhododendrons, where there was a little opening; and when he saw the festive aspect of the old Riddell place, he fairly clapped his hands.

Karl heard the wheels, and came out to welcome them, forewarned by Oliver Garner that these were not of the common kind.

As he handed Mrs. Crapsten from the carriage, she whispered, in a tragic aside, "We must confess all!"

And they did confess all. At first they had no chance. Karl introduced Mr. Crapsten to Mr. Palfrey and Mr. Chamberlin, his clerks, and to Miss Olive and Miss Augusta, his other trusty aids; and Mr. Crapsten looked round, rather amazed at the undisguisable air of business which the dismal old Riddell house had assumed.

"Why, Karl, this does not look much like partridge-shooting? Since when have you been such a man of affairs?"

The young ladies all blanched white, and then flushed red. But Karl, as easy as if he were on examination before a board which he was snubbing, said, "Oh, it is all my old hobby, the 'Organization of Emigration.'"

"Organization of Emigration!" said Mr. Crapsten. "Have you stolen my thunder?"

Then Karl confessed all. He told the story very briefly, but very well. He gave great praise to Ellen (M'Grath) Mitchell, as was her due. Not once in that hard-worked summer had she mistaken her man or woman, so far as Karl knew.

"No," said Mr. Crapsten, with a certain sense of relief, "nor so far as I know. Never man or woman has come to the house here to talk organized philanthropy to me this summer."

"George was saying," said his wife, "that he had for once attended to his own concerns."

"And how much has this cost you schemers?" asked Mr. Crapsten. And Karl calmly showed the five monthly balance-sheets, and bade Miss Olive bring the day-book and ledger for October.

"On the whole," he said, "we are doing better than I dared hope. They do not work much, of course. Nobody expected that. But they are modest in their needs. They drink nothing but milk and water, and they provide a good deal of their own food. There, that is the ration for September—$1 97⅔ a week, you see. Our roster was then 879; but now we have sent, since the 30th, 51, 69, 33, 19 in the *Swiftsure*, that makes 172 more. We made an excellent thing of it last month with our Southern pine. Halfenstein misread, or somebody miswrote, a dispatch of mine, and they bought in June a great lot of Florida pine, just when I was pouring in Northern pine by deck loads. All of a sudden last month the market here was cornered, and I have sold all my Florida pine for enough to meet all my lumber bills. Since I put the propellers on we have done a good thing in fruit. We send them on a round trip, and they come home by the islands."

Mr. Crapsten was interested by the figures, understood the position in a moment, asked questions, and made suggestions.

"At $52 apiece, your average of 500 has cost you $26,000 for their board."

"Yes, Sir; but what with our fresh-fish sales here, the oyster account, the profits on the pine business, and the fruit balance—here is my September balance—we brought down the total expense to $13,692 11. Besides, we have some small collections to make."

Mr. Crapsten turned with admiration to his wife. "Now I know why you sold the Vienna necklace, and your 5-20 bonds."

Mrs. C. "How did you know it?"

Mr. C. "As it happened, I bought the necklace. Your man in New York had heard me asking for something of the kind, and I found it waiting my inspection at the office the other day. As for the bonds, they were registered, you know; and it so happened that in the last lump I bought, these of yours came round to me. But then I never meant to be poking into your secrets."

Isabel. "And will you forgive the conspirators, papa?" [*She flings herself in burlesque upon the ground.*]

Mr. C. "Forgive! It is I who am to ask as a favor that I may sit at your feet and study the 'Organization of Emigration.'"

Mr. and Mrs. C.

ISABEL. KARL.

Mr. P. Miss OLIVE.

Miss AUGUSTA. Mr. C.

CURTAIN.

A ROMANCE OF EASTHAMPTON.

I.

THE *Adriatic*, after a swift run down the Channel, was lying in the harbor of Queenstown, waiting for the mail, on a pleasant Sunday afternoon about ten years ago. Leaning over her rail and looking at the town was a man of rather more than thirty years of age, tall and well made, of the best British type, with light hair, full blonde beard and mustache, complexion browned as if by an Eastern sun, and a frank and pleasing expression of countenance. He seemed absorbed in thought, and the look in his blue eyes grew wistful as he heard the bells ringing for afternoon service.

"A penny for your thoughts, Forsyth," said a voice behind him. "I can fancy you, like poor homesick Father Mahony, saying to yourself,

> "'On this I ponder
> As far I wander,
> And still grow fonder,
> Sweet Cork, of thee.'"

Captain Forsyth, of the Royal (late Bengal) Engineers, stood erect, and turned with a smile to greet the spokesman. The latter was an American of medium height, with dark eyes and hair, long mustache, and a strong face, and showing by his military bearing and a scar on his cheek that the late civil war had found him at the front. The two had met in England, one on sick-leave from India and the other just completing a long European trip, and become fast friends.

"So you know the 'Bells of Shandon,'" said Forsyth. "No, I was not thinking about them. I was sentimentalizing a little about turning my back on Old England, although it is absurd enough that I should, so little have I seen of her for many years, and so little is there to keep me here."

"I don't believe a word of it," said John Warden. "You had best confess that you are dreading the barbarous country to which you are going. Did you not hear the conversation in the coffee-room of the 'Adelphi' night before last between that dry, taciturn New-Yorker and the Londoner in search of information, who asked him if it was true that gentlemen in New York occasionally carried 'what you call a bowie-knife, you know?' 'Not occasionally, but habitually,' said the New-Yorker. 'If you should come out there, and take a walk down Wall Street any fine morning, you would not fail to find one of your countrymen *quivering on the pavement*.' I don't suppose that you believe that, or that you can shoot buffaloes in the Central Park; but you have a lingering idea that New York and Boston are *in partibus infidelium*."

"No," said Forsyth, with a smile; "I am entirely open to conviction, and prepared to find your great country quite as interesting and as jolly as you can make it out. I have never told you before, either, that it has an extraordinary attraction for me, from the fact that my great-grandfather laid his bones there during the Revolutionary war. He did not even have the honor of being killed in action, but died of fever, and was buried, no one knows just where, and thereby hangs a tale which you shall hear some time. But here come the mails, and some new passengers. Let us have a look at them."

The steamer was soon off the Banks, and making, under full sail and steam, at least fourteen knots at the last heaving of the log. The smoking-room was pleasantly lighted, and our two friends were enjoying their cigars in one corner, when Warden reminded Forsyth of his promise to tell him the story of his connection with America. The latter settled himself comfortably in his seat, and began without hesitation:

"I was born, as you know, in India. I was sent home to be educated, obtained a commission, went out again, was placed at once on duty, and worked my way up. I was at Delhi when it was taken, and was nearly chosen to accompany Salkeld and Home when they went in to blow up the Cashmere Gate. Did you ever hear of it, the splendid affair—first one lieutenant, then the next, then the sergeants, one after another, stepping up only to be shot as they tried to place and fire the petard? Good heavens! what a time it was! But what has that to do with my story? I forgot myself." His eye had grown bright, and there was a flush on his cheek. Warden begged him to say more about those stormy times, but he replied that he had nothing to tell which would interest the party who had been attracted by the sudden excitement of his manner and the rising tones of his voice.

"It was only the recollection of those days coming over me, gentlemen," said

he. "You don't know what it is to fight against such odds—numbers, climate, your own fortifications, and all that. It was in the line of our duty, and nobody shirked. I may say, however, as I have excited your curiosity, that we succeeded there. The third sergeant, coming up in turn, saw that the second had lighted the fuse before he was shot, and he told the bugler to sound the charge. Then they two jumped into the ditch, and— Don't you remember how Kingsley puts it?

"'Our fellows went swarming in to vengeance.'"

He sat silent for a few minutes, then went on in a lower tone:

"My father was killed in the assault. He had, of course, known that this was likely to happen any day, and he had before told me something of our family affairs. It seems that my great-grandfather, Douglas Forsyth (my own name, as you know), was an officer in one of the regiments sent out by George the Third to quell the revolt in his American colonies. He was about twenty-five years of age, and had left a young wife and one child at home. After a long delay, intelligence was received of his death by fever, which had been prevalent on board of a transport on which he was stationed with a detachment of his men. His widow survived him but a short time, and the child, my grandfather, was supported and educated by his relatives, and became a soldier, in his turn, just as did my father and myself. It is the family occupation, and my associations from my earliest boyhood have been with camps and batteries. My mother died when I was fifteen, and I was often separated in the line of duty from my father. It was just when the mutiny broke upon us that he told me of a singular episode in the family history. A relative, an eccentric and solitary old man, owning a beautiful estate near Tunbridge Wells, in Kent, had shown some interest in the Forsyth who had gone to America. He had died, apparently intestate, some time before the news had come of the death of the latter, and the property had passed into the hands of a distant branch of the family. Long after this a will was found drawn up in perfectly regular form, and devising the Kent estate to Douglas Forsyth. It became at once a matter of importance to ascertain whether the latter had died before or after the testator, as in the one case the devise was held to have lapsed, and in the other, the property would undoubtedly come into the hands of his son, and so on to my father and myself. All possible inquiries were made on behalf of my grandfather, but with no success in establishing a claim. There had been much confusion and excitement among the forces at the supposed time of Major Forsyth's death, and many of the records and reports relating to army matters had been lost in a dispatch vessel which had foundered at sea. The transport on board of which he was reported to have died was lying, at that time, somewhere near New York, but no one knew exactly where. She had been broken up when the inquiries were made; some of the officers were dead, and the survivors could give no definite information. The testator died on the 16th of October, 1779; the death of Major Forsyth was known in England at Christmas of that year, and was generally believed and admitted to have occurred about the middle or end of September. At all events, nothing came of it. 'Possession is nine points of the law,' and, as one of your American jurists used to add, 'you might about as well say ten.' My father accepted my grandfather's conclusion, and made no move in the matter, and so it has remained. Singularly enough, I heard, when in London, that the family in possession was almost extinct, and the estate likely to go into Chancery."

"A very interesting case, my dear captain. Has it never occurred to you that evidence might possibly be obtained in America which would be of service? It ought not to be difficult to find out where the transport was, and there might be local records."

The speaker was a well-known New York lawyer, returning from a holiday trip, to whom Warden had presented Forsyth.

"Perhaps," said the latter; "but it seemed a hopeless task, and I was a long way off; and then, too, I am quite alone in the world, and have really hardly had an adequate motive for entering on such a Herculean task as that would probably be."

"Well, my friend," said the lawyer, "I repeat that it is an interesting case. If you should ever change your mind, perhaps I could help you. And now let me give you a good Havana."

In a few days the steamer was running

along in sight of Long Island, with pilot on board, and a prospect of landing her passengers before sundown. Warden was walking the deck with Forsyth, and laying down a programme for their movements on reaching the wharf.

"Our house in town will undoubtedly be closed," said he, "and I expect to hear that my family are all at their favorite summer resort—Easthampton, a quaint old town on Long Island, about opposite which we are now. There will be nothing to keep us in New York in this summer weather, and you must form your impressions of it under more favorable circumstances. It would be too much like the Mofussil, and the Punjab, and the other hot places with unpronounceable names about which you talk; but I will take you to a spot which shall be as great a contrast as you can imagine to the sultry plains of Hindostan—this little quiet country village. This plan will also afford me an early opportunity of presenting you to my family."

"I am in your hands," replied Forsyth, "and appreciate your kind intentions in my behalf."

That evening saw the two friends in New York, and next morning the train was taking them through the woods and over the dusty levels of Long Island. Arriving at Bridgehampton, and taking the covered vehicle called in local parlance a "stage," but differing entirely from one's traditions of the same, they drove for half a dozen miles to the eastward, at the end of which they found themselves entering a long wide street. At each end an old-fashioned windmill stood sentry over an equally old-fashioned grave-yard. An ancient academy was *vis-à-vis* a more ancient "meeting-house," and quaint weather-beaten unpainted houses were ranged on both sides, faced by rows of venerable trees. From the north end of this old street stretches to the eastward the road to Amagansett and Montauk; at the other it is merged into a road leading to the beach. Few towns more remarkable than old Easthampton exist in this country. Lacking the relics of colonial state and prosperity to be found in Eastern New England, it is in no way behind it in venerable respectability, and takes the lead in thorough conservatism and the preservation of a distinctly American character. Upon the scattered signs are the same names as those in the earliest town records, and the New-Yorker seeking ground for a summer home finds the sturdy, independent farmer or fisherman by no means inclined to undervalue a corner of the estate which has been two hundred and thirty years in his family. An air of peace and contentment pervades every thing, and no one is in a hurry, unless a whale or a school of menhaden be signaled. Here dwelt for long years that stout old Colonel Lion Gardiner, whose memory is fragrant in this region. In the days of Indian rings it is refreshing to read of the friendship of this colonial soldier with the head of the great tribe who owned and thickly populated the rolling peninsula of Montauk, where now graze the Easthampton cattle. In one of the old grave-yards are the tombs of this noted family, and near the side of the Sag Harbor road the hollow where the remains of the chieftain rested on their last journey is still kept intact and free from leaves or rubbish by the poor remnants of his race.

So much had Warden told Forsyth, when the "stage" stopped in front of one of the larger houses. In another moment the former was the centre of a group of excited, demonstrative relatives, to whom his friend was in due course presented—a fine, hale, white-whiskered father, a dignified and graceful mother, a sister, Miss Ethel, and a cousin, Miss Nellie Warden, both about nineteen, and a young brother, Master Sam, of thirteen. To them succeeded the owner of the house, a self-possessed citizen of the republic, who saluted Warden, and then proceeded to take charge of the luggage, affording to Forsyth a new and curious study of national characteristics. This was a descendant of one of the founders of the town, living on the land assigned to and in the house built by his ancestor. In the course of an active sea-faring life he had visited the remote corners of the earth, and traversed many seas—now watching for pirates when becalmed in Gaspar Straits or the Eastern Passage, and again rounding the Horn in fierce winter gales, or chasing the whale in the Okhotsk Sea. His wanderings had brought forth results in his comfortable bank account and the curiosities displayed in his house; and in the afternoon of his days he was entirely willing to add to his income by receiving summer boarders, treating them with a grave courtesy, commanding exactly the same respect which it expressed. It was agreed

that this veteran, once absolute on his ship's deck, and now attending to his guests' wants, was a true gentleman.

With the tact of the travelled man who has learned to adapt himself to the ways of many lands, Captain Forsyth accepted the snug quarters assigned to him with but one grimace at the idea of a one-o'clock dinner, and a certain misgiving as to the nature of the meal known as "tea." Almost as soon, however, as he had dined and settled himself for a cheroot on the piazza, he began to recognize the restful, lotus-eating atmosphere of the place. Watching the rings of smoke rising in the clear air, his mind recurred to past times and scenes with a curious and pleasant realization of their contrast with the present. How many July days had he passed on the arid Indian plains, eagerly welcoming the slightest breath of air through the wetted aromatic "tatties!" How far away his old stations seemed to him—Delhi, Lucknow, Bangalore, Calcutta—and yet only a year ago he was sitting under a punka, and wishing that he could get leave and have a run to Simla, where there were a number of pretty girls.

"Don't you find this region quite a contrast to India, Captain Forsyth?" he heard, in particularly musical tones. He was on his feet in an instant, removing his hat, and throwing his cigar away. Simla and the Deccan had vanished in a second before the pretty presence of Miss Nellie Warden, standing demurely before him. Fairly tall and of graceful figure, she had brown eyes shaded almost to look black by their long lashes, bright brown hair lying crisply low down on her forehead, fair skin with brilliant color, and small and delicate hands and feet. She was dressed in light, cool muslin, wore a large straw hat, and carried a sun umbrella.

"I am afraid you have been deserted," said she. "They are killing the fatted calf for the returned wanderer. Would you not like to go down to the beach?"

Forsyth readily assented, and they walked out of the gate, along under the old trees, past the quiet cemetery, and down the sandy road beyond. Directly before them there soon came in sight, framed by low sand-dunes, glimpses of the blue waves of the Atlantic. The wind was off shore, and scores of white-sailed schooners were speeding east and west, and on the horizon rose the smoke of an incoming European steamer. Along the shore, as far as the eye could reach, came in the successive lines of surf. Every thing was gleaming in the bright, clear, electric atmosphere, such as Forsyth had never before seen.

"How beautiful!" he exclaimed.

"I thought that you would like it," said his companion. "We all think this one of the finest beaches in the country."

"But there are no signs of the 'stern and rock-bound coast' on which the poet tells us that the Pilgrims landed."

"It was one of your country-women who wrote that," quickly replied the young lady. "There is not a rocky point between Narragansett Bay and the Capes of Florida. Of course there are some on the New England coast, but I believe none where the *Mayflower* anchored. But the mistakes about the landing-place are not greater than those about the Pilgrims themselves."

"Do you not admire them, then?"

"Oh no; I think they were a set of dreadful old fellows. My cousin says that a gentleman rose at a public dinner, when they had been toasting the Pilgrim Fathers, and suggested that something should be said in laudation of the Pilgrim Mothers, who had been obliged to endure all the sufferings that the Pilgrim Fathers encountered, and the Pilgrim Fathers themselves besides."

Forsyth laughed heartily at the vehemence of his pretty companion, and complied with her suggestion that they should walk along the beach. She had already begun to interest him, and the prospect of her society was very pleasant. During the walk the conversation was easy and lively between them, and the views novel and interesting. On the one side they saw the sand-hills, and between them glimpses of the quaint old town lying dozing, as it were, in the sun. On the other were the blue waves, beautiful enough as one saw them then, but needing only the rising wind to make them very terrible. From Montauk Point to Coney Island there is but one approach to shelter or landing-place, and that available but for small vessels; and thus, to a thoughtful mind, there are painful suggestions inseparable from a sight of the South Shore. The gay crowd of bathers, the groups of pretty children, the pleasant informal gatherings of the summer days, show one side of the picture; the other, with its raging winter gales, the driving

snow, the drifting vessels, and the helpless crews, is brought to mind by the sight of the life-saving station behind the high dunes, and the regular lines of head-stones in the old cemetery.

Of wreck, or disaster, or distress of any kind, no thought came into the minds of the fair lady and brave man, who, after traversing the beach for some distance to the east, turned into a by-road leading by a tortuous course to the farther end of the village. From one subject of common interest they passed to another. Forsyth told to a sympathetic listener some details of his past life, and the years spent abroad. From her he learned something of herself, an orphan ward, as she was; of her uncle, and of her pleasant, sunny life; of the family who had been every thing to her, especially of John, and of his sister, recently engaged to an officer of the army, "with a fair prospect," as she expressed it, "of passing her days at some forlorn station in Arizona or Alaska." The road seemed short enough; and when they re-entered the village, they were surprised to hear the horn of the Sag Harbor stage, and see the summer residents wending their way to the little post-office for their afternoon mail. Not a little curiosity was plainly excited in more than one quarter in regard to the new-comer.

"Who's that feller, Bill, do you know?" asked one stalwart citizen of another, as they leaned over a fence.

"He's a-stoppin' at Conant's 'long with Squire Warden's folks," was the reply. "I fetched him from Bridgehampton today 'long with the young cap'n, and they let on that he was a Britisher, a friend of his from the East Ingees, or some place like that. He's a real good-appearin' chap, anyway."

"Yes," said the other, "and that niece of the squire's an everlastin' good-looking girl. They make a first-rate couple."

"That's so," ejaculated the second speaker. "I don't generally take much stock in Britishers, but he seems like a good feller. I hope he is if he is goin' to make up to her. I ain't seen no one keepin' company with her this summer. I calkilate she ain't easy to suit. Hello! there's the old gentleman comin' out of the doctor's. I wonder if he'll recognize a countryman?"

From a substantial and very comfortable-looking house, not far from the post-office, there had come, just before Forsyth and his companion reached it, an old man of dignified and refined appearance. He was tall, but somewhat bent with age, and leaned heavily on his stick as he walked slowly along. His face brightened as he recognized Miss Warden, and he saluted her with a warm shake of the hand, and with much of old-fashioned courtesy in his manner. She greeted him pleasantly, and presented Forsyth as a countryman.

"I am very happy to see you, captain," he said. "Visitors from the old country are *raræ aves* in this quiet town. I have been an exile myself for many years, but my native land is very dear to me. Will you not call upon me, and give me the pleasure of a long talk with you? My dear Miss Warden, I trust that you too will come soon to see me, and bring the sunshine, as always, with you. Now I see your cousins coming to meet you, and you must be off. Good-evening;" and lifting his hat, he passed slowly on.

"Pray tell me who your very high-bred and dignified friend is, Miss Warden," said Forsyth, as they resumed their walk.

"He is our great local celebrity," she replied. "I should have told you about him even if we had not met him, but it is a long story, and here come Ethel and John, and it is almost tea-time."

"I shall be obliged," just then called out Warden, "if you interesting young people will give an account of yourselves. You must know, Nellie, that Captain Forsyth is compelled to pass all his afternoons in the study of Sanskrit and the solution of the binomial theorem, and you not only injure his prospects by interrupting him, but you make your elderly admirer there furiously jealous."

"Major Warden," said Forsyth, dryly, "this young lady most kindly consented, in consideration of your desertion of me, to act as your substitute in showing me something of the place. I need not say that the change was a most agreeable one."

"Captain Forsyth, I was engaged in recounting to my venerated parents the vicissitudes through which I had passed abroad, and how I had resisted the blandishments with which you sought to lead me from the rigid path of self-improvement which I had marked out for myself. I magnanimously spared your character, however."

"In that case, John, let us go in to tea," said Miss Nellie. "We must make

the ordeal of this novel meal as easy as possible for the captain."

She took her cousin's arm, and led the way toward the house, Forsyth following with Ethel.

"Will this meal include the dish from which an Italian traveller records that he suffered in Boston, years ago, the greatest indigestion of his life, Miss Warden?" asked he. "It is described as consisting of salt fish and pork scraps, whatever they may be."

"You will soon see for yourself, captain," rejoined this young lady, who, although quite different from her cousin, was nearly as pretty and *piquante*. "I suppose that you are pining for the hot curries and the fried plantains about which Captain Conant so often tells us."

"Miss Warden, at the present moment I pine for nothing; I am in a state of absolute content. At the same time, let me tell you," he went on, sententiously, after they had reached the dining-room, saluted the assembled company, and taken their seats, "that the living in India is not to be despised. You rise before daylight, have a cup of coffee, take a ride, and come home to your *chota hazree*, or little breakfast. Then, at noon, you have late breakfast, or tiffin—the curry about which you joke—with sweet mango chutnee, and Bombay ducks, and—"

"There's picked-up cod-fish, an' chipped beef, an' scrambled eggs, an' hot biscuit," said a sharp though kindly voice at his ear.

He stopped, aghast for a moment; then seeing ill-concealed merriment on the young ladies' faces, he begged Miss Nellie to choose for him.

"Your tiffin, with our hostess's additions, would be a good deal like a dish which I saw in a hotel bill of fare at Niagara—'International Stew,'" said John Warden to him, *sotto voce*, while Master Sam, who had gathered from the incomplete description an impression of an unlimited number of meals, remarked that it must be bully, and he would go there as soon as he had enough stamps. This youth had evidently begun to make a hero of the captain, and he was restrained from a course of monopolizing questionings only by the presence of his parents, both of whom engaged their guest in conversation, and succeeded in making him entirely at home.

When the party had adjourned to the veranda, Forsyth asked Nellie to tell him about the old gentleman whom they had met that afternoon.

"He has lived here nearly thirty years," she said. "He came apparently to stay for a short time, but with the exception of one trip of twelve miles, has never been farther off than Sag Harbor in all these years. No one knows who he is. He is from Scotland, and evidently a Christian and a refined gentleman. He is most sympathetic, and kind, and charitable. He helped build the little Episcopal church, and has conducted services as lay reader."

"But can no one find out who he is?" asked Forsyth.

"It has been absolutely impossible. Communicative on all other subjects, he has never failed to turn off with tact and politeness all attempts to penetrate his incognito, and through all the days that he has lived here never has given a clew to his identity. He loves to see company, and many of the summer visitors make a point of calling on him. You must not fail to go."

The captain was greatly interested in this mystery, and assured her that he should make an early call. After a pleasant evening and a late cigar with John, he retired to his room. It had been a red-letter day for him, full of new and pleasant experiences, central among which was his delightful acquaintance with the beautiful American girl. From distracting remembrances of the journey, the first sight of the place, the beach, and the mysterious old gentleman, his thoughts reverted over and over again to her lovely face and charming ways, until the faint murmur of the waves lulled him to a sound sleep, and the deep stillness of night settled down, as it had done for long, long years, with naught of disturbance or alarm to interrupt, upon the peaceful old town.

II.

"Say, cap, don't go with the women to-day. Tell 'em to give you a rest, and come with me and look for snakes in the sand-hills. I bet we can find a striped adder."

Some six weeks had glided away, since Forsyth's arrival, in a novel and delightful life. He had, in the best of company, explored the town; wandered among the stones of the grave-yards, in one of which the Rev. Thomas James was, by his spe-

cial request, buried with his face to the east, so that in the resurrection he may rise facing his people; and chatted with the miller, sitting on the steps of his old-fashioned mill as the sails moved slowly around. He had driven with a large party through the wide street of Amagansett, through the sandy, wooded roads, across Napeague Beach, where the mosquitoes do mostly congregate, past lonely Stratton's, and out to Montauk Point, where the Atlantic's surges beat resistlessly on the yielding bluff, and the great Fresnel light sends its rays far out to sea to cheer and guide the sailor. He had visited Southampton, showing, after two hundred and forty years, the unmistakable reminiscences of its New England founders, had talked with old whalemen at Sag Harbor of the departed days when their avocation was in its prime, and bought Indian relics at Orient. He had called several times on the mysterious old gentleman from Scotland, sitting in his room among books and papers, entering with a kindly interest into the affairs of his visitors, and chatting pleasantly about art, literature, politics—every thing but himself. Nearly every morning had found him on the beach, restricted by "long residence in a tropical climate" from surf-bathing, but watching the curiously attired crowds to whom it seemed to give so much pleasure. Among the engagements of each placid day this beach excursion had become a fixture, and the time had almost come for the ladies to appear this morning, when Master Sam, who was whittling a boat out of a piece of soft wood, made his appeal for companionship on that extraordinary quest so dear to the hearts of the youthful summer visitors.

"My dear Sam," said the captain, "I like your company, but I don't like snakes, and I am afraid that I have promised to go to the beach with your sister and her cousin."

Sam rounded the stern of his boat off, and then said, "Cap, Jerry Williams, that drives us down to the beach, asked me the other day if you wasn't going to give me a jackknife. 'Cause, you see, he thought Nellie was my sister; and he told me that when a feller was going to be engaged to a boy's sister, he always gave him a jackknife."

"Sam," said the captain, quickly, "won't you go down to the news store and buy me a morning paper, and you can go in next door and get yourself an ice-cream too."

"All right," replied Sam; and off he went, leaving Forsyth to a curious, half-bewildered train of thought. Through these past weeks he had gone on constantly seeking Nellie's society, enjoying it more and more, and taking his place at her side on all occasions as the most natural thing in the world; but that his attentions had been so marked as to attract the notice even of a villager was a real surprise to him. His mind was filled with mingled feelings of pleasurable excitement, of tenderness, almost of a kind of consternation, all utterly new to this stout soldier, into whose lonely life no experiences of strong sentiment had ever come. He knew that he had never seen any one to compare in his estimation with this sweet young American girl; but how was it with her? Was it possible that she could reciprocate his feelings? All of a sudden it seemed to him that if she could not, it would be the saddest thing in all the world. It was almost with a blush, just at that moment, that he saluted her as she came out of the house with Ethel. They walked down the road to the beach, overtaken and passed by stages and wagons, from which laughing salutations came to them from groups crowded on the seats. At the bathing-houses they parted, the girls to equip themselves, and the captain to take his seat on the sand by the side of his friend "Mose" Stratton, ex-whaler, merchant captain, fisherman, member in winter of the life-saving crew, and general good fellow.

"Good-mornin', cap," was his salutation. "Did you ever see folks enjoyin' themselves as much as they be here? There's Parson X., that give us that tough sermon last Sunday, skippin' about like a young unicorn, and that gentleman just divin' under the breaker is a judge of the Supreme Court. Ain't you goin' to take a hand in?"

"No, Mose," replied Forsyth; "the fact is, what with bad climate and exposure, I came home not long ago with a trouble just under the lower rib on the right-hand side, about which, I dare say, you have heard in your travels."

"Yes, indeed, I know precious well what liver-complaint is. I hain't spent three years in the China waters for nothin'. But you look hearty enough now."

"Yes, I am much better, and hope to

remain so. When do you go on duty in the life-saving service?"

"Fifteenth September. I can tell you this beach is a good deal lonesomer place in winter than it is now. When I've come down on my beat in the mid-watch some stormy night in January, tryin' to make head against a no'theast gale, with the sleet drivin' in my face, I've often thought how it looked a day like this, with the sun a-shinin', and them pretty women and children all about."

"When did you have your last wreck?"

"Last February, about three o'clock in the mornin'. Within two hours we had every soul ashore: first the cap'n's wife and little child, then the crew, and last of all the cap'n himself. We sent 'em up to the village, and had 'em taken care of. Now there's a mighty sight of difference between folks. You might have risked your life to save some of 'em, and they'd take it all as a matter of course; and here the skipper, who had really done 'most all for himself, takes us each by the hand and thanks us, with the tears in his eyes, for savin' him; and his wife has written us four or five times, sayin' that she calkilated, as we had been the means of their rescue, we'd kinder like to hear what they was about."

As he finished this narration, the girls in their bathing costumes, and bucket in hand, tripped down the beach, nodding to the captain, and were soon in the water. Mose regarded them with a professional eye.

"Them gals is apt to be too confident," said he. "They go in too far. Now that niece of the squire's, she don't see that big wave a-comin'—eh!" But before he was fairly on his feet, Forsyth had thrown off hat, coat, and waistcoat, and was running swiftly down to the surf. He had not spent some months on the Coromandel coast for nothing; and Mose, who had prepared to follow him, had not reached the water before he had brought the young girl in, only badly frightened, and in no way hurt. In another moment she was surrounded, and carried off by an anxious group of friends, but not before she had given Forsyth, on his releasing her, one look which sent a strange thrill of hope to his heart. He would have been overwhelmed with congratulations had not his friend Mose insisted on carrying him off to find dry clothes.

"Cap," said he, as he wrung his hand, "you are mighty spry in the water; I never see a thing better done. I'd have been in myself in a minute to help that young woman, but I guess she'd rather have you. There won't no harm come of it to her, and she'll find out what I've been forty years, boy and man, on this coast, a-learnin', and that is, that *it don't pay to fool with the Atlantic Ocean!*"

III.

It was in vain that the captain had protested that he had done nothing, that Miss Warden was in no real danger, and he had only feared she would go too far out; people *would* make a hero of him, and there had been a little never-to-be-forgotten scene in which the young lady herself, with an added color in her cheeks and a dewy moisture in her lovely eyes, had come up and given him her hand, told him that she very well knew in what danger she had been, and thanked him for saving her. His heart had begun to beat rapidly; he had retained the little hand in his; he had made one effort to speak, when Sam's voice rang out, sharp and shrill, from the entry:

"Say, cap, where are you? I've been hunting all about for you." In another minute he would be in the room. Forsyth, with a sudden impulse, bent over and pressed his lips to Nellie's hand. He thought that he had been quick enough to escape the sharp eyes of his boy friend; but when the latter had told him that the mysterious old gentleman had called and was waiting for him on the piazza, he added, in a stage-whisper, just as the captain was going out: "I guess I'll soon have a bully jackknife."

In a chair on the sunny side of the veranda sat the old Scotch gentleman, dignified and courteous as ever. After mutual inquiries and compliments, he said:

"Captain Forsyth, in my long residence in this quiet village, I have devoted some time to the study of its history and that of the neighborhood, and have had access to many interesting records, of the time, for instance, when the troops and fleet of my late gracious sovereign George the Third were here. I need hardly tell you that I have been greatly interested in what you have told me of your own family history. I have ascertained that transports were lying in Gardiner's Bay at about the supposed time of your ances-

tor's death, and also that a number of officers who died in that vicinity were buried on Gardiner's Island. Your friend the New York lawyer was quite right in ter in all its bearings. When his visitor rose to take his leave, he insisted on giving him his arm and accompanying him home. On the way the latter said to him,



"FORSYTH BENT OVER AND PRESSED HIS LIPS TO NELLIE'S HAND."

suggesting a search. Would it not be well to go to the island and examine the grave-stones? The matter has been so much on my mind that I have walked over to talk with you about it."

Forsyth listened with eager interest, and for some time they discussed the mat-

"I hope, my dear captain, that you are pleased with your reception by your American friends, and that you are learning to appreciate the many fine qualities of this great people, our nearest of kin among nations. For nearly thirty years my residence has been in this secluded corner of

the continent, but so kind and friendly and warm-hearted have all about me been that they seem to me my own people, and their country not my place of exile, but my home."

Forsyth assured him that he not only was a cosmopolitan at heart, but was greatly delighted with the friends whom he had made, and thoroughly predisposed in favor of the nation.

"I thought as much," said his companion, "and you will pardon an old man, I am sure, for alluding to the charming young American lady with whom I have seen you so much. I have known her for a number of years, have seen her each summer a little more beautiful and gentle than the last, and I know her as a pearl among women. Permit me, therefore, in saying good-night (for here we are at my friend the doctor's), and thanking you for your good company, to say that as my eyes have been open for the last month, I wish you success with all my heart. Don't fail, by-the-bye, to let me know what you find out on the island."

Forsyth walked hurriedly back, with a strange feeling of excitement gaining possession of him. Before he joined the circle at the house, a message had been sent to "Fire Place," a landing in Gardiner's Bay, for a boat, and Mose Stratton was to call for him early next morning with a wagon. Then he entered the parlor, where he found his friends assembled. Nellie sat near the lamp, looking down at the work in her hands. At his entrance she raised her head for but a moment, and in this one glance he saw no sign in her eyes of aught but kindness. He told them at once of what he had heard, and of his intention to make the search next day. They expressed the warmest interest, and the project for the morrow met general approval, except from Master Sam.

"That's too bad, cap," he said. "I was just going to tell you that you and Nellie were going with me to-morrow to see the secret chamber in the old brown house. They've all seen it except us, and I met the squire to-day, and he said that he'd give me the key, and we might go there and rummage about as much as we liked while the family were away."

"Well, Sam," said Forsyth, "you run down and arrange for day after to-morrow instead, and then, if you are not afraid of being seasick, come with me to the island in the morning."

Sam's eyes sparkled at this idea, and so it was arranged. Forsyth took his seat near Nellie, and talked of indifferent matters. John Warden soon proposed that they should take a walk with Ethel and himself, and they went out into the broad street on which the full moon was brightly shining. The white stones in the graveyard and the bare arms of the windmill stood out clear in the light, and the surf kept up its diapason on the southern shore. John and his sister walked on, and Forsyth, with Nellie leaning on his arm, followed slowly after. Neither spoke for a few moments; then he suddenly broke the silence.

"Miss Nellie," said he, "when you thanked me to-day for a trifling service, I had it in my heart to tell you that I would gladly give my life for yours. From the first day that I saw you I have loved you more and more. If you did not care for me, there would be nothing in the world worth living for. I have hardly dared to let myself hope. Can you tell me that I may?"

Nellie's face was averted and flushed. There came a faint smile to her lips——

Before a description of the happiness of these young people, their perfect mutual trust, their bright hopes of the future, the clumsy pen of the present story-teller wanders and halts. To have known them both well is great good fortune, and in memories of long years and many lands they hold a foremost place. She was a woman to inspire a poet's song, and so true and kind that many men who sought her hand in vain remain her warm friends, and talk of her to this day.

IV.

When Mose Stratton drove up to the door the morning after this eventful day, he saw the captain walking up and down, with Nellie clinging to his arm. Sam was all ready, and jumped in at once, but there was a tender parting to take place, before Mose, as he expressed it, "had got the rest of his freight in," and he was quite prepared for the announcement which was made to him before they had reached the turn in the road.

"Well, cap," said he, with a grip of the hand that made his friend wince, "I'm just everlastin' glad. It makes me feel young again to see you two. I wish you joy with all my heart."

During the rest of the day he was in the highest spirits, and broke out now and then into scraps of song, particularly one beginning,

"As I walked out one evening beside the Clarence Dock,
I met a pretty Irish girl conversing with Tapscott."

Several miles' drive over a dusty road brought them to a landing on Gardiner's Bay, whence they had a rapid run by boat to the island. Landing here, Mose led the way to a spot where, side by side, stood a number of grave-stones, which they began to examine. One after another disappointed Forsyth's eager search, the names being either illegible or strange to him. It was only when he had reached the last but one that he saw with a start the familiar letters with which his own name ended. The surface had been chipped away by a blow of some kind from the left half, but on the right he read:

as Forsyth
1st Regt
21st 1779
ed 26 years

The captain rose from his knees, and called his companions to come and look at his discovery. He made a careful copy of the remnant of inscription, to which Mose certified. Then they returned to their boat, and started for home. Forsyth said but little, but seemed wrapped in thought. His discovery had been interesting, but tantalizing, and he felt impelled to push on further researches. His new-found happiness was bewildering too; and his mind, instead of reverting, as of old, to the past, found delight in roseate visions of the future.

The wind hauled ahead, and it was late before they drove up to the house. The captain told his friends what he had found; then talked it over with Nellie, who entered eagerly into his plans for research.

"If we had not our engagement with Sam," said he, "we would begin to-morrow."

"Yes, we must not disappoint him," said Nellie; "but our excursion to the secret chamber will not take long."

The next forenoon they walked to a large, substantial brown house on the western side of the street, built in early Revolutionary days, and offering much of interest to the antiquarian. Up one flight they saw the front chamber in which the British officers planned the attack on Groton, and the smaller room in the rear in which the housekeeper, who had overheard them and been detected in her exit, was confined until the attack had been made. Ascending another flight, they found the trap leading to the "secret chamber," constructed in a space near the main chimney, and described in tradition as formerly entered through a concealed panel in a room below. Lighting the lantern which Sam had brought, they descended with much curiosity. A quaint, old-time odor was perceptible, but the apartment seemed quite empty.

"Perhaps your great-grandfather has been in this room," said Nellie. "Why did he not write his name somewhere—up there, for instance, on that beam which makes a little shelf? I wonder if there is any thing there;" and she stood on tip toe and reached up with her gloved hand. An inch or two back from the edge she felt a small packet of papers covered with dust. Held close to the lantern, it proved to be half a dozen old letters addressed to "Major John André, Adjutant-General, Easthampton."

"How like my own writing that first one is!" said the captain. "Will you let me see it?"

He opened the yellow sheet, held it so that Nellie could see it, and they read together:

"On Board Transport Eolus,
Gardiner's Bay, *November 15th*, 1779.

"Dr Major,—Yr favor of 12th came to me by the hands of Lieut Ogleby. I shall send you the book by an early day; at the moment am unable to search for it, being in a sorry Plight with Headache, and no Appetite, and fearing that I shall have the Fever. Present my respectful compliments to the Genl, and believe me

"Ever your friend, Douglas Forsyth."

It was with curious emotions that the captain read the foregoing.

"But there is more in that faint ink," said Nellie. She read on:

"This letter was written before Major Forsyth was taken seriously ill. He died at 2 A.M. to-day, and being found in his desk, it is now forwarded by

"Donald M'Nab,
"Surgeon, —— Regiment.

"Transport Eolus, *November 21st*, 1779."

"November twenty-first, seventeen hundred and seventy-nine," said Nellie. "Look quickly at your copy of the inscription on the tombstone. 'Twenty-first.' Why, Douglas, of course that was November, and a month before Christmas. The old gentleman in Kent died in October, and here is a letter from your



"IT PROVED TO BE HALF A DOZEN OLD LETTERS."

great-grandfather dated more than four weeks later."

The captain seemed almost confused, but said, in a moment:

"My darling, it is almost too strange to be true; but if good fortune of this kind is really to come to me, its chief charm in my eyes will be that it came through your instrumentality."

"Well, I don't know what you two are talking about; but I want to get out of this gloomy place," interrupted Sam, who had been getting impatient.

"Why, you poor little Sam, we had almost forgotten you," said the captain. "But you don't know what good news your cousin Nellie and I have heard in this old chamber. Now you need not

stay here any longer, but run and catch Jerry Williams, and ask him to take you down to the beach."

V.

"No. — Wall Street, New York, *August* —, 1868.

"Dear Captain,—I was pleased to hear from you, and more than pleased to get such good tidings. You will remember that I told you on board the *Adriatic* that you had an interesting case. Your law is quite right, and has been sustained by several of your Exchequer decisions. With the data which you gave me at hand, it took my chief clerk but an hour or two to find among the papers of the Long Island Historical Society half a dozen documents proving the *Eolus* to have been in Gardiner's Bay in the summer and autumn of 1779, and poor André to have been frequently in that neighborhood with Clinton; and more than that, proving Major Forsyth to have been one of the officers who died of fever that year. Certified copies went out per *Russia* yesterday to our correspondents, Messrs. Hawkshaw, of Lincoln's Inn, and I wish that I were as confident of getting away to spend next Sunday in Easthampton as I am of soon seeing you a large landed proprietor. Of course there will be a good many tedious formalities to endure, but I have asked our friends to send us a telegram if they are assured that, presuming evidence to be in order, you will certainly come into possession.

"You will permit me to say that you are a particularly fortunate man. One might be content with a lovely wife *or* a fine estate, but for him to get both together is enough to make his friends break the tenth commandment.

"By-the-bye, some rumors of your romantic doings have reached the public here, and a reporter of the New York —— called to inquire about the best way to find and interview you. I told him that I thought you had just started to 'see a man' at Fort Yuma, on the Colorado River.

"With best wishes, Yours sincerely,

"—— ——."

This letter from their eminent legal friend gave great pleasure to the little circle at Easthampton, which was augmented by the arrival, only a few weeks later, of a favorable telegram. The mail brought a suggestion that the captain should come to England as speedily as convenient, and as he utterly refused to go alone, it was arranged that he and Miss Nellie should be married on the 15th of September, and sail shortly afterward. The month opened with balmy weather, and nearly all the summer visitors remained for the wedding. The day was perfect, and the little Episcopal church crowded. The bishop came down expressly to perform the ceremony, and the effect of the "Wedding March," on the harmonium, by an eminent amateur, was only marred by a certain nervousness, easily ascribed to the state of his feelings as a hopeless admirer of the bride. In one of the front pews sat the old Scotch gentleman, benign and courteous as ever; and Mose Stratton, whose honest countenance expressed the very concentration of interest and goodwill, was prominent among the throng. A fine school of blue-fish had made their appearance in the morning, but he treated the eager summons from his crew to join them in the pursuit with a lofty indifference.

"Blue-fish is good," he sententiously remarked. "I don't go back on them one bit; but there's lots more where they come from, and lots of days to catch 'em in; and there's only this one day when I can see the cap'n married. So just you chip in, boys; you're welcome to my share of *this* catch."

The Cunard steamer was to sail the next day, and time was brief. Forsyth had proposed taking a private conveyance to the train, but Nellie urged that Jerry Williams, who had driven her safely about the country for years, and was anxious to officiate on this occasion, should not be disappointed; so Jerry drove his stage up to the door before the guests at the informal reception had begun to take their departure. He had on what he called his "store clothes," and there was a rosette on each horse's head. The farewells were quickly said, and then the newly married couple were off.

The air was never more electric or the sky bluer, and as they reached the corner of the Bridgehampton road, and turned for a last look at the now familiar street, the sails of the windmill were set in motion by the gently rising breeze, and seemed to wave them a friendly and auspicious good-by on the part of the dear old town.

I was coming home not long ago from the far East, and had reached Europe in a state of mental and physical demoralization. The Red Sea had been unusually hot, and the Mediterranean so rough that the great Messageries steamer tumbled about like a schooner. Then the health authorities at Naples, who were not on good terms with the French, wanted to quarantine us because a man had been taken with jaundice at Port Said, and thus I lost my trip through Italy, and had to go on to Marseilles, just catching the "mistral" in the Gulf of Lyons. Paris was so unseasonably cold that when I went to my favorite open-air concert, behind the Palais d'Industrie, the orchestra outnumbered the audience, and I made up my

mind to push on for home, and took the tidal train for Boulogne next day. Looking for a snug corner on the deck of the boat, I was delighted to meet my old friend John Warden. In the course of a couple of hours' pleasant chat he told me that he was on his way to visit his cousin and her husband at Upton Manor, near Tunbridge Wells, and urged me to join him, with the assurance of a hearty welcome. Major (late Captain) and Mrs. Forsyth came down to meet my friend, and I had my first sight, after many years, of this charming woman on the Folkestone pier. In the course of the hour's ride to Tunbridge her husband made me feel as if I had known him all my life, and my visit to the old estate, lying on an elevated plateau, and surrounded by the quiet and beautiful Kentish scenery, was highly enjoyable. I found my fair country-woman easily Queen of Hearts in the county, and combining a vigorous yet altogether pleasing assertion of her own nationality with a cheerful deference to local canons; and when, after a fortnight had sped rapidly, crowded to overflowing with the varied and pleasant occupations of English country life, the time came for me to proceed on my journey, I seemed to be parting from the oldest and dearest of friends.

I had promised to make a pilgrimage to Easthampton, and was well repaid for my trouble. I saw it, just as my friends had seen it, dozing the years away, quiet, restful, interesting as ever. I staid at the hospitable boarding-house, at which I found Mr. and Mrs. Warden still remaining after their summer, Ethel being with her husband on the Texas frontier, and Sam, a Junior at Columbia.

One day just after sunset I went into the old grave-yard, where I found all the surroundings for a new "Gray's Elegy." The bell for "evening meeting" sounded like the knell of parting day, the lowing herd moved slowly along the grassy road, the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept around me, and I saw the grave of the old Scotch gentleman, who had died at an advanced age, just as he had lived, peacefully, contentedly, and utterly unknown.

We walked from the station toward the beach, which was covered as of old with gay groups. There were signs of more than one little drama of love and happiness, but the remembrance of the one of which I have told was enough for an old fellow like myself, and I left some other chronicler to record the next romance of Easthampton.



THE STORMING OF STONY POINT.

JUST before it enters the broad basin of Haverstraw and the Tappan Sea below, the Hudson has its course somewhat rudely contracted, forty miles above New York, by two of those rugged capes or promontories which at intervals shoot out from its already massive banks, as if still more securely to guard its passage through the Highlands. A noble scenery surrounds them. You can take your stand at either point, and turning in any direction, delight the eye with all the charms of a varied country. Right above, on the west side, rises old Dunderberg, the Thunder Peak—"that dangerous mountain, the Donderberg," as General James Clinton describes it—where in imagination you may follow Irving's weird hobgoblins as they clamber up the tumbled rocks and hard ascent; or looking across and beyond Peekskill, there stands Anthony's Nose, pointing straight up twelve hundred feet, and proving its right to its name, as being in that vicinity the most prominent feature on nature's face; or glancing north or south, you can take in long stretches of attractive river view; or again, a combination of natural beauties, including glimpses of land and water, of village and wilderness, of slopes and steeps, and many and pleasant vistas remind the sight-seeker that he has entered the famed Highlands of the Hudson. The two projections from which he looks are Stony Point on the west side and Verplanck's Point on the east.

The struggle of the Revolution in reality centred here. No strategic position any where in the thirteen colonies was more eagerly coveted on the one side or more sleeplessly watched on the other than these same Highlands. They formed, as it were, the covered way between the strong New England section and the rest of the States to the southward, by which they all kept their chain of communication, sympathy, and mutual assistance unbroken. It was to capture and occupy this position that Burgoyne marched down with his formidable expedition from Canada in 1777; and it was for the same purpose that that infamous plot of treachery and desertion was concocted between Arnold and Sir Henry Clinton in 1780. Throughout the long struggle the region was never for a moment bared of defenders. Here fortifications had been commenced as early as 1775, here troops marched and countermarched in every campaign, and here on the Hudson lay the last cantonment of the army of the Revolution, where the soldiers were dismissed to their homes at the close of the war.

Naturally such a spot must have historical associations almost without number. Hardly a house, hamlet, road, or by-path on either side of the Hudson from the Battery at New York to West Point, nor hardly a mile of the river itself, but what had at that day some tale to tell of the contest. Just off Castle Garden, in the metropolis, in 1776, that persistent genius Bushnell, afterward captain of sappers and miners, touched off his submarine contrivance—pioneer of all torpedoes—to damage all concerned except the enemy. At Harlem Heights the remains of Fort Washington, with those of Fort Lee on the opposite side, recall a stunning blow the American cause received in the first campaign around New York. To the tramp of how many thousand soldiers passing to and fro for eight years did that little wooden affair of King's Bridge across the Spuyten Duyvel Creek resound? How much of Westchester County did not suffer from the raids from one side or the other? There, near Yonkers, Cornwallis crossed unobserved one night, and all but captured Greene at Fort Lee. For miles along the river above, Tories lived to carry news to the British, or secretly to enlist in the enemy's service, and keep the Provincial Congress busy with ferreting out their machinations. Here tenders and galleys were burned, there British frigates anchored, with no long-range Parrott guns to reach them. On that spot André was arrested. Down this road dashed the American arch-traitor to reach the *Vulture* and save his neck. Across are Forts Clinton and Montgomery, and further up, impregnable West Point. All along on both sides are camps and huts; and finally, lower down, you will find King's Ferry, often crossed by Washington and his troops, but never before, on the part of the chief, with such a sense of the momentous possibilities of the move he was about to make as when he crossed in August, 1781, with his brilliant French

allies, to outwit Clinton, and make that famous march to Virginia, where he settled forever the question of our independence by the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

But group these associations as we may, the old soldiers of the Highlands would tell us that there was one incident, one enterprise, on which they loved longest to dwell, and which outshone any exploit coupled with the history of the Hudson—an enterprise which challenged the admiration of the army, received the applause of the country, and won the congratulations and encomiums of Washington, Lee, Schuyler, John Jay, Lafayette, Gates, Trumbull, and a host of others whose praises were worth the having. Ask the veterans what they referred to, and pointing to the most westerly of the two projections at the head of Haverstraw Bay, their ready answer would be: "There—the storming of Stony Point by the American light infantry on the night of the 15th of July, 1779."

This performance was, in fact, as Carlyle says of an exploit in the campaigns of Frederick the Great, "the prettiest piece of war we have had for many a day." It deserves a centennial remembrance and celebration. Brilliant as it was, the affair is not to be regarded as a mere feat of arms, or something done for glory's sake. There was method and purpose in it. The time and the situation demanded that precisely what did occur should occur; and its effect was felt all through the remaining years of the war. To accurately estimate the importance of the achievement it is only necessary to recall the facts that the British, after evacuating Philadelphia the previous summer, were once more in force at New York; that Washington, following after from Valley Forge, had encamped in the Highlands; that the battle of Monmouth, which had been fought during this change of base, though claimed as an American victory, had practically decided nothing; and that, in a word, the two armies retained about the same relative strength and occupied the same relative positions that they did two years before. To an indifferent or impartial observer it would have seemed that the struggle for supremacy in America, after four years of fighting, was still a drawn game. A tedious and discouraging experience, but, after all, the very experience that whetted the determination of our forefathers to hold out to the end. Furthermore, the enemy at this time—the spring and summer of 1779—having complete control of the waters in their vicinity, engaged in several minor and successful expeditions along the Sound and up the Hudson, which had the effect of exasperating and mortifying our people, without leaving them the chance to retaliate. The raid of Tryon along the Connecticut coast, for instance, could not be avenged, for the British held little or nothing in the shape of an exposed position. The Connecticut men boiled over with indignation at Tryon's outrage, but that worthy had only to laugh in his sleeve. Again, before this, something more serious had happened on the Hudson. On the 1st of June Sir Henry Clinton with a land and naval force moved up the river and captured the two American positions at Stony and Verplanck's points, already referred to. As they were Washington's advance posts on the river, the loss was of considerable importance, though not vitally affecting the main situation further up. Not over seventy men had been taken prisoners, and the works had not been completed. Clinton, however, had come to stay, and putting strong garrisons on both points, he ordered them to be secured with the best fortifications possible. The force at Stony Point consisted of the Seventeenth Regulars, a body of loyal Americans, one grenadier company, and a sufficient complement of artillerists—in all something over 600 men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, of the Seventeenth. Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, an officer of the highest ability, was stationed with nearly an equal force at Verplanck's Point.

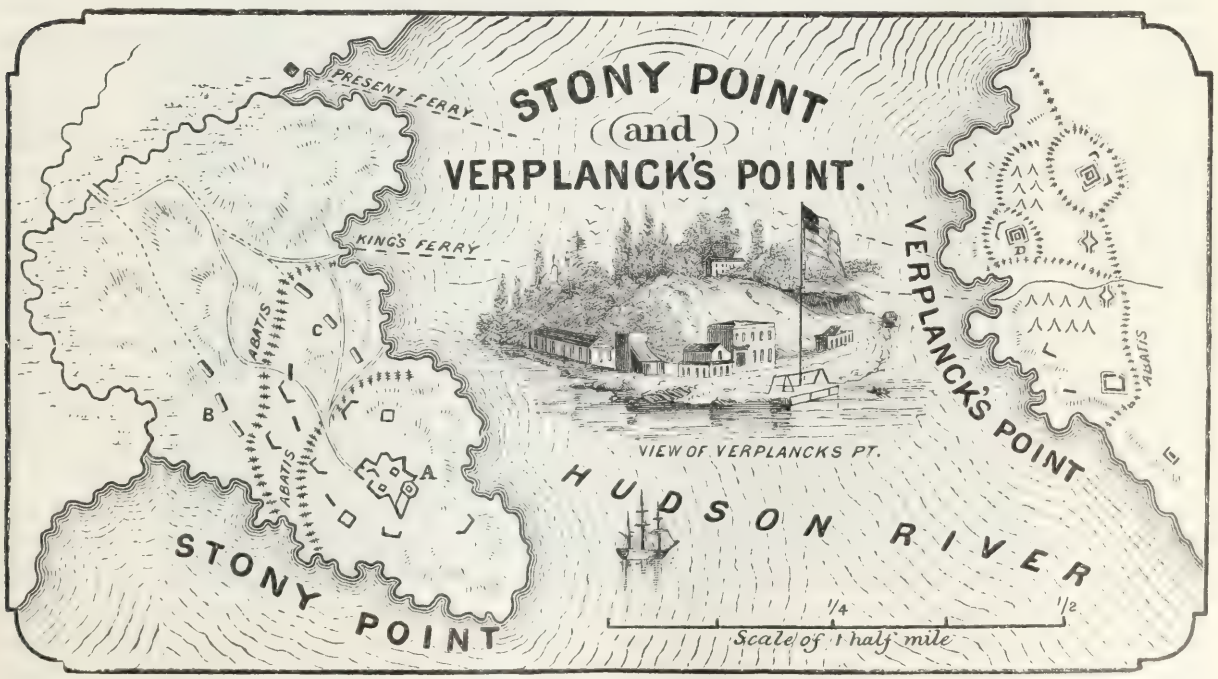
The two positions were admirably situated for defense. Stony Point, a bold, rocky peninsula 200 feet high at its summit, juts out far into the river, and where the water does not surround its base, a marsh seems to isolate it from the main. Verplanck's, nearly opposite, slightly above, having not half this height, nevertheless has a commanding range. Irving calls these promontories the lower gates of the Highlands, or "miniature Pillars of Hercules, of which Stony Point is the Gibraltar."

Washington, whose strong quality was his great understanding, thoroughly understood the general situation at this time. Clearly the impudent, defiant, and ag-

gressive course of the enemy needed to be checked or offset. Under the circumstances the country looked to him and his army not to be idle. The chief felt that something must be done, and done speedily. We have his own testimony on this point that it was a matter he had "much at heart" to undertake some decisive blow that should make the enemy wary how they made excursions "to distress the country," and reconcile the public to the defensive plan he was obliged to pursue. What gave him the most concern at the time was the enemy's occupation of Stony Point, for that was a menace to Forts Clinton and Montgomery, and even to West Point. Could they be dislodged from that place? This was the question that now constantly occupied Washington's thoughts, until, after reconnoitring the post in person and weighing all the immense moral and physical benefits that would follow success, and the comparatively inconsiderable disadvantages of a failure, he determined to assault the position.

The determination made, the utmost secrecy was observed in preparing for the intended movement. Not more than three or four officers were let into the plan, and the preparations were all conducted under disguise. Ten minutes' previous notice to the enemy would thwart the entire project. No occasion was given in the camps to start surmises as to what was going on.

The American army in the early days of the summer lay encamped—the greater part of it—some ten miles back of West Point, in the natural passageway known as Smith's Clove, where the country at best was so rough that the troops were scattered along for some distance in finding proper ground on which to pitch their tents. As this was no place for the horses of the army, they were kept and pastured, as we learn from Cornelius Ten Broek, at General Greene's quarters, "in the township of Bloomingrove, six miles north of camp." Washington fixed his head-quarters at New Windsor, not far above West Point. Putnam remained in command of the troops in the Clove, which nearly all belonged to the Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania lines; the Massachusetts and North Carolina men were at West Point, Constitution Island, and their vicinity, where General M'Dou-



gall, of New York, commanded; and the two Connecticut brigades were on the east side, encamped along as far as Continental Village. Putnam's wing could hasten to New Jersey in case of an emergency; the others were ready for movements down the Hudson. Upon Tryon's alarm the Connecticut line had hurried into their own State, but to no purpose, for, notwithstanding their quick march, the wily royalist was off in good season. The total of effectives in the several corps, including artillerists and horsemen, numbered between 12,000 and 13,000 men.

The body of troops which had the honor of being chosen for the enterprise in view was known as the corps of light infantry—a new organization in the American army, corresponding, though not in all respects, to the similarly named corps in the British service. It was composed of men carefully selected from each regiment, and then formed into battalions commanded by a field-officer. Eight such battalions, numbering each 164 men, were organized for the present campaign. Two battalions formed a regiment, with a full colonel in command. Though a small body, it otherwise represented the very best material in the army, and its main work was to take position in the front, perform outpost duty, watch the enemy, and be ready for any service at a moment's notice. The light infantry, as organized at this time, consisted of men from the North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Massachusetts lines. Why there were no drafts from the New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, and New Jersey regiments is explained by the fact that these troops were just now far on their way, under Major-General Sullivan, to chastise the murderous and pillaging Indians and their Tory friends in Western New York.

One general and ten field-officers—all tried soldiers of three and four years' service, veterans of nearly every field from Bunker Hill to Monmouth—were detailed to commands in the infantry. The leadership fell, by Washington's unerring selection, to that ready, magnetic, dashing, almost reckless, officer who has passed into our fireside tales as "Mad Anthony Wayne." The choice was the best that could have been made at that time, for the light infantry of 1779 had been selected with critical service specially in view, and it needed, above all things, a commander who was known for his fearlessness and skill in action, and who could inspire his men with something of his own determined and martial spirit.

Equally well fitted for their work were the several battalion commanders. The Virginia detachment was fortunate in being led by so good an officer as Christian Febiger, a soldier of Danish birth, now colonel of the Second Regiment of the Continental Line from that State, who in 1775 had been one of the heroes of Bunker Hill and Quebec. Under him Febiger had Thomas Posey, "born on the banks of the Potomac," who had received his training as captain in Morgan's famous rifle corps, and had since been promoted to be major of the Eleventh Virginia. For the single Maryland battalion Major John Steward—"Jack" Steward, as he was more familiarly known—had been detailed as commandant. The few brief references to him in the records of the time imply that he was an officer as gal*lant* as he was gallant. After faithful service through the war, latterly as lieutenant-colonel of the Maryland line, he unfortunately met his death in 1783 by a fall from his horse, near Charleston, South Carolina. Pennsylvania was represented by Colonel Richard Butler, of the Ninth, and Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Hay, of the Seventh Regiment, both of whom were officers of experience and approved courage. Both had been with Wayne in Canada in 1776; both were with him in the savage affair of Paoli in the following year; Butler and Wayne were together in the thick of the fight at Monmouth, and all three were to do capital service on the present occasion. The two full battalions from Connecticut were led by Colonel Return Jonathan Meigs, of the Sixth, and Lieutenant-Colonel Isaac Sherman, of the Second Regiment. Meigs knew something about storming, for he was one of the expedition to Quebec, where he was taken prisoner with Morgan, Febiger, and their comrades, and afterward he increased his reputation by a brilliant surprise of the enemy at Sag Harbor, on Long Island. A man with a noble forehead and a kindly though determined countenance, he seems to have been as successful in war as his father had been in love-making. There was a good reason why he should have been given just the name he had. Jonathan Meigs senior, having carried his courtship to the point of proposing, proceeded to put the momentous question to his Dorothy. The artful Dorothy shook her head as if *that* could never be. Immediately the rejected lover turned sadly to ruminate upon his disappointment, when the maiden brought him to her side again with the whisper, "Return, Jonathan; Return, Jonathan." This laconic message, which made the two souls happy, was preserved as a name for the young Meigs who followed, to become one of the glorious band who rushed on Stony Point. In Lieutenant-Colonel Isaac Sherman, of

New Haven, we have a son of Roger Sherman, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, who had been at Trenton and Princeton, and had seen continuous service from the opening of the war. The Massachusetts light infantry, not as yet officer of the Revolution," whom he found after the war busy with his plantation on the Meherin, where the town of Murfreesborough has since grown up. In the last of the field-officers we have the distinguished Frenchman Lieutenant-Colonel



ANTHONY WAYNE.

organized as intended for the campaign, but still a select body, was commanded by Major William Hull, of Colonel Michael Jackson's Eighth Continentals, from that State. Hull, though a young man, was now a veteran of many fields, having served through the siege of Boston, at Long Island and White Plains, at Trenton and Princeton, and at Saratoga and Monmouth. The remaining detachment consisted of the two North Carolina companies, which were led by Major Hardy Murfree, of the Second Regiment. It is to him, without doubt, that Elkanah Watson refers in his travels as an "intrepid De Fleury, who had made his mark at the Brandywine and Mud Island, and who, as a staff-officer, had been assigned to duty with Febiger and his Virginians. A corps with such soldiers and such leaders could not have failed in any enterprise that it was possible for men to carry through.

The time fixed for the assault was the night of the 15th of July. Starting out from Sandy Beach, fourteen miles above Stony Point, at noon on this date, Wayne and his 1200 infantry took up the line of march over roads and paths so excessively bad and narrow that it was eight o'clock in the evening before the van

reached the vicinity of the enemy's position. Compelled to pass over high mountains, across deep morasses, and through difficult ravines, the column was stretched out the greater part of the way in single file, and only recovered its formation at the final halt. The point where they stopped was near the house of one Springsteel, a mile and a half from the British works, and there Wayne made his last dispositions for the assault. First he went forward with his principal officers, and reconnoitred the approaches to the fort. Returning, he divided his force into two storming columns—so far modifying Washington's plan, which proposed but one such column—and arranged all details. It is interesting to note that one of the last things the bold soldier sat down to do was to write a letter to a friend, expressing his emotions on the eve of the desperate work he supposed he had in hand, and to request that the education of his children be provided for. "I am called to sup," he wrote, "but where to breakfast? Either within the enemies' Lines in tryumph, or in an other world."

The plan as finally decided upon was to advance simultaneously on the right and left, and break through into the works from nearly opposite points. His right column, which Wayne made the strongest, was composed of Febiger's Virginia men, then Meigs's Connecticut, with Hull's Massachusetts following. The left consisted of the Pennsylvanians and Marylanders, under Butler, and Murfree's North Carolinians in the rear.* The final instructions to the corps were pointed and imperative. Both columns were to move to the assault with unloaded muskets, and do the work with the bayonet alone. If any man should attempt to load his piece on the way, he was to be put to death upon the spot. The utmost silence was to be observed until the parapet of the main work was gained, when all, as they entered, were to shout the watch-word of the night—"*The fort's our own!*" To distinguish them from the enemy in the darkness of the night, every soldier and officer was ordered to fix a piece of white paper in "the most conspicuous part of his hat or cap." That the main bodies might meet with as few obstacles as possible in their forward course, each was to be preceded by a "forlorn hope," which was to act as a surprise party; and still in front of this were to be placed twenty volunteers, under a determined officer, who were to cut away the abatis. For the right column the "forlorn hope" consisted of 150 men, under the gallant De Fleury, and the advance guard of twenty, under Lieutenant Knox, of the Ninth Pennsylvania; for the left column Major Steward led the one party, and Lieutenant Gibbons, of the Sixth Pennsylvania, the other. These officers had been assigned to these posts of honor either by lot or because of their previous knowledge of the ground. Finally, all things arranged, the whole body moved forward, at half past eleven o'clock at night, with a steadiness and determination that augured nothing but success.

As in the case of all military exploits where victory depends upon precision and rapidity, the assault which now occurred was accomplished in a remarkably brief space of time. Three-quarters of an hour after midnight, and all was over. Even Cæsar's condensed dispatch would have been too long to announce the result. The light infantry came, and conquered. They "saw" nothing; it was dark.

Twelve o'clock was the time for the actual charge to begin. To reach the Point within assaulting distance it was necessary to cross the intervening marsh as quickly as possible. Here there was an unexpected obstacle in the overflow of the tide, and twenty minutes were lost—valuable time just then, but fortunately not a fatal loss. As the two columns neared the enemy, Murfree and his North Carolinians, by previous instructions, took position directly in front of the British works, and opened a rapid and continuous fire, for the purpose of drawing attention to themselves while the storming parties moved on silently on the right and left. This ruse contributed to the night's success. Immediately there is hot work in progress. The hoped-for *surprise* is out of the question, for the enemy's pickets have given the alarm. In ten minutes every man of the garrison is up, completely dressed, and at his proper station.

* At the time of the assault but three of the four light infantry regiments were fully organized, viz., Butler's, Meigs's, and Febiger's. The fourth was formed about ten days later, with Major Hull commanding the first and Major Murfree the second battalion, both being under Colonel Rufus Putnam, of the Massachusetts Fifth. Hull and Murfree led independent detachments at the storming, but most probably the same detachments composed the new regiment.



THE ATTACK.

If the fort is to be taken now, only hard fighting can do it. Meanwhile a mighty courage and resolution seem to urge on the American infantry with an irresistible momentum. The valiant Wayne, determined to share the perils as well as the glories of the enterprise, leads the right column, spear in hand. Not a man falters. As they approach the two formidable lines of abatis which stretched across the Point in front of the main works, the fire from the enemy's musketry becomes "tremendous and incessant." Although on account of the darkness much of its effect is lost, men nevertheless here and there begin to fall in the ranks of the light infantry. Lieutenant-Colonel Hay, of Pennsylvania, "bravely fighting at the head of his battalion," is wounded in the thigh. Captain Ezra Selden, of Lyme, a handsome young officer, fresh from Yale College at the opening of the war, but now a veteran of four campaigns, and belonging to Colonel Starr's First Connecticut, receives a well-nigh fatal wound in the side. Though weak from loss of blood, he makes his way into the fort. A shot breaks the standard of Meigs's regiment, but Ensign Ichabod Spencer tears the colors off, winds them

round his arm, and keeps charging on. Out of twenty of one of the advance parties, seventeen are either killed or wounded. But on, on, the two columns go. The ascent is rocky, even precipitous. It takes time to open a passage through the obstructions, and men continue to fall. At the second abatis Wayne receives a flesh-wound in the head. Thinking it fatal at the moment, he calls on his two aides, Captains Fishbourn and Archer, to carry him along, that he may die in the fort. In five minutes more the work is done. The head of the right column reaches the sally-port of the main fort first, and the first man in it is De Fleury. "The fort's our own!" he shouts, and then strikes the enemy's colors with his own hands. Right after him, spreading along and climbing over the parapet, follow the forlorn hope and the main column. Lieutenant Knox is the second man in. Sergeant Baker, of Virginia, wounded four times during the assault, is the third. Sergeant Spencer, from the same State, is the fourth, with two wounds. Wounded twice also is Sergeant Donlop, of Pennsylvania, the fifth man over the works. The rest come swarming in. On the other side the left column appears at nearly the same time. "The fort's our own! the fort's our own!" resounds from every quarter. The Americans dash in among the astonished British, and ply the bayonet with terrible energy, driving them into the corners of the work, and compelling their instant surrender. If we are to credit the reports of the time, the invincible redcoats were heard to cry out, as they saw themselves surrounded: "Mercy, mercy, dear Americans! Quarter! quarter!" Unlike the conduct of the enemy on other occasions, both before and after Stony Point, the light infantry this night humanely spared wherever quarter was asked. Hull leaves it on record that the moment success was assured, Wayne's men gave three loud and long cheers, which, reverberating in the stillness of the night among the rocks and mountains, sent back, in echo, a glad response to the hearts of the victors. They were quickly answered by the enemy's ships of war in the river, and by the garrison at Verplanck's Point, in the belief that the assailants had been repulsed.

It had been Washington's original plan to attack Verplanck's Point simultaneously with Stony Point. This project, however, he modified so far as to attempt only a feint on the former place, which was most successfully conducted by Colonel Rufus Putnam, with a detachment from the Massachusetts line. This officer, who had been Washington's chief engineer in the campaign of 1776, was thoroughly acquainted with the ground, and so accurately timed his plans that he was able to fire on the British block-house at Verplanck's, and alarm that garrison, the moment he heard the firing across the river which announced that Wayne was at work. Stony Point thus could not look for relief from Verplanck's. Colonel Putnam remained on the spot until about nine o'clock the next morning, and then withdrew. The attempt to move against the Point on the 17th by General Robert Howe and two Continental brigades failed in consequence of some confusion of orders, and the approach of a British column up the east side of the river.

Thus once more Stony Point passed into the hands of the Continentals, but this time under circumstances that surrounded its possession with a glorious halo. The news of the event spread far and wide. Wayne and his light infantry were the heroes of the hour. The general himself, De Fleury, and Steward, were awarded medals by Congress. Beyond the material advantages, which were not insignificant,* the moral effect of the affair was substantial and lasting. It was altogether the most brilliant performance of the war; it taught the enemy that the "rebels" could use the bayonet with a boldness and effect which even their own infantry could not easily surpass; it increased the confidence of the American troops at large in their own prowess; it was, in fact, one of those events in war which count for much, and which in our Revolutionary struggle especially had an important influence in bringing it to a successful termination.

* The number of British prisoners taken in the fort was 543; their killed numbered 20; wounded, 74. The value of the stores captured was $158,640, which was divided among the light infantry. The American loss was 2 sergeants and 13 privates killed, and 6 officers and 77 rank and file wounded. After the assault the Americans turned the guns of the fort on the British vessels in the river, and obliged them to slip their moorings and retire out of range. The next day Verplanck's Point was bombarded, but the enemy, under Webster, held to their post. Washington soon abandoned Stony Point, as too far advanced from his army.



"MIRANDA."—[DANIEL HUNTINGTON.]

FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN ART.

1828–1878.

I.

THE generation immediately succeeding the American Revolution was devoted by the people of the young republic to adjusting its commercial and political relations at home and abroad. Early in this century, however, numerous signs of literary and art activity became apparent, and in 1815 the *North American Review* was founded. We mention this fact, although a literary event, as indicating the point in time when the nebulous character of the various intellectual influences and tendencies of the nation began to develop a certain cohesive and tangible form. It was about the same time that our art, subject to similar influences, be-

gan to assume a more definite individuality, and to exhibit rather less vagueness in its yearnings after national expression.

In the year 1828, Gilbert Stuart died. He was one of the most remarkable colorists of modern times, and has had no superior on this side of the Atlantic. In the same year the National Academy of Design was founded. These two events, occurring at the same time, seem properly to mark the close of one period of our art history and the dawn of its successor; for notwithstanding the excellence of Stuart's art, and the virile character of the art of some of his contemporaries, yet their efforts had been spasmodic and unequal, much of it had been done abroad under foreign influences, and there was no sustained patronage or art organization at home which could combine their efforts toward a practical and common end. The first president of the new institution was Samuel F. B. Morse, better known as the originator of the electric telegraph, but at the same time an artist of ability and repute, who had disciplined himself by a thorough training abroad.

The Academy of Design superseded a similar but less wisely organized society, which had led a precarious existence since 1801. With the new institution was collected the nucleus of a gallery of paintings and casts, and from the outset the idea suggested by its name was carried out, by furnishing the most thorough opportunities for art instruction the country could afford.

Although seemingly fortuitous, the establishment of the Academy of Design really marks the opening of a distinct era in the history of American art, during which it has developed into a rounded completeness to a degree that enables us with some measure of fairness to note the causes which led to it, which have nourished its growth, and which have made it a worthy forerunner of new methods for expressing the artistic yearnings of those who are to follow in years to come. It has indicated a notable advance in our art; it has, in spite of its weakness or imitation of foreign conventionalisms, possessed certain traits entirely and distinctively native, and has been distinguished by a number of artists of original and sometimes unusual ability, whose failure to accomplish all they sought was due rather to unfortunate circumstances than to the lack of genuine power, which in another age might have done itself more justice.

It is interesting to observe at this juncture that our art was influenced by exactly the same causes as our literature of the same period, and, like our national civilization, presents a singular blending of original expression together with an unconscious aspiration to copy contemporary foreign styles and methods.

There is one fact connected with the early growth of our art which is entirely contrary to the laws which have elsewhere governed the progress of art, and is undoubtedly due to the new and anomalous features of our social economy. Elsewhere the art feeling has undeviatingly sought expression first with earthenware or plastic art, then with architecture and sculpture, and finally with painting. We have entirely reversed this order. The unsettled character of the population, especially at the time when emigration from the Eastern to the Western States caused a general movement from State to State, together with the abundance of lumber at that time, evidently offered no opportunity or demand for any but the rudest and most rapidly constructed buildings, and any thing like architecture and decorative work was naturally relegated to a later period; and for the same reason, apparently, the art of sculpture showed no sign of demanding expression here until after the art of painting had already formulated itself into societies and clubs, and been represented by numerous artists of respectable abilities.

The art feeling, however vaguely and abortively, made itself apparent in this country soon after the new republic had declared its independence, and with scarce any patronage from the government assumed a degree of excellence very unusual in so short a time, when we consider the rank of the painters we have produced, and that England had no Turners, Gainsboroughs, Reynoldses, or Wilkies until she had invited Holbein, Vandyck, and Lely to England, and allowed their example to fructify for centuries before it bore fruit. We hear a great deal about French art, but we forget that centuries before Claude and Poussin and Goujon appeared the French government had invited Da Vinci and Cellini to decorate its palaces, and that the modern school—the French pictorial art of the last



"TAKING THE VEIL."—[ROBERT W. WEIR.]

fifty years, the culminating period of Gallic art—did not come until seven centuries after St. Louis, and four or five centuries after its architecture, and is based on a careful study of the great Flemish and Dutch schools of Rembrandt, Ruysdael, and Rubens, and the English landscapes of Constable, Crome, and Bonnington.

We recall no art of the past the order and conditions of whose growth resemble those of ours except that of Holland after its wars of independence with Spain. But the Dutch being homogeneous and compactly settled in a small country, their art more early reached a high degree of excellence than ours has done, partly, also, because it was concentrated in its aim, being subject to only a few influences, the age and the people moving within a narrower range of action and thought than ours. The bane and the blessing of our art have been in the enormous variety of influences to which it owes its origin. This has been a bane, because it has prevented a concentration of effort which by its momentum might result in grand results and schools. It has been a blessing, because individual expression has thus found a vent, and mannerism has not yet become a conventional net so thrown around our art as to prevent free action and growth. The American art of the last two generations has resembled the restless activity of a ver-

satile youth, who seeks in various directions for the just medium by which to give direction to his life work. If there has been, on the whole, a national bias in one direction more than another, it has been for landscape painting.

Our intellectual state has also resembled the many-sided condition of Germany in the Middle Ages, waking up from the chaos of the Dark Ages, but broken up into different States, and representing different religions and races. But our position has been even more agitated and diverse; a general restlessness has characterized the community, a vast intellectual discontent with the present. While strangely moved by pride of country, we have also been keenly sensitive to foreign influences, and have received impressions from them with the readiness of a photographic plate, while internally we have been endeavoring to harmonize conflicting race and sectional influences, which as yet are far from reaching homogeneity.

Together with all these individual influences must be included one of general application, to which nearly all our artists, of whatever race or section, have been subject in turn. In other countries the people have, by a long preparation, become ready to meet the artist half way in appreciating and aiding him in his mission, either from the promptings of the religious sentiment to which his art has given ocular demonstration, or from a dominating and universal sense of beauty. With us it has been quite otherwise, for the artists have been in advance of public sentiment, and have had the misfortune to be forced to wait until the people could come up to them. In addition to the fact that in New England Puritan influences were at first opposed to art on principle, the restless, surging, unequal, widely differing character of our people, brought face to face with the elementary problems of existence, founding new forms of government, and welding incongruous factors into one race and nation—in a word, wresting from fate our right to be—made us indifferent to the ideal, except in sporadic and individual cases, which indicated that below the surface the poetic sentiment was preparing to assert itself. Patronage was long so moderate as to be scarce worth the mention, and the opportunities for art growth and instruction utterly insignificant.

The artists of this period of our history have therefore been invariably in advance of the age, so far as their own country was concerned, and have been doomed to exert extraordinary perseverance to gain opportunity for self-assertion, and to endure far more than the traditionary hardships of their profession. The result has been that a very large proportion of them have been obliged to devote some of the best years of their lives to trade, and have not been able to take up art until quite late, and have then been forced to make portrait painting a means of livelihood, and thus gradually to work into the department which they most desired. To accuse American artists, as a class, of being mercenary—a charge made quite too often — is really something akin to irony, so much more successful pecuniarily would the majority of them have been in mercantile pursuits. The heroism of our early painters struggling here and there, in obscure corners of the country, for opportunities for expressing their yearning after the ideal, without instruction, without art influences, without meeting sympathy or encouragement in the community, and in spite of these obstacles often achieving a respectable degree of excellence, is one of the most interesting, instructive, and sublime episodes in the whole history of art.

Growing out of this hesitating, faltering condition of our early art may be discerned a secondary cause, which occurred in so many cases as to be justly considered one of the influences which formed the careful, minute, painstaking style of our landscape art. We refer to the fact that many of the best of our early painters were first engravers on wood and steel. This gave them a minute, formal, and precise method of treatment, which led them to look at details rather than breadth of effect.

Having taken a general glance at the internal forces which have stimulated this division of American art, we turn to those which came from without, which were foreign, and which, while they fostered the growth of a certain æsthetic feeling, at the same time instilled conventional methods and principles that deferred the development of a higher kind of art. It is singular and greatly to be regretted that, notwithstanding the friendly relations between the United States and France, our art, when it was first looking to Europe



"MUMBLE THE PEG."—[HENRY INMAN.]

for direction, should not have come in contact with French art, which at that time, led by Gericault, Rousseau, Troyon, Delacroix, and other rising men, was becoming the greatest pictorial school since the Renaissance. But Italian art at that time was sunk to the lowest depths of conventionalism, while the good in the English art of the time was not in a school, but was represented by a few individuals of genius, Turner, Wilkie, Constable, who were so new that they failed to attract those whose first art ideas had been obtained in Italy.

The influence of Italy on our early art was shown by the tendency of our artists in that direction, as now they go to France and Germany, and this was due primarily to Allston and Vanderlyn. The latter, when at Rome, occupied the house of Salvator Rosa—apparently a trivial incident, but if we could trace all the influence it may have had on the fancy and tastes of the young American artist, we might find it was a powerful contributor to the formation of the early style of our landscape artists who followed him to Italy. This bias was also greatly assisted by the many paintings imported at that time from the Italian peninsula, which were either originals bought cheaply during the disturbances which then convulsed Europe, or copies of more or less merit. These works made their way gradually over our country, from Boston to New Orleans, and, with the rapidly shifting fortunes of our families, have often been so completely placed out of sight and forgotten that it is not an unfrequent instance that one is unearthed in remote country



PORTRAIT OF FLETCHER HARPER.—[ELLIOTT.]

villages and farm-houses that would never be suspected of harboring high art.

The larger portion of these foreign works came first to Boston, and were hidden away somewhere in that vicinage, as in the case of the collection bequeathed to Bowdoin College by its founder; its best specimens were eventually sold and scattered for a mere song by a faculty who were ignorant of their value, and thought they might at the same time aid morality and add an honest penny to the funds of the institution by selling its precious nudities, and thus remove them from the student's eye. As Allston and Stuart, who were colorists, also settled in Boston, after years of foreign study, these two circumstances contributed to make the Boston school from the first one of color—a fact less pronounced in early New York art.

It is to West and Allston and Trumbull that we are to attribute the English element in our art. West became the second president of the Royal Academy, and Allston was also an Academician, and spent twelve years in England. The prominent position they then occupied before the American public made their example and opinions of great import-

ance with their countrymen, and undoubtedly contributed to suggest one of the most characteristic traits of American art, that is, the tendency to make art a means for telling a story, which has always been a prominent feature of English art. May we not also trace to English literature the bias which unconsciously led our artists to turn their attention to landscape with a unanimity that has until recently made our best art distinctively a school of landscape painting? Cowper, Byron, and Wordsworth introduced landscape into poetry, and undoubtedly impelled English art in the same direction, and it was exactly at that time that our own poet Bryant, influenced at the turning-point of his character by Wordsworth's solemn worship of nature, was becoming the pioneer of American descriptive poetry, while Irving was introducing the picturesque into our literature, and Cooper, with his vivid descriptions of our forests, was, like Irving, creating a whole class of subjects which were to be illustrated by the American art of this period.

The influences cited as giving direction to the struggling efforts of art in our country during the early part of this century are illustrated with especial force by five portrait, figure, and landscape painters who may almost be considered the founders of this period of our art—Harding, Weir, Cole, Doughty, and Durand.

Chester Harding was a farmer's son, who after an apprenticeship in agriculture took up the trade of chair-maker at twenty-one, the time when the young Parisian artist has already won his *Prix de Rome*. After this he tried various other projects, including those of peddling and the keeping of a tavern, and then took his wife and child and floated on a flat-boat down the Alleghany to Pittsburgh, then a mere settlement, in search of something on which to earn a bare living. There he took to sign painting, and it was not until his twenty-sixth year that the idea of becoming an artist entered his head. An itinerant portrait painter coming to the place first suggested art to Harding, who engaged him to paint the portrait of Mrs. Harding, and took his first art lesson while looking over the artist's shoulder; and his first crude attempts so fascinated him that he at once adopted art as a profession, and in six months painted one hundred likenesses, such as they were, at twenty-five dollars each, and then settled in Boston, where he seems to have been taken up with the characteristic enthusiasm which the modern Athens bestows on the favorites she delights to honor. On going to England, Harding, notwithstanding the few advantages he had enjoyed, seemed to compare so favorably with the other portrait painters there that he was patronized by the first noblemen of the land. Although belonging also to the latter part of the period immediately preceding that under consideration, yet Harding was, on the whole, an important factor in the art which dates from the founding of the National Academy, and was one of the strongest of the group of portrait painters naturally associated with him, such as Alexander, Waldo, Jarvis, and Ingham. There was something grand in the personality of Harding, not only in his almost gigantic physique, but also his sturdy, frank, good-natured, but earnest and indomitable character, which causes him to loom up across the intervening years as a type of the people that has felled forests, reclaimed waste places, and given thews and sinews to the republic that in a brief century has placed itself in the front rank of nations.

While Harding, with all his artistic inequalities, fairly represented the portrait art of Boston at that period, Inman may be considered as holding a similar position in New York. As a resident of that city and a pupil of Jarvis, he enjoyed advantages of early training superior to those of most of our painters of that day. Exceedingly versatile, and excelling in miniature and genre, and doing fairly well in landscape, Inman will be best known in future years by his admirable oil portraits of some of the leading characters of the time. He was a man of great strength and symmetry of character, who would have won distinction in any field.

New York became the centre for a number of excellent and characteristic portrait painters soon after Inman established his reputation, such as Charles Loring Elliott, Baker, Hicks (a pupil of Couture), Le Clear, Huntington, and Page, the contemporaries of Healy, Ames, Hunt, and Staigg, of Boston, and Sully and Nagle—all artists of individual styles and characteristic traits of their own. Sully belonged also to the preceding period of our art, owing to his great age.

In Elliott we probably find the most im-



"THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS."—[HENRY PETERS GREY.]

portant portrait painter of this period of American art. It was a peculiarity of his intellectual growth that only by degrees did he arrive at the point of being able to seize a simple likeness. But it is not at all uncommon for genius to falter in its first attempts, and Elliott was one of the few artists we have produced who could be justly ranked among men of genius, as distinguished from those of talents, however marked. Stuart excelled all our portrait painters in purity and freshness of color and masterly control of pigments; but he was scarcely more vigorous than Elliott in the wondrous faculty of grasping character. Herein lay this artist's strength. He read the heart of the man he portrayed, and gave us not merely a faithful likeness of his outward features, but an epitome of his intellectual life and traits, almost clutching and bringing to light his most secret thoughts. In studying the portraits of Elliott we learn to analyze and to discern the essential and irreconcilable difference between photography and the highest order of painting. The sun is a great magician, but he can not reproduce more than lies on the surface; he can not suggest the soul. He is like a truthful but unwilling witness, who gives

only part, and not always the best part, of the truth. But then the genius of the great artist steps in, completes the testimony, and presents before us suggestions

while he has achieved some singularly successful works in portraiture and historical painting, he has done much that has aroused respect rather than enthusiasm.



AN IDEAL HEAD.—[G. A. BAKER.]

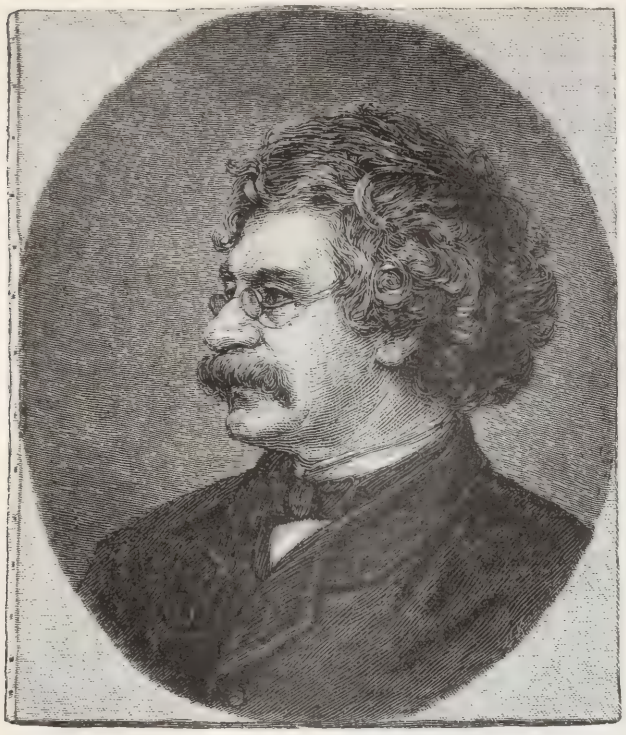
of the immortal being that shall survive when the mortal frame and the sun which photographs it have alike passed away.

Baker, on the other hand, has excelled in rendering the delicate color and loveliness of childhood, and the splendor of the finest types of American feminine beauty. The miniatures of Staigg are also among the most winning works of the sort produced by our art. Among other excellent miniature painters of this period was Miss Goodrich, of whose personal history less is known than of any other American artist.

William Page occupies a phenomenal position in the art of this period, because, unlike most of our artists, he has not been content to take art methods and materials as he found them, but has been an experimentalist and a theorist as well.* Thus, because it was more the result of analytical and deliberate art than of emotion and inspiration, while at the same time his nature is highly mystical. Color has been his chief aim, and in this he has sometimes reached some peculiar but effective results. In attempting to represent the beauty of the feminine figure, Mr. Page has been influenced by great delicacy and refinement of motive, although in his celebrated painting of "Venus rising from the Sea" he gave cause for much discussion as to the merits of his theories.

If less refined in aim and treatment than Page in his rendering of female beauty, Henry Peters Grey, who was also an earnest student and an imitator of Italian Renaissance art, succeeded sometimes to a degree which, if far below that of the masters whom he studied, was yet in advance of most of such art as has been exe-

* An illustration of one of Mr. Page's finest pictures will be given in the following paper of this series.—ED. HARPER.



PORTRAIT OF PARKE GODWIN.—[LE CLEAR.]

cuted by American painters, at least until very recently. "The Judgment of Paris" is certainly a clever if not wholly original work, and the figure of Venus a fine piece of form and color. Daniel Huntington, the third president of the National Academy of Design, is a native of New York city, and has enjoyed advantages and successes experienced by very few of our early artists. A pupil of Morse and Inman, he is better known with the men of this generation as a pleasing portrait painter; but the most important of his early efforts were in what might be called a semi-literary style in genre and historical and allegorical or religious art, in which departments he has won a permanent place in the annals of American art by such works as "Mercy's Dream," "The Sibyl," and "Queen Mary signing the Death-Warrant of Lady Jane Grey."

While portraiture has been the field to which most of our leading painters of the figure have during this period directed their attention, genre has been represented by several artists of decided ability, who, under more favorable art auspices, might have achieved grand results. Inman was the first of our artists who reached any satisfactory results in genre. If circumstances had allowed him to devote himself entirely to any one of the three branches he pursued, he might have reached a still higher position than he did. But the most important genre artist of the early part of this period was William Sidney Mount, the son of a farmer on Long Island. Associated first with his brother as a sign painter, he eventually took up genre in 1828. Mount lacked ambition, as he himself confessed; he was easily influenced by the rapidly won approval of the public to rest from improving his style, and early returned to his farm on Long Island. Mount was not remarkable as a colorist, although it is quite possible he might have succeeded as such with superior advantages; but he was nevertheless a man of genius, who in that respect has not been surpassed by the numerous genre artists whom he preceded, and to whom he showed by his example the resources which our native domestic life can furnish to the genre painter. This American Wilkie had a keen eye for the humorous traits of our rustic life, and rendered it with an effect that sometimes suggests the old Dutch masters. "The Long Story" and "Bargaining for a Horse" are full of inimitable touches of humor and shrewd observations of human nature. F. W. Edmonds, who was a contemporary of Mount, and a bank cashier, found time from his business to produce many clever genre paintings, showing a keener eye for color, but less snap in the drawing and composition, than Mount.

In other departments of the figure at this period of our art, Robert W. Weir holds a prominent position as one of our pioneers in the distinctive branch called historical painting. Of Huguenot descent, and gaining his artistic training in Italy, after severe struggles at home, his career illustrates several of the influences which have moulded American art. Although not a servile imitator of foreign and classic art, and showing independence of thought in his practice and choice of subjects, Weir's art is pleasing rather than vigorous and original. It shows care and loving patience, as of one who appreciates the dignity of his profession, but no great force of fancy, nor does he introduce or suggest any new truths in art. Such a massive composition, however, as the "Sailing of the Pilgrims," while it arouses no enthusiasm, causes us to wonder that we should so early have produced an art as conscientious and clever as this. The portrait of Red Jacket and the elaborate painting called "Taking the Veil" are also

works of decided merit. Enjoying a serene old age, this revered painter yet survives, still wielding his brush, and exhibiting creditable pictures by the side of those which are building the art of the future.

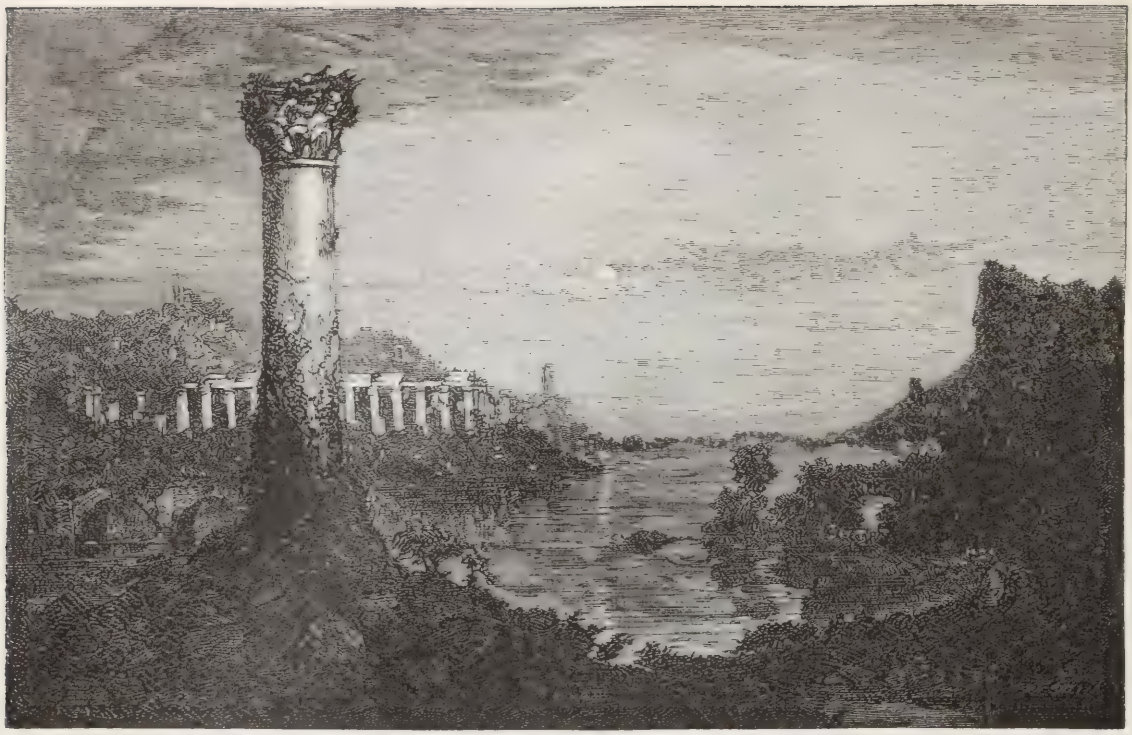
In the works of the painters we have spoken of there has been evident an earnest pursuit of art, attended sometimes with very respectable results; but with the exception of here and there a portrait painter of really original genius, we do not discover in their paintings much that is of value in the history of art, except as indicating the existence of genuine art feeling in the country demanding expression in however hesitating and abortive a manner. But when we come to the subject of landscape painting, we enter upon a field in which originality of style is apparent, and a certain consistency and harmony of effort. Minds of large reserve power meet us at the outset, moved by strong and earnest convictions, and often expressing their thoughts in methods entirely their own. Thoroughly, almost fanatically, national by nature, even when their art shows traces of foreign influence, and drawing their subjects from their native soil, they have created an art which can fairly claim to be ranked as a school, whatever be the position assigned to it in future ages. English, French, Irish, African, and Spaniard have alike vied in painting the scenery of this beautiful country, and mingling their fame and identifying their lives with "its hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," its mountain streams and meadow lands, its primeval forests, and the waves that break upon its granite shores.



"A SURPRISE."—[WILLIAM SIDNEY MOUNT.]

It is to three artists of great ability that the origin of American landscape painting can be traced—Cole, Doughty, and Durand. Although the youngest of the three, the first seems to have antedated Doughty by a few months in adopting this branch of art professionally, while Durand, although older than Cole by several years, did not take up landscape painting until some years after him.

Thomas Cole died in the prime of life, at the age of forty-seven, but there are few characters in the history of the country that have made a deeper impression. Greatly versatile, inspired by a powerful imagination, possessing a pure and lofty



"DESOLATION."—[FROM THE "COURSE OF EMPIRE," BY THOMAS COLE.]

character, and animated by the noblest of sentiments, we feel before his greatest works, through all the imperfections of his art, through all the faltering methods with which his genius sought to express itself, that a vast mind here sought feebly to utter great thoughts (which he has doubtless already learned to utter with more truth in another world); we see that unmistakable sign of all minds of a high order, the evidence that the man was greater than his works. It is not dexterity, technique, knowledge, that impresses us in studying the works of Cole, so much as character. One feels that in them is seen the handwriting of one of the greatest men who have ever trod this continent.

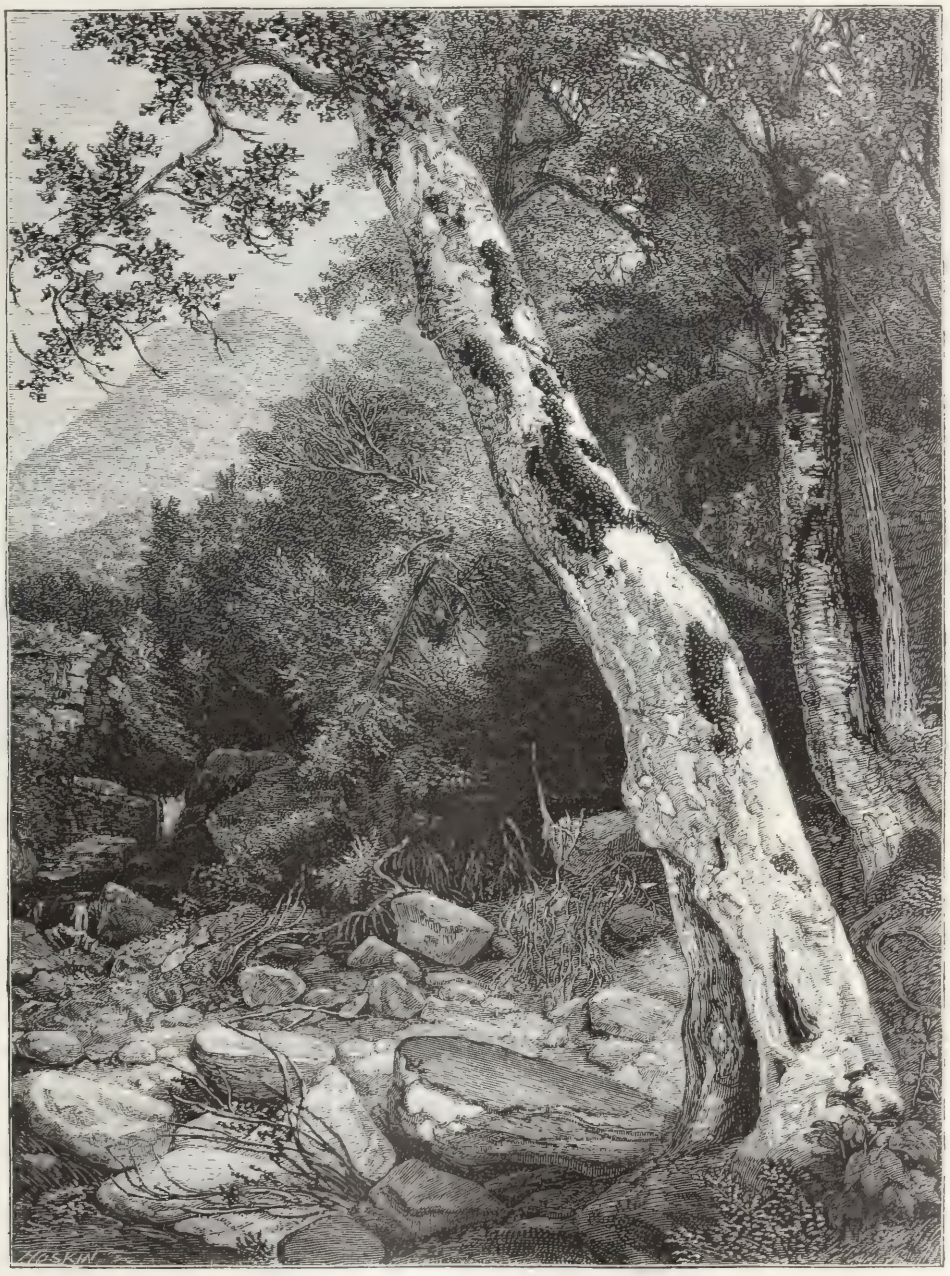
Thomas Cole, the first artist who ever painted landscape professionally in America, was born in England, but he was of American ancestry, and his parents returned to this country in his childhood. The difficulties with which he had to contend at the outset of his art career form an affecting picture. From infancy he had been fond of the pencil, and the tinting of wall-paper in his father's factory at Steubenville, Ohio, gave him a slight practice in the harmony of colors. In the mean time he took up engraving, but was diverted from this pursuit by a travelling German portrait painter, who gave him a few lessons in the use of oil-colors. He began with portraiture, and resolved to be an artist, although the failure of his father's business brought the whole family on him for support. The struggles through which the youth now passed make a long and painful story. Through it all he retained his bias for art, and at twenty-two began to draw scenery, from nature, along the banks of the Monongahela. Dunlap has well said, "To me the struggles of a virtuous man endeavoring to buffet fortune, steeped to the very lips in poverty, yet never despairing, or a moment ceasing his exertions, is one of the most sublime objects of contemplation."

After several years of this severe hardship, Cole finally drifted to New York, and eventually attracted notice. When the National Academy of Design was founded in 1828, Cole and Doughty were simultaneously winning success and giving a permanent character to the art which for half a century was destined to be most prominent on the walls of the Academy.

So far as foreign technical influences can be traced in the compositions of Cole, they are those of Claude and Salvator Rosa. He revisited England at the time when Turner and Constable were establishing their fame and producing such an influence on the great school of French landscape art which has since succeeded. It is interesting to think what would have been the character of our landscape art if

Cole had been favorably impressed by the broad and vigorous style of these painters. But he does not seem to have been ripe for the audacious methods of modern

of our artists, a powerful influence outside of his art with a people which, with all its volatility, yet maintains the traditions of a deeply religious ancestry. It was in this



A STUDY FROM NATURE.—[A. B. DURAND.]

landscape, and expressed himself with warmth regarding the extravagancies of Turner.

The art of Cole was, however, largely biassed by the literature of England. The influence of both Bunyan and Walter Scott can be traced in his works, while the serious turn of his mind gave a solemn majesty and a religious fervor to his compositions, which command our deep respect even when we fail altogether to accept the art results of his life. For this reason Cole has wielded, more than most

many-sidedness of his genius that brought him into contact with widely varied sympathies that Cole's chief power consisted, for if we look at his work from the art point of view alone, we are impressed with its inequality, the lack of early art influences it exhibits, and an attempt sometimes at dramatic force which occasionally lapses into mere sensationalism. But in all his compositions there are evident a rapturous love of nature, and the energy and yearning of a mind seeking to find expression for a vast ideal. Cole was what very few



"NOON BY THE SEA-SHORE—BEVERLY BEACH."—[KENSETT.]

of our artists have been—an idealist. The work by which Cole will be longest and best remembered in the art of his country is the noble series called the "Course of Empire," consisting of five paintings, representing a nation's rise, progress, decline, and fall, and the change which comes over the abandoned scenery as the once superb capital returns to the wildness and solitude of nature. The last of the series, entitled "Desolation"—a gray silent waste, haunted by the bittern, with here and there a crumbling column reflected in the deserted harbor, where gleaming fleets once floated, and imperial pageants were seen in the pavilions along the marble piers—is one of the most remarkable productions of American art. But with all the enthusiasm which Cole aroused among his contemporaries, his influence seems to have been to give dignity to landscape art rather than to impress his thoughts and methods on other artists. It is true that he seized the characteristics of our scenery with a truth which came not only from close study, but also from deep affection for the land whose mountains and lakes he painted, and thus led our first landscapists to observe the great variety and beauty of their own country. But, on the other hand, a certain hardness in his technique probably rendered him less influential as a leader than Doughty and Durand. The former, if inferior in general capacity to Cole, was more emphatically the artist by nature.

Thomas Doughty was in the leather business until his twenty-eighth year, when, without any previous training, he threw up the trade, and adopted the profession of landscape painter. There is an audacity, a self-confidence, in the way our early painters entered on the art career, without instruction in the theory and practice of their art, which is charming for the simplicity it shows, but would tend to bring the efforts of these artists into contempt if the results had not often justified their audacity, for they were sometimes men of remarkable ability. There have been many greater landscape painters than Doughty, but few who have done so well with so little experience. He seems to have been as successful in attracting favorable notice in England as here, although at a time when English landscape art was at its zenith. The soft, poetic traits, the tender, silvery tones, that distinguished Doughty's style were entirely original with him, and have undoubtedly had much influence in forming the style of some of the landscapists who succeeded him.

In Asher B. Durand, a Huguenot by descent, and the only one of the three founders of American landscape painting who survives to our time to enjoy a green old age, we find a nature as strong as that of Cole. The equal of that artist in the sum of his intellectual powers, we discover in him a different quality of mind. Similar as they are in high moral purpose and a profound reverence for the Creator, as represented in His works, Cole was the more imaginative and inspirational of the two, stirred more by the fire

of genius, while Durand, with a more equable temperament and a larger experience, produced results that are more satisfactory from an art point of view.



"ALTORF, BIRTH-PLACE OF WILLIAM TELL."—[GEORGE L. BROWN.]

Few artists have shown greater capacity than Durand in successfully following entirely distinct branches of art. As a steel-engraver, who in this century has produced work that is much superior to his superb engraving of Vanderlyn's "Ariadne?" Who of our artists has been able both to design and to engrave such a work as his "Musidora?" After pursuing engraving so admirably, he took up portrait painting, and by such portraits as his head of Bryant placed himself in the rank of our leading portrait painters. Still unsatisfied with the success won thus far, Durand in his thirty-eighth year directed his efforts to landscape painting, and at once became not only a pioneer but a master in this department. The care he had been obliged to give to engraving was undoubtedly of great assistance to him in enabling him to render the lines of a composition with truth, while his practice of studying character in portraiture gave him insight into the individuality of trees; he invested them with a humanity like that which the ancient Greeks gave to their forests when they made them the haunt of the dryads. It is to this that we doubtless owe the massive handling, the fresh and vigorous treatment, of trees in such solemn and majestic landscapes as "The Edge of the Forest," in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. The art of Durand is wholly national; few of our painters owe less to foreign inspiration. Here he learned the various arts that gave him a triple fame, here he found the subjects for his compositions, and his name is destined to endure as long as American art shall endure.

Among the most prominent of the landscape painters who succeeded the founders of the art among us, and were like them inspired by a reverent spirit and lofty poetic impulses, John F. Kensett holds a commanding position. Like Durand, he began his career with the burin, and after working for the American Bank-note Company, drifted into painting. Circumstances seem to have favored him beyond many of his compeers, and he was early permitted to visit England and the Continent, and spent seven years abroad. Notwithstanding so long an association with foreign schools, especially the Italian, we find very little evidence of foreign art in the style of Kensett. He was fully as original as Durand,



"A WINTER SCENE."—[MIGNOT.]

and saw and represented nature in his own language. His methods of rendering a bit of landscape were tender and harmonious, and entirely free from any attempt at sensationalism. So marked was the latter characteristic especially, that before the great modern question of the values began to arouse much attention in the ateliers of Paris, Kensett had already grasped the perception of a theory of art practice which has since become so prominent in foreign art, although, naturally, it is not in all his canvases that this attempt to interpret the true relations of objects in nature is equally evident. We see it brought out most prominently in some of his quiet, dreamy coast scenes, in which it is not so much things as feelings that he tries to render or suggest. In them also is most apparent an endeavor after breadth of effect which is a sign of mastery when successfully carried out. Mr. Kensett's art consisted in a certain inimitably winning tenderness of tone, a subtle poetic suggestiveness. His small compositions, as a rule, are more satisfying than his larger pictures, in which the thinness of his technique is sometimes too prominent. The career of Kensett, who died but a few years ago, is one of the most complete and symmetrical in our art history.

A contemporary of Kensett, but still surviving him, George L. Brown, of Boston, struggled heroically and successfully with the early difficulties of his life, and yielding to the seductive influences of Italian scenery, devoted his art to representing it, with results that entitle him to an honorable position. The effects he has sought are luminousness and color. Mr. Brown's method of using colors was formed to a certain extent on that of the Italian landscape art of the time, and while often brilliant and poetic, reminds us sometimes of the studio rather than of the free, pure, magical opulence of the atmosphere and sunlight of the scenery he portrayed. It can be frankly conceded, however, that he has been no slavish copyist of a style, but while acknowledging the force of foreign influences, has yet given abundant evidence of a personality of his own.

Louis Mignot, of South Carolina, who died in London some eight years ago, shared with Kensett and Brown a rapturous enthusiasm alike for the tender and the brilliant aspects of nature, and appears to us to have been one of the most remarkable artists of our country. He can be justly ranked with the pioneers who first awoke the attention of the nation to a consciousness of the beauty,

glory, and inexhaustible variety of the scenery of this continent, which had fallen to them as a heritage such as no other people have yet acquired. Mignot was at once a fine colorist and one of the most skilled of our early painters in the handling of materials; his was also a mind fired by a wide range of sympathies, and whether it was the superb splendor of the tropical scenery of the Rio Bamba, in South America, the sublime maddening rush of iris-circled water at Niagara, or the fairy-like grace, the exquisite and ethereal loveliness, of new-fallen snow, he was equally happy in rendering the varied aspects of nature. It is greatly to be regretted that the most important works of this artist are owned in England, whither he resorted at the opening of the civil war. "Snow in Hyde Park," which he painted not long before his death, is one of the noblest results of American landscape art.

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.



CHAPTER VI.

RODERICK did not appear among his family until the next day, or rather the same day, for it was four in the morning before the last guest departed and the household sank into quietness. Then Bella Jardine, knocking at his door, had been greeted with a fraternal growl; and the trayful of food which, according to the family faith that the way to the heart is through the stomach, she brought up to him, was left untasted on the door mat.

"Let me alone; I will see you all at breakfast," were the only words that could be got out of him. Angry, sorrowful, and utterly worn out in body as well as mind, he threw himself on the bed in the cold, fireless room—evidently he had not been expected so soon—rolled himself up in a bear-skin rug, which he had bought at Neuchâtel in planning that never-to-be-forgotten day at Lausanne, and slept for many hours—slept so heavily that when he awoke, long after mid-day, he was surprised to find his fire lit, and a dainty little breakfast standing beside it; also his feet, stretching outside the rug, were carefully wrapped up in one of his mother's shawls.

She had been in his room, then! making him "comfortable," as was her habit to do, as much as she could—perhaps giving him, unfelt, the kiss that he might not have cared for, the tear which would only have vexed him. Poor mother! And he was her own, her only son.

Roderick was touched. When he came down stairs the first thing he did was to look for her all over the house, and when they met he kissed her affectionately.

"Forgive my being so rude as to go to bed at once; but I was very tired. And you? You have been up, spite of your fatigues, and looking after me as usual? I did so enjoy my nice breakfast. Thank you, mother."

He kissed her again, and then sat down, not knowing what else to say. Would she speak first, or must he, on the subject which never left his mind for a moment?

"Yes, you were quite wearied out with your long journey, my dear boy," said Mrs. Jardine. "You must have travelled night and day, to have got back so soon."

"Could I do otherwise, thinking you were ill, mother? and naturally I was somewhat astonished—"

"To find us in the middle of a ball?" broke in Bella, who sat surrounded by a heap of wedding finery. "It must have been a little perplexing. But we thought that frightening telegram was the best way to bring you home."

Roderick drew back, flushing angrily.

"Hold your tongue, Bella!" said the mother. "But, my dear Rody, I never

said I was ill; I only said I was 'not well,' which was quite true. How could it be otherwise, after your letter?"

"You did get my letter, then—my two letters?"

"Yes, both." And there ensued an awkward silence.

Proud, shy, reserved, as his nature was, to feel that he had been cheated in this way, treated like a silly school-boy, when his heart was bursting with the strongest passion of manhood, was to Roderick a very severe trial of temper and patience. He stood facing his mother and sister, expecting them to explain, to apologize. But they did neither; they said nothing, only went on with their occupation, talking together, just as if there was nobody in the room besides themselves.

Possibly this was half pretense, to hide their secret fright, poor women, at what they had done, or were going to do. Perhaps something in the look of the young man warned them that he was a man, would never be a boy again, not even to his mother. To all parents and all children there does come such a moment, when the Rubicon, once crossed, can be recrossed no more.

Bella tried to tide over the difficult moment, the *instans tyrannus*, which governs fatally so many a life, by taking it lightly, and calling her brother's attention to her millinery, her wreath and veil, to be worn in full splendor three days hence.

"Such things are quite out of my line, thank you," said Roderick, coldly. "Mother, I should like to have a little talk with you; but if you are too much occupied, I—I can wait."

"Oh yes, wait. There is plenty of time—plenty of time, my dear boy," said Mrs. Jardine, hurriedly, though with an air of exceeding relief, as she turned back to Bella and her "braws."

The critical moment passed, seized, unhappily, by neither side, for Roderick, excessively irritated, walked instantly out of the room, and out of the house.

For an hour or more he paced the streets—the miserable, muddy Richerden streets, which seemed more miserable than ever now, after the bright "backs of colleges" at Cambridge, and the dear little town of Neuchâtel, where it seemed as if there was always sunshine. He was boiling over with indignation and pain. A storm was coming; he felt it looming in the family atmosphere. His mother evidently had not taken kindly to the idea of his marriage; there would be a battle to fight. Even if no actual opposition—which he was loath to fear—there was a total lack of sympathy with him; else how could his mother—any mother—being acquainted with all the facts of the case, knowing that her son loved a girl as his very life, yet had left her, with her own mother lying dead, to rush frantically home, how could she greet him without a word of inquiry, nor show the slightest interest in his affairs, except the chilling remark, "there was no hurry?"

"But there is, there shall be. She must hear me; she can not help it. If she has a heart in her bosom, she will feel for me," he thought, passionately. Yet when, a few minutes after, he caught sight of her and Bella driving past in their splendid carriage and pair, laughing together so much that they did not even see him at first, Roderick took off his hat to them, his own mother and sister, as distantly as if they had been complete strangers, and turned round a by-street, in indignant disdain.

For, indeed, at the moment they felt like strangers, as far removed as the poles from himself, and from that forlorn girl, the image of whom he carried perpetually in his fancy. He saw her flitting along the streets of Neuchâtel in her gray dress and water-proof cloak, her plain black hat with the pretty fair hair curling beneath it; he clasped the vision to his sick, empty heart, feeling that she was nearer to him than any of his own belongings—nearer and dearer than any thing in the wide word.

It was so; it could not but be, for it was the natural law of things. "A man shall leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife," thought Roderick, bracing himself up against the worst, for his imaginative temperament was always prone to leap at once to the very worst, though his innate courage taught him also to face it.

And now he felt glad that he had come back nominally as free as he went, that no word of mutual confession had passed between him and the object of his love; he did not even know whether she would consent to marry him. Nothing, therefore, could possibly be said against her; upon him only would fall the vials of maternal wrath, if wrath it were, which



"CALLING HER BROTHER'S ATTENTION TO HER MILLINERY, HER WREATH AND VEIL."

he could hardly bring himself to believe. It seemed so impossible, so supremely ridiculous, that a young man who could well afford to marry, whom his relations were always urging to marry, should not be left to choose for himself, especially when choosing such a wife as Silence Jardine.

He murmured over and over again to himself her dear name, not in its French form, as he was accustomed to hear it, though that sounded very sweet, but sweeter still was the English word which she would henceforward be known by—a familiar name, too, in the old family home.

"Oh, father! father! you, at least, would not have blamed me; you would

have been glad that I should bring to Blackhall another Silence Jardine."

The thought calmed and comforted him; he felt less angry with his mother; he determined that he would have an explanation with her—a quiet, pacific, filial explanation—that very night.

But it is astonishing how long clever people—and she was a decidedly clever woman in her way, was Mrs. Jardine—can shirk a difficulty, or avoid an unpleasant thing. He hardly knew how it came about, but Roderick had actually been two whole days at home, taking his place at the foot of his mother's sumptuous table, and entertaining, with gentle courtesy and well-disguised weariness, her endless guests, falling back into old ways so completely that he sometimes asked himself if the last two months were not merely a morning dream, yet not a syllable had been breathed of his intended marriage or of Mademoiselle Jardine.

Did they think he had forgotten her? Did his mother believe that? or Bella, with her lover paying devoted court to her, in the few short days that would elapse before he dropped into the commonplace husband? A regular Richerden husband, Roderick was sure he would turn out to be, and Bella a proper Richerden wife, dressing and dining, paying calls and interchanging gossip, vying in domestic splendor with her two sisters, and getting as much as she could out of her wealthy mother, even though she had married a rich man—had made, as Mrs. Jardine continually declared, the "best" marriage of all the family.

"And mine will be the 'worst,' of course," thought Roderick, with a smile that would have been a sneer had he not remembered *her*—the innocent girlish girl, scarcely yet a woman, before whose pure, true eyes all shams crumbled down into their natural dust, all contemptible worldlinesses fled away like ugly ghosts before the dawning light; all about her was so intensely real, so simply and directly in earnest, that in her presence nothing false could possibly live—at least for long.

"She will never do here," thought Roderick, when, after forty-eight hours of Richerden life, the contrast between that and all he had left behind forced itself upon him with an almost exaggerated strength. "I must contrive, somehow, to migrate to Blackhall."

And doubtful as it all was still, though he was but telling his mother the absolute truth in saying he did not know whether or not Mademoiselle Jardine would accept him, still, with the strong will of an honest man, he hugged to his heart the delicious thought: "I *will* have her. I love her, and I will make her love me. And if she loves me, no earthly power shall ever put us asunder." The absolute necessity which almost every good man feels, not merely of a pretty girl to flirt with, a poetic mistress to adore, but of a wife—bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, while at the same time she is soul of his soul, his help, his comfort, his delight—had begun to cry out in this young man's heart with a sense of gnawing want which he felt nothing external would ever now appease.

"I must have her," he repeated to himself. "I want her! I want her!" He glanced round the glittering room. His mother had a dinner party that night, and a small "carpet dance" afterward, at which were collected half the pretty girls of Richerden, with whom he had to dance by turns. But Roderick felt that he did not care two straws for any one of them, compared with that poor little girl sitting alone, in her black gown, with her pale cheeks and dim eyes, in the tiny salon that overlooked the silent lake of Neuchâtel.

It was not till the third day after his return, which, being the day before the wedding, was of necessity kept free from visitors, that Roderick succeeded in finding his mother alone.

Coming into her "boudoir," as she called it—the little room off the drawing-room, which she made her place of refuge when she was not in sufficiently grand toilet for visitors—he saw her sitting there for "five quiet minutes." Not unwilling; for there was a tired look on her face which betrayed that she was scarcely a young woman now, though her energy and vitality carried her through so much; while her easy temper and perfect health had hitherto warded off any "crow's-feet" that might have been expected to appear on her still comely countenance. Still, she looked a little the worse for wear, and very weary.

"Mother, you ought to rest; you will be ill if you don't," said her son, going up to her with honest anxiety.

"I'll rest by-and-by," she answered—"when to-morrow is over. Oh, these weddings! these weddings! It's all very well for the young folks; but—the parents! However, this is the last one. I have no more girls to marry."

"No, mother," said Roderick, sitting down by her, both out of real tenderness and because he felt that now was the golden moment which must not be let pass by, for there was a kind look in her eyes and a tremor in her voice, such as had not greeted him ever since he came home. "No, mother, your daughters are all safely disposed of. And when your son marries, he will faithfully promise that his wedding shall give you no trouble."

Mrs. Jardine drew back, then looked at the door, as if feeling herself caught in the toils, and anxious to escape; but Roderick held her hand fast; ay, he put his arm round her waist in a tender, filial way; he was determined to "have it out," as people say, with her; but he wished all to be done in the gentlest and most kindly fashion.

"Yes, mother, as I told you, there will, I trust, be another marriage in the family; but—"

"But not yet. Not for a very long time. I couldn't stand it—indeed, I could not. Don't let us talk about that. I am very busy, you see."

"Nay, mother, we must talk about it. I have been waiting to speak to you ever since I came home. You are the first and only person I can speak to on the subject. You must feel that."

"Feel what? Speak about what? Let me go. I declare I don't know what you are driving at, and I can't put up with any nonsense—not just now."

Roderick turned pale with anger, but he controlled himself.

"It is not nonsense; I explained all in my letter—in my two letters—which you say you received."

"What! all that about the little Swiss girl who you fancy is your cousin?"

"She is my cousin, there is no doubt of that; at least, remotely so; not near enough to warrant the slightest objection, which I know you have, to cousins marrying."

"Marrying! tut, tut, laddie; who spoke of marrying? Put such folly out of your head at once. Never let me hear of it again—or of her."

"Never hear of her again!" said Roderick, slowly, though his heart was burning with indignation, and the nervous trembling which he always felt in moments of excitement seemed to run through his whole frame. "Mother, you misunderstand the matter. You must hear of her. She is the lady whom I have chosen for my wife—if I can get her—my wife and your daughter-in-law."

"Goodness gracious me! You haven't made her an offer? You said you would not till you heard from me."

"And I have done as I said, mother. I came away without having made any declaration of love to her, without having even found out whether or not she loves me. Though I consider myself bound, she is perfectly free."

"Then let her remain so," answered Mrs. Jardine, rising up, with a look of great relief. "Well, Rody, my dear, I'm glad it's no worse. All young men have these 'smites,' ever so many, sometimes, before they settle down and marry. The best thing to be done is to run away, which you did. Now you will stay beside me, like a good son, all the winter. A very merry winter we shall likely have, on account of Bella's marriage. You will be going out a great deal, and will soon get over it."

"Get over it!" repeated Roderick, as he stood opposite to his mother, very quiet, but with gleaming eyes, and a cheek in which the old Highland blood kept flashing and paling. "Get over what, mother?"

"This—this infatuation for the—the young person abroad."

"The young lady. You forget she is a Jardine."

"Is she? But she has got no money. She is a governess, or something of the sort."

"She has not got a half-penny in the world, and she earns her daily bread as a music-teacher," said Roderick, flinging the facts out in a sort of proud defiance. "Nevertheless, she is a perfect gentlewoman, and the dearest and noblest woman I ever met. If I can ever win her as mine, Providence will have been only too kind to me. As for myself, I feel I am hardly good enough to tie her shoes."

"Oh, nonsense! every lad says that," cried the mother, with an involuntary glance of ill-disguised maternal pride.

"And most lads make fools of themselves with some girl or other, and cause no end of bothers to their families, yet turn out douce, decent married men after all."

"As I hope to do, mother," said Roderick, striving hard to keep his temper. "You know you have always wished me to get married, and now I am going to do it—that is all. Only I wished to pay you the respect of telling you first. So, the day after to-morrow, I shall go back to Neuchâtel, and make my offer immediately."

Mrs. Jardine, who was just escaping from the room, turned round.

"You don't mean to tell me this, to my very face?"

"Better tell you to your face than do it behind your back, as many sons might have done. But I am not a coward. What I do I am not ashamed to do openly, before you and all the world."

"The world!—oh, what will the world say?" cried the poor woman, in genuine despair. "And you, who I thought would make such an excellent marriage, with all your father's good looks, and twice his cleverness—he was not clever, dear man!—and then he was always so very peculiar. But you—oh, Rody! my son! my son!"



"MRS. JARDINE, WHO WAS JUST ESCAPING FROM THE ROOM, TURNED ROUND."

And she mourned over him, even as David mourned over Absalom, till Roderick hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry.

"Come, mother," he said at last, coax-

ingly—he knew she loved him, and was amenable to affection even more than to reason. "Don't let us quarrel. Every mother must have her son bringing her a daughter home some time; and if you only knew how sweet a daughter I hope to bring home to you! Not that she is pretty exactly, or perhaps you would not call her so."

"Not pretty—and no money—and a mere governess or something! Why, Rody, you must be mad—stark, staring mad! I never will consent to it, never, as long as I live."

And Mrs. Jardine sat down on the sofa again, with a heavy flop. She was becoming strongly excited.

Then her son, in whom passion always culminated in a white heat, making him totally silent, sat down opposite to her, closing his lips firmly, determined that whatever he had to hear should not force from him, if he could help, one single violent or disrespectful word.

It was a very great trial, for Mrs. Jardine was one of the women who talk—who can not be prevented from talking. Not that she was a foolish woman—quite the contrary; what she said was often very good and to the point, only she said it too many times over. She argued in a circle, and came back exactly to where she started. Besides, she had the quality—good or bad according as it is used—of seeing a thing on half a dozen sides, till she almost forgot what was the original side on which she had beheld it. And then she overlapped plain facts in such a cloud of rhetoric, and had the power "to make the worse appear the better reason" in such an energetic way, that a "talk" with Mrs. Jardine was no easy matter, especially as she always expected to have two-thirds of the talk to herself.

As she certainly had now, Roderick listening with as much patience as he could muster to her arguments—all drawn from the outside, from the experience and example of various of their mutual friends, and from conjectures as to what would be the opinion of various other friends when the matter became known at large in Richerden society.

"You see, my dear boy, this is not an uncommon occurrence, when a young man is well off, and a girl is poor and wants to get married. Look at Andrew Patteson, for instance, who took a fancy to his sister's governess, and a pretty marriage it turned out to be, bringing upon the poor fellow about twelve brothers and sisters to maintain—grocers, too, or bakers or something. And then that dreadful business of James Macfarlane, who got into such a disreputable entanglement with his mother's table-maid. Though that was not quite so bad for poor Mrs. Macfarlane, as I never heard of James's wishing to marry the table-maid."

"Good God!" cried Roderick, starting up, his honest young cheek flushing all over. "Mother, do you know what you are saying?"

Smitten to the heart—for at heart she was a good woman—Mrs. Jardine drew back, and her matron cheek also grew a shade redder.

"No, my dear, of course I did not mean that. James Macfarlane was severely to be blamed. And, thank God, you are quite different from him. You will never disgrace either yourself or me. But I don't want you to make a fool of yourself either. I could not bear all Richerden to say that my son had thrown himself away upon a girl whom nobody knew, who was not even pretty, who in all probability just married him for his money."

This was a clever home thrust, but it failed. Roderick, excited as he was, burst into a fit of sudden laughter.

"Marry me for my money! Well, that is a good joke. I assure you I have taken the greatest pains to conceal that I had any money at all. Neither she nor her mother has had the slightest idea that I am any better off than themselves."

Mrs. Jardine opened her eyes in undisguised astonishment. "Bless me!" she said, or rather muttered to herself. "What fools they must have been!"

Roderick tried not to hear, nor to answer, but in vain. Still, he paused a minute before he allowed himself to speak, and then it was in that cold, quiet voice which implied so much; the sad self-control which the old are accustomed to use, but which is rather pathetic in the young. Only so much was at stake, and all he did was done for her. He would have borne to be "cut in little pieces," as people say, rather than that a finger's weight of blame or harm should fall on the woman he loved.

"Mother, I assure you Madame Jardine was not a fool; she was a highly

cultivated, sensible, and prudent woman. And her 'folly,' if you call it so, in esteeming me for myself and not my outside advantages, was, to say the least, rather complimentary to me. She liked me, I know that; and now she is dead, I think of her with gratitude and tenderness."

"More than you do of your own mother, I dare say," said the poor woman, with an accent of not unnatural bitterness, till her son rose up, put his two hands on her shoulders, and regarded her with his honest, affectionate eyes.

"You can't look in my face, mother, and tell me that. You know you can not."

And then she dropped on his neck, and kissed him, and cried:

"But you shouldn't have done this, Rody, my boy. It's very hard for a mother. Oh, my dear, I was sair left to myself when I let you go abroad."

Despite his vexation, Roderick could hardly help smiling. "But, mother, you could not tie me to your apron string forever. I must some day go out into the world and find myself a wife. You ought to be glad that I have found one—if I do get her—the very sweetest that ever a man could get."

"How can I be sure of that? I don't know her."

"But I want you to know her. Don't misjudge her: only see her."

"Never!" said Mrs. Jardine, her natural strong will and love of power uprising to the rescue of her temporary softness. Besides that paramount dread, "What will people say?" very potent with a woman like her, "content to dwell in decencies forever," and always afraid of compromising her newly won position by doing something "odd" and unlike her neighbors, there was the lurking irritation that in the most important step of his life her son had acted without her knowledge, advice, or consent. Perhaps few are conscious to what an extent this motive rules human actions, at least with certain natures. It is not so much the thing done which is objectionable, as that it is done without reference to themselves. In marriages especially, the parental egoism, only too common, which takes for granted that fathers and mothers must know best, whether or not they have the slightest means of knowing, either the circumstances or the individual, is a source of endless misery on both sides.

"Never!" cried Mrs. Jardine, again. "You had better give the thing up, Roderick, for I will have nothing whatever to do with it, or with her."

"Very well," answered Roderick; and in his voice was a deadly quietness. "Now we know exactly where we stand. Mother, you are busy, you say, and I have also an engagement. Good-morning."

"But you will be back to dinner?"

He paused a moment, and then answered, "Certainly."

"And you are not forgetting that to-morrow is the wedding day?"

"I hope I am not in the habit of forgetting any of my duties."

She looked after him as he quitted the room, passing Bella, who just then entered, without a word or look—indeed, he seemed to walk blindly, like a person half stunned; and her mind misgave her a little.

"I hope I haven't vexed the poor lad too much," said she, in repeating the conversation to Bella, who listened with only half an ear, being entirely absorbed in her own affairs. "But really it did seem such nonsense, and he only five-and-twenty. How can he possibly know his own mind?"

"Yes," answered Bella, carelessly, "it would be a great mistake to take the matter too earnestly, or to make any fuss about it. Let him alone, and he will soon get over it. I hope he understood all about the bridemaids' bouquets and lockets for to-morrow?"

"Oh yes, he will be sure to do all we want. He never forgets. He was always such a thoughtful, considerate boy, poor Rody! However, as you say, he will soon get over it," added the mother, sighing, and trying to make herself believe exactly as she wished and willed.

True, her son was only five-and-twenty; and at that age ninety-nine out of a hundred young men would certainly have "got over it." But he happened to be the hundredth, and exceptional one. Possibly, under different circumstances, there might have befallen him the lot of most dreamers:

> "In many mortal forms I rashly sought
> The shadow of this idol of my thought,"

who is, alas! not seldom

> "Too early seen unknown, and known too late;"

but fate had been very merciful to his

sheltered youth. He had never found any one to idealize into his perfect woman until now; and having found her, not "too late," but early enough to consecrate her as his whole life's blessing, he had strength enough, young as he was, to seize that blessing and hold it fast.

"I will hold her fast," he said to himself, in an outburst of sudden passion, which, however, was not yielded to till he found himself out of the house—out of the town—and tearing at rapid pace along the solitary road. "No power on earth shall take her from me."

And he clinched his hands and set his teeth. Like a frantic boy, it was a relief to have some physical outlet for his suffering; nay, at last, having walked several miles, almost without knowing it, overcome with bodily fatigue and mental pain, he sat down on a dike-side, let his head drop between his hands, and sobbed outright like a child.

However, very soon manliness and courage returned, as well as the undying hope which is born with all first love when it is strong and true. His mother must come round: it was ridiculous to suppose she should not. Of course she was vexed at first: well, perhaps it was a little his own fault; he ought not to have startled her by such sudden candor, but prepared her, in some diplomatic way. Only he hated diplomacy: he felt a certain scorn, mingled with pity, for any person with whom it is necessary to diplomatize.

"I must take the direct course, and trust Heaven for the rest," thought he. And looking at his watch, he found it was so late that only by a steady pace homeward could he get back in time for dinner. For he had no idea of shirking that respectable meal, or of frightening his mother by his mysterious absence. That folly of weak and self-conceited people—the doing of things "for spite," or to punish other people—never entered his strong, straightforward, simple mind.

Besides, after the first shock, his hopeful, ardent youth refused to accept the worst. That his mother's fatal "never" should drop like a pall over his whole future life—over two lives! It could not be: it must not be. She was a good woman, a loving mother; and though it was her temperament sometimes to view things in an exaggerated light, still, if met quietly, patiently—ah! he remembered well how infinite his father's patience had been!—she gradually came round.

"O that he was alive now, my dear, dear father! He would understand me; he was a young man once. I wonder if—"

And that story, never told, which one or both of those concerned had died without telling, flitted faintly across Roderick's mind. Still, it was but an old story, all gone by now; and his story was so life-like, new, and young. All young people believe that never was there any passion so deep, any faithfulness so perfect, any suffering so keen, as their own. No wonder Roderick's thoughts soon drifted back from the dead past to the living present, and he wearied himself with troubled conjectures as to what his mother would do next; and, if so, what he must do next, till he came to the conclusion that the best thing would be to do nothing till after Bella's marriage.

So, returning home, he took his place there as if nothing were amiss; helped his mother and Bella as much as he could in the endless "last things" which required to be seen to; and finally made them both laugh by giving vent to the heterodox remark "that a wedding was almost as bad as a funeral."

"That speech did not look very like a young man in love," observed Bella, confidentially, to her mother. "Depend upon it, he will soon get over it—they all do. Still, I wonder what sort of girl she is, and if they are really so very fond of one another. Poor fellow!"

And perhaps there flashed upon the bride's mental eyes some momentary vision of a never-attained, never-sought-to-be-attained paradise, quite different from the one she was deliberately entering; a paradise not of wise, worldly men, or idle and luxurious women, but only of innocent "fools." She sighed, in the midst of her laughter, gathered up her wreath and veil in one hand, and her Brussels lace pocket-handkerchief in the other, and disappeared up the stairs.

And on the stairs it was, in full view of the family, that Roderick bade his mother good-night. She did not speak, nor he; for he knew that their next conversation must be the turning-point, the crisis, in more than one destiny.

The wedding day came and passed. It was not a day of sentimental emotion: the principal consciousness which it brought

to Roderick was that there were certain inevitable things to do and say, which he did and said to the best of his ability, thinking the while that his wedding day, did it ever come, should be as unlike this day as possible.

So Bella Jardine and her new "gudeman"—if such a vulgar word could be used of Mr. Alexander Thomson without scandalizing himself and his family—were floated away into felicity, while the hundred or more particular friends who had been invited to see them "turned off," as the young lady with whom Roderick had to open the ball expressed it, danced till far into the "sma' hours" with spirit and enthusiasm. In fact, no marriage could have gone off with greater "aclaw," as Mrs. Jardine declared; and she was right, her own indomitable energy, good temper, and good spirits contributing in no small degree to that desirable result.

But with all these excellent qualities, one flags sometimes at nearly sixty; and during the following day, anxiously as Roderick sought a chance of speaking to his mother, she was, either intentionally or unintentionally, wholly invisible. Not till after dinner—nay, nearly bed-time, did the mother and son come really face to face, sitting alone together in the large, silent drawing-room, which looked especially dreary; so much so that Mrs. Jardine, saying something about "going to bed early," rang for the servants, and conducted, it seemed with more lengthiness than usual, the never-omitted family prayers.

These over, mother and son were again alone.

Alas! there are worse things than sorrow—worse things, God pity us! than even death. Roderick thought involuntarily of that other mother and child; the poor girl arranging the flowers he had brought upon the dear, dead bosom where she had rested all her life, in utmost sympathy of feeling, most perfect and unbroken tenderness, and there smote him, almost like a blow, the bitter fact that kindred blood and external bonds do not constitute internal union. How was he to make his mother understand, in the smallest degree, what he felt, what he desired? That great gulf, which opens sometimes between brother and sister, parent and child, nay, even between husband and wife, though it would have been hard to make him believe that, poor fellow! had opened—nay, had long been open—between this mother and son. It was neither's fault, but it was there.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Jardine, with a rather impressive yawn, "I suppose we had better go to bed."

"Not just this minute, mother," entreated Roderick. "Let me have half a dozen words with you, if you are not too tired. Remember, I start to-morrow for Neuchâtel."

"Neuchâtel! To-morrow! What in the world do you mean?"

"I told you that immediately after the wedding I meant to go back to Switzerland."

"Why? What for?"

Roderick paused a moment. "To see Mademoiselle Jardine, and ask her to become my wife. She is alone and unprotected, and if she does me the honor to accept me, I think it will be best to arrange our marriage with as little delay as possible."

He said this in as quiet and matter-of-fact way as he could: perhaps this very quietness only excited his mother the more. She started up, her florid face literally scarlet.

"Are you mad? How dare you stand there and deliberately tell me such a thing!"

"I merely repeat what I before told you, both in my letters and when we were talking together the other day. You were not particularly kind to me then, but I thought you were busy and worried, and that you hardly took the matter in."

"I did not. I couldn't believe any son of mine would be such—such a downright fool!"

"Well, you see I am a fool, or some would tell you so," returned he, still speaking quietly, under the tight rein which he had resolved to put upon himself. "But I myself think I could not have done a wiser thing. So would you, if you only saw *her*. Will you see her?" And with a sudden impulse he threw himself, like a boy, at his mother's knees. "If I bring her to you at once, poor motherless girl that she is, will you receive her and be a mother to her? She would be like a daughter unto you."

"Thank you. What, she would get married, and she in deep mournings! Or else come here without being married, with you as her travelling companion! A nice sort of young lady she must be, that

such an idea could ever enter her head—or yours!"

Roderick could have knocked his own head against the wall in utter vexation.

"You are right, mother; I am a fool. Of course she would never consent to either plan. But there is a medium course. If we were once engaged, which abroad is a tie almost as binding and as public as marriage, she could come, under escort of some friend—Madame Reynier, perhaps—and stay with you until her mourning is over and we could be married."

"All very fine! But what would your sisters say? What would our friends say? That I had taken a foreign girl—a girl without a half-penny, and a governess besides—who had been foisted upon me against my will; taken her and kept her in my house—me, a respectable woman—till I could make her my son's wife. Why, all Richerden would laugh at me! They would say I had gone clean daft; that, instead of helping on such a marriage, I ought to have set my face against it—prevented it."

"How?" said Roderick, with an ominous flash of the eye. But again he controlled himself. Open contest—that terrible internecine war which families, like nations, should defer to the last limit of possible endurance—was a thing from which his tender and sensitive nature shrank inexpressibly. He could only live in an atmosphere of peace.

"Mother," he said, "do not be hard and unjust to me."

"Unjust! Was I ever unjust to you? Have I not been the best, the kindest, the most good-natured mother alive? Have you not always had your own way in every thing?"

"That is true, mother," he said, with a sigh. "Perhaps it would have been all the better for me if I had not 'had my own way in every thing.' But now, when it is an honest way—a right way—oh, if you only saw her! How could I help loving her? Nobody could. And I must have married some time, you know."

"But not now; not when I am left quite alone, all the rest gone. Oh, what trials we poor mothers have to bear!"

"I did not suppose Bella's marriage was a trial. You always seemed delighted at it."

"So I was; so I am. But then it was a respectable marriage. Every body knew all about it. If you, now, had chosen a nice Richerden girl, with some money, perhaps—you'll not have much of your own, not till I'm dead, laddie; and even then I may do as I like with my own, I suppose. Take care!"

And she shrewdly glanced aside at him, watching the effect of this chance arrow. But it fell pointless. Roderick was too simple to take the matter in. All his life pounds, shillings, and pence had been the farthest from his thoughts. He had always had enough for his own wants—never very great, for he was not personally luxurious; beyond that he wasted no thought as to how large his income was, or in what it consisted. He left all these things to his mother, whom he used laughingly to call, as his father had done, the best "man of business" in the family.

"But, mother," he answered, calmly passing over all else, "I did not wish a Richerden girl, and I don't care for money; you know that. I prefer a quiet life, in the country if possible."

"What! would you forsake me entirely? I couldn't have believed it of you. Oh, Rody, my boy, my only son!"

She may have been exaggerating her feelings a little in order to work upon his; still, there was a ring of natural pathos in her voice which took the poor fellow by storm.

"Mother, dearest"—he sat down by her and affectionately clasped her hand—"who talks of forsaking? Not I, certainly. You are not going to lose your son, but only to gain another daughter—and such a daughter! If you only once saw her! Will you see her? Will you come back with me to Switzerland, and let us fetch her home together?"

He was not wise—not tactful, certainly, this poor Roderick. Alas! a large nature, judging a smaller one, often makes egregious mistakes.

Mrs. Jardine drew herself up with indignant pride and outraged decorum.

"Well, I do think that is the coolest and most impudent proposal—"

"Impudent!" (She had pronounced it "impident," poor woman, which made it a still more obnoxious word.) Roderick looked his mother full in the face. Though she was his mother, he was a Jardine, and she was not: wrath sat better on him than on her; because, if hereditary blood teaches nothing more, it usually teaches that self-restraint which we are accustomed to call good-breeding. "Im-

pudence, I think, has never been a vice of our family; and the lady I have chosen, being of that family, deserves entire respect—which I shall exact for her from every body, including my own mother. Also, excuse me, I shall resent any insult offered to her, even if offered by my own relations, exactly as if it had been an insult to myself."

He spoke so quietly and with such stately courtesy—the steel armor of perfect politeness—that Mrs. Jardine was frightened. The boy was his father's own son, only with stronger health, a firmer will, a spirit unbroken, and, above all, the talisman of hope in his bosom—hope and love. As he stood there he looked so handsome in his fearless youth—fearless, yet offering no obnoxious front to any one, gifted with that best of courage, the power of self-control—that his mother's heart misgave her a little.

"Wait till next day: we will talk it all over to-morrow. I am so tired to-night!" And she nervously took up her bedroom candle, which was waiting beside her.

Roderick lit it for her, and then kissed the hand into which he gave it.

"Dear mother, I am grieved to vex you, believe that; and I will wait a day—two or three days even—rather than go against your will. Think better of what you have said; think better of me. Do you not believe I love you?"

"It doesn't look very like it," said she, sharply. To natures like hers gentleness sometimes seems like a confession of weakness, and only rouses them to greater tyranny. "However, do as you say—wait a few days, and I'll think over it."

"Very well." The concession was given with a heavy sigh, and accepted without the slightest recognition of how much it cost. Still, the storm had passed by, as so many domestic thunder-storms do, without any special bolt having fallen any where, and the mother and son parted with a good-night kiss, in apparent friendliness, but with, oh, what a world between them!—that desert world which neither foot is able to cross to some meeting-point of union, though both sides may wearily make the attempt, which always, or almost always, fails.

Life, with its perpetual growth, its constant change, brings many sad alienations, but the most hopeless of all are between those whom nature has formed in such totally diverse moulds that by no possibility can they understand one another, though they have been brought together in some close bond, which becomes at last an actual bondage. Yet it must be endured till death; and perhaps in God's good providence this inevitable endurance is the highest form of education which He gives or permits to the human soul.

After his mother quitted him, Roderick pondered sadly over himself and his fortunes for a long time. Passionately in love as he was, he was not selfishly in love. He could throw himself out of himself so as to see a little on the other side. It *was* hard for his mother, who loved authority and was jealous of affection, to be dethroned in this way. And he wished—was it disloyalty to his beloved?—that things had happened differently; that she had been some one whom his mother knew and liked, rather than a complete stranger. But all that was past now. His choice was made—this or none; for, with the impulsive conviction of youth, he was quite certain that if he did not marry Silence Jardine, he would never marry any body. His mother must make up her mind to accept the inevitable.

Still, he would wait; a few days did not matter so very much, with a whole lifetime of happiness before him. Surely, surely it was before him, and not a mere phantom of his own brain? Surely she, so deeply beloved, must have felt that it was so. Her sweet, firm, yet tremulous "yes" must have implied her belief in him, which a little delay would never shake, but only confirm.

He decided to write, not to her—such a thing he knew was impossible—but to M. Reynier; a brief business letter, saying that he was detained by his affairs—affairs connected with the little "inheritance" of mademoiselle his cousin, to whom he hoped to bring shortly the fullest and most satisfactory tidings. And he implored immediate tidings of her and of the kind "famille Reynier," to whom, he added, he should ever feel himself bound by ties of the warmest gratitude. A sweet letter it was, and withal a manly, though he wrote it in his very best and politest French, almost smiling to think what his mother would have thought of it, or of the simple, gentle, ultra-polite old man to whom it was addressed. And he went out and posted it himself, in the middle of the night, that not an hour should be lost ere it reached Neuchâtel.

Then, with an easier mind, and a heart almost happy—so strong is hope at his age—he walked back a street's length in the pelting rain, humming to himself his favorite ditty:

"Whenever she comes, she shall find me ready
To do her homage, my queen—my queen."

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES SUMNER.

THE first two volumes of Mr. E. L. Pierce's excellent biography of Charles Sumner are confined to what may be called the period of his preparation for political life. They end at the time when his influence as a force in national affairs really began. The abundant materials which Mr. Pierce has in his possession assure us that his forth-coming volumes will far exceed in interest and value those which he has already published. Meanwhile, all recollections of Sumner, recorded by friends who surveyed him from various points of view, can not but aid him in making his biography complete. The charm of Mr. Pierce's work, so far as it is published, is the absence in it of partisanship. Warm as is his sympathy with his subject, he is not specially affected by that disease of admiration, that *Lues Boswelliana*, that *Furor Biographicus*, which Macaulay declares "is to writers of lives what the goitre is to an Alpine shepherd, or dirt-eating to a negro slave." Indeed, he generally lets Sumner tell his own story, without any of those exclamation points of admiring wonder which generally prove that the biographer is the slave rather than the social and intellectual equal of the man whose life he depicts.

It was the misfortune of Sumner that, more than any other public man of his time, he was subjected to the extremes of adulation and obloquy. His real character can hardly be discerned amid the tumult of puffs and scoffs, of exaltations and execrations, which the mere mention of his name excited during his public career. Sumner himself was inclined to take the compliments at more than their real worth, while he experienced another though different satisfaction in reading the calumnies. The compliments he considered as indications that all lovers of liberty and justice were on his side; the calumnies delighted him, because, as they grew fiercer and fiercer, they seemed to prove that his blows directed at slavery and injustice were telling more and more against the enemies of freedom and right. It is difficult to say whether his enjoyment was more intense in exhibiting to his friends the private letters from distinguished men, abroad and at home, which exalted him to the skies, or in spreading before them other letters, mostly anonymous, which damned him to everlasting infamy as the foe of his country and of the human race. It must be confessed that, during the rebellion, our Southern friends did not confine themselves within the limits of good taste in their private communications to their Northern opponents. It is impossible for me to compute the number of times that Sumner's soul was consigned to perdition, with all the additions of superfluous profanity known to gentlemen in whom profanity appears to be a secretion in the throat. These private threats and public denunciations were a source of humorous pleasure to Sumner. He never swore as an individual; nobody ever heard an oath slip from his lips even in his ecstasies of philanthropic rage; but he was the best swearer by proxy and quotation that I ever listened to. The oaths launched at him by his Southern enemies, the oaths which some Republican Senators would occasionally hurl at him when they were vexed by his obstinacy in clinging to his own view of a party question that had been decided against him by a majority of Republican statesmen—these, in narrating his experiences in political life to a friend, he would roll over on his tongue in quite an unsanctified but still innocent fashion, and laugh at the profanity as something exquisitely comical. The more people swore at him, the more delighted he was; and it is a pity that he did not have the same sense of humor in estimating the hyperboles of panegyric addressed to him by his admirers, which he unquestionably had in estimating the hyperboles of execration shot at him by his assailants.

My acquaintance with Sumner preceded by a few years his celebrated oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," delivered in Boston on the Fourth of July, 1845. He had recently come back from Europe after one of the most successful social campaigns which a young American had ever made abroad. From the first I was attracted by his grand, cordial way of receiving even a chance ac-

quaintance; and I soon came to love him very much, as did scores of other young men, who dropped occasionally into his law office for an hour's conversation. We all had a special liking for some English, or French, or German author; and here was a man who had seen and conversed with our particular idol a year or two ago, who was still in familiar correspondence with him, and was willing to show us, in confidence, a letter from him dated only a month before. Sumner thus consumed in private conversation with us and other more learned loungers a vast amount of time which probably should have been devoted to establishing himself in his profession. Whether he would have ever become a great advocate or a great judge, had he devoted his whole energies and his constantly accumulating stores of legal learning to the profession of the law, it is difficult to say. My impression of him, in 1843, was this—that he was a man who would devote himself to assisting and cheering on others to eminence rather than strive to become eminent himself. He was even then a philanthropist, a lover of mankind, to the very core of his nature. In conversing with him I found that all his study of history had impressed him with a horror of war, that all his study of law had kindled his soul into an ambition to make jurisprudence identical with ethics, and that his mind was specially bent on schemes which proposed such an extension of the law of nations that all conflicts of nations with each other should be decided hereafter by tribunals on principles of reason and justice, and that the sword should be appealed to only after every moral restraint on the passions of men had been urged in vain. He not only quoted in illustration of his conception all great writers on international law, but he was particularly interesting in citing the unpublished opinions of eminent living European jurists with whom he had conversed on the subject, and who confided to him aspirations in the direction of his own ideal of a Congress of Nations which they probably would not have risked their reputations as practical men by putting into print. This ambition to extend the scope of international law was never absent from his mind; and later in life, when he made his celebrated speech on "Constructive Claims," all who knew him intimately must have felt that he was aiming at an addition to the laws of nations, that he was innovating on the established code while he was seemingly only expounding it. On the occasion of his last visit to Great Britain, after the Treaty of Washington had been concluded, I laughingly asked him, as we shook hands on the wharf, if he were going to England to collect his "constructive claims." He laughed in return; but he added: "I can tell you one fact you do not know. Lord —— said to me, a few weeks ago, 'Mr. Sumner, had you not made that speech, we should not be here to negotiate the treaty which has just been happily concluded.' So you see, in making that speech, which has resulted in 'arbitration,' I knew what I was about. The 'arbitration' in this case may not be very satisfactory; indeed, I voted for the treaty only under great stress from friends whose arguments did not altogether convince my judgment; but the establishment of the principle of arbitration must still be considered a great advance on the old ways of diplomatic intercourse between nations. And you will find that Great Britain will never, in any future war, place herself again in the predicament in which my speech demonstrates she was placed in the matter of the rebel cruisers."

But my object at present is to show what a delight it was to hear Sumner tell anecdotes of his experience of English life after he had returned from his first joyous visit to England, and when he was still a young man, full of enthusiasm for literature as well as for jurisprudence, and thoroughly enjoying, in endless talk with chance visitors, the leisure of a lawyer without clients, before the lawyer had been tempted to publicly appear in the field of either philanthropic enterprise or political discussion. Laying his head far back on his chair, and indolently stretching his long legs to the full length of their possible extension, he would discourse for hours on every subject and every personage which the questions of his visitors aroused in his singularly tenacious memory. "Did you meet Talfourd, Mr. Sumner, while you were in England?" "Oh yes; and that reminds me of a ludicrous incident connected with Dr. Channing's sending him his lecture on temperance. Channing, you know, was captivated, as all of us were, by Talfourd's exquisite tragedy of *Ion*. Well, he sent his pamphlet to Talfourd, with the full

assurance that the author of such a dramatic poem would gladly receive a lecture so full of moral truths; but the good doctor forgot to prepay the postage. In the condition of the postage laws at that time the sum demanded for it was very large, and Talfourd refused to take it from the office. Meanwhile it was exhibited among the letters and documents uncalled for; and at last the envelope became so torn that the subject, as well as the name of the person to whom it was addressed, became visible to the public eye. Talfourd was unmercifully quizzed by the members of his special club on his unwillingness to take out from the office such a precious document, especially as its subject indicated that it had some particular reference to him. I happened to be at the club one night, or rather morning, when Talfourd came in from the House of Commons, which had just adjourned. After calling for broiled bones and claret, he beckoned me to his table, and asked some questions regarding this Dr. Channing. Of course I told him what a noble philanthropist Channing was, and how greatly he was esteemed by the best men in the United States. 'Well, Sumner,' was his reply, 'I wish, if you see him on your return, you would beg him to send me no more of his pamphlets without paying the postage; and you may add, though it may be at the expense of my character for sobriety, which is unimpeached, that I belong, like my friend Charles Lamb, to the tipsy school.'"

And then, perhaps, the querist might be one who had heard of the breakfasts where men of letters met each other at the table of Samuel Rogers. "Have you ever, Mr. Sumner, been present at one of these?" "Many times," was the reply; "but you must not be deluded with the idea that the feeling among the persons invited to them was always cordial and friendly. I remember, on one occasion, after we had sat down at the table, Rogers remarked that a prominent lawyer and writer whom he named, though invited, had not yet appeared. Then came a series of bitter sarcasms directed at the absent but expected guest, to which the host blandly contributed his full share. Suddenly the object of this combined attack entered the room, and Rogers rose from his chair, shook hands with him in his most charming way, and added, 'Ah! my dear ——, how glad we are to see you! We were just speaking of you as you came in!'" Sumner, indeed, keenly perceived the organized hypocrisy which constitutes the formal politeness at great London dinner and breakfast parties, and knew how much conceit, envy, hatred, and malice may be expressed without any violation of "good manners."

Again, some visitor might ask: "Did you ever meet Macaulay?" And Sumner would answer: "That reminds me of a curious circumstance in my London experience. At a dinner at Lord Lansdowne's the question of codification came up for discussion, and I was appealed to as an American to give what information I could as to how far the laws of the separate States and the United States had been harmonized into a code. I answered in general terms. A gentleman who sat opposite to me at the table, and who had not spoken before, then began to put to me a series of questions. They were so searching, and were so evidently intended to get at the very root of the matter, that I was driven from point to point, knowing all the time that I must in the end come to the exact, the real advance that our country had made in this direction. This terrible fellow was content with no generalities. His penetrating analysis went pitilessly on, every new question presenting new difficulties for me to clear up; but while I was drawing on all my resources of information to answer him, I felt confident in my own mind that the questioner was Macaulay, though I was then ignorant of the fact that he had returned from India. And I was right. It *was* Macaulay. He was fresh from his great work on the India penal code, and knew more about codification than any English lawyer at the table. And, by-the-way, perhaps you have heard of the sarcasms that his legal opponents launched against that code. I was told in legal circles that though it had cost the government a guinea a word, it was utterly impracticable." And it may be added here that Macaulay's code, with some modifications, has only been recently adopted by the Indian government. It had to undergo a storm of opposition lasting forty years before its merits were recognized.

The defect of Sumner as a relator of such memories as these was his disposition to be too minute and circumstantial in his narrative. His imaginative memory was roused when he was asked any

question as to his intercourse with an eminent man, and he recalled in a dreamy way the irrelevant as well as the relevant incidents which were connected with it. Thus he would consume ten minutes in telling a story which a man like Choate would have flashed upon his hearer in one.

During all the early period to which I refer, Sumner appeared to be a thorough philanthropist in thought and feeling, rather than a man capable of putting philanthropy into aggressive action, and of becoming a great public Force. In listening to him one got the impression of a certain indolence of nature, which would be content with uttering moral opinions without backing them up with moral might. Suddenly, as by a flash of lightning, the forces which had been silently gathering in his soul during long studies, long meditations, and long conversations on moral ideas, broke out in a Fourth-of-July oration. His subject was "The True Grandeur of Nations;" the occasion was the commemoration of Independence-day, which the municipality of Boston celebrates annually with an oration and other fire-works. The great success of Sumner was due to the fact that his oration was studiously framed so as to be utterly *in*appropriate to the occasion. It happened that a considerable number of army and navy officers were present, some of them suggesting to the audience memories of the war of 1812. Foreseeing that there was to be a kind of benevolent mischief in Sumner's oration, I took a position at the extreme end of the hall in which it was delivered, in order to watch its effect on the countenances of the bewildered or belligerent auditors as his famous plea for peace was developed, each proposition illustrated by some vivid picture of the horrors of war, and both propositions and pictures relentlessly leading to the conclusion that among communities of reasonable and Christian men war should be abolished. The contrast between the expenses of supporting Harvard College and the man-of-war *Ohio*, then floating in Boston Harbor, together with his somewhat clumsy ridicule of the spangled costume by which an officer of the militia is distinguished by his dress from an ordinary citizen, must have been resented as an inexpiable offense not only by the captains and commodores of the regular army and navy who were present in full regimentals, but by the militia officers whose companies escorted the procession to the hall, and who altogether outshone their professional brethren in the freshness and brilliancy of their military accoutrements. The whole scene, as I viewed it from the outside, seemed to me so deliciously humorous that I fear the moral grandeur of Sumner's sentiments did not impress me half as much as his almost child-like innocence while he went on dealing stab after stab to estimable servants of the United States, who had come there with the reasonable expectation that on the Fourth of July, at least, they would not only be honorably mentioned, but might also count on being overwhelmed by a multitude of those hollow compliments which on such occasions are ordinarily lavished on "the brave defenders of the country, whether on land or sea." They could not have dreamed that the uselessness of their profession would be the orator's theme, when they remembered how scanty were their emoluments, and how severe was the code of professional honor which prevented them from resorting to those ignoble contrivances by which many civil officers of the government increased their meagre "wage" by illicit and unlawful gains. Sumner, as might naturally have been expected, was called to account by many speakers in the dinner that followed in Faneuil Hall; but he bore his punishment meekly; and the peculiar fascination of his smile was never more charmingly apparent than during the time he sweetly listened to the diatribes of his angry opponents, even when his friend Dr. Palfrey felt himself compelled to join in the chorus of dissent.

On the next day his law office was beset by friends and foes alike. The remonstrants were there in great force; and Sumner had to reply off-hand to those who agreed with him in full, to those who half agreed with him, and to those who totally disagreed with him. For hours he was mobbed by a successive crowd of intelligent men, whose questions were so searching that a speech longer than his oration would have been required to answer them. Choate, whose office was near Sumner's, darted in at a propitious moment, and dragged off the most formidable of his friends and antagonists, the great publicist Dr. Lieber; but still, sympathizers were almost as difficult for Sumner to manage as non-sympathizers.

Hillard, whose office was connected with Sumner's—divided only by a door—and who was then in close friendship with him, quietly remarked to me, amidst the din of voices: "What folly is all this! Each of these men professes to be a Christian; Sumner, as I understand it, has simply applied the principles of Christianity to war, and he has raised a tumult fiercer than if he had insulted Boston, on the national anniversary, by an open profession of paganism!"

In a few months after this oration on the Fourth of July, 1845, it became evident that Sumner had established himself as a power among two classes of our New England population which it is never safe for any politician or statesman to disregard or despise, namely, earnest progressive clergymen and warm-hearted cultivated women. In speaking of "cultivated" women, it is, of course, implied that the phrase includes not only those women of large hearts who have been highly educated as to the knowledge of many languages and many literatures, but those women who have been trained in the austere discipline of practical life to regard moral obligations as the most important and permanent of all the ties on which civil society rests, though they may speak no language but their own, and have read but few books except the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress.* The influence which Sumner early obtained among these sources of real power went on increasing to the day of his death. There was from the first something feminine, though not effeminate, in the delicacy of his perception of moral obligations.

Meanwhile a considerable portion of intelligent, practical men honestly delivered their opinion that Sumner was, in the most expressive term of Yankee contempt, "a greenhorn." They saw clearly that war was a hateful condition of human affairs to which all "Christian" states must be at times exposed; that preparations for possible wars should properly enter into the economy of all strong governments; that the precepts of the Christian religion were historically proved to be weak against human avarice and human ambition; and that the best way, on the whole, to prevent war was to be prepared for it. These men did not add that the great provocations to war were moral, springing from the stalwart assertion of the rights of man against the oppressions of privileged men; that there could be no peace as long as any man was deprived of his rights; and that the fiery philanthropists who appear as the champions of reason, justice, and peace, who denounce religious superstition and political tyranny in words which stir multitudes into revolt against what is truly revolting, are the most efficient provokers of war. When they ask this king or that aristocracy to combine with other kings and other aristocracies to prevent the nations they rule from indulging in the expensive expedient of war, they suppose a condition of things which would reduce the people they rule into a weak submission to servitude, against which human nature, at least in Europe and the United States, instinctively uprises with arms in its hands. Fifteen or sixteen years after the oration which first made him prominent among the public men of the country, Sumner's earnest preaching of the seemingly peaceful doctrine of right and justice ended in making him one of the most prominent of those American statesmen who, in the most frightful of civil wars recorded in history, were for waging war to its utmost limits until justice and right were established throughout the land. He would, of course, have preferred that the dread arbitrament of war should have been avoided; but when it came, who was more vehement than he to prosecute it on principles that could only end with the entire prostration of the South? Most wars, indeed, when waged in civilized states, are either the direct or remote results of the insurrection of the human heart, the human conscience, and the human reason against the attempt of a few privileged men to degrade human nature itself by an insolent assertion of superiority over the great mass of mankind.

But to return to the immediate subject. Sumner's reputation grew day by day, as the great Christian layman of New England, from the time the oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations" was published. The peace societies naturally welcomed so eloquent an adherent; but the series of speeches and addresses which followed it, with his favorite emphasis on RIGHT—always prominent with a capital R, or with the whole word in capitals—so worked into the mind and moral sentiment of Massachusetts that he became at last the Senator of that State in Congress, by the operation of the Darwinian law

of natural selection and "the survival of the fittest" among the contending politicians who desired to obtain the place.

In 1846, a year after his Fourth-of-July oration, he made a new application of its principles in his noble Phi Beta address at Cambridge, on "The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, the Philanthropist." The men selected to represent these were John Pickering, Joseph Story, Washington Allston, and William Ellery Channing. Having been present on the occasion of the delivery of this oration, I can bear testimony to the general enthusiasm with which it was received by the old and by young men who were present; the tribute to Judge Story, especially, was the best compact statement that has ever been made of Story's real contributions to jurisprudence, considered as a science; and yet a young sprig of the law, hardly out of his legal teens, superciliously remarked to one of his companions as he left the hall that the whole speech sounded to him as if it were made up out of four *rejected* obituary notices; and the joke made him quite a reputation among the whole body of young gentlemen of his turn of mind, whose wit consisted in sneering at any man who was so demented as to be inspired by any moral enthusiasm whatever for what Sumner emphatically called the "Right."

But the special criticism on Sumner, advanced even by some persons whose minds were absorbed in questions relating to philanthropy, was this, that he was a pedantic philanthropist. If there is one among Sumner's many orations which may be selected from the rest as pre-eminently able, it is his college address (1848) on "The Law of Human Progress." After having been delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Union College, Schenectady (New York), he repeated it before scores of popular lyceums in New England and New York. The audiences were doubtless amazed that a proposition which they were prepared to accept without question was historically considered, that the obscure hints of the law in ancient poets and philosophers were elaborately set forth, and that the theories of Descartes, Pascal, Vico, Leibnitz, Lessing, Perrault, Fontenelle, Turgot, Condorcet, and a host of other modern writers were quoted to prove his ultimate conclusion that, in the words of Pascal, the succession of men, as they appear age after age, may be regarded as one man, "who lives always, and learns continually." A quick-witted woman, who had heard the lecture at a village lyceum, told me that when Sumner first announced his proposition, she agreed to it at once as an obvious truth. "But," she added, "when he went on, summoning this and that great man of whom I had never heard to testify to its validity, I began to grow suspicious; the truism took on more and more the character of a paradox; and after his citations of authorities had come to an end, I came to the conclusion that human progress was one of Sumner's benevolent heresies, and was inclined to disbelieve in it altogether."

Yet the value of Sumner's historical method of treating the genealogy of freedom, and the importance that his large legal and general learning gave to his arguments for human rights, were at once evident when he became a member of the Senate of the United States, and plunged into a hand-to-hand and mind-to-mind fight with the accomplished lawyers and debaters who thought, or pretended to think, that the truisms accepted at most New England firesides were damnable paradoxes, which all friends of the Union and the Constitution must passionately denounce or derisively reject. Then the laborious antiquarian of liberty came in to re-enforce its resolute champion, citing precedents as fluently as he asserted principles, and basing the disputed proposition that two and two made four on a mass of accredited authorities in matters of government and legislation which were entirely independent of the judgments of his own intellect and the monitions of his own individual conscience. Thus he could not be contemptuously dismissed by his brother Senators as a mere "freedom screecher," for he screeched Grotius and Puffendorf, screeched L'Hôpital and Turgot, screeched Hale, Holt, Mansfield, Chatham, Camden, Burke, and Fox, screeched Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Marshall, Jackson, Story, and Webster, and never seemed to indulge in an impulse of enthusiasm without having in his brain an authority which justified the words that came hot from his heart. Therefore, what struck popular audiences as pedantry became, when Sumner entered the Senate of the United States, an element of power. His

legal opponents, treating him at first as a mere enthusiast, were soon forced to admit that the briefless barrister they affected to despise had employed the time which they had spent in the practice of the law in local courts, with fat fees as the just reward of their industry, in a patient and prolonged study of every branch of law, national and international; that he was intimately acquainted with the most important decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and of the judgments of the State tribunals as far as they bore on the subject which happened to be under discussion; and that the attempt to put him down by technical objections ended in rousing a kind of legal porcupine, bristling all over with technicalities, and shooting out his pointed quills to the right and the left, never more delighted than when his political enemies called forth the special capacity in which he preeminently excelled. His vast memory became indeed "a tremendous engine of legislative oppression" when its stores of precedents, legal or historical, were called forth by the questions, the taunts, the sneers, or the invectives of his political adversaries.

The great body of the reformers and philanthropists of the country at last settled on Sumner as *their* man, because they found that in a national assembly which included lawyers and jurists he could bring learning to the aid of moral enthusiasm, and hunt up precedents to sustain all the principles which he and they mutually advocated. This was all the more important because such a combination of the technical lawyer and the philanthropic statesman was a rare phenomenon in our politics. They came to the conclusion that though four added to four made eight in the minds of simple people, it might mean nine or eighty-eight in the minds of members of Congress; and they witnessed, with ever-increasing admiration, the long array and immense weight of the authorities which the Senator from Massachusetts brought to bear on this question of moral arithmetic, when its soundness was vehemently questioned by eminent publicists both from the South and North. But as Pulteney, the great opponent of Walpole, said, nearly a century and a half ago, "The heads of parties are, like the heads of snakes, carried on by the tails;" and Sumner was the head of a party within his party, which was clamorous for every new advance in the path which eventually led to negro emancipation. He developed by degrees a kind of moral implacability, derived from the uncompromising ethical fierceness of his chief supporters. He could bear ordinary taunts and invectives with fortitude, but when suspicions were suggested that he was not up to the requirements of "the party of Right," he was greatly disturbed. The charge that any one was ahead of *him* in the legislative championship of justice and freedom, and had grounds for inveighing against his short-comings in the cause, inflicted on him an immedicable wound, unless it was healed by an immediate proposal of some new measure, which it might take a year of debate to get organized into a law.

Sumner was early accused of the foible or vice of vanity, and the accusation was repeated again and again up to the day of his death. He was doubtless open to the charge; but it is extremely difficult for any body who knew him intimately and loved him heartily to state the peculiar form this foible assumed, considered as one of the many ingredients which went to make up his character, so that those who knew him not can view it in its relations with the nobler and predominating qualities of his nature. To him there was a glory, perhaps sometimes a vainglory, in doing a good act, in making a good speech, or in writing a good book. If, in the early days of his career, any thing done by himself attracted the attention of men he esteemed, he delighted in showing to his intimate acquaintances the flattering letters he received; but he delighted even more in the success of his friends. If Hillard wrote a notable article in the *North American Review*, if Longfellow published a new poem, or Prescott a new history, or Lieber a new work on the philosophy of politics, or Story a new treatise elucidating some difficult department of law, he expended all his energies in the attempt to set forth its merits. He was more vain, if the expression may be allowed, of the works of his friends than of his own. He wished that every thing they wrote should be properly appreciated, and that the public opinion should be in accord with his own. It is impossible to compute the amount of labor he consumed in aiding his literary and legal brethren when any one of them

was engaged in an enterprise which required toilsome research. His learning and his time were always at their disposal, and his glory in *their* glory became occasionally almost vainglorious. Now vanity, when it becomes a vice, is ever allied to envy, and of envy Sumner had not a particle in his nature. His cordial recognition of the merits of others exceeded in warmth any feeling he might have of his own deservings. Where literature was concerned, he was, from the first, superior to all political and social prejudices. There was a period, some forty years ago, when a distinguished historian, of strong Democratic principles, was personally the most unpopular man in Boston, where he held an important political office. "Why," a cultivated gentleman said to me at this time, "do you young men of the —— Lyceum invite him to lecture before you?" "We invited him because, being an eminent man of letters, we supposed we should attract to our course of lectures persons of culture like yourself." "Then you have made a great mistake. He is a person tolerated by nobody—except by Charles Sumner and William H. Prescott, who tolerate every body." This was really a tribute to Sumner's magnanimity, as he had then little sympathy with the political views of the man that Boston society, through one of its mouthpieces, thus inexorably proscribed. The linking of his name with that of Prescott, the most genial and amiable of human beings, was also honorable to him.

Not many years after this, Sumner himself came under the ban of "good society." The occasion was a debate at a meeting of the Boston Prison Discipline Society (1847). He had done or said before this some things which offended the inner circles of Boston society, but in setting forth his views on prison discipline, he, in the heat of debate, made some needlessly cutting remarks on persons of the first respectability in the city, and he was thenceforth voted by them to be "vulgar." His offenses against what was considered social and political decorum went on increasing year after year, and the houses where he had before been a welcome visitor closed their doors to him one after the other. It is curious that this fashionable ostracism continued after he had made himself a great reputation in the Senate of the United States, and held the position of chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. He was a political force of the first rank, in the opinion of ambassadors of foreign states, when numbers of the commercial and manufacturing aristocracy of his native city rated and berated him as a vulgar fanatic. Mr. Samuel Hooper—a Boston merchant, who represented Boston in the national House of Representatives for many years, before, during, and after the war of the rebellion, and who was an intimate friend of Sumner—told me that one of his solid mercantile friends once asked him how he managed to get along with that fellow Sumner.

"Oh, very well," was the reply. "I meet him very often. He appears to be invited to every party given in Washington. You can't go any where without meeting him."

"But you don't say he is considered a gentleman? You don't say that he is a man that one would ask, now, to dine at your table or mine?"

"No," Mr. Hooper rejoined, with that dry, delicious, and quietly malicious humor which characterized him, "I don't think that it would become *you* to invite him to *your* house. But society in Washington is mixed up of heterogeneous elements such as we never find in Boston. There is, you know, a lot of ambassadors from the various countries of Europe—dukes, earls, barons, knights, and other persons, with this or that title prefixed to their names—and they are compelled, for political reasons, to invite all kinds of persons to their dinners. Sumner seems to be their favorite guest; but I would not, of course, advise you to invite him to dinner. In Boston we are naturally more cautious in selecting the persons who are to eat our meats and drink our wines. In Washington we have to be less discriminating."

And the good Boston merchant departed, fully assured that his friend Hooper entirely agreed with him as to the propriety of excluding such a fanatic as Sumner from the inner sanctuary of his own unpolluted dwelling. And yet at this very time Sumner was recognized at the seat of government as one of the powers to be consulted in the settlement of matters which intimately affected the prosperity of the commerce of Boston in common with that of the whole commerce of the country.

In questions relating to domestic affairs,

Sumner was almost always in collision with his Democratic opponents, and often with his Republican friends. In foreign affairs, however, he generally carried with him both the Democratic and the Republican members of his special committee of the Senate. This was owing primarily to his exceptional knowledge of international law, the study of which had occupied his attention from the time he entered the Law School at Cambridge; but this advantage was supplemented by his immense correspondence with the leaders of European opinion. Many of these leaders were occupants of offices under their respective governments; others were professors of international law in the universities of England, France, and Germany; wherever, indeed, there was a man competent to deliver a wise opinion on the law of nations, whether in office or out of it, Sumner contrived that a private letter addressed to himself should be an element which should properly be considered in the judgment of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations as to the immediate question before them. It is probable that Mr. Pierce in the forth-coming volumes of his *Life of Sumner* will demonstrate how Lord Palmerston was forced to abandon his early insolent pretensions regarding "belligerency" by the knowledge which Sumner possessed, through his private correspondence, that some eminent member of the House of Commons would rise on some occasion and put a question to the First Lord of the Treasury which it would be awkward for him to answer. That question would be asked because Sumner had suggested it to one of his numerous correspondents who were members of the House. Indeed, it may be confidently asserted that there were a series of communications between influential members of the English House of Commons and House of Lords, addressed (privately, of course) to Mr. Sumner, the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, which seriously influenced the action of the governments of the United States and Great Britain. The power that Sumner obtained was due to his exact information regarding the real public opinion underlying all the votes of Parliament and all the judgments of the press. This power he exercised with a kind of inexorable and implacable persistence, knowing that, if his demands were resisted, England would be placed in the position of a power of the second rank in Europe. "That," he once told me, "is my object. If England should abandon her proud pre-eminence among the governments of Europe as the special representative of civil and religious liberty, if she should, in her relations to our country, dare to violate the recognized principles of international law, she must be inevitably reduced to the ignominious position of a power of the second class. My speech, which has so often been laughed at, and which every English journal denounces—though not one of the newspapers has ever condescended to print it in full—is really pondered by the shrewd ministers and diplomatists of other European governments. They know that until the questions I have mooted have been settled, England can not be considered a power of the first rank, because she has not settled her debt of justice to us. We have shown a capacity of improvising armies and navies which naturally excites surprise abroad; and as long as Great Britain insolently denies our right to have the differences between us adjusted by fair arbitration, she has a terrible enemy on her flank should she choose to indulge in the luxury of war."

The relations between Mr. Seward and Sumner during the administration of Andrew Johnson were of a singular kind, and explain the difficulties he afterward unsuccessfully encountered in his dealings with Mr. Fish during the administration of President Grant. Seward and Sumner were old political and personal friends, and understood each other perfectly when they came into political hostility. They were generally in accord as to the foreign policy of the government at the time they were most vehemently at variance on the domestic question of reconstruction. It was pleasant to listen to Sumner as he narrated any one of his many interviews with the Secretary of State. Thus he would say: "As soon as I heard of the position of Seward on this question, I hurried to his house to expostulate with him. Once together in his private room, I immediately began: 'Mr. Seward, you have lost the great opportunity of your life to be ranked among the most illustrious of our statesmen. You have done much more. You have forfeited by this act a large part of your reputation among reformers and philanthropists, which you had justly acquired by your efforts in the cause of justice and

freedom. This last offense is inexpiable, unless it be at once repented of and disclaimed. History will hold you up as one of those men who met a great occasion, on which the happiness and welfare of oppressed millions depended, by a weak compliance with the intrigues, the false statements, and the sophistical logic of their oppressors. I beg you to pause in time.' And then," Sumner would add, with exquisite *naïveté*, "Seward would get mad [as what man would not?], and denounce me and my political friends as fools and fanatics; and, you know, he was very liberal of those profane adjectives which men in excitement apply to fools and fanatics. And so we would go on for perhaps half an hour in the fiercest contention, until our mutual noble rage was exhausted. Then Seward, recovering his equanimity, would say, 'Sumner, let us leave this matter, where we can not agree, and proceed to foreign affairs, where, I think, we have no radical cause of difference. Now I am placed, as Secretary of State, in a peculiarly embarrassing position as to foreign ambassadors. While this question of belligerency is pending between our government and that of Great Britain we can not consider any claim of other governments, however just they may be. I wish you would allow me to say, if Mr. ——, representing ——, and Baron ——, representing ——, or any other of the European ministers, call upon me for redress, that the trouble is not in my department, but in the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. As you are the chairman of that committee, and all the claims are in your possession, it may expose you to some misrepresentation, perhaps some obloquy, but I think it would be more proper that you should bear the burden than I. Of course we can not consider any claim from any quarter until Great Britain has receded from her first pretension.' And so we would have another half-hour's talk, perfectly friendly on both sides, in which it was agreed that I should be referred to as the obnoxious person who obstructed the consideration of any claims, until Great Britain had acknowledged the principle on which all should be settled. When the ambassadors came to me, I always told them that a few minutes' conversation with the British minister would inform them of the real difficulty in the case. So, you see, though Seward and I were at swords' points on many questions, we got along together very well in respect to matters of foreign policy. We never really quarrelled, though we sometimes violently disagreed."

One can easily understand why "a new hand" in the office of Secretary of State, like Mr. Fish, who had little of Mr. Seward's flexibility, could not contrive to fall into agreeable relations with the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and why President Grant came positively to hate him. Sumner had become so accustomed to dominate in matters of state, was so blunt and belligerent in his conversations with Lincoln and Seward, that he could hardly understand why his outspoken advice should not be received by a new administration as it had been received by the old. Seward's appreciation of his mastery of foreign affairs, which was not only due to Sumner's knowledge of international law, but to his extensive correspondence with the leaders of English and European opinion on every disputed question which came up during and after the war, prevented him from ever getting into any quarrel with Sumner which would dissolve their personal friendship. Even after, as I have said, he had exchanged epithets with Sumner which would have justified, to the Southern mind, an exchange of pistol-bullets, he would say, "Now I desire to see your last letters from —— ——, from Lord ——, from the Duke of ——, and any other correspondents of yours in Europe. The dispatch I am going to write requires all the *interior* information I can possibly obtain regarding the real feelings and intentions of the men who represent public opinion abroad." Mr. Seward felt that it would be folly to quarrel with a Senator who not only had the principles of international law in his brain, but had the opinions of its latest expositors in his pocket. Mr. Lincoln, again, so clearly discerned the impolicy of making an enemy of the formidable Massachusetts Senator, who so specially represented the moral sentiment of the Northern people, that he bore with much magnanimity Sumner's somewhat rude intrusions of advice as to what should be the President's policy. A few days before Lincoln's second inauguration as President, Sumner called at the White House, and told him that he was determined to defeat in the Senate his favorite measure regarding Louisiana,

because it embodied a vicious principle, which would be quoted as a precedent when any large scheme of reconstruction, applying to the whole rebel States, might be brought forward. Lincoln blandly listened to the Senator's remonstrances, and replied: "Mr. Sumner, I am not convinced by your arguments; and as to your threat of defeating the bill, I can tell you it is impossible, for I know that a clear majority of the Senate is in its favor." "But I tell you, Mr. President," answered Sumner, "it shall and will be defeated." "Try it," was the quiet retort. Sumner did try it. He appeared on the last night of the session of Congress with a small law library, partly on his desk, and partly piled up on either side of it. The bill was introduced, and it was supposed that it would be immediately passed. Sumner, however, had the floor, and began to speak. After he had spoken an hour or two, it occurred to Senator Wade, of Ohio, that it would be well to ask Sumner—as the session of Congress would soon expire, and as there was much necessary business still remaining to be done—how long the Senator from Massachusetts intended to occupy the attention of the Senate. Sumner replied, in his most courteous tones, that he feared he could not get through his argument in less than six hours; the Senator from Ohio must see, from the books he had about him, every one of which contained matter bearing on the question of debate, and from which he proposed to make copious extracts, that his speech must be of unusual length, and that he could not promise that it would come to a close before the legal session of Congress came to an end. Wade, who had in his charge what was, in effect, Lincoln's bill, was, on this announcement, compelled to abandon it. Sumner thus managed to have the whole great subject of reconstruction postponed to the period when it could be discussed in all its larger relations to the welfare of both sections of the country.

It is very likely that this incident, as Sumner told it to me, may be inaccurate in details. If so, the fault is in my memory, not in his long narrative. But his object in telling it was to illustrate a beautiful quality of Lincoln's character. "I thought," he said, "that the President would consider my opposition as a personal affront. Instead of that, you may suppose of my surprise when he sent me a note on the next day, asking me to accompany Mrs. Lincoln, in *his* carriage, to the ceremonies of the inauguration, and also to accompany her to the inauguration ball in the evening. As to the ball, you may imagine the kind of wonder which was excited when, with Mrs. Lincoln on my arm, I made my way through the thick throng of ladies and gentlemen present, and placed her in her selected seat. The thing was nothing in itself; but it still, I thought, read a lesson to shrewd politicians, when they had to undertake the task of pleasing such a man as Abraham Lincoln."

It is evident that Sumner's way of rushing in upon Lincoln and Seward with his vehement advice was not adapted to the mental and moral constitution of Grant and Fish. Perhaps they would not concede the value of the information he was able to give, while they resented the strenuousness, amounting almost to physical force, with which he urged his opinions on their attention. The quarrel which ensued came in the natural order of things.

Much has been said about Sumner's lack of humorous perception; but this defect has been somewhat overstated. There was, it must be admitted, a certain tendency in his eloquence to grandiloquence—a tendency which was in his mind as well as in his words. Coleridge, in the admirable criticism on his friend Wordsworth, in the *Biographia Literaria*, states that the great poet sometimes brings in thoughts and images too great for the subject they illustrate, and he calls this "mental bombast," as distinguished from verbal. It is a vice of style into which serious minds are apt to slide, when they are deficient in that sense of humor which would instinctively correct or prevent it. Sumner undoubtedly was not without his full share of this defect. Still, in my conversations with him I often found him genially open to impressions of the humorous side of the questions he commonly debated with passionate fervor. At the time when he was among the most strenuous of those Republicans who opposed the renomination of Grant for the Presidency, I called upon him one evening at his rooms in Boston. He immediately began to declaim against the nomination of Grant as a "nomination not fit to be made" for a second term. In a pause, perhaps of half a minute, when his vehe-

mence was somewhat exhausted, and he stopped to gather breath for a new assault, I took the opportunity to remark that what he had just said reminded me of something that I had read in a newspaper the day before. "What was it?" he eagerly asked. "Oh, nothing but this—a coincidence of opinion between your friend B—— and your friend Agassiz." "B—— and Agassiz! how could they have any thing in common? What has Agassiz to do with the next Republican nomination for the Presidency?" "Well," I replied, "I know nothing about the matter but what the newspaper states. There is an absurd report abroad that Agassiz, on geological grounds, predicts that the world will be smashed to pieces on October 22. The news was communicated to your friend B—— while he was absorbed in arranging multitudinous rows of figures demonstrating that Grant could not be reelected, and that he only paused a moment in his calculations to exclaim, 'Good! Any thing to beat Grant.'" At this Sumner absolutely roared with laughter, and I feared he would drop from his chair, so convulsed was he with the sudden turn given to his serious thinking. I then ventured to add that he must, of course, know the motto which was suggested for Mr. Greeley, the candidate of the Democrats and the discontented Republicans. "No," he said, recovering his accustomed earnestness; "what is it?" "Simply this: 'If any man attempts to tear down the American flag, bail him on the spot!'" And then he laughed more uproariously than before. Stale as the jokes were, he had never heard of them; but he must have had some sense of humor to appreciate their point when introduced, as they were, in the height of his moral passion against what he thought the sins of Grant's administration.

On the other hand, there were occasions when he seemed singularly obtuse to the most exquisite examples of humor. In 1853 was published a book which ranks with the most fascinating of all modern biographies—the *Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, from his Autobiography and Journals*, edited and compiled by Tom Taylor. It is one of the mysteries of what is called literary success that this work should not have obtained a circulation almost equal to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Speaking only as one reader, I can say that at the time they were published I happened to take up each work early in the evening of one day, and it was very late in the morning of the next that I went to bed. In both cases sleep was impossible until the biography and the novel came to an end. In Haydon's autobiography, full as it is of interesting matter, there is no description more deliciously humorous than his account of a dinner which he gave in December, 1817, for the purpose of introducing Keats to Wordsworth, with Charles Lamb as one of the party. "Lamb," he says, "soon got delightfully merry. He made a speech, and voted me absent, and made them drink my health." Then he turned to Wordsworth, and said, "Now, you old Lake Poet, you rascally poet, why do you call Voltaire dull?" After the dinner came tea, and then a stranger came in, who, like Wordsworth, was a comptroller of stamps, and had a vague notion that his brother comptroller was an eminent poet. As Lamb was dozing by the fire, the comptroller, being in literary company, naturally desired to show himself competent to appreciate poets, and turning to Wordsworth, solemnly asked, "Don't you think, Sir, Milton was a great genius?" The scene that ensued is fully described by Haydon; but the special point of it is that Lamb took up a candle, and walking up to the prosaic comptroller, asked, with great solemnity, "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" The result of the whole series of embarrassments arising from Lamb's reiterated demand to have "another look at that gentleman's organs" was that Haydon and Keats, nearly bursting with suppressed laughter, forced him into the adjoining painting-room; and while Wordsworth and others of the company were trying to pacify the enraged functionary, Lamb, struggling with his captors in the painting-room, was heard at intervals exclaiming, "Who *is* that fellow? Allow me to see his organs once more." It would appear to be impossible that any person who had caught a glimpse of the peculiar humor of Charles Lamb should not perceive that this incident was a delightful practical specimen of it; yet Sumner, referring to Haydon's detailed narrative of the occurrence, remarked to me: "I am sorry that such a story as that should have been published. *We* who love and *appreciate* Charles Lamb must be pained at seeing

him represented in such a disreputable light as insulting the guest of his host in so unjustifiable a manner. He must have taken too much wine at dinner, or he could never have been guilty of such an indecorum." Yet Sumner, while he made this remark, would have felt offended if you had questioned his capacity to enjoy the humor of Lamb. It was plain, from all the circumstances narrated at the dinner, that Lamb was not intoxicated at all. His conduct was a humorous protest against the commonplace comptroller of stamps, who had asked, "Don't you think that Milton was a great poet?" Phrenology was then a theory new in Great Britain, and Lamb's demand to explore the "bumps" of the man who had intruded himself into literary and artistic society without the remotest notion of what was indisputably established among them as settled questions, ridiculous to doubt, was but a practical, a characteristic, outbreak of his peculiar humor. Yet Sumner could not see it.

But those who knew Sumner most intimately must heartily recognize those commanding traits of character which made his foibles and deficiencies appear of small account in their general judgment of the man. He was a grand specimen of physical, intellectual, and moral manhood, ready to do and to suffer any thing in the cause of what he considered true, just, honorable, and humane. Far from being confined to the question of slavery, which was his special task, he, in the spirit of Bacon, proudly took all benevolent and intelligent legislation "for his province," and he was as sound on financial questions as on those questions which made him the special champion of liberty and justice. Above all, he was intrepid, and can hardly be said to have ever felt the sensation of fear whenever he had a noble cause to advocate or an absurd opinion to controvert. On many occasions—indeed, on all prominent occasions of his career as a statesman—he was called upon to exhibit what is called "backbone;" and the bravery in his will and in his heart always answered to that which was in his brain.

Sumner, in common with all thoughtful and cultivated persons who speak the English tongue, had a just admiration for the genius and character of Edmund Burke. He sympathized deeply with the philanthropic spirit which animated the works of that illustrious philosophical statesman, even when he differed from his opinions. Probably the compliment he most prized was that paid to him by the eldest son of Earl Fitzwilliam, as he and Lord Milton were looking at the portrait of Burke by Sir Joshua Reynolds in a gallery of paintings in Wentworth House. "It seems to me, Mr. Sumner," said Lord Milton, "that in this position, and in this light, there is a marked resemblance between your countenance and that of Burke."

Indeed, Sumner spent the leisure hours of the last years of his life in carefully correcting his orations and speeches. They were published in successive volumes, each receiving the last touch of the author's pen, with a special solicitude that every quotation should be verified. He hoped that his spoken words would become a part of American literature, as the speeches of Burke were indisputably an essential portion of English literature—"the third Englishman," as Choate was wont to call him. He did not, of course, indulge in the pleasing conceit that his speeches were equal to Burke's; but he felt that, in preparing and delivering them, he had some claim to participate in the exultation of soul with which Burke welcomed, on a memorable occasion, the glorious unpopularity which resulted from the difference between himself and his Bristol constituents on certain questions where justice and humanity were concerned. After declaring with an honest pride that no charge had been made against him of venality or neglect of duty, he proudly adds: "It is not alleged that, to gratify any anger or revenge of my own or of my party, I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any description of men, or any one man in any description. No! The charges against me are all of one kind—that I have pushed the general principles of justice and benevolence too far, further than a cautious policy would warrant, and further than the opinions of many would go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression, and distress, I will call to mind *this* accusation; and be comforted." Burke, in revising his speech, evidently put a semicolon rather than a mere comma after the word "accusation," in order to give emphasis to the pause which naturally followed, as he spoke, before he

drew "comfort" from the "accusation." This simple dispassionate statement stands now as one of the grandest passages in English eloquence. The great master of that eloquence had been constantly libelled, caricatured, misapprehended, and denounced for those virtues which most endear him to that posterity to which he confidently appealed; and in this sentence he lifted obloquy into a spiritual region of the soul, where it became a crown of glory—a supreme source of moral self-satisfaction beyond that which any selfish statesman can feel in the moment when his ambition is gratified to the utmost by reaching that height of power to which his energies may have been unscrupulously directed. Sumner, also, had the noble consolation and comfort which Burke experienced when he uttered those immortal words. The charges against *him* were that *he*, too, had pushed the principles of justice and benevolence further than a cautious policy would warrant; but fortunately he lived long enough to witness that the irresistible tide of events forced his party to admit, as politic, measures which he had urged on the ground of principle, and to adopt his seemingly abstract maxims of justice and benevolence as the most necessary and efficient of political expedients.

THE DIARY OF A MAN OF FIFTY.

FLORENCE, *April* 5, 1874.—They told me I should find Italy greatly changed; and in seven-and-twenty years there is room for changes. But to me every thing is so perfectly the same that I seem to be living my youth over again; all the forgotten impressions of that enchanting time come back to me. At the moment they were powerful enough; but they afterward faded away. What in the world became of them? What ever becomes of such things in the long intervals of consciousness? Where do they hide themselves away? in what unvisited cupboards and crannies of our being do they preserve themselves? They are like the lines of a letter written in sympathetic ink; hold the letter to the fire for a while, and the grateful warmth brings out the invisible words. It is the warmth of this yellow sun of Florence that has been restoring the text of my own young romance; the thing has been lying before me to-day as a clear, fresh page. There have been moments during the last ten years when I have felt so portentously old, so fagged and finished, that I should have taken as a very bad joke any intimation that this present sense of juvenility was still in store for me. It won't last, at any rate; so I had better make the best of it. But I confess it surprises me. I have led too serious a life; but that, perhaps, after all, preserves one's youth. At all events, I have travelled too far, I have worked too hard, I have lived in brutal climates, and associated with tiresome people. When a man has reached his fifty-second year without being, materially, the worse for wear—when he has fair health, a fair fortune, a tidy conscience, and a complete exemption from embarrassing relatives—I suppose he is bound, in delicacy, to write himself happy. But I confess I shirk this obligation. I have not been miserable; I won't go so far as to say that, or at least as to write it. But happiness—positive happiness—would have been something different. I don't know that it would have been better, by all measurements—that it would have left me better off at the present time. But it certainly would have made this difference—that I should not have been reduced, in pursuit of pleasant images, to disinter a buried episode of more than a quarter of a century ago. I should have found entertainment more—what shall I call it?—more contemporaneous. I should have had a wife and children, and I should not be in the way of making, as the French say, infidelities to the present. Of course it's a great gain to have had an escape, not to have committed an act of thumping folly; and I suppose that, whatever serious step one might have taken at twenty-five, after a struggle and with a violent effort, and however one's conduct might appear to be justified by events, there would always remain a certain element of regret; a certain sense of loss lurking in the sense of gain; a tendency to wonder, rather wishfully, what *might* have been. What might have been, in this case, would, without doubt, have been very sad, and what has been has been very cheerful and comfortable; but there are, nevertheless, two or three questions I might ask myself. Why, for instance, have I never married? why have I never been able to care for any woman as I cared for that one? Ah, why are the mountains blue, and why

is the sunshine warm? Happiness mitigated by impertinent conjectures—that's about my ticket.

6th.—I knew it wouldn't last; it's already passing away. But I have spent a delightful day; I have been strolling all over the place. Every thing reminds me of something else, and yet of itself at the same time; my imagination makes a great circuit, and comes back to the starting-point. There is that well-remembered odor of spring in the air, and the flowers, as they used to be, are gathered into great sheaves and stacks all along the rugged base of the Strozzi Palace. I wandered for an hour in the Boboli Gardens; we went there several times together. I remember all those days individually; they seem to me as yesterday. I found the corner where she always chose to sit—the bench of sun-warmed marble in front of the screen of ilex, with that exuberant statue of Pomona just beside it. The place is exactly the same, except that poor Pomona has lost one of her tapering fingers. I sat there for half an hour, and it was strange how near to me she seemed. The place was perfectly empty—that is, it was filled with *her*. I closed my eyes and listened; I could almost hear the rustle of her dress on the gravel. Why do we make such an ado about death? What is it, after all, but a sort of refinement of life? She died ten years ago, and yet, as I sat there in the evening stillness, she was a palpable, audible presence. I went afterward into the gallery of the palace, and wandered for an hour from room to room. The same great pictures hung in the same places, and the same dark frescoes arched above them. Twice, of old, I went there with her: she had a great understanding of art. She understood all sorts of things. Before the Madonna of the Chair I stood a long time. The face is not a particle like hers, and yet it reminded me of her. But every thing does that. We stood and looked at it together once for half an hour; I remember perfectly what she said.

8th.—Yesterday I felt blue—blue and bored; and when I got up this morning I had half a mind to leave Florence. But I went out into the street beside the Arno, and looked up and down—looked at the yellow river and the violet hills, and then decided to remain—or, rather, I decided nothing. I simply stood gazing at the beauty of Florence, and before I had gazed my fill I was in good humor again, and it was too late to start for Rome. I strolled along the quay, where something presently happened that rewarded me for staying. I stopped in front of a little jeweller's shop, where a great many objects in mosaic were exposed in the window; I stood there for some minutes—I don't know why, for I have no taste for mosaic. In a moment a little girl came and stood beside me—a little girl with a frowzy Italian head—carrying a basket. I turned away, but, as I turned, my eyes happened to fall on her basket. It was covered with a napkin, and on the napkin was pinned a piece of paper inscribed with an address. This address caught my glance—there was a name on it I knew. It was very legibly written—evidently by a scribe who had made up in zeal what was lacking in skill. "Contessa Salvi-Scarabelli, Via Ghibellina"—so ran the superscription. I looked at it for some moments; it caused me a sudden emotion. Presently the little girl, becoming aware of my attention, glanced up at me, wondering, with a pair of timid brown eyes.

"Are you carrying your basket to the Countess Salvi?" I asked.

The child stared at me. "To the Countess Scarabelli."

"Do you know the countess?"

"Know her?" murmured the child, with an air of small dismay.

"I mean have you seen her?"

"Yes, I have seen her." And then, in a moment, with a sudden soft smile, "*È bella!*" said the little girl. She was beautiful herself as she said it.

"Precisely; and is she fair, or dark?"

The child kept gazing at me. "*Bionda—bionda*," she answered, looking about into the golden sunshine for a comparison.

"And is she young?"

"She is not young—like me. But she is not old—like—like—"

"Like me, eh? And is she married?"

The little girl began to look wise. "I have never seen the Signor Conte."

"And she lives in Via Ghibellina?"

"*Sicuro.* In a beautiful palace."

I had one more question to ask, and I pointed it with certain copper coins. "Tell me a little—is she good?"

The child inspected a moment the contents of her little brown fist. "It's you who are good," she answered.

"Ah, but the countess?" I repeated.

My informant lowered her big brown eyes, with an air of conscientious meditation that was inexpressibly quaint. "To me she appears so," she said at last, looking up.

"Ah, then she must be so," I said, "because, for your age, you are very intelligent." And having delivered myself of this compliment, I walked away, and left the little girl counting her *soldi*.

I walked back to the hotel, wondering how I could learn something about the Contessa Salvi-Scarabelli. In the doorway I found the innkeeper, and near him stood a young man whom I immediately perceived to be a compatriot, and with whom, apparently, he had been in conversation.

"I wonder whether you can give me a piece of information," I said to the landlord. "Do you know any thing about the Count Salvi-Scarabelli?"

The landlord looked down at his boots, then slowly raised his shoulders with a melancholy smile. "I have many regrets, dear Sir—"

"You don't know the name?"

"I know the name, assuredly. But I don't know the gentleman."

I saw that my question had attracted the attention of the young Englishman, who looked at me with a good deal of earnestness. He was apparently satisfied with what he saw, for he presently decided to speak.

"The Count Scarabelli is dead," he said, very gravely.

I looked at him a moment: he was a pleasing young fellow. "And his widow lives," I observed, "in Via Ghibellina."

"I dare say that is the name of the street." He was a handsome young Englishman, but he was also an awkward one; he wondered who I was and what I wanted, and he did me the honor to perceive that, as regards these points, my appearance was re-assuring. But he hesitated, very properly, to talk with a perfect stranger about a lady whom he knew, and he had not the art to conceal his hesitation. I instantly felt it to be singular that though he regarded me as a perfect stranger, I had not the same feeling about him. Whether it was that I had seen him before, or simply that I was struck with his agreeable young face—at any rate, I felt myself, as they say here, in sympathy with him. If I have seen him before, I don't remember the occasion, and neither, apparently, does he; I suppose it's only a part of the feeling I have had the last three days about every thing. It was this feeling that made me suddenly act as if I had known him a long time.

"Do you know the Countess Salvi?" I asked.

He looked at me a little, and then, without resenting the freedom of my question, "The Countess Scarabelli, you mean," he said.

"Yes," I answered; "she's the daughter."

"The daughter is a little girl."

"She must be grown up now. She must be—let me see—close upon thirty."

My young Englishman began to smile. "Of whom are you speaking?"

"I was speaking of the daughter," I said, understanding his smile. "But I was thinking of the mother."

"Of the mother?"

"Of a person I knew twenty-seven years ago—the most charming woman I have ever known. She was the Countess Salvi; she lived in a wonderful old house in Via Ghibellina."

"A wonderful old house!" my young Englishman repeated.

"She had a little girl," I went on; "and the little girl was very fair, like her mother; and the mother and daughter had the same name—Bianca." I stopped and looked at my companion, and he blushed a little. "And Bianca Salvi," I continued, "was the most charming woman in the world." He blushed a little more, and I laid my hand on his shoulder. "Do you know why I tell you this? Because you remind me of what I was when I knew her—when I loved her." My poor young Englishman gazed at me with a sort of embarrassed and fascinated stare, and still I went on. "I say that's the reason I told you this—but you'll think it a strange reason. You remind me of my younger self. You needn't resent that; I was a charming young fellow. The Countess Salvi thought so. Her daughter thinks the same of you."

Instantly, instinctively he raised his hand to my arm. "Truly?"

"Ah, you are wonderfully like me!" I said, laughing. "That was just my state of mind. I wanted tremendously to please her." He dropped his hand, and

looked away, smiling, but with an air of ingenuous confusion which quickened my interest in him. "You don't know what to make of me," I pursued. "You don't know why a stranger should suddenly address you in this way, and pretend to read your thoughts. Doubtless you think me a little cracked. Perhaps I am eccentric, but it's not so bad as that. I have lived about the world a great deal, following my profession, which is that of a soldier. I have been in India, in Africa, in Canada, and I have lived a good deal alone. That inclines people, I think, to sudden bursts of confidence. A week ago I came into Italy, where I spent six months when I was your age. I came straight to Florence; I was eager to see it again on account of associations. They have been crowding upon me ever so thickly. I have taken the liberty of giving you a hint of them." The young man inclined himself a little in silence, as if he had been struck with a sudden respect. He stood and looked away for a moment at the river and the mountains. "It's very beautiful," I said.

"Oh, it's enchanting," he murmured.

"That's the way I used to talk. But that's nothing to you."

He glanced at me again. "On the contrary, I like to hear."

"Well, then, let us take a walk. If you too are staying at this inn, we are fellow-travellers. We will walk down the Arno to the Cascine. There are several things I should like to ask of you."

My young Englishman assented with an air of almost filial confidence, and we strolled for an hour beside the river and through the shady alleys of that lovely wilderness. We had a great deal of talk: it's not only myself, it's my whole situation over again.

"Are you very fond of Italy?" I asked.

He hesitated a moment. "One can't express that."

"Just so; I couldn't express it. I used to try; I used to write verses. On the subject of Italy I was very ridiculous."

"So am I ridiculous," said my companion.

"No, my dear boy," I answered, "we are not ridiculous; we are two very reasonable, superior people."

"The first time one comes—as I have done—it's a revelation."

"Oh, I remember well; one never forgets it. It's an introduction to beauty."

"And it must be a great pleasure," said my young friend, "to come back."

"Yes; fortunately the beauty is always here. What form of it," I asked, "do you prefer?"

My companion looked a little mystified; and at last he said, "I am very fond of the pictures."

"So was I. And among the pictures, which do you like best?"

"Oh, a great many."

"So did I; but I had certain favorites."

Again the young man hesitated a little, and then he confessed that the group of painters he preferred on the whole to all others was that of the early Florentines.

I was so struck with this that I stopped short. "That was exactly my taste!" And then I passed my hand into his arm, and we went our way again.

We sat down on an old stone bench in the Cascine, and a solemn blank-eyed Hermes, with wrinkles accentuated by the dust of ages, stood above us and listened to our talk.

"The Countess Salvi died ten years ago," I said.

My companion admitted that he had heard her daughter say so.

"After I knew her she married again," I added. "The Count Salvi died before I knew her—a couple of years after their marriage."

"Yes, I have heard that."

"And what else have you heard?"

My companion stared at me; he had evidently heard nothing.

"She was a very interesting woman: there are a great many things to be said about her. Later, perhaps, I will tell you. Has the daughter the same charm?"

"You forget," said my young man, smiling, "that I have never seen the mother."

"Very true. I keep confounding. But the daughter—how long have you known her?"

"Only since I have been here. A very short time."

"A week?"

For a moment he said nothing. "A month."

"That's just the answer I should have made. A week, a month—it was all the same to me."

"I think it is more than a month," said the young man.

"It's probably six. How did you make her acquaintance?"

"By a letter—an introduction given me by a friend in England."

"The analogy is complete," I said. "But the friend who gave me my letter to Madame De Salvi died many years ago. He, too, admired her greatly. I don't know why it never came into my mind that her daughter might be living in Florence. Somehow I took for granted it was all over. I never thought of the little girl; I never heard what had become of her. I walked past the palace yesterday, and saw that it was occupied, but I took for granted it had changed hands."

"The Countess Scarabelli," said my friend, "brought it to her husband as her marriage portion."

"I hope he appreciated it! There is a fountain in the court, and there is a charming old garden beyond it. The countess's sitting-room looks into that garden. The staircase is of white marble, and there is a medallion by Luca della Robbia set into the wall at the place where it makes a bend. Before you come into the drawing-room you stand a moment in a great vaulted place hung round with faded tapestry, paved with bare tiles, and furnished only with three chairs. In the drawing-room, above the fire-place, is a superb Andrea del Sarto. The furniture is covered with pale sea-green."

My companion listened to all this. "The Andrea del Sarto is there; it's magnificent. But the furniture is in pale red."

"Ah! they have changed it, then—in twenty-seven years."

"And there's a portrait of Madame De Salvi," continued my friend.

I was silent a moment. "I should like to see that."

He too was silent. Then he asked: "Why don't you go and see it? If you knew the mother so well, why don't you call upon the daughter?"

"From what you tell me, I am afraid."

"What have I told you to make you afraid?"

I looked a little at his ingenuous countenance. "The mother was a very dangerous woman."

The young Englishman began to blush again. "The daughter is not," he said.

"Are you very sure?"

He didn't say he was sure, but he presently inquired in what way the Countess Salvi had been dangerous.

"You must not ask me that," I answered; "for, after all, I desire to remember only what was good in her." And as we walked back I begged him to render me the service of mentioning my name to his friend, and of saying that I had known her mother well, and that I asked permission to come and see her.

9th.—I have seen that poor boy half a dozen times again, and a most amiable young fellow he is. He continues to represent to me, in the most extraordinary manner, my own young identity: the correspondence is perfect at all points, save that he is a better boy than I. He is evidently acutely interested in his countess, and leads quite the same life with her that I led with Madame De Salvi. He goes to see her every evening, and stays half the night: these Florentines keep the most extraordinary hours. I remember, toward 3 A.M., Madame De Salvi used to turn me out. "Come, come," she would say; "it's time to go. If you were to stay later, people might talk." I don't know at what time he comes home, but I suppose his evening seems as short as mine did. To-day he brought me a message from his contessa—a very gracious little speech. She remembered often to have heard her mother speak of me: she called me her English friend. All her mother's friends were dear to her, and she begged I would do her the honor to come and see her. She is always at home of an evening. Poor young Stanmer (he is of the Devonshire Stanmers—a great property) reported this speech verbatim, and of course it can't in the least signify to him that a poor grizzled, battered soldier, old enough to be his father, should come to call upon his *innamorata*. But I remember how it used to matter to me when other men came: that's a point of difference. However, it's only because I'm so old. At twenty-five I shouldn't have been afraid of myself at fifty-two. Camerino was thirty-four; and then the others! She was always at home in the evening, and they all used to come. They were old Florentine names. But she used to let me stay after them all; she thought an old English name as good. What a transcendent coquette! . . . But *basta così*, as she used to say. I meant to go to-night to Casa Salvi, but I couldn't bring myself to the point. I don't know what I'm afraid of; I used to be in a hurry enough to go there once. I suppose I

am afraid of the very look of the place—of the old rooms, the old walls. I shall go to-morrow night. I am afraid of the very echoes.

10*th*.—She has the most extraordinary resemblance to her mother. When I went in I was tremendously startled; I stood staring at her. I have just come home; it is past midnight; I have been all the evening at Casa Salvi. It is very warm; my window is open; I can look out on the river, gliding past in the starlight. So of old, when I came home, I used to stand and look out. There are the same cypresses on the opposite hills.

Poor young Stanmer was there, and three or four other admirers; they all got up when I came in. I think I had been talked about, and there was some curiosity. But why should I have been talked about? They were all youngish men—none of them of my time. She is a wonderful likeness of her mother; I couldn't get over it. Beautiful like her mother, and yet with the same faults in her face; but with her mother's perfect head and brow, and sympathetic, almost pitying, eyes. Her face has just that peculiarity of her mother's which, of all human countenances that I have ever known, was the one that passed most quickly and completely from the expression of gayety to that of repose. Repose in her face always suggested sadness; and while you were watching it with a kind of awe, and wondering of what tragic secret it was the token, it kindled, on the instant, into a radiant Italian smile. The Countess Scarabelli's smiles to-night, however, were almost uninterrupted. She greeted me—divinely, as her mother used to do; and young Stanmer sat in the corner of the sofa—as I used to do—and watched her while she talked. She is thin and very fair, and was dressed in light, vaporous black: that completes the resemblance. The house, the rooms, are almost absolutely the same; there may be changes of detail, but they don't modify the general effect. There are the same precious pictures on the walls of the salon—the same great dusky fresco in the concave ceiling. The daughter is not rich, I suppose, any more than the mother. The furniture is worn and faded, and I was admitted by a solitary servant, who carried a twinkling taper before me up the great dark marble staircase.

"I have often heard of you," said the countess, as I sat down near her; "my mother often spoke of you."

"Often?" I answered. "I am surprised at that."

"Why are you surprised? Were you not good friends?"

"Yes, for a certain time, very good friends. But I was sure she had forgotten me."

"She never forgot," said the countess, looking at me intently and smiling. "She was not like that."

"She was not like most other women in any way," I declared.

"Ah, she was charming," cried the countess, rattling open her fan. "I have always been very curious to see you. I have received an impression of you."

"A good one, I hope."

She looked at me, laughing, and not answering this: it was just her mother's trick. "'My Englishman,' she used to call you, '*il mio Inglese*.'"

"I hope she spoke of me kindly," I insisted.

The countess, still laughing, gave a little shrug, balancing her hand to and fro. "So, so; I always supposed you had had a quarrel. You don't mind my being frank like this, eh?"

"I delight in it; it reminds me of your mother."

"Every one tells me that. But I am not clever like her. You will see for yourself."

"That speech," I said, "completes the resemblance. She was always pretending she was not clever, and in reality—"

"In reality she was an angel, eh? To escape from dangerous comparisons, I will admit, then, that I am clever. That will make a difference. But let us talk of you. You are very—how shall I say it?—very eccentric."

"Is that what your mother told you?"

"To tell the truth, she spoke of you as a great original. But aren't all Englishmen eccentric? All except that one!" And the countess pointed to poor Stanmer, in his corner of the sofa.

"Oh, I know just what he is," I said.

"He's as quiet as a lamb; he's like all the world," cried the countess.

"Like all the world, yes. He's in love with you."

She looked at me with sudden gravity. "I don't object to your saying that for all the world, but I do for him."

"Well," I went on, "he's peculiar in this: he's rather afraid of you."

Instantly she began to smile; she turned her face toward Stanmer. He had seen that we were talking about him; he colored and got up, then came toward us.

"I like men who are afraid of nothing," said our hostess.

"I know what you want," I said to Stanmer. "You want to know what the Signora Contessa says about you."

Stanmer looked straight into her face, very gravely. "I don't care a straw what she says."

"You are almost a match for the Signora Contessa," I answered. "She declares she doesn't care a pin's head what you think."

"I recognize the countess's style," Stanmer exclaimed, turning away.

"One would think," said the countess, "that you were trying to make a quarrel between us."

I watched him move away to another part of the great salon; he stood in front of the Andrea del Sarto looking up at it. But he was not seeing it; he was listening to what we might say. I often stood there in just that way. "He can't quarrel with you any more than I could have quarrelled with your mother."

"Ah, but you did. Something painful passed between you."

"Yes, it was painful, but it was not a quarrel. I went away one day, and never saw her again. That was all."

The countess looked at me gravely. "What do you call it when a man does that?"

"It depends upon the case."

"Sometimes," said the countess, in French, "it's a *lâcheté*."

"Yes, and sometimes it's an act of wisdom."

"And sometimes," rejoined the countess, "it's a mistake."

I shook my head. "For me it was no mistake."

She began to laugh again. "Caro Signore, you're a great original. What had my poor mother done to you?"

I looked at our young Englishman, who still had his back turned to us, and was staring up at the picture. "I will tell you some other time," I said.

"I shall certainly remind you; I am very curious to know." Then she opened and shut her fan two or three times, still looking at me. What eyes they have! "Tell me a little, if I may ask without indiscretion. Are you married?"

"No, Signora Contessa."

"Isn't that at least a mistake?"

"Do I look very unhappy?"

She dropped her head a little to one side. "For an Englishman—no!"

"Ah," said I, laughing, "you are quite as clever as your mother."

"And they tell me that you are a great soldier," she continued; "you have lived in India. It was very kind of you, so far away, to have remembered our poor dear Italy."

"One always remembers Italy; the distance makes no difference. I remembered it well the day I heard of your mother's death."

"Ah, that was a sorrow," said the countess. "There's not a day that I don't weep for her. But *che vuole?* She's a saint in paradise."

"*Sicuro*," I answered, and I looked some time at the ground. "But tell me about yourself, dear lady," I asked at last, raising my eyes. "You have also had the sorrow of losing your husband."

"I am a poor widow, as you see. *Che vuole?* My husband died after three years of marriage."

I waited for her to remark that the late Count Scarabelli was also a saint in paradise, but I waited in vain.

"That was like your distinguished father," I said.

"Yes, he too died young. I can't be said to have known him; I was but of the age of my own little girl. But I weep for him all the more."

Again I was silent for a moment.

"It was in India too," I said, presently, "that I heard of your mother's second marriage."

The countess raised her eyebrows. "In India, then, one hears of every thing. Did that news please you?"

"Well, since you ask me—no."

"I understand that," said the countess, looking at her open fan. "I shall not marry again like that."

"That's what your mother said to me," I ventured to observe.

She was not offended, but she rose from her seat, and stood looking at me a moment. Then: "You should not have gone away!" she exclaimed.

I staid for another hour; it is a very pleasant house. Two or three of the men who were sitting there seemed very civil and intelligent; one of them was a major of engineers, who offered me a profusion

of information upon the new organization of the Italian army. While he talked, however, I was observing our hostess, who was talking with the others; very little, I noticed, with her young Inglese. She is altogether charming—full of frankness and freedom, of that inimitable *disinvoltura* which in an Englishwoman would be vulgar, and which in her is simply the perfection of apparent spontaneity. But for all her spontaneity, she's as subtle as a needle-point, and knows tremendously well what she is about. If she is not a consummate coquette— What had she in her head when she said that I should not have gone away? Poor little Stanmer didn't go away. I left him there at midnight.

12*th*.—I found him to-day sitting in the Church of Santa Croce, into which I wandered to escape from the heat of the sun.

In the nave it was cool and dim; he was staring at the blaze of candles on the great altar, and thinking, I am sure, of his incomparable countess. I sat down beside him, and after a while, as if to avoid the appearance of eagerness, he asked me how I had enjoyed my visit to Casa Salvi, and what I thought of the *padrona*.

"I think half a dozen things," I said; "but I can only tell you one now. She's an enchantress. You shall hear the rest when we have left the church."

"An enchantress?" repeated Stanmer, looking at me askance.

He is a very simple youth; but who am I, to blame him?

"A charmer," I said; "a fascinatress."

He turned away, staring at the altar candles.

"An artist—an actress," I went on, rather brutally.

He gave me another glance. "I think you are telling me all," he said.

"No, no; there is more." And we sat a long time in silence.

At last he proposed that we should go out; and we passed into the street, where the shadows had begun to stretch themselves.

"I don't know what you mean by her being an actress," he said, as we turned homeward.

"I suppose not. Neither should I have known if any one had said that to me."

"You are thinking about the mother," said Stanmer. "Why are you always bringing *her* in?"

"My dear boy, the analogy is so great; it forces itself upon me."

He stopped, and stood looking at me with his modest, perplexed young face. I thought he was going to exclaim, "The analogy be hanged!" but he said, after a moment, "Well, what does it prove?"

"I can't say it proves any thing; but it suggests a great many things."

"Be so good as to mention a few," he said, as we walked on.

"You are not sure of her yourself," I began.

"Never mind that—go on with your analogy."

"That's a part of it. You *are* very much in love with her."

"That's a part of it too, I suppose?"

"Yes, as I have told you before. You are in love with her, and yet you can't make her out; that's just where I was with regard to Madame De Salvi."

"And she too was an enchantress, an actress, an artist, and all the rest of it?"

"She was the most perfect coquette I ever knew, and the most dangerous, because the most finished."

"What you mean, then, is that her daughter is a finished coquette?"

"I rather think so."

Stanmer walked along for some moments in silence.

"Seeing that you suppose me to be a—a great admirer of the countess," he said at last, "I am rather surprised at the freedom with which you speak of her."

I confessed that I was surprised at it myself. "But it's on account of the interest I take in you."

"I am immensely obliged to you," said the poor boy.

"Ah, of course you don't like it. That is, you like my interest—I don't see how you can help liking that—but you don't like my freedom. That's natural enough; but, my dear young friend, I want only to help you. If a man had said to me—so many years ago—what I am saying to you, I should certainly also at first have thought him a great brute. But after a little I should have been grateful—I should have felt that he was helping me."

"You seem to have been very well able to help yourself," said Stanmer. "You tell me you made your escape."

"Yes, but it was at the cost of infinite perplexity—of what I may call keen suf-

fering. I should like to save you all that."

"I can only repeat—it is really very kind of you."

"Don't repeat it too often, or I shall begin to think you don't mean it."

"Well," said Stanmer, "I think this, at any rate—that you take an extraordinary responsibility in trying to put a man out of conceit of a woman who, as he believes, may make him very happy."

I grasped his arm, and we stopped, going on with our talk like a couple of Florentines.

"Do you wish to marry her?"

He looked away, without meeting my eyes. "It's a great responsibility," he repeated.

"Before Heaven," I said, "I would have married the mother! You are exactly in my situation."

"Don't you think you rather overdo the analogy?" asked poor Stanmer.

"A little more, a little less—it doesn't matter. I believe you are in my shoes. But of course, if you prefer it, I will beg a thousand pardons, and leave them to carry you where they will."

He had been looking away, but now he slowly turned his face and met my eyes. "You have gone too far to retreat. What is it you know about her?"

"About this one—nothing. But about the other—"

"I care nothing about the other."

"My dear fellow," I said, "they are mother and daughter—they are as like as two of Andrea's Madonnas."

"If they resemble each other, then you were simply mistaken in the mother."

I took his arm, and we walked on again; there seemed no adequate reply to such a charge. "Your state of mind brings back my own so completely," I said, presently. "You admire her, you adore her, and yet, secretly, you mistrust her. You are enchanted with her personal charm, her grace, her wit, her every thing; and yet in your private heart you are afraid of her."

"Afraid of her?"

"Your mistrust keeps rising to the surface; you can't rid yourself of the suspicion that at the bottom of all things she is hard and cruel, and you would be immensely relieved if some one should persuade you that your suspicion is right."

Stanmer made no direct reply to this; but before we reached the hotel he said, "What did you ever know about the mother?"

"It's a terrible story," I answered.

He looked at me askance. "What did she do?"

"Come to my rooms this evening, and I will tell you."

He declared he would, but he never came. Exactly the way I should have acted!

14*th.*—I went again last evening to Casa Salvi, where I found the same little circle, with the addition of a couple of ladies. Stanmer was there, trying hard to talk to one of them, but making, I am sure, a very poor business of it. The countess—well, the countess was admirable. She greeted me like a friend of ten years, toward whom familiarity should not have engendered a want of ceremony; she made me sit near her, and she asked me a dozen questions about my health and my occupations.

"I live in the past," I said. "I go into the galleries, into the old palaces, and the churches. To-day I spent an hour in Michael Angelo's chapel, at San Lorenzo."

"Ah, yes, that's the past," said the countess. "Those things are very old."

"Twenty-seven years old," I answered.

"Twenty-seven? *Altro!*"

"I mean my own past," I said. "I went to a great many of those places with your mother."

"Ah, the pictures are beautiful," murmured the countess, glancing at Stanmer.

"Have you lately looked at any of them?" I asked. "Have you gone to the galleries with *him*?"

She hesitated a moment, smiling. "It seems to me that your question is a little impertinent. But I think you are like that."

"A little impertinent? Never. As I say, your mother did me the honor more than once to accompany me to the Uffizzi."

"My mother must have been very kind to you."

"So it seemed to me at the time."

"At the time, only?"

"Well, if you prefer, so it seems to me now."

"Ah," said the countess, "she made sacrifices."

"To what, cara signora? She was perfectly free. Your lamented father was dead, and she had not yet contracted her second marriage."

"If she was intending to marry again, it was all the more reason she should have been careful."

I looked at her a moment; she met my eyes gravely, over the top of her fan. "Are *you* very careful?" I said.

She dropped her fan with a certain violence. "Ah, yes, you are impertinent."

"Ah, no," I said. "Remember that I am old enough to be your father, that I knew you when you were three years old. I may surely ask such questions. But you are right: one must do your mother justice. She was certainly thinking of her second marriage."

"You have not forgiven her that," said the countess, very gravely.

"Have you?" I asked, more lightly.

"I don't judge my mother. That is a mortal sin. My step-father was very kind to me."

"I remember him," I said; "I saw him a great many times—your mother already received him."

My hostess sat with lowered eyes, saying nothing; but she presently looked up. "She was very unhappy with my father."

"That I can easily believe. And your step-father—is he still living?"

"He died—before my mother."

"Did he fight any more duels?"

"He was killed in a duel," said the countess, discreetly.

It seems almost monstrous, especially as I can give no reason for it, but this announcement, instead of shocking me, caused me to feel a strange exhilaration. Most assuredly, after all these years, I bear the poor man no resentment. Of course I controlled my manner, and simply remarked to the countess that as his fault had been, so was his punishment. I think, however, that the feeling of which I speak was at the bottom of my saying to her that I hoped that, unlike her mother's, her own brief married life had been happy.

"If it was not," she said, "I have forgotten it now." I wonder if the late Count Scarabelli was also killed in a duel, and if his adversary— Is it on the books that his adversary as well shall perish by the pistol? Which of those gentlemen is he, I wonder? Is it reserved for poor little Stanmer to put a bullet into him? No; poor little Stanmer, I trust, will do as I did. And yet, unfortunately for him, that woman is consummately plausible. She was wonderfully nice last evening; she was really irresistible. Such frankness and freedom, and yet something so soft and womanly; such graceful gayety, so much of the brightness, without any of the stiffness, of good-breeding, and over it all something so picturesquely simple and Southern! She is a perfect Italian. But she comes honestly by it. After the talk I have just jotted down, she changed her place, and the conversation for half an hour was general. Stanmer, indeed, said very little; partly, I suppose, because he is shy of talking a foreign tongue. Was I like that? was I so constantly silent? I suspect I was when I was perplexed, and Heaven knows that very often my perplexity was extreme. Before I went away I had a few more words *tête-à-tête* with the countess.

"I hope you are not leaving Florence yet," she said; "you will stay a while longer?"

I answered that I came only for a week, and that my week was over. "I stay on from day to day, I am so much interested."

"Ah, it's the beautiful moment. I'm glad our city pleases you."

"Florence pleases me—and I take a paternal interest in our young friend," I added, glancing at Stanmer. "I have become very fond of him."

"*Bel tipo inglese*," said my hostess. "And he is very intelligent; he has a beautiful mind."

She stood there resting her smile and her clear, expressive eyes upon me.

"I don't like to praise him too much," I rejoined, "lest I should appear to praise myself; he reminds me so much of what I was at his age. If your beautiful mother were to come to life for an hour, she would see the resemblance."

She gave me a little amused stare.

"And yet you don't look at all like him."

"Ah, you didn't know me when I was twenty-five. I was very handsome. And, moreover, it isn't that, it's the mental resemblance. I was ingenuous, candid, trusting, like him."

"Trusting? I remember my mother once telling me that you were the most suspicious and jealous of men."

"I fell into a suspicious mood, but I was, fundamentally, not in the least addicted to thinking evil. I couldn't easily imagine any harm of any one."

"And so you mean that Mr. Stanmer is in a suspicious mood?"

"Well, I mean that his situation is the same as mine."

The countess gave me one of her serious looks. "Come," she said, "what was it—this famous situation of yours? I have heard you mention it before."

"Your mother might have told you, since she occasionally did me the honor to speak of me."

"All my mother ever told me was that you were a sad puzzle to her."

At this, of course, I laughed out—I laugh still as I write it.

"Well, then, that was my situation—I was a sad puzzle to a very clever woman."

"And you mean, therefore, that I am a puzzle to poor Mr. Stanmer?"

"He is racking his brains to make you out. Remember, it was you who said he was intelligent."

She looked round at him, and as fortune would have it, his appearance at that moment quite confirmed my assertion. He was lounging back in his chair with an air of indolence rather too marked for a drawing-room, and staring at the ceiling with the expression of a man who has just been asked a conundrum. Madame Scarabelli seemed struck with his attitude.

"Don't you see," I said, "he can't read the riddle?"

"You yourself," she answered, "said he was incapable of thinking evil. I should be sorry to have him think any evil of *me*."

And she looked straight at me—seriously, appealingly—with her beautiful candid brow.

I inclined myself, smiling, in a manner which might have meant: "How could that be possible?"

"I have a great esteem for him," she went on; "I want him to think well of me. If I am a puzzle to him, do me a little service. Explain me to him."

"Explain you, dear lady?"

"You are older and wiser than he. Make him understand me."

She looked deep into my eyes for a moment, and then she turned away.

26th.—I have written nothing for a good many days, but meanwhile I have been half a dozen times to Casa Salvi. I have seen a good deal also of my young friend—had a good many walks and talks with him. I have proposed to him to come with me to Venice for a fortnight, but he won't listen to the idea of leaving Florence. He is very happy, in spite of his doubts, and I confess that in the perception of his happiness I have lived over again my own. This is so much the case that when, the other day, he at last made up his mind to ask me to tell him the wrong that Madame De Salvi had done me, I rather checked his curiosity. I told him that if he was bent upon knowing, I would satisfy him, but that it seemed a pity just now to indulge in painful imagery.

"But I thought you wanted so much to put me out of conceit of our friend."

"I admit I am inconsistent, but there are various reasons for it. In the first place—it's obvious—I am open to the charge of playing a double game. I profess an admiration for the Countess Scarabelli, for I accept her hospitality, and at the same time I attempt to poison your mind. Isn't that the proper expression? I can't exactly make up my mind to that, though my admiration for the countess and my desire to prevent you from taking a foolish step are equally sincere. And then, in the second place, you seem to me on the whole so happy! One hesitates to destroy an illusion, no matter how pernicious, that is so delightful while it lasts. Those are the rare moments of life. To be young and ardent in the midst of an Italian spring, and to believe in the moral perfection of a beautiful woman—what an admirable situation! Float with the current; I'll stand on the brink and watch you."

"Your real reason is that you feel you have no case against the poor lady," said Stanmer. "You admire her as much as I do."

"I just admitted that I admire her. I never said she was a vulgar flirt; her mother was an absolutely scientific one. Heaven knows I admired that! It's a nice point, however, how much one is bound in honor not to warn a young friend against a dangerous woman because one also has relations of civility with the lady."

"In such a case," said Stanmer, "I would break off my relations."

I looked at him, and I think I laughed. "Are you jealous of me, by chance?"

He shook his head emphatically. "Not in the least; I like to see you there, because your conduct contradicts your words."

"I have always said that the countess is fascinating."

"Otherwise," said Stanmer, "in the case you speak of, I would give the lady notice."

"Give her notice?"

"Mention to her that you regard her with suspicion, and that you propose to do your best to rescue a simple-minded youth from her wiles. That would be more loyal." And he began to laugh again.

It is not the first time he has laughed at me; but I have never minded it, because I have always understood it.

"Is that what you recommend me to say to the countess?" I asked.

"Recommend you!" he exclaimed, laughing again. "I recommend nothing. I may be the victim to be rescued, but I am at least not a partner to the conspiracy. Besides," he added, in a moment, "the countess knows your state of mind."

"Has she told you so?"

Stanmer hesitated. "She has begged me to listen to every thing you may say against her. She prefers that; she has a good conscience."

"Ah," said I, "she's an accomplished woman!"

And it is indeed very clever of her to take that tone. Stanmer afterward assured me explicitly that he has never given her a hint of the liberties I have taken in conversation with—what shall I call it?—with her moral nature: she has guessed them for herself. She must hate me intensely, and yet her manner has always been so charming to me! She is truly an accomplished woman!

May 4.—I have staid away from Casa Salvi for a week, but I have lingered on in Florence, under a mixture of impulses. I have had it on my conscience not to go near the countess again; and yet, from the moment she is aware of the way I feel about her, it is open war. There need be no scruples on either side. She is as free to use every possible art to entangle poor Stanmer more closely as I am to clip her fine-spun meshes. Under the circumstances, however, we naturally shouldn't meet very cordially. But as regards her meshes, why, after all, should I clip them? It would really be very interesting to see Stanmer swallowed up. I should like to see how he would agree with her after she had devoured him. (To what vulgar imagery, by-the-way, does curiosity reduce a man!) Let him finish the story in his own way, as I finished it in mine. It is the same story; but why, a quarter of a century later, should it have the same *dénouement*? Let him make his own *dénouement*.

5*th*.—Hang it, however, I don't want the poor boy to be miserable.

6*th*.—Ah! but did my *dénouement* then prove such a happy one?

7*th*.—He came to my room late last night; he was much excited.

"What was it she did to you?" he asked.

I answered him first with another question. "Have you quarrelled with the countess?"

But he only repeated his own. "What was it she did to you?"

"Sit down, and I'll tell you." And he sat there beside the candle, staring at me. "There was a man always there—Count Camerino."

"The man she married?"

"The man she married. I was very much in love with her, and yet I didn't trust her. I was sure that she lied; I believed she could be cruel. Nevertheless, at moments, she had a charm which made it pure pedantry to be conscious of her faults; and while these moments lasted I would have done any thing for her. Unfortunately they didn't last long. But you know what I mean: am I not describing the Scarabelli?"

"The Countess Scarabelli never lied!" cried Stanmer.

"That's just what I would have said to any one who should have made the insinuation! But I suppose you are not asking me the question you put to me just now from dispassionate curiosity?"

"A man may want to know," said the innocent fellow.

I couldn't help laughing out. "This, at any rate, is my story. Camerino was always there; he was a sort of fixture in the house. If I had moments of dislike for the divine Bianca, I had no moments of liking for him. And yet he was a very agreeable fellow, very civil, very intelligent, not in the least disposed to make a quarrel with me. The trouble, of course, was simply that I was jealous of him. I don't know, however, on what ground I could have quarrelled with him, for I had no definite rights. I can't say what I expected—I can't say what, as the matter stood, I was prepared to do. With my

name and my prospects, I might perfectly have offered her my hand. I am not sure that she would have accepted it; I am by no means clear that she wanted that. But she wanted, wanted keenly, to attach me to her; she wanted to have me about. I should have been capable of giving up every thing—England, my career, my family—simply to devote myself to her, to live near her and see her every day."

"Why didn't you do it, then?" asked Stanmer.

"Why don't you?"

"To be a proper rejoinder to my question," he said, rather neatly, "yours should be asked twenty-five years hence."

"It remains perfectly true that at a given moment I was capable of doing as I say. That was what she wanted—a rich, susceptible, credulous, convenient young Englishman established near her *en permanence*. And yet," I added, "I must do her complete justice. I honestly believe she was fond of me." At this Stanmer got up and walked to the window; he stood looking out a moment, and then he turned round. "You know she was older than I," I went on. "Madame Scarabelli is older than you. One day, in the garden, her mother asked me, in an angry tone, why I disliked Camerino; for I had been at no pains to conceal my feeling about him, and something had just happened to bring it out. 'I dislike him,' I said, 'because you like him so much.' 'I assure you I don't like him,' she answered. 'He has all the appearance of being your lover,' I retorted. It was a brutal speech, certainly, but any other man in my place would have made it. She took it very strangely; she turned pale, but she was not indignant. 'How can he be my lover, after what he has done?' she asked. 'What has he done?' She hesitated a good while; then she said, 'He killed my husband.' 'Good heavens!' I cried; 'and you receive him?' Do you know what she said? She said, '*Che vuole?*'"

"Is that all?" asked Stanmer.

"No; she went on to say that Camerino had killed Count Salvi in a duel, and she admitted that her husband's jealousy had been the occasion of it. The count, it appeared, was a monster of jealousy; he had led her a dreadful life. He himself, meanwhile, had been any thing but irreproachable; he had done a mortal injury to a man of whom he pretended to be a friend, and this affair had become notorious. The gentleman in question had demanded satisfaction for his outraged honor; but for some reason or other (the countess, to do her justice, did not tell me that her husband was a coward) he had not as yet obtained it. The duel with Camerino had come on first; in an access of jealous fury the count had struck Camerino in the face, and this outrage, I know not how justly, was deemed expiable before the other. By an extraordinary arrangement (the Italians have certainly no sense of fair play) the other man was allowed to be Camerino's second. The duel was fought with swords, and the count received a wound of which, though at first it was not expected to be fatal, he died on the following day. The matter was hushed up as much as possible, for the sake of the countess's good name, and so successfully that it was presently observed that, among the public, the other gentleman had the credit of having put his sword through M. De Salvi. This gentleman took a fancy not to contradict the impression, and it was allowed to subsist. So long as *he* consented, it was, of course, in Camerino's interest not to contradict it, as it left him much more free to keep up his intimacy with the countess."

Stanmer had listened to all this with extreme attention. "Why didn't *she* contradict it?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I am bound to believe it was for the same reason. I was horrified, at any rate, by the whole story. I was extremely shocked at the countess's want of dignity in continuing to see the man by whose hand her husband had fallen."

"The husband had been a great brute, and it was not known," said Stanmer.

"Its not being known made no difference. And as for Salvi having been a brute, that is but a way of saying that his wife and the man whom his wife subsequently married didn't like him."

Stanmer looked extremely meditative; his eyes were fixed on mine. "Yes, that marriage is hard to get over. It was not becoming."

"Ah," said I, "what a long breath I drew when I heard of it! I remember the place and the hour. It was at a hill station in India, seven years after I had left Florence. The post brought me some English papers, and in one of them was a letter from Italy, with a lot of so-called

'fashionable intelligence.' There, among various scandals in high life and other delectable items, I read that the Countess Bianca Salvi, famous for some years as the presiding genius of the most agreeable salon in Florence, was about to bestow her hand upon Count Camerino, a distinguished Bolognese. Ah, my dear boy, it was a tremendous escape! I had been ready to marry the woman who was capable of that! But my instinct had warned me, and I had trusted my instinct."

"'Instinct's every thing,' as Falstaff says," and Stanmer began to laugh. "Did you tell Madame De Salvi that your instinct was against her?"

"No; I told her that she frightened me, shocked me, horrified me."

"That's about the same thing. And what did she say?"

"She asked me what I would have. I called her friendship with Camerino a scandal, and she answered that her husband had been a brute. Besides, no one knew it; therefore it was no scandal. Just *your* argument. I retorted that this was odious reasoning, and that she had no moral sense. We had a passionate quarrel, and I declared I would never see her again. In the heat of my displeasure I left Florence, and I kept my vow. I never saw her again."

"You couldn't have been much in love with her," said Stanmer.

"I was not—three months after."

"If you had been, you would have come back—three days after."

"So, doubtless, it seems to you. All I can say is that it was the great effort of my life. Being a military man, I have had on various occasions to face the enemy. But it was not then I needed my resolution; it was when I left Florence in a post-chaise."

Stanmer turned about the room two or three times, and then he said, "I don't understand; I don't understand why she should have told you that Camerino had killed her husband. It could only damage her."

"She was afraid it would damage her more that I should think he was her lover. She wished to say the thing that would most effectually persuade me that he was not her lover—that he could never be. And then she wished to get the credit of being very frank."

"Good heavens! how you must have analyzed her!" cried my companion, staring.

"There is nothing so analystic as disillusionment. But there it is. She married Camerino."

"Yes, I don't like that," said Stanmer. He was silent a while, and then he added: "Perhaps she wouldn't have done so if you had remained."

He has a little innocent way!

"Very likely she would have dispensed with the ceremony," I answered, dryly.

"Upon my word," he said, "you *have* analyzed her!"

"You ought to be grateful to me. I have done for you what you seem unable to do for yourself."

"I don't see any Camerino in my case," he said.

"Perhaps among those gentlemen I can find one for you."

"Thank you," he cried; "I'll take care of that myself!" And he went away—satisfied, I hope.

10*th.*—He's an obstinate little wretch; it irritates me to see him sticking to it. Perhaps he is looking for his Camerino. I shall leave him, at any rate, to his fate; it is growing insupportably hot.

11*th.*—I went this evening to bid farewell to the Scarabelli. There was no one there; she was alone in her great dusky drawing-room, which was lighted only by a couple of candles, with the immense windows open over the garden. She was dressed in white; she was deucedly pretty. She asked me, of course, why I had been so long without coming.

"I think you say that only for form," I answered. "I imagine you know."

"*Che!* what have I done?"

"Nothing at all. You are too wise for that."

She looked at me a while. "I think you are a little crazy."

"Ah, no; I am only too sane. I have too much reason rather than too little."

"You have, at any rate, what we call a fixed idea."

"There is no harm in that, so long as it's a good one."

"But yours is abominable," she declared, with a laugh.

"Of course you can't like me or my ideas. All things considered, you have treated me with wonderful kindness, and I thank you and kiss your hands. I leave Florence to-morrow."

"I won't say I'm sorry," she said,

laughing again. "But I am very glad to have seen you. I always wondered about you. You are a curiosity."

"Yes, you must find me so. A man who can resist your charms! The fact is, I can't. This evening you are enchanting; and it is the first time I have been alone with you."

She gave no heed to this; she turned away. But in a moment she came back and stood looking at me, and her beautiful solemn eyes seemed to shine in the dimness of the room.

"How *could* you treat my mother so?" she asked.

"Treat her so?"

"How could you desert the most charming woman in the world?"

"It was not a case of desertion; and if it had been, it seems to me she was consoled."

At this moment there was the sound of a step in the antechamber, and I saw that the countess perceived it to be Stanmer's.

"That wouldn't have happened," she murmured. "My poor mother needed a protector."

Stanmer came in, interrupting our talk, and looking at me, I thought, with a little air of bravado. He must think me, indeed, a tiresome, meddlesome bore; and upon my word, turning it all over, I wonder at his docility. After all, he's five-and-twenty; and yet, I *must* add, it *does* irritate me—the way he sticks! He was followed in a moment by two or three of the regular Italians, and I made my visit short.

"Good-by, countess," I said; and she gave me her hand in silence. "Do *you* need a protector?" I added, softly.

She looked at me from head to foot, and then, almost angrily, "Yes, signore."

But, to deprecate her anger, I kept her hand an instant, and then bent my venerable head and kissed it. I think I appeased her.

BOLOGNA, 15*th*.—I left Florence on the 12th, and have been here these three days. Delightful old Italian town; but it lacks the charm of my Florentine secret.

I wrote that last entry four days ago, late at night, after coming back from Casa Salvi. I afterward fell asleep in my chair; the night was half over when I woke up. Instead of going to bed, I stood a long time at the window, looking out at the river. It was a warm, still night, and the first faint streaks of sunrise were in the sky. Presently I heard a slow footstep beneath my window, and, looking down, made out, by the aid of a street lamp, that Stanmer was but just coming home. I called to him to come to my rooms, and, after an interval, he made his appearance.

"I want to bid you good-by," I said; "I shall depart in the morning. Don't go to the trouble of saying you're sorry. Of course you are not; I must have bullied you immensely."

He made no attempt to say he was sorry, but he said he was very glad to have made my acquaintance.

"Your conversation," he said, with his little innocent air, "has been very suggestive."

"Have you found Camerino?" I asked, smiling.

"I have given up the search."

"Well," I said, "some day when you find that you have made a great mistake, remember I told you so."

He looked for a minute as if he were trying to anticipate that day by the exercise of his reason. "Has it ever occurred to you that *you* may have made a great mistake?"

"Oh yes; every thing occurs to one sooner or later."

That's what I said to him; but I didn't say that the question, pointed by his candid young countenance, had, for the moment, a greater force than it ever had before.

And then he asked me whether, as things had turned out, I myself had been so especially happy.

PARIS, *December* 17.—A note from young Stanmer, whom I saw in Florence—a remarkable little note, dated Rome, and worth transcribing:

"MY DEAR GENERAL,—I have it at heart to tell you that I was married a week ago to the Countess Salvi-Scarabelli. You talked me into a great muddle; but a month after that it was all very clear. Things that involve a risk are like the Christian faith; they must be seen from the inside.

"Yours ever, E. S."

"P.S.—A fig for analogies—unless you can find an analogy for my happiness!"

His happiness makes him very clever. I hope it will last!—I mean his cleverness, not his happiness.

LONDON, *April* 19, 1877.—Last night, at Lady H——'s, I met Edmund Stanmer, who married Bianca Salvi's daughter. I heard the other day that they had come to England. A handsome young fellow,

with a fresh, contented face. He reminded me of Florence, which I didn't pretend to forget; but it was rather awkward, for I remember I used to disparage that woman to him. I had a complete theory about her. But he didn't seem at all stiff; on the contrary, he appeared to enjoy our encounter. I asked him if his wife was there. I had to do that.

"Oh yes, she's in one of the other rooms. Come and make her acquaintance; I want you to know her."

"You forget that I do know her."

"Oh no, you don't; you never did." And he gave a little significant laugh.

I didn't feel like facing the *ci-devant* Scarabelli at that moment; so I said that I was leaving the house, but that I would do myself the honor of calling upon his wife. We talked for a moment of something else, and then, suddenly, breaking off and looking at me, he laid his hand on my arm. I must do him the justice to say that he looks felicitous.

"Depend upon it, you were wrong," he said.

"My dear young friend," I answered, "imagine the alacrity with which I concede it."

Something else again was spoken of, but in an instant he repeated his movement. "Depend upon it, you were wrong."

"I am sure the countess has forgiven me," I said, "and in that case you ought to bear no grudge. As I have had the honor to say, I will call upon her immediately."

"I was not alluding to my wife," he answered. "I was thinking of your own story."

"My own story?"

"So many years ago. Was it not rather a mistake?"

I looked at him a moment; he's positively rosy.

"That's not a question to solve in a London crush." And I turned away.

22d.—I haven't yet called on the *ci-devant*. I'm afraid of finding her at home. And that boy's words have been thrumming in my ears: "Depend upon it you were wrong. Wasn't it rather a mistake?" *Was* I wrong? *was* it a mistake? Was I too cautious—too suspicious—too logical? Was it really a protector she needed?—a man who might have helped her? Would it have been for his benefit to believe in her? and was her fault only that I had forsaken her? Was the poor woman very unhappy? God forgive me, how the questions come crowding in! If I marred her happiness, I certainly didn't make my own. And I might have made it—eh? That's a charming discovery for a man of my age!

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT was the remark of a philosophical woman that "men are queer." It is an observation that may be applied with equal truth to newspapers. Newspapers are queer. If one of them adopts a new dress, and appears in fresh type and improved form, its neighbors and "contemporaries" salute it, and cordially congratulate the brother who "puts in so handsome an appearance, indicative of well-merited prosperity." But there the courtesy generally ends. It is remarked that the *Bugle* is not zealous to recognize the enterprise of the *Clarion*, and that the "great journalistic triumph" of the *Postboy* apparently escapes entirely the attention of the *Mailbag*. The explanation of this kind of silence is generally supposed to be an unwillingness to advertise a rival. It goes so far often as to conceal the name, so that the *Clarion*, which has remarked with pleasure the signs of the well-merited prosperity of the *Bugle*, will probably speak of its opinions the next day as the gush of a feeble-minded contemporary. It is this spirit which is "queer," and which gives the Ishmaelitish tone which is sometimes remarked in the press. It produces other results not less striking, and among them the unwillingness to correct assertions once published. The secret of this unwillingness is evident. A paper wishes to profit by the reputation of accuracy and infallibility. If it confesses that it was in error either in a statement of fact or in its judgment, it fosters distrust in the mind of the reader, and enables the watchful *Mailbag* to sneer that "the wise *Postboy* is probably as correct in saying that Mr. T–rm–n's bandana handkerchief is plainly worn through in the centre as it was in gravely stating last week that Mr. E–dm–ds had clipped his beard."

But one conspicuous result of this alert avoidance of advertising a rival is that every newspaper and periodical is obliged to blow its own trumpet. In what Mr. Cox would probably describe as "so-called" private life, the worthy and gentlemanly editors of the *Bugle* and the *Mailbag* are reluctant to repeat the compliments which are justly showered upon their modest virtues. But they do not hesitate to publish in full the opinion of the *Podunk Farmer* that the *Mailbag*, or *Clarion*, or

Bugle, or *Postboy*, is the model journal of the age, and an exhaustless fountain of wit, wisdom, and fancy. This is a matter of course. It is a part of the "business." If you don't take care of yourself, who will take care of you? Who, indeed, is so much interested in number one as that identical numeral? It may be said, truly, that a great journal or magazine is the result of such a combination of labor and talent and sagacity that there can be no personal or individual appropriation of the praise bestowed upon the joint result. It is a plausible suggestion, which we willingly accept, because we propose to congratulate our readers upon the recent change in the appearance of this Magazine.

If the reader happens to have the whole series of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* from the beginning, and will compare this number, or that of last month, with which the new volume began, with the first number, which was published twenty-nine years ago, he will find that while the general superiority of this number is manifest and remarkable, it is the result of a natural and logical development, so that the present copious, ample, various, brilliant, and beautiful magazine is but the full flower which has opened from that bud. The larger, more legible and shapely type, the wider and comelier page, the extraordinary richness of the wood-engraving, the freshness and value of the text, in which the most various and acknowledged literary genius of the time and of the English-speaking race is so adequately represented, all combine to form a popular periodical which is as eminent among all similar works to-day as the first number was twenty-nine years ago. *Harper* was, in fact, a pioneer. There was no magazine precisely like it anywhere when it began; and there has been no progress or improvement in art, no larger resource in literature, no change in public taste and demand, of which it has not taken advantage. It may be said truly, and the long series of its issues is the evidence open to all, that every change which it has made has been an improvement, and yet, that while it has turned to its own use every richer resource, it has lost no individuality, and to the reader of its first number offers to-day the old familiar face, but with a perpetually renewed youth and exhaustless vigor and charm.

The continuance of a magazine, indeed, is like a royal succession. The king is dead, long live the king! The crown is a permanent power in magazines as in families, requiring only in the literary line that the original direction be adequately maintained with due regard to the differences of time and taste. The life of *Harper* has now extended through a generation of men. The great authors who were in their prime when it began, and whose works were first published in this country in its pages, are gone. Its first few illustrations, the best of their time, are almost droll in their crudity to-day. Its current comments are of events many of which are forgotten, and of many men who are now names only. But it may be said safely, and without successful contradiction, that the long range of its volumes is a brilliantly illustrated library of fiction and travel and adventure, of biography and anecdote, of popular scientific description and information, and local character sketches and essays, which is without a parallel; nor do we know a more grateful, or useful, or desirable large contribution to a popular rural library than a complete set of *Harper* from the beginning. There is not a line nor a word in it from the first page to the last which may not be read aloud in the family circle without jar or offense; there is nothing which any sincere adherent of any religious denomination or political party would reject as distasteful or unfair, because the intention of the Magazine has been to omit sectarian and political discussion, and to stand upon the common ground of universally acknowledged moral principle. It has been neither polemical nor contentious in any direction. Like the old Homeric bards, like the Arabian story-tellers, like Goldsmith playing his way through Europe, its aim has been to instruct, to charm, to entertain, to be welcomed by old and young, to be a familiar literary companion and friend.

With the improved aspect of the present volume it is no otherwise an old friend under a new face than as youth is the newer face of childhood, or the fruit of the blossom. The mysterious and anonymous spirit of the Magazine may well declare, through the Easy Chair, its gratitude for the extraordinary and increasing friendship with which it is received, and it may modestly appeal—since the monthly *Bugle* and *Clarion* may forget to do so upon its behalf—to its present appearance and character as evidence of its resolution to continue to deserve the favor with which "the old stand" has been so long regarded.

READERS of the *Fortnightly Review* have been long accustomed to the name and the work of Frederic Harrison, the most conspicuous of the English disciples of Comte, and a manly, vigorous, and racy writer, who has dealt some brilliant blows at the apostle of sweetness and light, who, on his side, is quite ready and equipped to repel all assailants. One of Mr. Harrison's latest papers is a lecture delivered at the London Institution, "On the Choice of Books," which is remarkable as the sign of a rising reaction in favor of Scott. The death of Scott was followed by the appearance and triumph of a school whose motto was Carlyle's remark, "Literature has other aims than that of harmlessly amusing indolent, languid men." It was, indeed, Carlyle's famous article upon Lockhart's "Scott," in the *Westminster Review*, in 1838, which marked the beginning of the reaction against him. The great, earnest, melancholy genius of Carlyle, full of the mists and sunshine and mournful ocean music of the

Scottish coast, protested against the "slashed breeches, steeple hats, buff belts, and antiquated speech" of the Waverley romances. "Buff belts and all manner of jerkins and costumes are transitory; man alone is perennial." And with a lofty and pathetically scornful intolerance, he exclaimed: "What, then, is the result of these Waverley romances? Are they to amuse one generation only? One or more. As many generations as they can, but not all generations. Ah, no: when our swallow-tail has become fantastic as trunk-hose, they will cease to amuse."

Carlyle's intellectual leadership of the last generation gave the great impulse to the reaction. Dickens, who was the next great master after Scott, was distinctly a moralist, and Thackeray and George Eliot were of a very different inspiration from Scott's, much as Thackeray admired the sturdy vigor and sweet genius of the manly master. The older readers of the Waverley Novels half resented the immense popularity of Dickens. "Who is this Dickens?" said one of them, long after Dickens was famous: "I must look him up." Another said to a friend, as if he had been a priest speaking of the sacred books, "I hope that you read your Scott once a year; I never fail to do it." But there was no question of a notable decline in the popularity of the Waverley stories and in familiarity with them. Carlyle had given the word. The descriptions were found to be tame and tedious. The novels were tales of costume. The style and tone were exceedingly commonplace. Good characters—yes; and doubtless touches of humor, and the Scotch dialect and the antiquarian knowledge excellent; but it is, after all, feudal melodrama, Tory, aristocratic, backward, half theatrical—in a word, "Costumes are transitory; man alone is perennial." Perhaps this tendency of viewing Scott was deepened by the tragical end of his life, and its cause. It was painful to think that the man whose great genius had amazed and charmed the world, who was by his position and power a teacher of the people, should have set his heart upon building a pinchbeck castle, upon being a feudal baron out of time, and should have involved himself so deeply for so pitiful a purpose. Then came the tragedy: the desperate struggle, the universal ruin, the death of his wife, the solitary, gloomy continuance of the contest, the sorrowful eclipse and extinction of his powers, and the peaceful death at last of the weary old man whom the world loved and pitied. Pitied—that was, perhaps, the feeling which increased the tendency to take him at his own estimate of the minstrel or the story-teller—a kind of dependent to sit below the salt, and amuse the company after dinner.

It is against this feeling concerning Scott which has marked the literary judgment of the age which Carlyle impressed so deeply, that Mr. Harrison now raises a clear and vigorous note of protest. It is so positive and manly and assured that we shall quote some of his own racy words: "I am told that the last discovery of modern culture is that Scott's prose is commonplace; that the young men at our universities are far too critical to care for his artless sentences and flowing descriptions. They prefer Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Mallock, and the euphuism of Young Oxford, just as some people prefer a Dresden Shepherdess to the Caryatides of the Erictheum, pronounce Fielding to be low and Mozart to be *passé*.....Scott is just one of the poets (we may call poets all the great creators in prose or in verse) of whom one never wearies, just as one can listen to Beethoven, or watch the sunrise or the sunset day by day with new delight. I think I can read the *Antiquary*, or the *Bride of Lammermoor*, *Ivanhoe*, *Quentin Durward*, and *Old Mortality* at least once a year afresh.....What are the old almanacs that they so often give us as histories beside these living pictures of the ordered succession of ages? As in Homer himself, we see in this prose Iliad of modern history the battle of the old and the new, the heroic defense of ancient strongholds, the long-impending and inevitable doom of mediæval life against the destiny of modern society, unconsciously working out its ways, undauntedly defying its power. How just is our island Homer! Neither Greek nor Trojan sways him: Achilles is his hero; Hector is his favorite; he loves the councils of chiefs and the palace of Priam; but the swine-herd, the charioteer, the slave-girl, the hound, the beggar, and the herdsman, all glow alike in the harmonious coloring of his peopled epic. We see the dawn of our English nation, the defense of Christendom against the Koran, the grace and the terror of feudalism, the rise of monarchy out of baronies, the rise of parliaments out of monarchy, the rise of industry out of serfage, the pathetic ruin of chivalry, the splendid death-struggle of Catholicism, the sylvan tribes of the mountain (remnants of our prehistoric forefathers) beating themselves to pieces against the hard advance of modern industry; we see the grim heroism of the Bible martyrs, the catastrophe of feudalism overwhelmed by a practical age which knew little of its graces and almost nothing of its virtues. Such is Scott, who, we may say, has done for the various phases of modern history what Shakespeare has done for manifold types of human character. And this glorious and most human and most historical of poets, without whom our very conception of human development would have ever been imperfect, this manliest, and truest, and widest of romancers, we neglect for some hot-house hybrid of psychological analysis, for the wretched imitators of Balzac, and the jackanapes phrase-mongering of some Osric of the day, who assures us that Scott is an absolute Philistine."

This has the glow of a conviction as sturdy and sincere as Carlyle's, and it tosses him the ball with a vigor as sure as his own. Doubtless it shows that the old masculine, simple

taste is recovering itself against the morbid overrefinement and introspection of the age. Poetry like Swinburne's and prose like Mallock's exhibit the extremity of certain tendencies of the time, which are incompatible with the hearty, healthy fresh breeze and pure sunshine of the great heights of literature, and it is significant that after forty years this is the rejoinder to the lofty and sad farewell of Carlyle to Scott, which seemed almost to bow him out of fame and literature.

A GREAT many little sermons have been preached from the text of the interviewer, but a new form of his activity suggests further reflections. The plea of the interviewer is that he furnishes to the public detailed knowledge of events and opinions in which it is interested. But he forgets to consider whether it is a legitimate interest that he gratifies. The public, which is but an aggregation of individuals, wishes to know a great many things which it has no business to know, and to pander to this kind of curiosity is an exceedingly dishonorable service. There is another branch of interviewing, not connected with private affairs nor necessarily dishonorable, which is new and very mischievous. We mean the inquiry addressed privately to legislators of their opinion and probable vote upon pending measures. Some of the more enterprising interviewers—of course under instructions, because they are but agents—when a question is under consideration in a Legislature which commands general interest, wait upon the members and solicit to know their opinions and their intentions, and publish them as speedily as possible. The obvious mischief of such a practice is that when a man has publicly committed himself to a certain course it is very difficult for him to change it, however persuasive subsequent arguments for a change may be; and the same man finds it hardly less difficult to refuse to give his present views for publication. The public welfare certainly gains nothing by a practice which commits legislators before they are called upon to vote. The caucus despotism is strong only through the pusillanimity of individuals, but here is a new form of the same despotism, under which a man gives pledges, not to his fellow-partisans, but to the public.

The tendency, under a popular government, to surrender individual independence is so strong, and the arguments for such surrender are so specious, that every man should stand fast against them. The permanent necessity is the decrease of party spirit, but the overwhelming temptation is to its increase. Every thing, therefore, which "commits" men in advance to a certain action is to be resisted as vigorously as possible, and the publication of a man's decision before it can be properly made is a public injury. It is hard for the public man to resist the interviewer. He becomes a mere wedding guest whom the Ancient Mariner of the note-book fixes with his glittering eye. He is helpless as a timid man in the hands of a skillful cross-examiner. And the reason is evident. The public man desires promotion, and one key to promotion is popular favor. Whatever, therefore, seems or professes to seek the welfare of "the people" he must vaguely espouse, with his tongue at least, and having once espoused it, there is no divorce. But he is also conscious that ridicule and hostility and misrepresentation, remorseless and reiterated, can not help affecting the public opinion which he seeks to propitiate, and he fears to provoke them all if he refuses to welcome and gratify the terrible Mariner of the press, and he is, indeed, like a lone traveller upon the heath whom the gay highwayman greets. It is "your opinion or your standing." Of course no American citizen is afraid to have his opinions upon any subject published to all mankind; and of course a public man's constituents have a right to know his views; and of course if a man is so high and mighty that he refuses his views to the representative of a free, enlightened, and independent press, he must be taught that there are no castes, or ranks, or privileges in this country, and consequently that the servants of the people must not forget their masters—arguments and assertions which are tolerably familiar. It is no wonder, therefore, that the poor wedding guest, however plainly he may hear the loud bassoon, and however desperately he may beat his breast, feels himself constrained to stay, and the Mariner hath his will.

"The worst thing in my countrymen," said a severe American, "is their cowardly good humor;" and when a critic, the edge of whose scalping-knife is never turned, and is always dripping with gore, heard that his friend B. had spoken well of a picture, he exclaimed: "Now I know that the thing is worthless, because B. is so blamed good-natured." That national good nature, with the unhandsome prefix, is illustrated in nothing more conspicuously than in the meekness with which "interviews" are granted and the interviewer received. "If any newspaper reporter," thundered an old-fashioned American statesman, "should dare to ask me my views and probable vote upon a pending bill, to publish in his paper, in order to make public sentiment and to commit me, I should inform him that my opinions would be spoken in my place and attested by my vote, and that it was the business of the presiding officers of the Legislature to ascertain and announce the official opinions of legislators. He might print that opinion and welcome." It is an old-fashioned view, but it has some merit.

IT is some months since we spoke of the singular romance of Lord Beaconsfield's career. His influence upon British politics and opinion is as unexpected in its methods as in its results. An astute observer might have said,

indeed, that if Disraeli should ever become Prime Minister, he will not pursue English ends by English means; but there will be something constantly unexpected, grandiose, unenglish. If this had been said, the event would have justified it constantly, for his ascendency has been a series of glittering surprises and a melodramatic statesmanship which is unprecedented in English history, and foreign to the English genius and tradition. The same observer—for with the wisdom that follows the event we may imagine what might have been said—would have suspected probably that a man like Disraeli would have made personal ascendency over the Queen, and an ascendency acquired by flattery, an important factor in the great game of politics. If, again, this had been said, the result would have justified it as before; for this is what he is believed to have done, with a kind of Oriental fascination and power. Indeed, Lord Beaconsfield—or, as he is most characteristically known, Mr. Disraeli—constantly suggests the Indian conjurers in Wilkie Collins's admirable romance of the *Moonstone*. They are of high caste, swarthy-faced, superbly clad, noiseless, sleek, soft, feline, pursuing their end with perfect grace, composure, and intense absorption; cajoling, astounding, charming the spectator with their dexterous play, but always with tiger-like intentness fixed upon their prize, and ready for every consummate ingenuity and daring trick, intrigue, device, deception, crime of whatever degree and risk, to secure the coveted, priceless, sacred gem. In the House of Lords, at Guildhall, in Downing Street, in Berlin, at Windsor Castle, every where, always, Disraeli seems like the swart Indian swathed in cashmere, self-restrained, impassive, mysterious, but strangely alien, uncanny, and bent on some malign end.

The support that we have mentioned, he still receives. The "Jingo" fire has somewhat burned out and paled; the unsatisfactory wars in Afghanistan and South Africa, the folly of Cyprus, the complications in Roumelia, the vast expense of an imperial policy, the want of any distinctly defined benefit to England from all the flash and report of this tumultuous and spectacular administration, will become elements more and more important in the impending elections. But even more suspicious to Englishmen than the barbaric glitter of the foreign policy of Disraeli is the manifest revival of the royal prerogative—a point upon which England is especially sensitive when it once suspects it. This was the point of Baron Stockmar's lessons to Prince Albert. The baron was the political Mentor of the Prince, and he expounded to him that the true balance of the British Constitution required acknowledgment of the due political weight of the crown. But, properly speaking, the crown is to have no political weight whatever. Still less is the monarch to attempt to use any personal political influence. Mr. Gladstone, in his review of Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, expresses surprise that a man so shrewd as Stockmar should have blundered so strangely. But it is evident that the Prince's mind was receptive of the lesson, and his great ascendency over the Queen affected hers favorably to her own importance. This feeling, it is believed, has been carefully fostered by Lord Beaconsfield by means of profuse and constant and ingenious flattery. A distinguished public man is credited with saying that Beaconsfield is "the only Premier since Melbourne who has remembered that the Queen is a woman as well as a branch of the government." We have heard stories of the Disraeli flattery which, if true, show that his Oriental lavishness is as marked in this as in other things, and that he "lays it on" not with a trowel only. The infinite gossip, however, is valuable not for its truth, but for its significance. It shows not only what is believed, but also the consciousness that there is something to explain. There have been very plain articles in the magazines upon the drift toward personal government, and the report that the Queen was in personal correspondence with Lord Lytton in India and with Lord Chelmsford in South Africa led to a motion in the Commons, by a substantial and conservative member, plainly implying that the Queen had transcended her proper position under the Constitution.

The alleged growth of the influence of the crown is coincident with a great increase of the court circle by the marriages of the various members of the royal family, so that the court influence in politics becomes more and more evident. A recent incident shows the condition of the public mind in England, and the risks of the Beaconsfield policy. Sir Robert Peel spoke severely in the House of Commons of the Queen's correspondence with Lord Chelmsford, and alluded to Thackeray's unflattering portraits of the Georges, one of whom, and the most reactionary, was the Queen's grandfather. Presently a friend of the Prince of Wales intimated, in a paper called *Vanity Fair*, that the royal family intended to cut Sir Robert. To this foolish assertion Sir Robert replied, in a letter which the editor of *Vanity Fair* begged him to withdraw, and which was privately shown to the Prince of Wales, who caused Sir Robert to be informed that he had not authorized the statement in *Vanity Fair*. This message Sir Robert sent to the *Times*, and the editor of *Vanity Fair* retorted by publishing Sir Robert's letter. It is a letter in which, courtward and Queenward, Sir Robert uses very strong language, calling the statement of *Vanity Fair* "a very impudent expression of the latest development of the ridiculous imperialism of the present day;" "a clear breach of privilege, recalling the most stupid exhibitions of royal misconduct." "You invite me to a game which two can play at: one of the parties in the contest may prove a pungent

critic of the coming K—— and Co." "You act as the plenipotentiary of royalty: go and tell your master that I am not the sort of man to be smothered by imperial menaces, and unless I receive the most ample satisfaction from the royal sources which have made you their most impudent mouth-piece, I shall send a copy of your statement, together with my reply, to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge."

This is "langwidge" which even Jeames Yellowplush could not mistake, and the courteous disclaimer of the Prince, which did not prevent its final publication, can not change the conviction that there is very deep and strong feeling when a man of the position of Sir Robert Peel, who is by no means a radical, can write in such terms of the court for publication, and when another staid and substantial Commoner can propose a virtual censure upon the Queen. It is not a favorable moment for attempting to magnify personal monarchical power, and the course of events in England shows how singularly out of tune with his own age the Prime Minister is. When he was made Chancellor, a few years since, he exhorted the students to study carefully the spirit of their age, and to conform their lives to it; and by way of illustration he chooses the time in which the idea of monarchy is outgrown among the educated and intelligent classes who inspire and control the age, and in a country traditionally sensitive to the encroachment of prerogative, and in the prospect of the succession of a Prince who is thought too much to resemble his great-uncle the Prince Regent, to revive personal government, to enhance the power of the crown, and to belittle Parliament. There is, indeed, in the opinion of shrewd observers, a reaction upon the Continent against free government. But that is impossible in England. The country has gone too far forward; the suffrage is too widely extended; there is too much real liberty and soundness of thought, too homogeneous a people, too sturdy a national character, to permit any such reaction. There is nothing in the purpose of Lord Beaconsfield which can contend successfully with the spirit of Sir Robert Peel.

THERE was unusually good speaking at the annual dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce this year, and despite President Babcock's sly remark that the Chamber was not a mutual admiration society, like some other associations which also indulged in annual dinners, there was yet a decidedly complimentary reference to the power and importance of the commercial class, which was no less true because it was eloquently said. Indeed, the merchants of New York have as much reason for mutual admiration and congratulation as the Sons of St. Jonathan, or of St. Patrick, or of St. Nicholas, and that is saying every thing. There is no want of strong feeling and just pride among many of the different and great interests in the city of New York; but the extreme heterogeneity of the population prevents that general public spirit and local pride which usually characterize an English-speaking community. Dr. Bellows, in his speech at the dinner, touched upon one aspect of this fact in saying that Lord Napier, when he was the English minister here, remarked that he observed a singular incredulity about our institutions upon the part of many "first class" or "Fifth Avenue" Americans. Dr. Bellows warmly and eloquently repelled the suggestion as implying any general or effective doubt among those who represent the real forces that control the country, although there is a certain kind of skepticism among a certain cultivated class, as in London there is a kind of "club" skepticism and *nil admirari* upon all great questions and interests.

There is a class of comfortable Americans who cross the sea and travel pleasantly in Europe, seeing the smooth outside of things, the excellent roads, the careful paternal arrangements for crowds, the respectful manner of subordinates, the external ease of old civilization. Upon coming home they are sadly scandalized by the crudity and haste and want of deference—but not of courtesy—that are observable here, and they instantly generalize the conclusion that a popular government produces bad roads, and bad manners, and enormous jobbery in public works, and a low and mean tone in politics, and a general inability to have things done as they should be done. The argument of this view is short, and apparently final. Popular government is the rule of the majority; the majority are always poor, ignorant, and prejudiced; therefore popular government is the rule of the least enlightened. Under such a system, says this argument, politics are not an appeal to intelligence and patriotism and public spirit, but to the most contemptible passions and narrow selfishness. There is a constant temptation and tendency to flatter the mob—that is, the most stupid and worthless and dangerous part of the people—and to assume that this mob is especially the people; so that your republic, says this argument, is practically a tyranny in which you have an ignorant, vulgar, and drunken brute, instead of a gentleman, for your tyrant, and newspapers and orators and "so-called" statesmen kiss his feet and lick his boots as abjectly as Siamese courtiers crawl on their bellies before their king.

This is the feeling of those "first-class" Americans to whom Lord Napier alluded, and there is certainly enough in the pandering of newspapers and orators and so-called statesmen to the vilest passions of the worst part of the community to disgust every decent and honorable man. Moreover, it would be a foolish assumption that every detail of public administration is more perfect under a popular form, or that a Sybarite, or *flâneur*, or gilded "loafer,"

might not lounge more pleasantly and dine more sumptuously elsewhere than here. But, as his philosophy asserts, the great mass of men are born poor. Would he, then, if he were poor, wish that his son were born and obliged to make his way in some other country? If not, he concedes that this country offers a better chance for living than any other. Now is this due to its great extent and spare population more than to its political system and the manly independence and self-dependence which that system fosters?

But Lord Napier's "first-rate" American, or the gilded loafer, must consider one other thing. The rule of the majority may be numerically the rule of the ignorant, but is it therefore necessarily an ignorant rule? This is the point which is always taken for granted. But it is not only not to be assumed, it is constantly disproved in experience. The Easy Chair is planted in New York, and we will find our illustration here. Here, if any where, the malign influences are most powerful. Now the majority of voters in the city are as ignorant as the "first-class" argument could desire. The local government is certainly not a model of good administration. Yet, despite the immense ignorance of the majority, is the Chief Magistrate of the city, whom the majority elect, a typical ignorant man, or demagogue, or dangerous person? And if not, why not? Ten years ago the city government was a conspiracy of craft and crime, and a vast organized swindle. Why was it so?

The answer to both of these questions is substantially the same, and it is this: the ignorant majority have the numerical power, but that power is controlled by intellectual ascendency. That ascendency is founded in the natural and instinctive loyalty of ignorance to intelligence, and in the capacity of intelligence to lead. The present Chief Magistrate of the city was elected by a combination. But it was intelligence that comprehended the situation, and devised means of winning the numerical ignorant force for one who was not its representative. So the Tweed Ring had mental cleverness enough to impose their will upon the majority, and to subdue the numerical force to their own purposes. And presently, when their power, intrenched upon the numerical prejudice and ignorance, seemed to be absolutely supreme and permanent, it was intellectual force, again, which, seizing the situation, combining interests and feelings, completely overthrew and annihilated the Ring. The reason that the majority, who are largely ignorant, do not give us an ignorant government, is that ignorance is controlled by intelligence. It is not always controlled to good ends, because the intelligence is often rascally. But it is controlled, and therefore Lord Napier's "first-class" argument is unsound, that because the majority are ignorant they will therefore provide a government of ignorance.

Whoever has seen a self-possessed and sagacious orator handling a tumultuous meeting, as Phœbus-Apollo handles his madly plunging steeds, has seen the symbol of popular government, and understands why the sole fact of numerical force and brute power does not explain it. He who watches the ocean rising into every bay and creek in obedience to celestial attraction, sees in outward nature the law that governs the associated life of men, and which gives the American people faith in their own government, whether they can give a reason for their faith or not.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE Renaissance in Italy has been made the subject of prolonged study by Mr. John Addington Symonds, an English scholar of large attainments; and as the fruit of his industry we have already had two volumes, respectively on *The Age of the Despots* and *The Revival of Learning*, dealing with the politics and the scholarship of the period. The latest work from his pen is on the fine arts of the Renaissance,[1] and this is to be followed at some future day by another, completing the series on Italian literature. Though the four volumes, in the above order, will form a connected study of Italian culture during the Renaissance, each is complete, and can be read independently of its companions. In the volume before us, forming the third and last published of the series, Mr. Symonds undertakes the task of dealing mainly "with Italian Painting as the one complete product which remains from the achievements of the period of the Renaissance in Italy, touching upon Sculpture and Architecture more superficially;" and he confines himself within this limit because, in his judgment, "not only is painting the art in which the Italians among all the nations of the world stand unapproachably alone, but it is also the one that best enables us to gauge their genius at the time when they impressed their culture on the rest of Europe." In performing this task, which has been executed with rare dignity, sobriety, and ability, Mr. Symonds begins with a careful analysis of the complex intellectual and social conditions and beliefs and of the various derived or intrinsic influences which led to and made the revival of art possible in Italy at the close of the mediæval period and the beginning of the modern era, and with an examination of the causes which forced it to take the form of painting as the highest and most suitable expression of the prevailing

[1] *Renaissance in Italy.* The Fine Arts. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. 8vo, pp. 550. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

thought and culture of the time. In the course of this investigation he discusses a number of preliminary questions of prime importance, having a direct bearing upon a just understanding of the relations assumed by the fine arts to the thought of the Renaissance, among them being the following: What was the task appointed for the Fine Arts on the threshold of the modern world? What constituted the specific quality of modern art as distinguished from antique feeling? How was it that, while sculpture was the characteristic fine art of antiquity, painting became the distinguishing fine art of the modern era? The responses to these comprehensive queries involve a minute observation of the art, the creeds, and the literature and customs of the times, and suggest elaborate expositions of such problems as the influence of religion, both pagan and Christian, upon art; the antagonism between art and pure or primitive piety; the paganizing and humanization of Christian ideals by the revival of classical art; the irreconcilability of art and theological dogma, and the compromises mutually made between art and the Church; and the effect of art and religion to react upon and modify each other to their mutual advantage or injury. After this discussion, which needs to be carefully read as furnishing the key-note to much that follows, Mr. Symonds enters upon a systematic account of architecture and sculpture in Italy prior to and at the several stages of the Renaissance, in the course of which he discloses the influences that constantly operated upon both these arts from an early period till the sixteenth century, and gives extended biographical sketches of the pioneers and masters in each, with descriptive and critical accounts of their most celebrated works. After this he succinctly reviews the history of painting in Italy in the various stages of its evolution, and as exhibited in its numerous schools from an early day in the mediæval period till the dawn of the Renaissance. Finally, he dwells with leisurely and expansive minuteness on its development under the genius of the Great Masters, after the mediæval motives were exhausted, during the golden era of the two periods of the true Renaissance. In this elaborate survey—which is enriched with vigorous sketches of great artists, and with technical criticisms of their chief works—large space is given to the lives and works of Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini. The volume concludes with an interesting chapter on the period, since 1550, which has witnessed the decadence of art in Italy, the exhaustion of the old motives which inspired it, the growth of the mannerists and imitators, and the final extinction of the Renaissance impulse. Throughout, the work is noticeable for its calm and judicial tone, for its abundance of fine historical and descriptive episodes, and for its vigorous critical analyses and estimates of the works and the genius of the artists who are passed in review before us. We should not omit to invite attention to an extremely interesting feature of the volume, to be found in the appendix, being a scholarly study on the sonnets of Michael Angelo, accompanied by elegant translations of more than a score of the finest of them.

Twenty-three years ago, after ten years of laborious and conscientious research of original documents and national archives, and of examination of the works of contemporaneous historians, Mr. Motley published his *Rise of the Dutch Republic*,[2] of which a second edition is now issued in a form at once elegant and within reach of the most moderate means. The literary history of this important work and its later companion volumes was traced by Mr. Whipple in a delightful paper in the May number of this Magazine, which should be read as an intelligent introductory essay, illustrative of their scope, of the historian's methods and character, and of the place assigned to his works by the consent of scholars the world over. Without reproducing Mr. Whipple's thoughtful monograph, or venturing to offer any thing we can say as a substitute for it, we may briefly observe that the grand literary effort to which Mr. Motley devoted the richest powers of his life, and of which the volumes before us were the first installment, as he originally projected it, was the completion of a history of the eighty years' war for liberty in the Netherlands. Toward this he first contributed the three volumes of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, then the four volumes of *The History of the United Netherlands*, and then the two volumes of *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld;* and he was preparing to enter upon the concluding period, *The History of the Thirty Years' War*, when his hand was stayed, and he rested from his labors. The work before us, which, as we have seen, was the first of the series, after a rapid but comprehensive sketch of the sixteen centuries that followed Julius Cæsar, in which is outlined with bold and masterly vigor the course and development of events that moulded the liberty-loving Netherlanders into a homogeneous people and prepared the way for the republic, consists of six parts, embracing the eventful twenty-nine years from 1555 to 1584, each of which is devoted to a distinctive administrative and historical epoch, namely, the first to the period covered by the presence of Philip the Second in the Netherlands, from 1555 to 1559, and then successively to the periods of the administrations of the Duchess Margaret of Parma, from 1559 to 1567, of the Duke of Alva, from 1567 to 1573, of the Grand Commander Requesens, from 1573 to 1576, of Don John of Austria, from 1576 to 1578, and of Alexander of Parma, from 1578 to 1584, the last terminating with the assassination of

[2] *The Rise of the Dutch Republic.* A History. By John Lothrop Motley. 3 vols., 8vo, pp. 579, 582, and 664. New York: Harper and Brothers.

William of Nassau. The central and powerfully contrasted figures in all these acts of the terrible drama that extended through those bloody years, when personal and civil liberty, as well as humanity itself, was put to the torture by a cowardly bigot and tyrant, are William the Silent and Philip of Spain; but around them revolve numerous actors on either side only a degree less prominent, all of whose portraits are painted in striking colors, and their careers delineated with consummate skill, so far as they bear upon the events which were crowded into these fateful and shameful years. Mr. Motley's style is exceedingly fascinating. Less ornate and rhetorical than Macaulay's, it reveals a more intense individuality, a more fervid passionateness, and a more glowing imagination. His periods are less graceful and less lofty than Macaulay's, but they burn themselves deeper into the mind of the reader, and leave a more distinct impression upon it. Unlike Macaulay, he never indulges in a dexterous balancing of both sides of a question, so as to make each seem equally plausible, and to leave us in doubt on which side is the preponderance of right or wrong. Motley never temporizes. Instantly, and from the start, he discriminates the right and the wrong, and attacks the one and upholds the other with bold, unfaltering, and incisive candor. He never plays with a character or a policy to display his dexterity or his resources, but his assault and his advocacy are prompt and persistent; his attack is ever as wrathful and merciless as his advocacy or defense is loving and generous. As with Macaulay, history in his hands is something more than a smooth and accurate presentment of authentic facts, arranged with luminous skill and precision, and disposed with brilliant effect; as in the volume before us, it takes the form of a severe and sustained study, from the stand-point of a philosophic statesman, of a great formative world-movement, in which kings and peoples, nations and institutions, principles and creeds, participated, and which has resulted in the amelioration and advancement of the race. To an American these volumes are invaluable, as containing the history of the growth of free institutions, of the substitution of liberty for "liberties," of right for privilege, of natural and inherent freedom for grants and concessions of it by royal or imperial grace and favor.

A manuscript of François Le Goff, Docteur-ès-Lettres, of Paris, has been translated and given to the public by Mr. Theodore Stanton, of Ithaca, New York, which aims to give the American public—so far as concerns the period covered by the life of M. Thiers, and the important events in French history of which he was a controlling factor—a more exact idea of French affairs than now prevails, and to dispel the illusions current among us, and resulting from a superficial view of the history and conditions of France during the last half century. Under the title *The Life of Louis Adolphe Thiers*,[3] the author groups around the imposing figure of Thiers the principal political events of the above-named period, and the more prominent actors in them, and thus makes the biography of the great statesman the vehicle for displaying the complicated problems, passions, and interests which dominated French society, and for passing in review the parties and individuals who contended for the supremacy in it. Although the work generally takes this semi-historical form, it does not do so exclusively, or to the neglect of those personal characteristics and incidents which make biography attractive and instructive. Along with the tide of historical events, from the fall of the Empire and the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, till the death of Thiers, in 1877, the current of the great man's life is traced with considerable fullness as to his personal fortunes, and with great minuteness as to his connection with public affairs, and the relation gives us a vivid idea of the indefatigable intellectual activity and movement that signalized his self-made career, alike as law student, editor, encyclopedist, politician, historian, biographer, political economist, Deputy to Assembly, member of cabinet, Prime Minister, and President of the Republic. The special serious purpose of the author, every where apparent, is to vindicate Thiers from the charge of inconsistency, and from the doubts raised as to the unity of his political life; and we think he successfully shows that in every stage of his career Thiers served but one cause, that of the nation, and was devoted to but one ideal, that of fidelity to the principles of the Revolution, within the pale of the law, and hostility to even the shadow of personal government. The key-note of his political life was formulated in his memorable maxim, "The king reigns, but does not govern," and in conformity to it he demanded obedience to law alike from the head of the monarchy and the chief of the republic. The work often rises to the dignity of impassioned history, and it has been made clear and acceptable to American readers by the labors of the translator to whose care the author confided his manuscript, and to whose judgment we are indebted for its selection and arrangement.

Out of the scanty materials that are to be found in the biographies prefixed to the various editions of Spenser, supplemented by gleanings from his writings and from recently discovered documents, Dean Church has constructed as full a life[4] of the great Elizabethan poet as we have any right to look for. Still, the record is largely made up of inference and conjecture, and is necessarily exceedingly imperfect. Thus limited by the means at his

[3] *The Life of Louis Adolphe Thiers.* By François Le Goff, Docteur-ès-Lettres. Translated from the Unpublished Manuscript, by Theodore Stanton, A.M. 8vo, pp. 353. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[4] *Spenser.* By R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 180. New York: Harper and Brothers.

command, Dr. Church has wisely concentrated his attention upon the literary history of Spenser's productions, and on descriptive and analytical criticisms of them—a work which he has executed with scholarly taste and accuracy. By far the greater part of the volume is properly appropriated to the "Faerie Queene," the history of whose production, and of the incidents attending it, being given with all the copiousness possible. Dr. Church's criticism and analysis of this inimitable "darke conceit" are able and appreciative, and his explication of its machinery and general intention, especially of its complex allegory, is a succinct and intelligent key to its interior meanings.

Few men of letters have led so dramatic a life as Molière,[5] the great French comedian. The son of an upholsterer of Paris, whose name (Poquelin) he afterward abandoned for the theatrical pseudonym he immortalized, he was enabled by a small competence inherited from his mother to acquire a liberal education, and separate himself from the *bourgeois* class in which he was born. After finishing his education he was called to the bar, and practiced with some distinction, meanwhile impairing his fortune by dissipation, when he suddenly abandoned the law and adopted the trade of a comic actor. He did not enlist at the outset, however, as a regular professional, but, inspired by a desire to reform the French stage, embarked as an amateur with a number of young men of family in the establishment of what they grandly styled "The Illustrious Theatre." He soon found he could not compete with the skill and training of the professional actors, and formed an alliance with several of them, but without successful results. His theatre became a failure, and having sunk his means, he entered upon a course of obscure wanderings through the provinces as manager of a company of strolling players. This lasted ten years, during which he led an irregular life, all the while writing plays for his company and performing them with indifferent success, till at last he made several lucky hits, which won the ear of the court, secured him a favorable reception at Paris, and gained him the life-long friendship and protection of Louis XIV. He now entered upon the course of dramatic creations which made him famous. When he was forty years old he married a young girl of seventeen, an actress whom he had known from her cradle, and had in a manner brought up under his own eye. It was an ill-starred match; she proved inconstant, and imbittered his whole after-life. But notwithstanding her inconstancy he continued to love her with an absorbing passion, which was full of torment; he saw her indiscretions and gallantries, and while they maddened him, he still adored her. As he confessed to a friend, he could not overcome his love for her; his mind was so full of her that in her absence nothing pleased him, and when he saw her his emotion took away from him all power of thought, and he had no eye but for that which was excellent in her. Singularly enough, almost all his later great dramas are the reflections of his own misery; and the principal characters in them, whose parts were acted by his wife and himself, reproduced upon the stage the infelicitous drama of his own life.

Although each decade since the death of Robert Burns has witnessed the appearance of at least two biographies of him, the most satisfactory one for popular reading has just been wrought into form by Principal Shairp,[6] out of the material existing in its predecessors. Rejecting much in these that was rhetorical, discursive, or superfluous, he has moulded into a concise, flowing, and sympathetic narrative all the ascertained events of the poet's life, dwelling with frankness but gentleness on his errors, faithfully portraying his personal, mental, and moral characteristics, and estimating his productions with appreciative candor and fine critical taste. The chapters given to the account of the poet's youth in Ayrshire, and descriptive of the scenes which inspired so many of his finest songs and poems, to his first winter in Edinburgh, just as his poetical powers began to dawn on his countrymen, and to his Border and Highland tours, are very delightful; and the closing chapter, in which an estimate is offered of Burns's character as a man and of the poetic quality of his writings, is an elegant specimen of genial and just criticism.

It is creditable to the poetical discernment of the present generation that *The Epic of Hades*,[7] by the author of *Songs of Two Worlds*, should have run to seven editions in the brief period of about four years since its original publication. The poem is eminently worthy of the appreciative reception it has met, and deservedly ranks its author among the foremost of living poets. Less complicated in its machinery, less mystical in its imagery, and less elaborately awful and preternatural in its subsidiary agencies than Dante's "Vision," it resembles its Italian prototype in its device of making a mortal penetrate the regions of the unseen world, and of there listening to the legends of its weird inhabitants. The legends thus related are, first, those of the "damned shades" in Tartarus—Tantalus, Phædra, Sisyphus, and Clytæmnestra—who are "prisoners in those dreadful precincts where no hope comes;" second, of the "fair souls"—Marsyas, Andromeda, Eurydice, Orpheus, Persephone, Endymion, Psyche, and others—whom he saw in Hades "waiting as we shall wait, the Bea-

[5] *Molière.* "Foreign Classics Series." By Mrs. Oliphant and F. Tarver, M.A. 16mo, pp. 192. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[6] *Robert Burns.* By Principal Shairp, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 205. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *The Epic of Hades.* In Three Books. By the Author of *Songs of Two Worlds.* Seventh Edition. 16mo, pp. 284. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

tific End;" and lastly, of the "blessed shades, heroic and divine"—Artemis, Herakles, and Aphrodite, Athene, Here, Apollo, and Zeus—the immortals who people Olympus. The versions of these Hellenic myths are told with dramatic force, in language of exquisite melody and chaste simplicity. Several of them are fine examples of pathos and tenderness, others are tragic with an intensity of woe, still others are picturesque with forms of beauty and scenes of enjoyment, and all evince imaginative and descriptive powers of a high order. Underlying all of them is a subtle arraignment of the gods of pagan mythology, and a recognition of the majesty and might and excellence of the Unknown God of the Christian dispensation.

In view of the usage, "more honored in the breach than the observance," which has prevailed among certain of our American publishers of ushering in a new work of fiction or imagination with a preliminary flourish of trumpets, announcing its excellences in terms of superlative and often of undeserved praise, so as to create in advance a furor of great expectations, and secure a bespoken verdict in its favor, it is especially gratifying that a volume of genuine song has stolen its way to the public ear with the modest unobtrusiveness of real worth. Unheralded by any fanfaronade of puffery, *Willoughby*,[8] a poem of New England life, deserves a candid verdict on its merits, and these, we have no hesitation in saying, fairly entitle its author to stand among the most promising of our American poets, whether we consider the picturesqueness of its descriptions, the delicacy and purity of its tone, the sweetness and tenderness of its pathos, or the cadenced harmony of its strong but simple verse. The poem is an idyl of the half-pastoral, half-village life of the New England of to-day. Its plot is exceedingly simple, but grace and beauty hang in clusters on nearly every one of its shifting turns. Leigh Lane, a sweet maiden whose home is with her aged sire in a quiet village by the sea, where the "still deeps of life mirror men as trees in shady pools," where "maids trip dainty 'mong the flowers," and where "open doors have hint of rare sweet hospitality," is enjoying a holiday in New England's busiest city. Here she meets her ideal in young Robert Dale, a frank and manly sailor, as modest as he is brave, who has just returned from sea, of which, Othello-like, he recounts the wonders and the dangers so as to win her eager sympathies. Telling his sea tales to her, and moved by her sympathy, he learns to love sweet Leigh; and she, listening to them with all her woman's heart, returns his love. But young Love's dream is rudely interrupted by a call of duty; Dale is ordered to sea, again to seek its marvels and face its dangers; and as his "parting ship" swept down the bay, Leigh's loyal heart sped after it:

> "Its pure white faith flung out against the blue
> Of the uncertain future: to sail and sail
> Through storm and night the changeful sea of love."

Her lover gone, the city loses its charm for Leigh; thoughts of home grow loud and eager within her, and in her dreamful longings she hears

> "The fall of brooks thro' pastured plains, the plaint
> Of birds, and cattle lowing on the hills,
> And village murmur fitful, as night fell."

In her native village again, at first she feels soothed by its accustomed sights and sounds, and realizes

> "How sweet to sleep safe folded in the arms
> Of home; press pillowed heads where hearts grow still,
> Hushing their care as on some native breast."

But soon she finds that though home remains the same, she herself is changed: her girlish joys have been quenched and her girlish songs hushed by the strange womanhood that has grown up in her bosom since she gave her heart to Robert Dale. In her unrest she remembers her neglect of her rare gift for music, and for relief determines to devote herself to art; but after listening to some great queen of song, she becomes conscious that she can not unreservedly surrender her life to the despotic claims of art, as she must if she would excel, and that she is "but a woman, born to woman's lot and duties," which, "please God," she reverently determines, "nothing else shall hinder." So she goes back once more to her old home and its "benedictory o'erarching elms," content, by giving up herself to her ideal of duty, in its round of kindly cares and joys, to keep "the woman in her bright and strong." Here, in one of her wanderings by the seashore, whither she goes to ponder on her love for Robert Dale, she meets a stranger—a youthful painter with a poet's soul. Hart Willoughby has had his agony of love: the victim of a woman's fickle faith, he is desolate and heartbroken. At first mutually avoiding each other, they at length become mutually attracted; and at length for solace he tells her the story of his sorrows. Leigh listens to his piteous tale with womanly gentleness, and to beguile his grief repeats the story of her own love, under the guise of a parable, as if it were a cousin of whom she spoke. And so, through much plaining of his love and woe, and through her balmy sympathy for him, he falls in love with sweet Leigh Lane. But Leigh can only pity him, and gently reveals that she had shadowed her own story in the parable she had told him. Again the poet-painter is struck to earth, but he wrestles manfully and generously with his passion; and Robert Dale coming opportunely home, and become a "coward of his words" through fear that Leigh had learned to love another in his absence, Willoughby, unselfishly desirous for Leigh's happiness, tells him of her faithfulness as he had learned it at the cost of his own hopes. And thus the night

[8] *Willoughby.* By Edward F. Haywood. Small 4to, pp. 130. Boston: W. B. Clarke.

closes dark around the painter-poet, while Dale

> "went into that sweet light
> Love trims on shining altars, where all night
> Grew distant in the joy of loving eyes."

A survey of the contributions to the department of fiction for the month under review leaves a general impression of respectable mediocrity upon the mind. Prominent among them is *That Artful Vicar*,[9] which, if not exhibiting any special originality, is very clever in its exhibition of some of the comic commingled with the dramatic aspects of English life. The story opens with the renunciation by a young peer, who had just come of age, of his right to nominate a clergyman to a vicarage that was in his gift, in favor of the town authorities, whom he requested to choose their own pastor. A strife ensues between the rival magnates, which is etched with broad humor, in which neither will yield his preference; but just as a dead lock is imminent, and after the other candidates have made an exhibition of their preaching powers, the difficulty is terminated by the unexpected appearance upon the scene of a young curate, hitherto unknown, who by an act of heroism wins all suffrages, and he is made vicar almost on the spot. The principal families in the parish are those of the young peer and of his friend, a hospitable and fine-hearted old baronet, who has a large family of sons and daughters with a faculty for spending more than their income. The young vicar falls in love with the beautiful and high-spirited daughter of this honest old baronet, but, owing to his inferior rank, modestly conceals his feelings. Meantime troubles environ the baronet and his family, and the lovely daughter is about to be sacrificed to Mammon in the shape of a coarse and unmannerly lout, when the young vicar interposes to rescue them all from their distress, and to discomfit all the schemes that had been laid for their ruin. Of course the baronet's sweet daughter had loved the young vicar all the while, and after all the conspirators against the fortune and good name of her father had been foiled by his instrumentality, she rewards him with her hand.—In another key is Mrs. Herbert Martin's novel, *For a Dream's Sake*.[10] Less complicated with incident, less dramatic, and having none of the broad comic features of the tale just outlined, it is the story of the life of a pure, impulsive, impressionable, and ductile young English girl of elevated rank, who had never known a mother's love, or been duly prepared by any guardian womanly influences for the dangers that beset the station she was destined to fill. Her father is a selfish man of fashion, who looks upon her only as a clog on his own sybaritic ease, and he leaves her to her own unassisted and untrained resources to battle with the world of fashion, and pick her way over its pitfalls. Thrown into the society of a handsome and fascinating Italian singer, under his abnormal influence she is entrapped into a marriage with him, but fortunately is rescued from its consequences by the revelation instantly after the ceremony that he has a wife living. Her shame and remorse, the pangs she endures from the contumely of the censorious and under the reproaches of her father, are wrought out with considerable delicacy and skill. At length she regains her peace of mind; she discovers that her feeling for the Italian was a mere girlish impulse, the result of morbid sentiment, and that all the while she really loved another, who re-appears at a favorable moment, renews his suit, and all her troubles come to a blissful close.—Mr. James Payn's *Under One Roof*[11] is a novel with many and strong points of interest. The story takes us into the interior of the home and introduces us to the family of Sir Robert Arden—a Devonshire knight, who is the soul of honor, and who, although a second time married, retains the most reverent love for the dead wife of his youth. This trait of his character—joined to the circumstance that he is a confirmed valetudinarian—is seized upon by a designing brother of the first wife to work upon the knight's excited imagination, and, by practicing upon his belief in spiritualism, to cause him to receive as true certain spiritual manifestations which are carefully planned impostures. By these devices the unprincipled brother-in-law, in whom Sir Robert imposes implicit regard, and whom he tenderly loves, manages to gain control of all the knight's affairs, and to sour him against all his family, including his son, on whose betrothed the scoundrel has ulterior designs. The schemes of this villain and their partially successful results give variety and a certain dramatic interest to the story. At length, however, when he had apparently accomplished all his ends, the day of retribution comes; the traitor is unmasked, his impostures exposed, his villainies condignly punished, the good knight's eyes are opened, and long-suffering love and patience have their reward. The description of a sea-voyage ending in shipwreck, in one of the opening chapters, and the portraiture of the unprincipled schemer and false friend, are careful artistic studies.—*The Secret of the Andes*[12] is the title of a romance based upon events in the history of Peru, assumed to have occurred a few generations after the conquest. At the period chosen for the opening of the tale there was great excitement

[9] *That Artful Vicar.* The Story of what a Clergyman Tried to Do for Others, and Did for Himself. By the Author of *The Member for Paris.* "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 69. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *For a Dream's Sake.* A Novel. By Mrs. Herbert Martin. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 54. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Under One Roof:* An Episode in a Family History. A Novel. By James Payn. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 75. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *The Secret of the Andes.* A Romance. By F. Hassaurek. 12mo, pp. 466. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke and Co.

among the colonists and the creole population growing out of a destructive tax levied upon them by Spain, and a disposition was rife to resist it by force. At the same time a widespread belief existed that the treasure of the Incas was concealed by the natives, and there was an intense thirst for its discovery. According to the romance, this belief was well-founded, the treasure being at the disposition of an Indian princess, who was dazzlingly beautiful, the possessor of a queenly intellect, and devoted to the liberation of her race from their oppressors. She and her ministers form an alliance with those of the colonists who are incensed against the tax; and it is determined that one of their leaders, with whom the princess is in love, shall be married to her, and be crowned as the successor of the Incas, when the standard of rebellion should be raised, and the rebels, aided by the treasure of the Incas, and confederated with the natives, should declare the independence of Peru. After many spectacular scenes that would delight the hearts of a Bowery audience, the conspiracy collapses, the bubble bursts, and the story closes in true melodramatic style with the tragical death of the lover of the princess by a merciful arrow shot by her own hand.—Mr. Boyesen's *Falconberg*[13] is a tale of moderate interest, based on the fortunes of an educated young Norwegian who, in a moment of pecuniary pressure, forged his father's name, and fled from his native land to America, where he hoped to escape the consequences of his crime, to retrieve his character, and to strike out a new and honorable career. His struggles to this end, and his experiences in various capacities, especially as an editor, are set forth with considerable skill. In spite of the obloquy of his youthful offense, which constantly haunts him, and is revived in full force by his enemies at a critical juncture, the hero lives down the consequences of his error, and wins the hand of the woman of his heart. The narrative has some pleasing descriptions of the primitive life and manners preserved by Norwegian emigrants in their Western homes, and of their gradual affiliation with American habits and modes of thought.—Of Émile Zola's *L'Assommoir*,[14] the less said the better. A revelation of some of the most revolting phases of low Parisian life, its atmosphere is loaded with moral contagion. Its impure pictures may be life-like, but so would be the reproduction of a cancerous sore or of a scrofulous ulcer. We would as soon introduce the small-pox into our homes as permit this unclean volume to come in contact with the pure-minded maidens and ingenuous youth who form their chiefest ornament.—In strong contrast with this sensational novel are two graceful religious tales, *In the Mist*,[15] and *Tessa Wadsworth's Discipline*,[16] in which the fragrant lives and the virtuous loves of two pure women are depicted, in the one case with gentle pathos, and in the other with innocent and cheerful gayety. —The airiest and most sparkling contribution of the month to this department is a brilliant romance by the author of *Phyllis*, appropriately named, after its vivacious heroine, *Airy Fairy Lilian*.[17] Although it is totally destitute of sensational incidents, makes no pretensions to dramatic effect, and is free from exciting entanglements and perplexing intricacies, it is as full of variety and refreshment as a bright and changeful June morning. Its narrative is animated, its dialogue crisp and spirited, its tone pure and wholesome, and its characters are gracefully contrasted.

No more enjoyable companion could be desired for the summer vacation than a little volume of unstudied sketches of the natural history of a county in the south of England, entitled *Wild Life in a Southern County*,[18] which exhibits much of the genial minuteness and graceful simplicity that have made White's *Selborne* so universal a favorite. With absolute freedom from scientific method and technical phraseology, the author describes the habits of the birds, insects, and animals of a southern English county, beginning with its highest point, the site of an ancient intrenchment on an elevated down, and going thence, onward and downward, from a spring in the upland, along the course of a brook of which it is the source, past village and hamlet and lake, and through farms and wooded homesteads, into the valley beneath, the difference of altitude affording almost as great a variety of climate and of aspects of nature as if the observations had extended to the entire island. Together with captivating revelations in the field of natural history, there are numberless agreeable episodes descriptive of archæological remains, of phases of the weather, of farm and village and shepherd life, of rural architecture, and of local traditions and folk-lore. The underlying charm of the volume, however, is its delightfully garrulous gossip about English birds, and its picturesque descriptions of English flowers and hedges.—Equally genial in its descriptions of bird and animal and fish and plant life, and equally loving and minute in its observations of the varying aspects of nature, is a volume of essays by Mr. Burroughs, written from an American stand-point, and aptly styled *Locusts and Wild Honey*.[19] Mr.

[13] *Falconberg.* By Hjalmar H. Boyesen. 12mo, pp. 287. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[14] *L'Assommoir.* A Novel. By Émile Zola. Translated from the French by John Stirling. Sq. 12mo, pp. 380. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

[15] *In the Mist.* By Rose Porter. 16mo, pp. 287. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Co.

[16] *Tessa Wadsworth's Discipline.* By Jennie M. Drinkwater. 12mo, pp. 411. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[17] *Airy Fairy Lilian.* A Novel. By the Author of *Phyllis.* 12mo, pp. 363. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[18] *Wild Life in a Southern County.* By the Author of *The Game-Keeper at Home.* 16mo, pp. 344. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[19] *Locusts and Wild Honey.* By John Burroughs. 16mo, pp. 253. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

Burroughs's essays on bees, on birds, on trout, on strawberries, on weather signs, and on the use of the eyes are delightful morsels, having the genuine White-of-Selborne flavor, and, besides overflowing with enthusiasm and jocund humor, being instinct with the spirit of true poesy.

The taste for collecting and preserving flowers, ferns, leaves, and grasses, which has been steadily growing of late years, deserves to be encouraged as affording a means of healthful recreation to young people, especially to young ladies, while it concentrates their attention upon a subject of interest which will prove a source of elegant and refining knowledge. Many of the difficulties that have hitherto attended the gathering and preservation of these beautiful but fragile children of nature have been removed, and the pursuit directed in a systematic manner, by the instrumentality of the student's *American Plant-Book*,[20] recently published in this city. This book is in the form of an ingenious and convenient scrap-book, one-half of whose large pages are of thick paper on which the specimens are to be fastened, and interleaved with these are as many more pages printed in outline for the analysis of the specimens. It also contains an alphabetical index, brief but sufficient directions for gathering, pressing, and mounting the specimens, and leaves of adhesive paper for fastening them to the page. In neat and tasteful hands the book may be made an elegant and durable ornament; and it certainly provides a rapid and easy method for preserving and describing flowers and foliage of all kinds.

There must be among the annual visitants of our sea-shore many who desire precise and reliable information concerning the living objects of our sea-coast, and who would become practically acquainted with the curious and interesting features of animal life that abound there, or with marine zoology generally. To such Mr. Damon's *Ocean Wonders*[21] will prove an agreeable companion and an instructive hand-book. For obvious reasons Mr. Damon's observations have been confined to our own sea-shores and the neighboring West India Islands; and they embrace succinct but satisfactory descriptions of sea-anemones, corals, ocean architects, fishes, crabs, turtles, mollusks, the devil-fish and its congeners, barnacles, star-fishes, medusæ, sponges, etc. A chapter is appropriated to marine and fresh-water aquaria, and precise instructions are given in it how to do every thing that is necessary to build, stock, and take care of an aquarium. It is a very convenient and exceedingly interesting volume.

[20] *The American Plant-Book.* For the Convenient Preservation and Analysis of Pressed Flowers, Ferns, Leaves, and Grasses. By Harlan H. Ballard and S. Proctor Thayer. New York: Daniel Slote and Co.

[21] *Ocean Wonders.* A Companion for the Sea-Side. Freely Illustrated from Living Objects. By William E. Damon. 12mo, pp. 229. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

In the *Life and Letters of Baroness Bunsen*, recently noticed in this Record, she gives a pleasing domestic picture of her two boys sitting beside her in the evening, and listening to the stories she has provided for their entertainment and instruction. In one of her delightful letters to her mother she tells us that one of her boys begs for the stories of the Argonauts and Harpies and Brazen Bulls, and the other for those about Hercules and the Serpents and the Lion and the Hydra. And she adds that "these and many other mythological tales Mr. Niebuhr had written down, in the most charming manner possible, for his own boy Marcus, and we borrowed the manuscript, and I have been very busy this last month in copying it whenever I can find an odd half hour." This Mr. Niebuhr was the great historian, and the tales[22] that delighted her boys are now placed by the son for whose benefit they were written within reach of all refined mothers who, like the baroness, desire to improve the minds and stimulate the imagination of their boys, while affording them delightful fireside amusement. The stories are made accessible to American boys by a spirited translation by Mr. Benjamin Hoppin, and they have the additional attraction of twelve admirable full-page etchings by Augustus Hoppin.—Mr. John Esten Cooke has written another "juvenile," for the benefit of his own and other American boys, that ought to find its way into the hands of every intelligent lad who loves his country and takes an interest in its history. It is styled *Stories of the Old Dominion*,[23] and tells of the adventures of Captain John Smith, of the great rebellion in Virginia in 1676, of the youth and early manhood of Washington, of Braddock's defeat, and other conflicts with the Indians, of Patrick Henry, Chief Justice Marshall, and General Morgan, and much more about the men and events that give an air of romance to the annals of the "Old Dominion." The stories are told in singularly terse, simple, and emphatic English, and are related with the utmost earnestness and a careful regard for historical accuracy. Copiously illustrated, it is a book to win a boy's heart; and while it delights and instructs him, will kindle the pure flame of patriotism in his bosom.—In a little volume, appropriately named *The Fairy-Land of Science*,[24] Miss Buckley makes the study of the elementary principles of natural science as engaging as a fairy tale. Appealing to the active imaginations of her youthful auditors, and relying on the love of the wonderful which is so potent with childhood, she likens the forces of nature to so many invis-

[22] *Greek Hero Stories.* By Barthold Georg Niebuhr. With Illustrations by Augustus Hoppin. Translated by Benjamin Hoppin. 16mo, pp. 120. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[23] *Stories of the Old Dominion.* From the Settlement to the End of the Revolution. By John Esten Cooke. 12mo, pp. 337. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[24] *The Fairy-Land of Science.* By Arabella B. Buckley. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 244. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

ible benevolent fairies, whose character and origin she traces, and whose marvellous doings in the world around us she describes with the clearness and simplicity of a parable. Her expositions of the operations of gravitation and electricity, and of the more familiar agencies of light and sound, heat and cold, air and water, plants and minerals, are attractively exemplified by apt descriptions, simple explanations, easy experiments, and excellent illustrations. It forms a valuable and fascinating text-book for youthful scholars.—The author of the *Heir of Redclyffe* has found a congenial field for the exercise of her talent for narration in the preparation of volumes of history for the young, one of the latest of which, *The Young Folks' History of England*,[25] is a model of its kind: consecutive and graphic in its narrative, clear and attractive in its style, simple in its arrangement and judicious in its selection of the events to be related, and wise and unprejudiced in its interpretations of historical facts. The little book is a remarkable instance of the extent to which the process of condensation may be carried without sacrificing the graceful flow of the narrative or the rounded fullness of its outline.—The tact and good sense displayed in the *Life of Washington Irving*,[26] the initial volume of the series of "American Authors" projected by Professor D. J. Hill, afford a fair augury that the undertaking will be prosecuted conscientiously and well. Although it contains no new material derived from original sources, its selection and arrangement of the facts and incidents in the life of our American Goldsmith are full and judicious, and its relation of them spirited and engaging. The tone of the book is unexceptionable, its view of the personal and literary character of its eminent subject ample and unobstructed, its reflections and criticisms brief and plain, but thoughtful and discriminating, and its narrative absolutely free from any unwholesome stimulants.

Among recent publications that must be dismissed with brief notice is Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's *Letters from Florida*,[27] in which she sets forth with practical good sense the advantages afforded by that State, to industrious persons in reduced circumstances, toward securing independent, comfortable, cheap, and healthful homes. Her suggestions are not mere theorizings, but are enforced by examples that have come under her own observation.—Under the caption *The Colored Cadet at West Point*,[28] Lieutenant Flipper, a young colored man now an officer of the regular army, gives an outline of his early life, and an account of the motives that led him to aspire to be a cadet, and of his experiences while at West Point, and since then in the army. The modest manliness and marked candor of the narrative give it a title to favor.—*Voices from Babylon*[29] is the title of a series of lectures intended to be a thorough introduction to the Book of Daniel, and a review and vindication of the opinions held by the early Christians concerning it. The lectures embody the results of modern investigation and criticism, discuss the miracles and predictions of Daniel, describe the ancient empires spoken of in the book, together with the characters and acts of their sovereigns, and bring out in full relief the inspired teachings of the sacred canon.—*St. Paul at Athens*[30] is a series of nine sermons by a distinguished London clergyman, intended to counteract by thoughtful arguments the prevalent tendency to Agnosticism. His aim is to demonstrate the position that the elements of faith and duty, even apart from revelation, are immanent in the consciousness of man. The sermons are only suited to the taste and needs of cultivated hearers, who demand a rationalistic treatment of religious truths.—Though more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the first publication of Mr. Kinglake's *Eothen*,[31] it still retains all its pristine freshness and brilliancy. No recent volume gives us a more lively picture of modern life in Turkey, the Holy Land, Syria, and Egypt, or more delightfully blends the rich past and the matter-of-fact present of the lands which were the seat of Hellenic poetry and of sacred story.—Mr. Beerbohm's *Wanderings in Patagonia*[32] introduces us to a region that is comparatively *terra incognita*, and to a people around whom lingers the fresh wildness of savage or half-savage life. The descriptions of the country and its resources, and of the habits, manners, occupations, and pursuits of its people, are clear, concise, and sparkling.—Mrs. Gustafson has rendered an acceptable service to American literature by recalling the attention of this generation to a poem by one of our most gifted poets, which on its first appearance, nearly half a century ago, won high praises from capable judges, but has since drifted almost out of memory. The poem to which we refer is *Zophiël*,[33] by Mrs. Brooks, better known as Maria del Occidente. It is now given to the public in a style of faultless elegance, prefaced by

[25] *Young Folks' History of England.* By Charlotte M. Yonge. 16mo, pp. 415. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[26] *Washington Irving.* "American Authors Series." By David J. Hill. 16mo, pp. 234. New York: Sheldon and Co.

[27] *Letters from Florida.* By Mrs. H. W. Beecher. 16mo, pp. 85. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[28] *The Colored Cadet at West Point.* Autobiography of Lieutenant Henry Ossian Flipper. 12mo, pp. 332. New York: Horner, Lee, and Co.

[29] *Voices from Babylon; or, The Records of Daniel the Prophet.* By Joseph A. Seiss, D.D. 12mo, pp. 391. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

[30] *St. Paul at Athens.* Spiritual Christianity in Relation to some Aspects of Modern Thought. By Charles Shakespeare. 12mo, pp. 167. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[31] *Eothen; or, Traces of Travel brought Home from the East.* By Alexander William Kinglake. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 41. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[32] *Wanderings in Patagonia; or, Life among the Ostrich Hunters.* By Julius Beerbohm. 16mo, pp. 294. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[33] *Zophiël; or, The Bride of Seven.* By Maria del Occidente (Maria Gowen Brooks). Edited by Zadel Barnes Gustafson. 16mo, pp. 261. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

a loving but brief memoir, and by a careful outline of the poem and an appreciative criticism of its salient features. While we are unable to accept Mrs. Gustafson's exalted estimate of Mrs. Brooks's literary rank, or to reecho her generous but extravagant encomiums of the poetical qualities of *Zophiël*, we may cordially concede that it has numerous and unusual beauties, and that it frequently evinces genius of a rare order, though it be fitful and erratic. We do not believe, however, that the verdict which has been rendered upon it by past generations will be reversed. It can never touch those universal chords of sympathy which must be struck by the poet whose work is destined to live in men's hearts. Its extreme subtlety, its morbid supersensuousness, its vehement passionateness, its obscurity, and its stiff undergrowth of prosaic commonplace, will prevent it from becoming a popular favorite.

Editor's Scientific Record.

Astronomy.—The *Jahresbericht* of the Pulkova Observatory for 1878 gives an account of the work of that institution up to May 20. The instruments have been unchanged. A new set of observations for fundamental star positions for 1885.0 must soon be begun. The usefulness of chronometers for longitude determinations has been increased by a simple device invented by Herr Döllen. This is simply an arc by which the amplitude of the oscillations of the balance can be noted. Such irregular variations in the rate as are independent of temperature are doubtless dependent on this amplitude, and a critical study of the phenomenon can not fail to make the chronometer more useful in the accurate geographical surveys in which it is employed by the Russians. A new reflection circle has been devised by Döllen and made by Repsold. With one of these of four-inch radius the same accuracy can be had as with the seven-inch sextants of Pistor and Martins, as was shown by long series of determinations made by Herr Block. The astrophysical laboratory has been under the charge of Herr Hasselberg, who has published already some of his results on spectral analysis, absorption, etc. The mechanical workshop is kept busy with repairs, the making of new portable instruments, etc. The astronomical observations have been as usual. A second series on the pole-star, by Herr Nyrén, has been begun, and a series with the prime vertical transit for the determination of the aberration-constant. A micrometric investigation of the brighter stars in *h Persei* has been made with the four-inch refractor by Herr Lewitzki.

Dr. Lindemann, of Pulkova, in the course of his measures with the Zöllner's photometer, has determined the colors of 547 stars. Of these, 83 were *white*, 70 *yellow*, 69 *red*, 9 *blue*. Not one green star was found. Of the 69 red stars, 42 are certainly red, as they have been observed on more than one evening, and a preliminary list of these is given in the *Mélanges Mathématiques*, Vol. V., p. 565. No one of this list is also in Schjellerup's.

In the hope of providing standards for star magnitudes, a series of photometric observations of stars of various magnitudes situated near the north pole has been undertaken at the Harvard College Observatory. The region has been selected as one which may always be conveniently observed in the northern hemisphere, so that the brightness of a star observed in another part of the sky can readily be compared by estimate with any standard polar stars the relative brightness of which may have been determined by photometric measurements. A circular has been sent to astronomers asking for measures of faint stars within a few minutes of the pole, and for estimates of their magnitudes.

In *Physics*, we note the loss to science caused by the death of Dr. Heinrich Geissler, of Bonn, on the 24th of January, at the age of sixty-five. Having become at an early age a proficient in the art of blowing glass, he for a number of years wandered from place to place, exercising his art chiefly in the university towns, where the demand for his skill was greatest. Having finally located permanently at Bonn, he perfected glass-blowing to an extraordinary extent, and was finally recognized as having no equal in Europe. In connection with his trade, however, he was brought in contact with science and scientific men, and became rapidly versed in the principles involved in the apparatus which he constructed. Hence he planned and produced things requiring great scientific knowledge and perfection of workmanship. In connection with Professor Plücker, he in 1852 devised an ingenious method of measuring the point of the maximum density of water, the coefficient of its expansion, and its change of volume on freezing. In 1869, in company with Vogelsang, he demonstrated the presence of liquid carbon dioxide in quartz and topaz. He is best known by the famous tubes which he devised for studying gaseous spectra, as well as the phenomena of the electric discharge in gases. His vaporimeter, mercury air-pump, normal areometer and thermometer, and balance, are most important inventions. The University of Bonn recognized his merit by giving him the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

The phenomenon of a change in pitch caused by temporary deafness has come lately under discussion. In one case, during an attack of whooping-cough, one ear was so affected as to cause sounds to appear flatter than their true pitch, particularly high tones like those of a

whistle, the difference being about a semitone. In another the partial deafness was produced by congestion of the mucous membrane of the Eustachian tube, the double sound being very distinct. In a third each note struck on a concertina was followed by a loud and distinct note an octave lower in pitch, the affection lasting for ten days. Hollis accounts for these results by supposing a maladjustment of the drum of the affected ear, due to a feeble and imperfect contraction of the tympanic muscles, probably the laxator tympani, thus causing a preternatural increase of tension of the ear-drum, and rendering the ear painfully sensitive to high notes. Pritchard, on the other hand, accounts for it by supposing that the internal ear, or labyrinth, is the part affected, the cochlea itself being the part at fault. The cochlea contains a spiral lamina, by means of which the pitch of a sound is appreciated by the ear. Each tone, or rate of vibration, has a corresponding portion of this lamina which it affects, and which is affected by no other note. The sound wave which reaches the cochlea passes along this lamina till it reaches the part which it influences, when it throws this into vibration, and thus transmits the rate to the brain. If, therefore, we suppose some slight physical alteration within the cochlea, it would cause the sound to affect the wrong portion of the lamina spiralis, and in this way to carry a wrong impression to the brain.

Marey has studied the character of the electric discharge of the torpedo by means of the magneto-telephone. A gentle excitement of the torpedo produces in the telephone a short croaking sound, each of the small discharges consisting of only a dozen fluxes, and lasting hardly one-tenth of a second. But the sound from a prolonged discharge caused by pricking the electric lobe of the brain lasts three or four seconds, and is a kind of moan, the tonality being near Mi of 165 vibrations. The discharge of the gymnotus he finds to be pretty similar to that of the torpedo, being affected by temperature similarly to the latter.

Rayleigh has given, in a paper presented to the Royal Society, the results of his investigation of the action of electricity upon water drops. As is well known, a jet of water resolves itself into drops under ordinary circumstances, though when electrified the jet appears to become coherent. Rayleigh has proved that the normal scattering of the drops is due to their rebound when they come in collision. Now under a moderate electrical influence there is no change in the resolution into drops, nor in the subsequent motion of the drops up to the moment of collision. But now the drops, instead of rebounding, coalesce. The minuteness of the electrification which suffices to produce the effect is surprising, a single stroke of a rod of gutta-percha or of sealing-wax sufficing to produce the coalescence. Indeed, the electromotive force of a single Grove cell, or even the discharge of a half farad condenser charged by the cell, was enough. The bearings of this discovery on meteorological phenomena are obvious.

Anthropology.—In the Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters, Vol. IV., page 132, Dr. P. R. Hoy, the president, seeks to answer the question how the aborigines of this country fabricated copper implements. After showing the utter impossibility of their having been cast, Dr. Hoy proceeds to give the results of his own experiments, which we shall reproduce in his own words: "These ancient Indians used fire in their mining operations. After the vein rock was made hot, water was dashed upon it, and portions were fractured. The exposed pieces of copper were softened, and could be easily beaten into shape. The metal, hardened by pounding, was again heated and plunged into water to soften it; for copper is in this respect the opposite of steel." This may be called the hammering process. "In addition to this, cylindrical articles were evidently rolled between flat rocks. Some of the implements that are supposed to have been cast were, I think, swedged; that is, a matrix was excavated in stone, into which the rudely fashioned copper was placed, and then by repeated blows the article would be made to assume the exact shape of the mould." Dr. Hoy exhibited a beautiful axe swedged by himself out of cold native copper, and a cylinder made from a piece of float copper hammered with a stone axe into partial shape, and then finished by rolling between heavy flat stones.

The recent lowering of the water in the Lake of Neufchâtel has enabled archæologists to extend their observations. Professor Forel found an earthenware vase of the age of bronze, upon the surface of which are plainly visible the impressions made by the fingers of the prehistoric potter. From the size and form of the indentations it is certain that the fabricator was a woman, the lake-dwellers being no exception to the humble originators of art forms in all ages. After a careful examination of the débris, it is believed that the structures were destroyed by fire. From the quality and quantity of the winter stores, such as nuts, seeds, and berries, found among the remains, the burning probably occurred in spring or early summer. "It is also inferred that at the time when many if not all the lake-villages of Neufchâtel fell a prey to the flames, its waters were at the height usual with them in spring before their level had been artificially lowered by the engineering operations recently undertaken for confining within their channels the streams of that part of the Jurassic range which dominates the valleys of Neufchâtel and Morat."

To general *Zoology*, two recent works, one a second edition of J. J. Murphy's *Habit and Intelligence*, and the other Samuel Butler's *Life and Habit*, are valuable contributions, the latter being very speculative but suggestive, and

written somewhat in the vein of Haeckel. It is reviewed by Hermann Müller in *Kosmos*.

Some interesting results of the dredgings carried on by the United States Fish Commission are reported by Professor Verrill in the *American Journal of Science*. Among the novelties from deep water are several hydroids, some new or rare shells, one hitherto only recorded from Greenland and Jan-Meyen Island, and a number of other new and interesting forms.

Among recent entomological works of value is the fourth volume of Simon's illustrated work on the spiders of France, which has received the prize offered by the Entomological Society of France. The present volume of 335 closely printed pages and five plates is wholly devoted to the species of a single family (*Drassidæ*).

Mr. Scudder has just completed, in the Proceedings of the Boston Society, a "Century of Orthoptera," containing the descriptions of one hundred species of grasshoppers, etc.

Engineering and Mechanics.—The system of under-ground telegraphs now in operation or in course of construction in Germany, and which it is expected will be completed within another year and a half, constitutes two lines traversing the empire diagonally from Königsberg to Strasburg, and from Hamburg to Ratisbon, and crossing each other in Berlin, while encircling and connecting subterranean lines will be constructed to unite the outlying cities and towns of any importance with the main lines. From the magnitude and completeness of the plans now being carried out by the German authorities, they must have thoroughly satisfied themselves of the entire practicability of the under-ground system.

General Fremont, at present the Governor of Arizona, has lately come forward as the advocate of a project to convert into an extensive inland sea an arid and sandy plain lying between Arizona and Southern California. This he would accomplish, it is said, by piercing by means of canals a barrier ridge, and admitting into the area aforesaid—a depressed and ancient lake basin—the waters of the Gulf of California. The result, as described, would be the creation of a navigable inland sea 200 miles long by 50 miles broad and 300 feet deep, which could be established at an estimated cost of $1,000,000, which would convert what is now a desert region into a commercial highway, and speedily effect a notable improvement in the climate of the surrounding country. This scheme, it will be observed by our readers, bears a close likeness to the Algerian sea project of Captain Roudaire, occasional references to which have appeared in our columns.

Mr. Edison is reported to have very greatly increased the power and improved the quality of his carbon telephone by the application of the principle of the "electro-motograph" (one of his earlier inventions) to the construction of the receiver. Heretofore, it is affirmed, the power of the carbon transmitter was limited by the inferior capabilities of the receiver—a difficulty which is now overcome so completely that, according to our authority (*Scientific American*), it is unnecessary to go near the instrument to hear the messages, as they are delivered in a tone loud and clear enough to be audible in any part of the room, and with such distinctness of articulation that it is difficult to distinguish its utterances from those of a person engaged in conversation.

Apropos of the "International Conference" on the canal across the American Isthmus, which opened its sessions at Paris on the 5th of May, and which, by affording the opportunity for a free interchange of opinions between the engineers of all nations, will, it is to be hoped, settle the question of the most desirable location of the proposed canal beyond future disputation, the *Scientific American* (Supplement, April 26) contains a very admirable review, by Mr. Frederick M. Kelley, of the relative merits of the numerous routes surveyed and proposed, in which the author decidedly favors the cutting of the short line (a little over thirty miles) from the Bay of San Blas to the Pacific, by way of the Bayamo River. He believes the difficulties of this route have been overestimated, especially in respect to the length of tunnelling that would be required, and thinks that $100,000,000 would suffice to do the work at this point, and relieve the commerce of the world.

The Australian Exhibition at Sydney, for which extensive preparations are being made, will not be opened before the first week in October, to allow of a more complete representation from intending participants. The United States has been allotted 40,000 square feet of space.

The reports of the United States Commissioners to the Paris Exhibition are said to be nearly all in readiness for printing, and the Commissioner-General expects to close up the business of his office by July 1. The reports, it is expected, will make four volumes royal octavo. It is to be hoped that this intelligence is correct, for the value of such publications depends greatly upon the promptness with which they appear.

The movement for holding a World's Fair in New York is gradually assuming shape. The year 1883 is now named as the most favorable for the event.

The annual exhibitions that have for a number of years been held in Cincinnati have proved so successful that an "ample and substantial" permanent exhibition building of brick and stone is about being erected for future use. The programme announces that it will be finished in time for the holding of the exhibition this year, which will be opened on the 10th of September.

Chicago's Inter-State Exhibition will open on September 3.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 26th of May.—The President, April 29, sent a message to the House vetoing the Army Bill. The vote, May 1, to pass the bill over the veto, stood 120 to 110. In the House, May 5, a bill was introduced to prevent military interference at elections: "*Whereas*, The presence of troops at the polls is contrary to the spirit of our institutions and the traditions of our people, and tends to destroy the freedom of elections; therefore, *Be it enacted, etc.*, That it shall not be lawful to bring to or employ at any place where a general or special election is being held in a State any part of the army or navy of the United States, unless such force be necessary to repel the armed enemies of the United States, or to enforce Section 4, Article 4, of the Constitution of the United States, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, on application of the Legislature or the Executive of the State where such force is to be used; and so much of all laws as is inconsistent herewith is hereby repealed." A similar bill was introduced in the Senate, and referred to the Judiciary Committee. On the 6th, the new bill was reported in the House, without amendment, and passed by 124 to 90. The bill was passed by the Senate May 9, by a vote of 33 to 23, and was vetoed by the President May 12. The vote in the House, on the 13th, to pass the bill notwithstanding the President's objections, stood 127 to 97.

The House, April 26, passed the Legislative Appropriation Bill, 140 to 118. The bill was passed by the Senate May 20. In both Houses an unsuccessful effort was made to exclude the political legislation in the clauses relating to the test oath, the method of drawing jurors, and to interference with the deputy-marshals and election supervisors of the United States.

What is known as the Warner Silver Bill was passed by the House May 24. Its most important provisions are: for the deposit of silver bullion at any mint, to be formed into bars or standard dollars for the depositor's benefit; that the charges for coinage of gold or silver shall be the difference between the market value of the bullion in New York city and the legal tender value of the coin; that subsidiary silver coins may be exchanged for money of full legal tender in sums of $20 or over, at the Treasury or any sub-treasury or depository of the United States; that the Secretary of the Treasury shall, without discrimination, pay silver the same as gold coin in liquidation of all kinds of money obligations against the government; that certificates shall be issued for gold and silver coin or bullion deposited in the Treasury—these certificates being receivable for all dues to the United States, including duties on imports—and all such certificates shall be issued at the market value of the bullion; that all the bullion becoming the property of the government by the return of the certificates shall be coined and paid out the same as other money; and that if the bullion acquired under the preceding provision shall not amount to $2,000,000 per month, the Secretary of the Treasury must supply the deficiency by purchase.

The new Constitution of California was adopted by the people of that State May 7, by a majority of nearly 10,000.

The New York Legislature has passed a bill fixing the legal rate of interest at six per cent.

The Kentucky Democratic State Convention, at Louisville, May 1, nominated Dr. Luke P. Blackburn for Governor.—The Iowa Democratic State Convention, at Council Bluffs, May 21, nominated Judge H. H. Trimble for Governor.

The Bulgarian Assembly of Notables, April 29, elected Prince Alexander of Battenberg to the throne of Bulgaria.

Switzerland has given a popular vote for the re-establishment of capital punishment by a majority of 14,000. Each canton has the option to enact the penalty.

DISASTERS.

April 30.—The city of Orenburg, Russia, almost wholly destroyed by fire. Nine hundred and forty-nine dwellings burned, and some loss of life.

May 5.—An explosion of blasting powder at Stratford, Canada, wrecking fifty cars and killing three workmen.

OBITUARY.

April 25.—In Baltimore, Bishop Edward Raymond Ames, D.D., LL.D., aged seventy-three years.

April 27.—In New York city, ex-Judge George G. Barnard, aged fifty years.—At Vancouver Barracks, Washington Territory, General Alfred Sully, U.S.A., aged fifty-eight years.

April 30.—In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, for half a century editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, aged eighty-four years.

May 10.—In New York city, Rear-Admiral Enoch G. Parrott, U.S.N., aged nearly seventy years.

May 24.—In New York city, William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist leader, aged seventy-five years.

April 30.—Announcement by cable of the death of General Félix Charles Douay, late Inspector-General of the French Army, aged sixty-one years.

May 5.—In Dublin, Ireland, Isaac Butt, M.P., the celebrated Home-Rule leader, in his sixty-fourth year.

May 15.—In Berne, Switzerland, Jacob Staempfli, ex-President of Switzerland, aged fifty-nine years.

Editor's Drawer.

THIS is the view taken of it by an infant of St. Joseph, Missouri:

Little Freddie was undergoing the disagreeable operation of having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the manœuvre.

"Why, Freddie," said mamma, "you ought not to make such a fuss. I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed."

"Yes," replied the youthful party, "but *your* hair ain't hitched to your head."

AN Illinois friend writes:

Just after the capture of Corinth, Mississippi, in 1862, while roaming among the graves of the enemy's dead, I saw many curious epitaphs, but none that struck me more than the following:

Here lies ——, who died in defense of this soil
From wounds received on the bloody field of Shiloh.
This grave, the only reward of his toil,
Will not be molested, I know.

WILD as the assertion may seem, theological science is still progressing in Massachusetts. A Boston correspondent says that a divinity student electrified his professor recently in a class-room not far from the State-house by his brilliant reply to the question, "How many and who were the minor prophets?" "There were twelve," was the answer; "and they were so called because their prophecies were all written before they had attained their majority."

IN Baker's book on *English Actors, from Shakspeare to Macready*, recently published by Henry Holt, is the following curious extract, showing the pleasant relations that subsisted between Shuter, an eminent actor, and Whitefield, the celebrated preacher:

Garrick pronounced Ned Shuter to be the greatest comic genius he had ever known. Strange to say, he was a follower of Whitefield's, a constant attendant at the Tottenham Court Road Chapel, and divided his time pretty equally between drinking, playing, and praying. When drunk, he could scarcely be restrained from going into the fields and preaching upon original sin and regeneration. Tate Wilkinson, who was a hanger-on upon Shuter, relates how he used to accompany him on Sunday mornings at six to the Tottenham Court Road Chapel, at ten to another meeting-house in Long Acre, at eleven back to Whitefield's chapel, at three to some other, and in the evening to Moorfields. He was very liberal to the Whitefieldites; and it is said that Whitefield himself, although a bitter denouncer of all persons and things dramatic, on the occasion of Shuter's benefit, recommended his congregation to attend the theatre for *once, on that night only.*

THE best lawyers always tell the best stories, and with none the less zest when at their own expense. Not long ago Counsellor C—— was before Surrogate Calvin in a case where the question involved was as to the mental condition of the testatrix. The witness under examination, herself an aged lady, had testified to finding Mrs. Seaman failing, childish, and that when she told her something she looked as though she didn't understand.

Counsellor C——, cross-examining, tried to get her to describe this look, but she didn't succeed very well in doing so. At last, getting a little impatient, he asked: "Well, how *did* she look? did she look at you as I am looking at you now, for instance?"

The witness, very demurely, replied: "Well, yes; *kind of vacant like!*"

CONCERNING future rewards and punishments Colorado furnishes the following illustration, which occurred recently in a court in La Veta, where the testimony of a Chinese was objected to on the ground that he did not understand or regard the obligation of an oath. To test him he was interrogated thus:

"John, do you know any thing about God?"

"No; me no belly well acquaint with Him."

"Have you no Joss in China!"

"Oh yes, gottee heapee Joss."

"Where do you go when you die?"

"Me go to San Flancisco."

"No, you don't understand me. When Chinaman quit washee all time, and no live any more, where does he go?"

"Oh yes, me sabe now. If he belly goodee man, he go uppee sky. If he belly badee man, he go luppee down hellee, *allee samee Melican man.*"

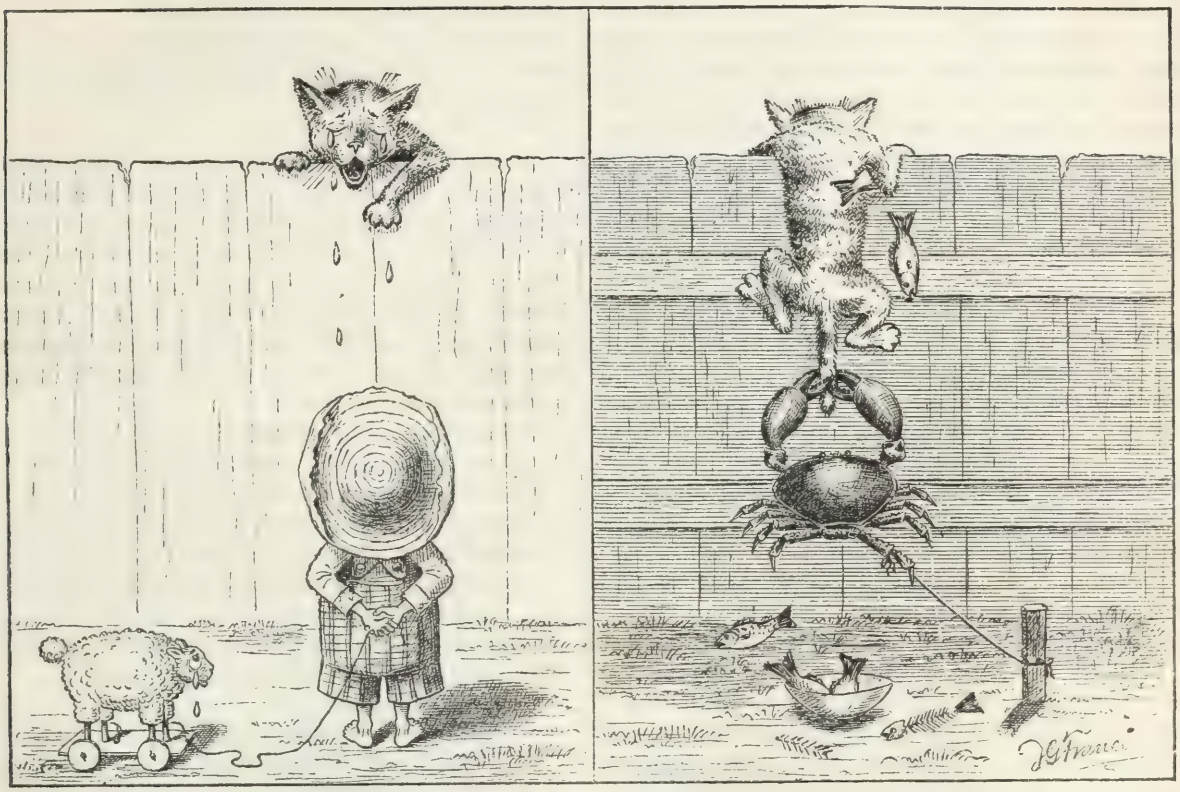
The Court was satisfied with this orthodox statement, and admitted his testimony.

A MOUNT HOLLY Jerseyman, while laughing over the anecdote in the May Drawer of the Newark Irishman who, in answer to the question, "Guilty or not guilty?" answered, "A *leetle* guilty, your honor, *I think*," is reminded of the answer of an Irishman to a similar question in the criminal court at Mount Holly. An indictment had been found against him for some trivial offense, and on being asked, "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" looked hard at the Court for a moment as if in doubt what to say, and answered: "I'll plade guilty *this time*, your honor, but bedad I won't *the next.*"

WE do not recollect having seen in print the following anecdote of the late Judge Kent. At all events, it will be perhaps fresh and entertaining to the present generation of readers of the Drawer:

A man was indicted for burglary, and the evidence showed that the burglary consisted in cutting a hole through a rubber tent, in which several persons were sleeping, and then projecting his head and arm through the hole, and abstracting various articles of value. It

was claimed by his counsel that, inasmuch as he never actually entered into the tent with his whole body, he had not committed the offense charged, and therefore must be discharged. Judge Kent, in reply to this plea, told the jury that if they were not satisfied that the whole man was involved in the crime, they might bring in a verdict of guilty against so much of him as was thus involved. The jury, after a few moments of consideration, found the right arm, the right shoulder, and the head of the prisoner guilty of the offense of burglary. The judge thereupon sentenced the right arm, the right shoulder, and the head to imprisonment at hard labor in the State-prison for two years, remarking that as to the rest of his body, he might do with it what he pleased.



"I WONDER WHY THAT CAT IS SO SAD." THE REASON WHY.

THERE is a good deal of fun scattered here and there in *Like Unto Like*, a bright novel by Sherwood Bonner, published in "Harper's Library of American Fiction." The negro talk is right good, and racy of the soil. Here are two specimens:

"Mammy knowed an ole ooman onst dat worked so hard dat she jes dropped in her tracks one mornin' when she was fryin' batty-cakes, an' nebber could hab no fu'nel sermon nor nothin' pleasant, 'cause dar wa'n't no chance ter fin' out if she died in de Lord."

"Speaking of ages," said Ellis, with a smile, "I am reminded of what a queer little darky said to me the other day. I had asked him how old he was. 'If you count by what my gran'mammy says,' he replied, 'I's gwine on ten; but if you count by de fun I's had, I reckon I's about a hundred.'"

Another character in the work is Squire Barton—one of those maladroit men who are ever placing their feet in it. The squire meets Colonel Dexter, of the Thirteenth United States Infantry, just encamped at Yariba—a Southern town which contained a "good breed of people." Addressing the colonel, Squire Barton says:

"Beg your pardon, Sir, but can you tell me where you were in the spring of '74?"

"Where was I?" repeated the colonel, somewhat flattered by this sudden question. "With my regiment, Sir—with my regiment, down at Jackson Barracks."

"Never saw such a likeness in my life," said Squire Barton, slapping his knee. "Molly, you remember the man I hit in the eyebrow?"

Molly replied: "It isn't worth talking about."

"But, wife, there is a most extraordinary likeness. Good joke on me! Mrs. Dexter was taking Molly down to New Orleans, and some book peddler on the cars put a book into her lap not fit for ladies' eyes. I saw the title—threw it at his head. *General idea was good, execution faulty.* The boy had gone some seats off, and I hit an unoffending old gentleman on the eyebrow. Stiff-looking old customer. Wonderful likeness to the colonel. Explained to him, of course, that *my theory of the case* did not originally include his eyebrow, apologized like a gentleman, and he was good enough to

overlook it. *Said he appreciated the spirit of the thing, and would not regard the mere matter of detail.* Very well put, wasn't it?"

The future American novel is thus prefigured:

"What a tremendous thing the man will have to do who writes the American novel!" remarked Mr. Herndon. "He must paint the Louisiana swamps, the sluggish bayous, the lazy creole beauties; the Texas plains, with their herds of cattle and dashing riders; the broad, free life of the West, and that of the crowded Northern cities; the skies of California; the mountains of Carolina. Where is the man who can do all this?"

"He will have to be a peddler," said Captain Silsby, "or a book agent: *no other fellow could get over so much ground.*"

"He was here the other day," cried Mrs. Oglethorpe; "he called himself a bread-maker. He had travelled the country over, teaching his noble art—one of the lost arts, he called it. He had, indeed, found one woman in Tennessee who could make good bread; but had the salvation of the South depended on three righteous bread-makers, it could not have been saved."

"And did you have him teach you?" asked Mary Barton, with interest.

"Yes; he was such a persuasive rogue that I yielded. I kept him here two days. He used half a barrel of flour, ate a ham and a turkey, charged me five dollars, and found out the history of myself and my grandfathers. The questions that man could ask! He kneaded the dough, pale and pensive, as if he had a secret grief, and gently dropped one question after another into the ear of whoever would stop to listen. I did not suspect him at the time, but now I feel sure that he was an author in disguise, collecting material for the American novel."

The following medical anecdote is sent to the Drawer from Tokio, Japan:

One of my friends teaches in a school where they hold English conversations, in order to perfect the young men in their use of the language. Some members of the conversation class often tell amusing stories whose grammar is "fearful and wonderful," but which occasionally have a sharp edge to them.

Instance the following "hit" at the medical profession by a certain student. The scene occurs in a Chinese city. It is the custom there for a physician to give notice of the deaths occurring in his professional "round" by means of lanterns placed before his dwelling. A stranger arrives, eager for medical assistance. He sees lanterns flashing through the night at many a doctor's abode, tokens of the number whose "lamp of life" the luckless M.D. has extinguished. The seeker desires the very best advice for his afflicted master, and at length selects one physician's house as likely to afford him such. On presenting himself he says to the M.D., "I come to you because you are the greatest among your profession, the most skilled in healing arts."

"How's that?" ejaculated the astonished doctor; "what reason have you to think so?"

"Oh," replies the stranger, "I know it is so because you have only two or three lanterns at your gate, while all the other doctors are abundantly supplied with them."

"Aha!" cries the crest-fallen medical expert, "that is easily accounted for—*I only began practicing to-day.*"

At the close of a hot afternoon last summer, when the thermometer stood about one hundred degrees in the shade, Judge Thompson was walking, in an evidently jaded and wearied condition, from the court-house to his residence in the village of Mayville. Lawyer Smith, who disliked the judge, saw him coming, and waited for him, and the following conversation occurred:

"You look weary and tired, judge. What have you been doing this hot afternoon?"

"Look weary and tired, do I? Well, I think I should, for I am; and you would be too, if you had been shut up in that hot, stuffy little court-room from one to half past five, listening to a long dull argument."

"From one to half past five! That was a long time. Who made the argument?"

"Oh, old Jones."

"Well, what was Jones trying to prove?"

"As nearly as I could get at it, that I was an ignoramus, and didn't know any thing about the law."

"Did you commit him?"

"No; commit him for what?"

"For being so long about it."

While a French ship was detained at a Southern port on the coast of Georgia, the officers amused themselves by fishing and hunting, making their rendezvous at the house of an old farmer, where they cooked their game and slept. The old man watched their foreign ways with intense curiosity, and listened eagerly to the bewildering tongue they so fluently discoursed in, and after some days had passed he picked up some of the phrases most agreeable to his ear, although he could not catch the pronunciation, or may have scorned to imitate it. He had been fond of holding forth in prayer, night and morning, for many years, with no audience but his wife, and now that Providence had provided a congregation who were necessarily compelled to sit around his fire for rest after the day's hard work, his outpourings began to stretch far beyond the patience of his guests, and soon they showed no hesitation in dropping off in the midst of his exhortations. Noticing and resenting this, he commenced the usual nightly exercises earlier one evening, before any of the party had left, and after enumerating every sin of com-

mission and omission they had been guilty of while under his roof, besought for pardon for them. "But if," he prayed, with fervor, "their godlessness and sinfulness are past forgiveness, then, O Lord, I beseech you to look with a *sang froid* on their daily life."

It is hardly necessary to say that the French words were pronounced with all the hardness his voice was capable of enunciating, and each letter dwelt upon with fervid distinctness.

THE Drawer is indebted for the following to a clerical friend in Alabama:

In one of the upper counties of South Carolina there was before the late war an old Scotch Covenanter church. The pulpit in that church was both antique and unique. It was about the size and shape of a flour barrel, and was elevated from the floor about four feet, and was fastened to the wall. The ascent to it was by a flight of very narrow, winding steps. Over this pulpit hung a sounding-board, concave, and painted blue, with white stars sprinkled over it. It was intended to represent the sidereal heavens. Rev. W—— B—— frequently preached in that pulpit. He was a man of much vigor and enthusiasm in his preaching, and would at times become excited in his delivery and vehement and violent in his gesticulations. On one occasion, while preaching in that pulpit, he bent forward, and shouted out, with great force of voice and energy of action, the words, "The righteous shall stand, but the wicked shall fall." Just as these words escaped from his lips, the pulpit broke from its fastenings, and he fell out and rolled over on the floor before his congregation. In an instant he was on his feet again, and said, "Brethren, I am not hurt, and I don't mind the fall much, but I do hate the *connection*."

A PARTY of young men travelling in Europe had among them a citizen of our great republic who was so thoroughly patriotic that he could see no excellence in any thing in the Old World as compared with his own country. Mountains, water-falls, lakes, churches, monuments, scenery, and all other objects of interest were inferior to what the United States could show. His companions became somewhat tired of his overweening boastfulness, and determined to "take him down a peg."



"LISDEN TO DOT MOKKING-BIRD, LISDEN TO DOT MOKKING-BIRD,
HOW MERRILY HE VAS SINGING OFER DE DALE."

The party spent a winter in Rome; and one evening, having all things prepared, they induced their Yankee friend to join a drinking bout, and so managed that they kept sober while he got gloriously drunk. Thereupon they took him up and carried him into the Catacombs, laid him carefully down, with a candle within reach, and retired a short distance out of sight to wait for developments.

After a while their friend roused up, having slept off his first drunken stupor, and, in a state of some astonishment, began endeavoring to locate himself, at the same time muttering: "Well—hic—this 's little strange. Wonner—hic—where I am, anyway."

He got out his match, lighted his candle, and began to study his surroundings. On

each side were shelves piled with grinning skulls, and niches filled with skeletons, while all about were piled legs, arms, ribs, and vertebræ—a ghastly array, and altogether new to him. He nodded to the skulls on one side with a drunken "How de do—hic?" and on the other with, "How d'ye feel—hic—anyway?" took a look at his watch, and once more at his surroundings, got on his feet, took off his hat, and holding it above his head, remarked, loud enough for his friends to hear: "'S all right; 's—hic—all right. Morning of the resurrection, by jingo!—hic. *First man on the ground —'rah for United States! Allers ahead—allers bound to be ahead. 'Rah for me specially!*"



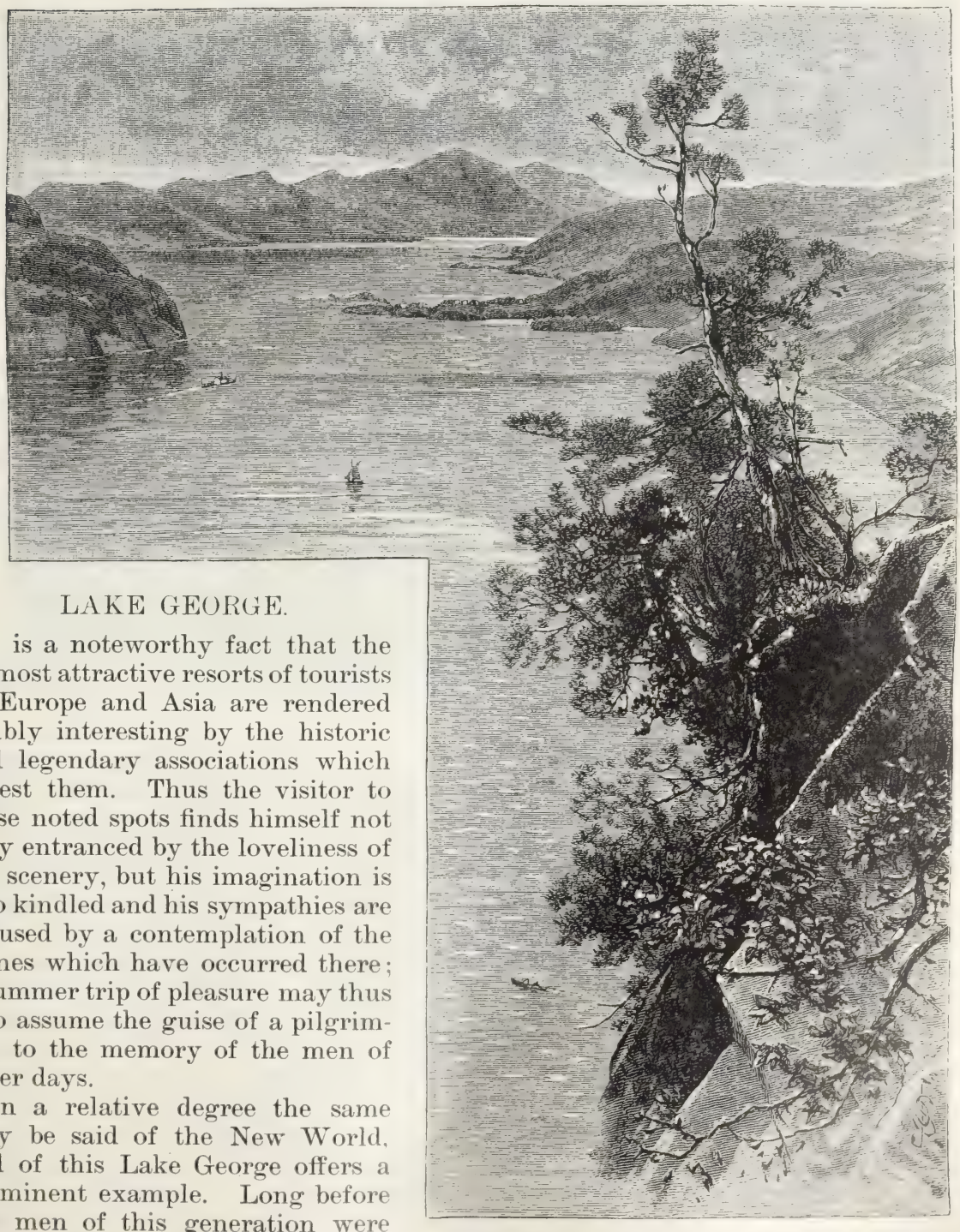
COUNTRY BOARD—THE MID-DAY LUNCH.

During the war, in 1861, such was the state of vital piety at Key West that when the pastor of the Episcopal church came to read at the Sunday morning service the usual prayer "for the President of the United States and all in civil authority," up came most of the heads, but no responsive Amen. Finally, the rector was told that he would be taken from the chancel on the following Sunday if he persisted in reading the prayer. On Saturday the United States ship *Pawnee* came to anchor in the harbor, and Captain Rowan came to call on the parson, who related what had occurred and what was to occur. Captain Rowan remarked: "Parson, I have on my ship as pious a set of marines as you ever saw. The poor fellows have been longing for a chance to go to church, and they shall have it to-morrow. Parson, have you any vacant front pews?" Next day, just as the belligerent congregation had taken their seats, in marched the entire marine guard of the *Pawnee*, stacked arms in front of the chancel, and took their seats. To the prayer for the President there was a hearty "Amen" from thirty marine throats, and that was the last time there was any rubrical disturbance in the parish.

Advanced science fails to impress the Chinaman who seeks pecuniary advantages in Oregon. A friend in Portland, in that State, informs the Drawer that a medical college is in successful operation there, and that a load of wood had been ordered to impart the desiderated warmth to the inmates. A son of China was sent with the wood to saw it and carry it into the house. He carried an armful into the dissecting-room, and there saw a class of a dozen students and two professors dissecting three subjects placed on the dissecting table. He dropped the wood, and "broke" for his employer, saying, "*No likee!* Me kill-um tlee. White man bime-by kill-um Chinaman. *No likee!*"

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LAKE GEORGE, FROM THE TOP OF ROGERS'S ROCK.

LAKE GEORGE.

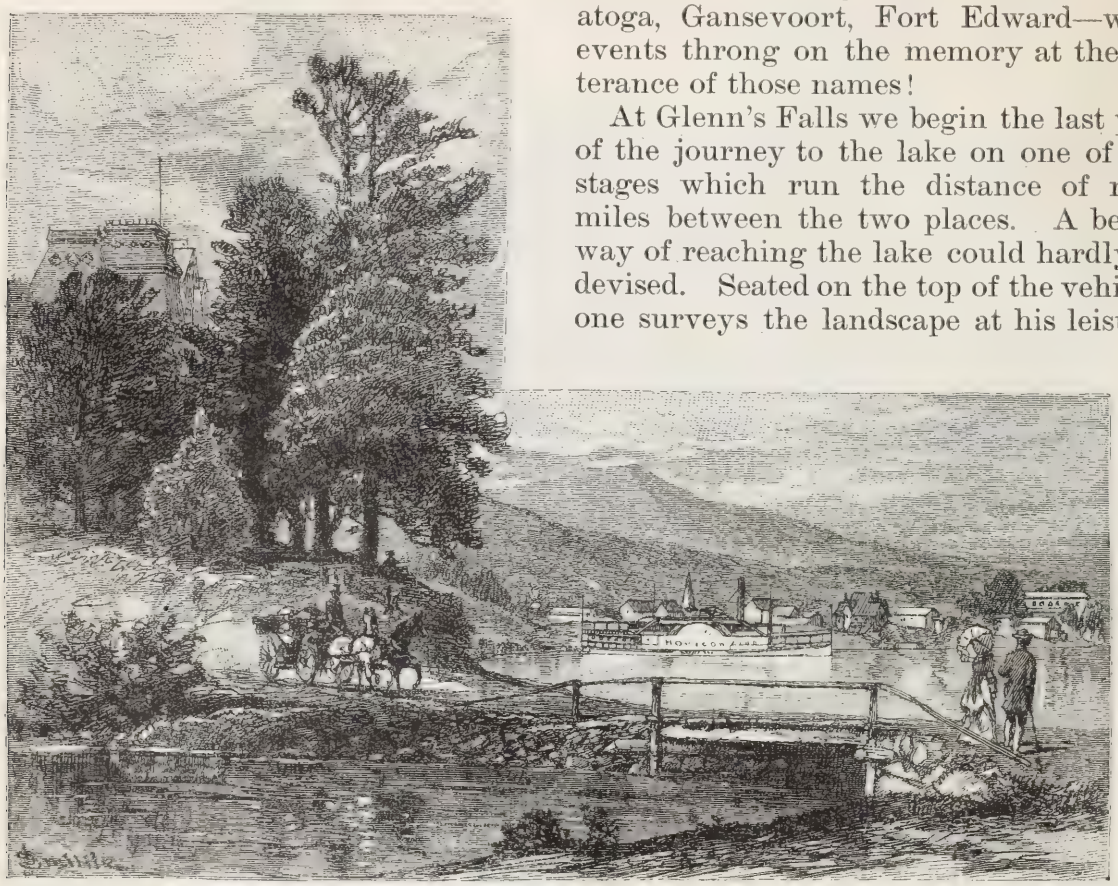
IT is a noteworthy fact that the most attractive resorts of tourists in Europe and Asia are rendered doubly interesting by the historic and legendary associations which invest them. Thus the visitor to these noted spots finds himself not only entranced by the loveliness of the scenery, but his imagination is also kindled and his sympathies are aroused by a contemplation of the scenes which have occurred there; a summer trip of pleasure may thus also assume the guise of a pilgrimage to the memory of the men of other days.

In a relative degree the same may be said of the New World, and of this Lake George offers a prominent example. Long before the men of this generation were born, Indians, Frenchmen, and Englishmen, priest, soldier, fair-haired maiden, tawny squaw, and even the deer of the forest, were fighting and acting in the grim tragedy of existence on the shores of Horicon, and weaving around its matchless waters associations that would add a pleasant melancholy, a

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romantic charm, to the enchanting beauty which renders it the most winsome spot in the United States.

It is quite worth one's while to consider how a place of this description should be approached. One goes to it to escape for a few days from the tumultuous influences of the age, by its placid flood to revel in a lotus-eating repose, and with reverential soul to bow at the shrine of nature, and place himself in sympathy with the Great Spirit who limned those hills, and poured between them molten turquoise, and overarched them with a vault quick with stars; who from the majesty of eternity watched the stirring scenes formerly enacted there, and has imbued us with feelings that lead us forth to enjoy the inexhaustible beauty of a lake which lies among the everlasting hills like a sparkling eye in the smiling face of happy childhood.



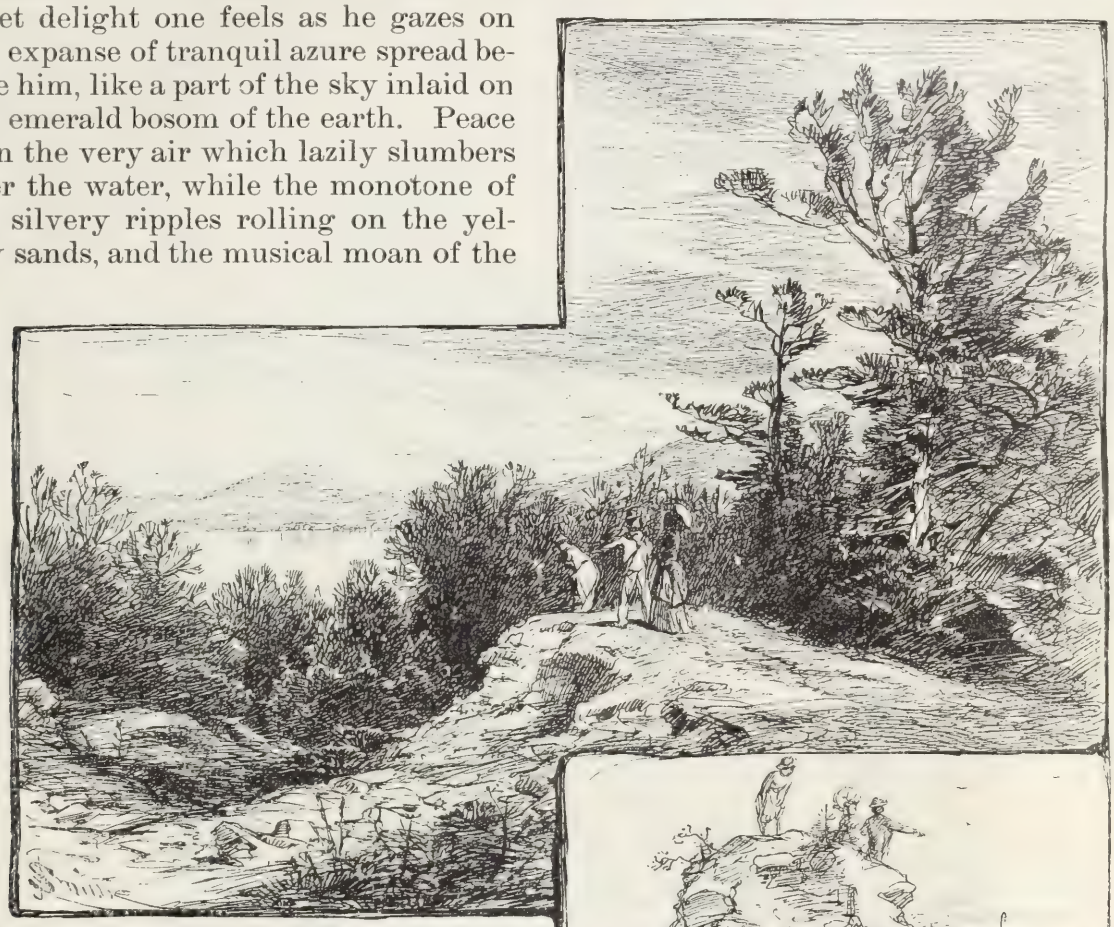
CALDWELL, AT THE HEAD OF LAKE GEORGE.

Clearly such a spot should be reached with a certain art in the method of approaching it, and therefore it seems proper to take a steamer up the Hudson on a calm summer evening, with the moon at the full. As we glide along by Palisades or beetling Highlands robed in mysterious shadows, the spirit of the past eloquently sings to us the story of the romance and history of the beautiful river. And when, as a concession to the age, we take the cars at Albany to Glenn's Falls, we are still gliding among historic scenes. Saratoga, Gansevoort, Fort Edward—what events throng on the memory at the utterance of those names!

At Glenn's Falls we begin the last part of the journey to the lake on one of the stages which run the distance of nine miles between the two places. A better way of reaching the lake could hardly be devised. Seated on the top of the vehicle, one surveys the landscape at his leisure, takes in the various points of interest on the road, and falls into the easy, tranquil frame of mind which prepares him to hail with philosophic rapture the first appearance of the peaceful lake dreaming among the hills. The toll-gates through which one must pass give a sort of quaint old-time effect to the trip, and when, as often happens, a procession of six to ten stages and carriages filled with passengers sweeps along in a continuous line, a certain stateliness is imparted to the ride. The view of the plain and of Glenn's Falls, when one is on an elevation about three miles from the town, is one of the loveliest to be seen in any land. If the horses were trimmed with rosettes, and the drivers could blow a horn as the coaches wheel up to the well-known halfway house, where the host has dispensed admirable lemonades and punches for forty years, or when they finally roll up to the shores of the lake, something would be added to, but entirely consonant with,

the other features of this very charming ride.

And thus, by an easy and ever-suggestive transition, one at last finds himself standing on the sandy beach of the magical lake. It is difficult to describe the quiet delight one feels as he gazes on the expanse of tranquil azure spread before him, like a part of the sky inlaid on the emerald bosom of the earth. Peace is in the very air which lazily slumbers over the water, while the monotone of the silvery ripples rolling on the yellow sands, and the musical moan of the



THE LAKE, FROM FORT GEORGE.

breeze in the cone-scented pines, seem to carry the soul back to other days. Lake George is, indeed, like a work of art of the highest order, for it has the quality of improving the more one studies its attractions, and the ever-harmonious flow of lines constantly suggests a composition of consummate genius in which every effect has been combined to produce a certain ideal. The lake is about thirty-four miles long, but is so divided by clusters of islets or overlapping promontories as to give the impression of a succession of lakes five in number. It was discovered by Champlain between 1609 and 1613, and was named by Father Jacques the Lake of St. Sacrament. The Indian name was Andiatarocte, which meant the Tail of the Lake. Horicon is a fanciful title given to the lake by Cooper, who objected to the name it now bears, which was bestowed on it by the English. There is an attempt made on the part of some to abolish the present name of Lake George, but it is too firmly incorporated with our national history to be obliterated at this late day, while it also reminds us of the



FORT GEORGE.

time when we yet boasted of our English ancestry, and looked with honest and manly pride on the banner which still represents the greatest empire the world has seen.

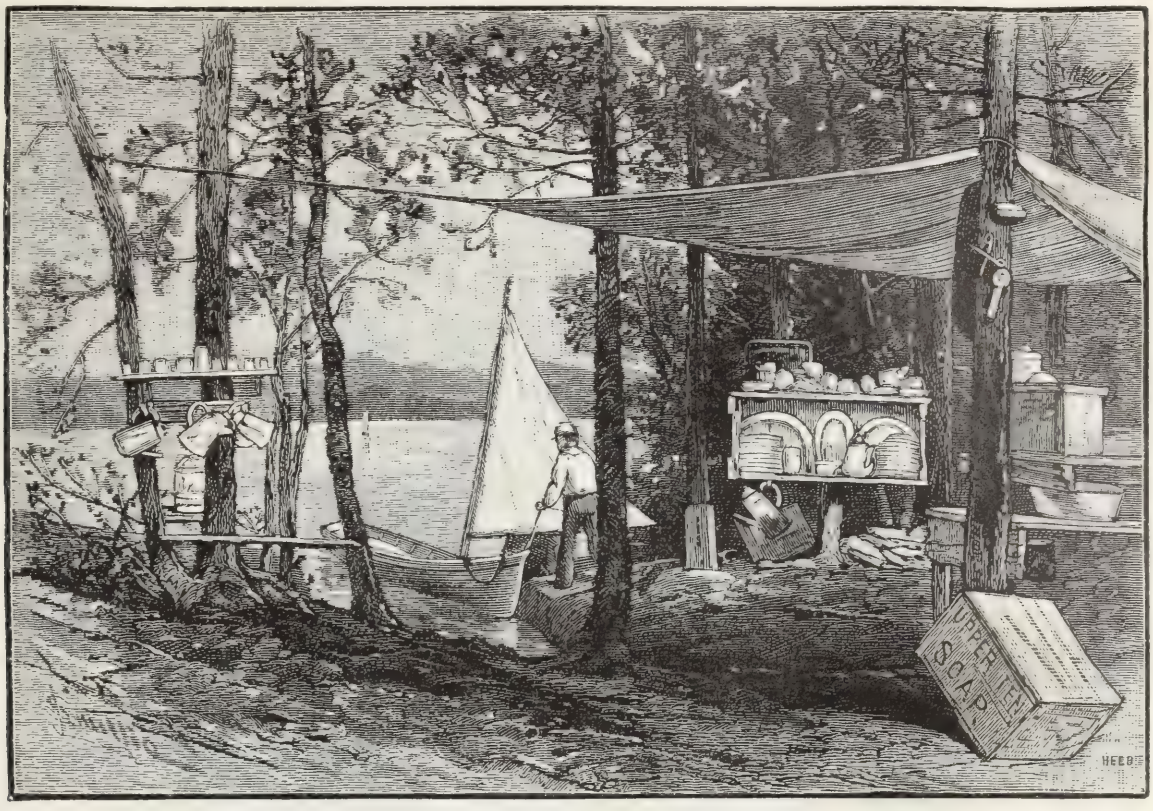
Caldwell, at the head of the lake, is a leaf-embowered hamlet at the foot of lofty hills. Behind it rises Prospect Mountain,

and French Mountain faces it on the east. Between these heights reposes a rolling valley bordering on the lake, which has been the scene of some of the most romantic and thrilling events in our history. The position of Lakes George and Champlain early pointed them out as vastly important in those times as a portage, and this made it essential to hold the head of each lake. The French for a time secured control of the latter by a formidable fortress at Ticonderoga, while the English sought to hold Lake George by two forts at the head of the lake, called respectively Fort William Henry and Fort George. The first was built of logs, surrounded by earth-works of some size, directly on the edge of a low bluff washed by the waves. The possession of these forts was a cause of much border warfare, and several severe conflicts occurred in the immediate vicinity.



A LAKE GEORGE ISLAND.

The 8th of September, 1755, was a memorable day in the history of Lake George. Sir William Johnson, on the march to Ticonderoga, was surprised by the army of Baron Dieskau, who was, unfortunately, supposed to be in the vicinity of Fort Edward. Colonel Williams, the founder of the college bearing his name, fell near the spot where a monument has been placed to his memory, and the English were driven back to their lines, defended by Fort William Henry and the intrenchments afterward substituted by Fort George; but the attack made on the latter by the victorious French and Indians was repulsed. Sir William Johnson being wounded, the battle was conducted so ably by Colonel Lyman that the French were forced to retreat, leaving their leader, dangerously wounded, a prisoner. It should be added that the ambuscade in which Colonel Williams fell occurred near a small lake, since called Bloody Pond. The bleeding corpses of the English were thrown into the rank, sedgy pool, and tingeing the lilies with crimson,



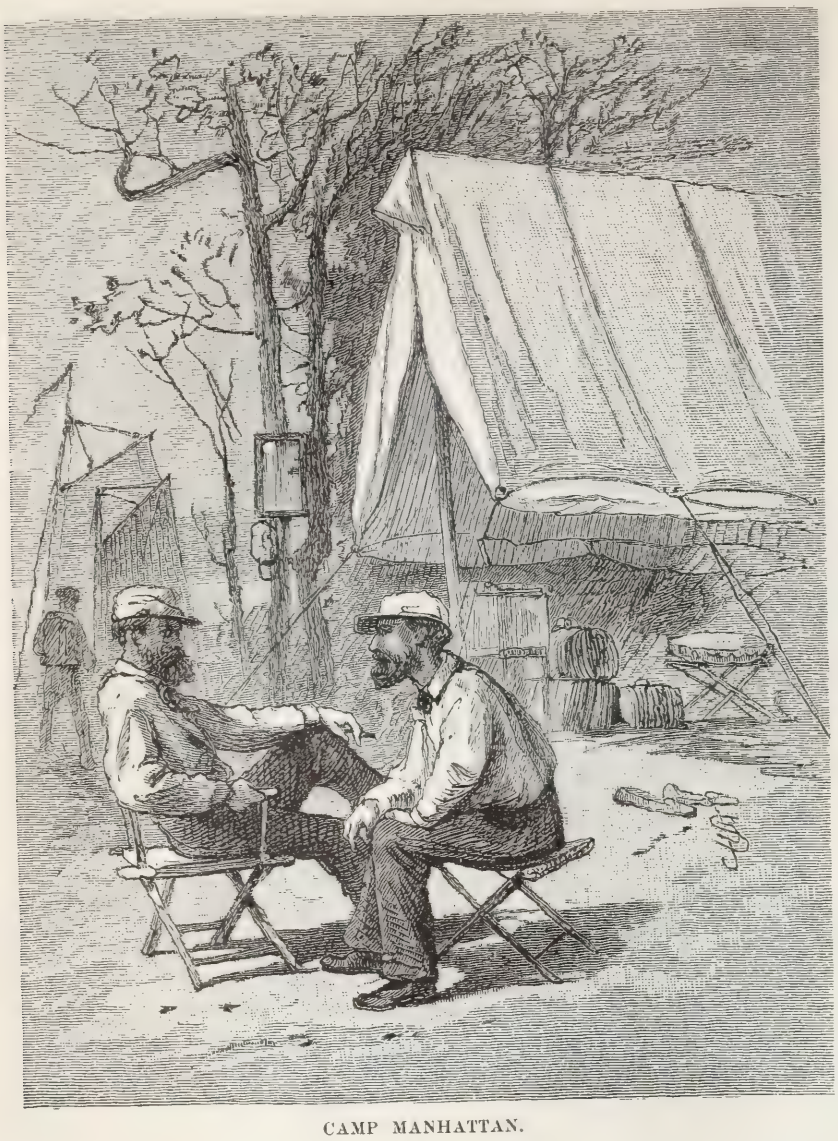
THE BUTLER'S PANTRY, CAMP MANHATTAN.

gave the pool the ghastly name it bears. Such was this memorable day, whose importance can hardly be overestimated. This was one of the decisive battles of the world. It marked the hour when the tide of French conquest in the New World began to ebb, until it disappeared with the shot that pierced the breast of Montcalm on the heights of Quebec

It is true that two years later Vaudreuil came over the ice and attempted to surprise Fort William Henry, and that in August of the same year Montcalm, with 8000 men, including his Indian allies, advanced again on Fort William Henry, and captured it; but the fiat of destiny had passed, and it proved only a barren conquest, and Montcalm returned to Canada, leaving the fort a smoking ruin in the solitude, and with a name tarnished by the bloodiest massacre in our annals. The story of that dreadful day is too well known to be repeated here. The gallant defense, the cowardice of General Webb, the noble bearing of Colonel Munroe, the treachery of Montcalm, will live while time endures, and the shrieks of fifteen hundred helpless men, women, and children, butchered in cold blood, still seem to echo like a mournful elegy at nightfall through the glens and glades of Lake George.

At this spot, some years later, the army of Lord Abercrombie encamped, and here it embarked for the ill-starred expedition against Ticonderoga, followed in the subsequent year by the army of Lord Amherst, which succeeded in expelling the French from both lakes forever. Little now remains to mark the stirring scenes which occurred there so long ago in the wilderness. Now and then the ploughshare turns up an arrow-head or a bullet, a bit of a flint-lock or a skull. The outline of Fort William Henry is still more or less discernible, especially the salient angles abutting on the lake, and in the water below are fragments of the wharf where boats were moored and loaded.

Fort George, although in a most dilapidated condition, due in part to the disgraceful conduct of the neighboring farmers, who burned part of its walls for lime, yet remains a picturesque ruin, one of the few we still possess. It is star-shaped, and stands on a slight eminence in a valley surrounded by lofty hills. It must have been a difficult position to carry by assault in those days. A few years ago the lake could be distinctly seen from the fort, but the pines have since grown up, and form a massive screen, as if to shelter it from further damage from the elements and man. It is a charming spot toward



CAMP MANHATTAN.

evening, a scene of extraordinary beauty and pastoral repose—velvety moss cushioning the mouldering ramparts, ox-eyed daisies speckling the green, and golden-rod softening its gaudy yellow in the delicate rosy light suffusing the landscape. The purple shadows slowly creep up the hill-sides; on the stillness float the far-off crow of the barn-yard fowls, and the tinkle of their bells as the cattle wend homeward; and nearer by are heard the plaintive, monotonous peep of the phœbe-bird, the buzz of the locust, and the cricket's creaking soliloquy. What does he care what happened at Fort George last century, if you but leave him to chirp away at his own sweet will?

Descending from Fort George to the shore, one comes to a rude bridge over a creek which makes into the land. There a half hour may often be judiciously spent in contemplating one of the choicest scenes on the lake, and with curious fancy endeavoring to picture the further beauties which are yet to be revealed in wandering over it. On either hand are graceful points tufted with Druidic pine and white-pillared birch, leading up to slopes at once beautiful and majestic. In the dim distance the far-off shores are limned hazily against the sky, while nearer islets, showing darkly against them, serve as a foil to increase the aerial perspective. As seen from here, the lake appears a sheet of water perhaps ten miles long, and no suggestion of any water beyond is presented to the eye.

Is yonder graceful form that now poises almost motionless in the blue above, and now swoops majestically northward, an



TONGUE MOUNTAIN AND SHELVING ROCK.

eagle? or is it the spirit of some Indian chief? or is it the genius of the scene, that bids us launch away in sail-boat, steamer, or canoe to explore the beauties of Lake George? Whichever it be, let us follow in its track, and obey the influences which it suggests. The sail-boat offers a delightful mode of wandering over the blue waters, but the suddenness and violence of the squalls which often occur, and the liability to be struck by a back flaw from a mountain cliff, make this very hazardous, except to those who possess caution, skill, and experience. The light skiff, easily gliding under the impulse of oars, is better for most, especially if they have time to bestow to paddling among the creeks and coves. The steamer is rather for those who are travelling on time, and are anxious to "cram up" about the lake. It is curious to note the impatience of some to get rapidly over the water, even when the steamer is shooting by the shores at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, as if speed were all they desired, while the very scenes they had come to see seem to them to be of secondary importance.

Tea Island—a minute islet a mile from Caldwell—first calls attention after leaving the village. It is a legendary spot, for Abercrombie is said to have buried treasure there. Why he should have done so, and whether he actually did do so, are questions for the curious, but the legends of the lake should not be lightly overthrown. They form part of its heritage and attractions. Slipping by Diamond Island, noted for its quartz crystals, and the pine-feathered shores of Long Island, the largest of George's isles, we reach on the eastern shore a finger-like cluster of promontories forming several charming and romantic bays. These are West, Slim, and Sheldon's points, the last forming one side of Sheldon's Bay, which winds in a southerly direction for several miles. The striking woodland at the end of the point is and has long been a favorite camping ground for those who like to rough it. For many years it was the haunt of the Manhattan Lodge of the Alpha Delta Phi Society, but they have recently moved their quarters to Little Green Isle, where, as has been well said, "they have, from long experience and suffering, succeeded in getting at the milk in the cocoa-nut of camping."

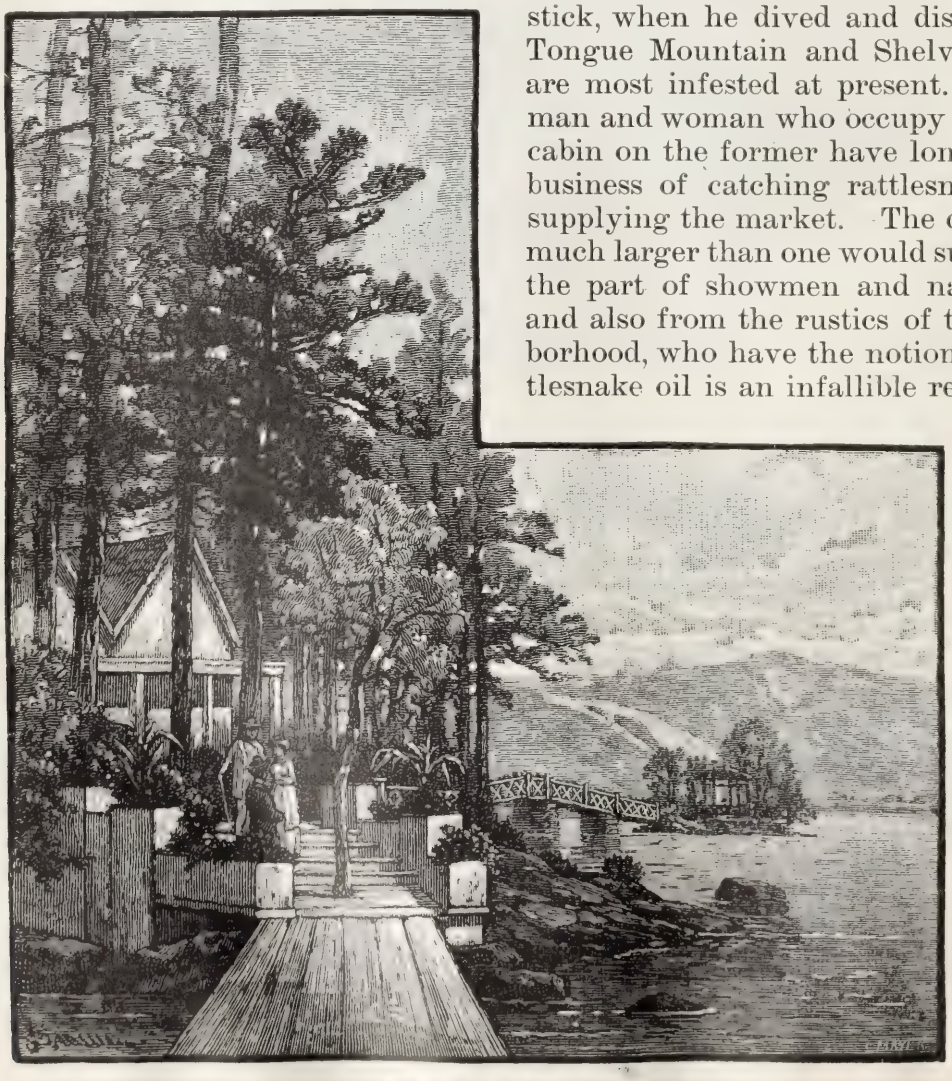
No place could be found which more thoroughly fulfills the conditions requisite to camping out than Lake George.



DOME ISLAND.

Shut in from the boisterous world by surrounding mountains, its shores are fringed by the most fairy-like nooks and sheltered coves, while the islets, which so abound as to be fabled to reach the mystic number of 365, offer the most delicious wooded retreats. Sometimes isolated, sometimes interwoven in a tangled mesh of green intersected by the mottled azure of sheeny waters, the tent or the bark sheeling of the idler may nestle under pine and birch, almost invisible, while the light skiff is drawn upon the mimic beach, and the hilarious songs and mirth of the sportsmen indicate how successful they are in driving dull care away amid those scenes of enchantment. The waters also abound with fish—bass, trout, and pickerel—and the neighboring thickets afford in the season a sufficient variety of game, including such noble quarry as the bear and the deer. There is also a quality in the air of Lake George which is invigorating and stimulating as an elixir. When the wind is from the north, the atmosphere is so limpid and pure it seems as if the lake was inclosed within a crystal sphere which shuts out all dust and taint. There are few places where quinine would be so likely to sell at a discount as at Lake George.

One denizen of this region can not be spoken of without a degree of respect combined with aversion. It is the rattlesnake. He flies the haunts of men, and is gradually disappearing from that vicinage; but, like inferior races of man, which, before they altogether vanish before an advancing civilization, cling desperately to a few strongholds, so this reptile yet retains certain positions around the lake, which are infested in a way that demands caution on the part of the tourist. It is not uncommon to see these snakes swimming in the lake, passing from cove to cove or isle to isle. Leaning over a boat one calm day, I saw one swimming under the stern. He raised his head when he saw me, and the expression of his face was neither amiable nor assuring as he darted his head spitefully forward. I hit him with a stick, when he dived and disappeared. Tongue Mountain and Shelving Rock are most infested at present. An old man and woman who occupy a solitary cabin on the former have long made a business of catching rattlesnakes and supplying the market. The demand is much larger than one would suppose on the part of showmen and naturalists, and also from the rustics of the neighborhood, who have the notion that rattlesnake oil is an infallible remedy for



RECLUSE ISLAND.



ENTRANCE TO THE HUDDLE.

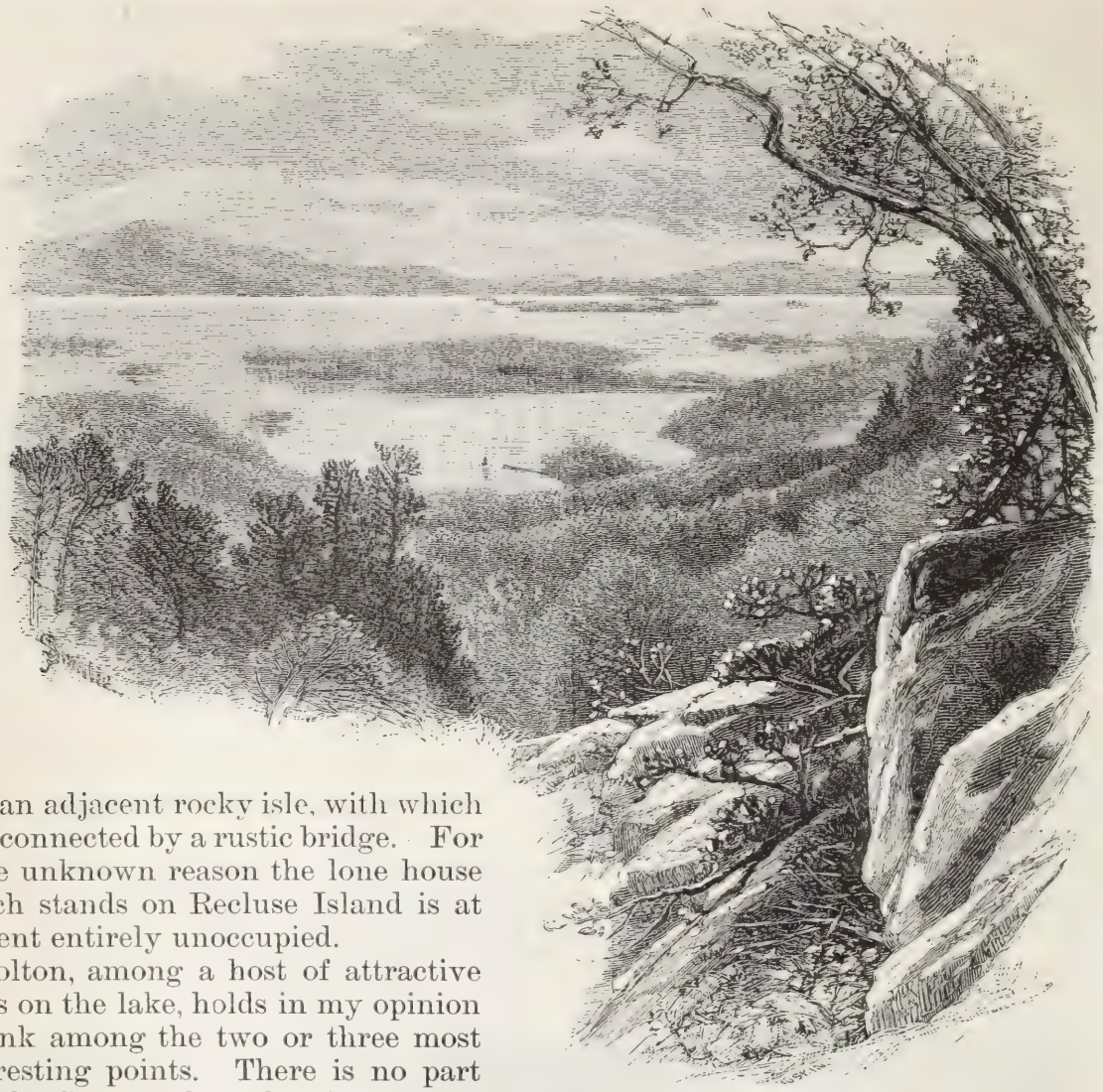
the rheumatism. Doubtless this superstition—for it is nothing else—arose in the same way as the belief in former days in a newt's eye, a baby's finger, a sliver from the finger-nail of a mummy, or the baboon's blood—objects remote or difficult to obtain. The quotation for good a sharp eye to windward, for the flaws are lively. The lake is here four miles wide, or from the bottom of Sheldon's Bay nearly seven miles on a northwest course, heading for Basin Bay. We pass Little Green Island, and have Dome Island, whose vertical sides and top are cov-



LAWN AT BOLTON.

healthy rattlesnakes at Lake George averages one dollar apiece, caught and delivered. Those who do not mind the trifling annoyance of being bitten by one are allowed the free range of the rattlesnake preserves, and may catch them for nothing.

Leaving the idyllic nooks of Sheldon's Bay, we make a run across the lake with a flowing sheet, a reef in the mainsail, and ered with masses of velvety vegetation, Shelving Rock, and the bold crags of Tongue Mountain on our right, Black Mountain looming up grandly in the distance. Basin Bay is a retired, land-locked, forest-hidden cove, encircled by a sandy beach. On a point at the entrance stands a solitary tree, like a light-house on a jetty. From here it is but a short run to Bolton Bay, around by Recluse Island



LOOKING SOUTHEAST FROM BACK OF BOLTON.

and an adjacent rocky isle, with which it is connected by a rustic bridge. For some unknown reason the lone house which stands on Recluse Island is at present entirely unoccupied.

Bolton, among a host of attractive spots on the lake, holds in my opinion a rank among the two or three most interesting points. There is no part of Lake George where the views are so varied or more satisfactory, excepting the one from Sabbath-day Point. At Bolton the islets which dot the surface of a lake whose waters are blue as the sea in the tropics carry the eye to the rosy-tinted range which includes Pilot, Buck, and Erebus mountains, and culminates in the stateliness of Black Mountain. Or, look-

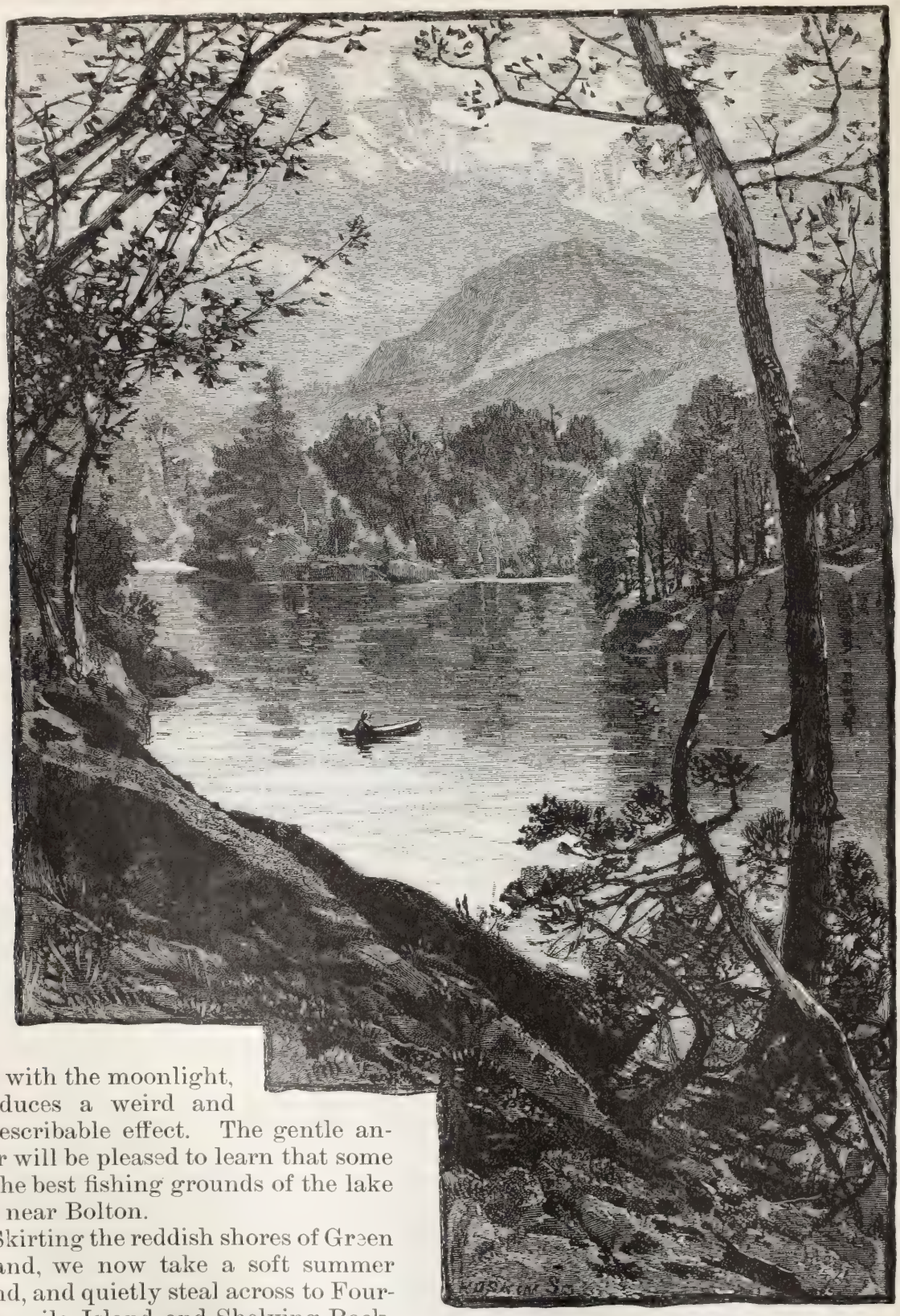


THE HUDDLE.

ing northwest, the superb masses of verdure on Green Island are seen mirrored on the burnished surface of the lake. Behind rises the mighty dividing wall called Tongue Mountain, which seems to separate the lake in twain, for Ganouskie, or Northwest Bay, five miles long, is in effect a lake by itself, with its own peculiar features. Free from islands, and of a somewhat severe style of beauty, Ganouskie Bay wins our respect rather than our affection. One can imagine that in the shades of the forests on its shores the Indians of old might have buried their sachems with barbaric pomp at midnight. At certain hours one is reminded of the Trosachs, on Lake Katrine, when gazing up the receding waters and dark heights of Ganouskie Bay. Catamount Mountain rises on its western side, like a mighty fortress crowned at one end by a huge bastile. Does one weary of these spacious prospects, and long for bits of nature less fatiguing to the imagination, then Bolton affords the rambler the choicest of nooks, the most enticing little coves, encircled by mossy banks. More than any other resort of the lake does it offer pleasing walks and drives. Of these one of the most charming is from the landing to the village, which is called the Huddle. The name at once suggests some of the closely crowded hamlets of Europe. It is in reality a straggling collection of small farm-houses, including a smithy, two shops, and a post-office, clustered around a brook which foams down from the mountain with a perpetual song of joy as it hies on its merry way to merge its sparkling waters with those of the lake, at the head of Bolton Bay. Why the hamlet should have such a preposterous name is purely a matter of conjecture. Possibly in order to indicate what it is not. Perhaps to some of the simple, honest farmers who live lonely lives in solitary houses miles away from any other dwelling, a collection of fifteen or twenty houses might suggest a crowd confusedly huddled. There is a wood on Bolton Bay, reached by a pathway at the Huddle, which is really one of the most exquisite spots on the lake. The entrance faces a mossy bank, which takes the most vivid tints when embroidered with the golden rays of the mid-day sun. One should not leave Bolton without seeing a thunder-storm gathering in the mountains behind it, and gradually overcasting the waters of the lake with a steely gray. The roll of the thunder is very grand at Lake George, with its troop of echoes, and the lightning, blend-



BLACK MOUNTAIN, FROM THE NARROWS.



PARADISE BAY.

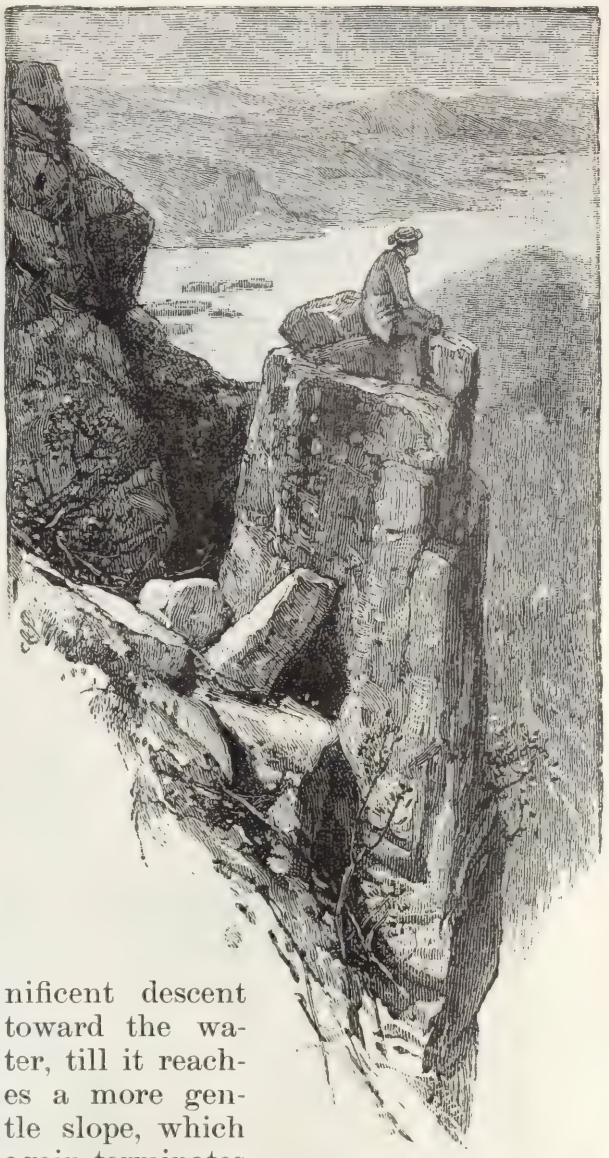
ing with the moonlight, produces a weird and indescribable effect. The gentle angler will be pleased to learn that some of the best fishing grounds of the lake are near Bolton.

Skirting the reddish shores of Green Island, we now take a soft summer wind, and quietly steal across to Fourteen-mile Island and Shelving Rock, whose shore abounds in inviting bays. Into the prettiest of these empties a brook. Near by are the Shelving Rock Falls, a lovely cascade. Leaving on our right a miniature archipelago, called the Hen and Chickens, and passing under the beetling scaurs of Shelving Rock, we now enter the Narrows, which are well guarded by a string of closely clustered islands tufted with birch, chestnut, and pine. We pass next into another section of Lake George, so shut in at either end by islets and promontories as to seem an entirely distinct sheet of water. This impression is deepened by the different and individual character of its scenery. From a spacious bay four to five miles wide and twelve miles long, we

enter a narrow strait swarming with islets both in mid-channel and along the thickly wooded shores, and surrounded by the peaks and precipices of Tongue and Black mountains, which stand face to face in all their majesty. One is here reminded of the Highlands on the Hudson, or of certain parts of the Danube.

Leisurely crossing to Hundred-mile Island, and thence to Pearl Point, we arrive at last at the most enchanting nook in the whole lake: it is called Paradise Bay. A small peninsula, joined by a narrow strip to the main-land, makes out from the foot of the mountain. It is quite regularly indented with many coves, and where it ends it is met by a chain of isles, which inclose in their embrace a transparent pool of extraordinary clearness and beauty. These islets are in turn divided by serpentine lanes of crystalline water, and are so densely draped with forest, underwood, and vine, and so royally carpeted with lush moss speckled with bluebells and everlasting flowers, that it is difficult to tell where the land begins and where it ends. Well is it named Paradise Bay. Every moment in the hushed stillness one expects to see sylphids sporting in the thicket, or naiads showing a white shoulder above the tranquil water, which spreads like a variegated, many-colored floor of polished marble, or like an expanse of flowered satin, as it reflects the surrounding scene on its bosom. Overhead in the serene heavens poises the eagle of the forest, as if to see that no one disturbs the glorious solitude of this sylvan retreat. Is it too much to hope that no pickaxe or spade will ever mar the perfect beauty of this lovely spot by the handiwork of man?

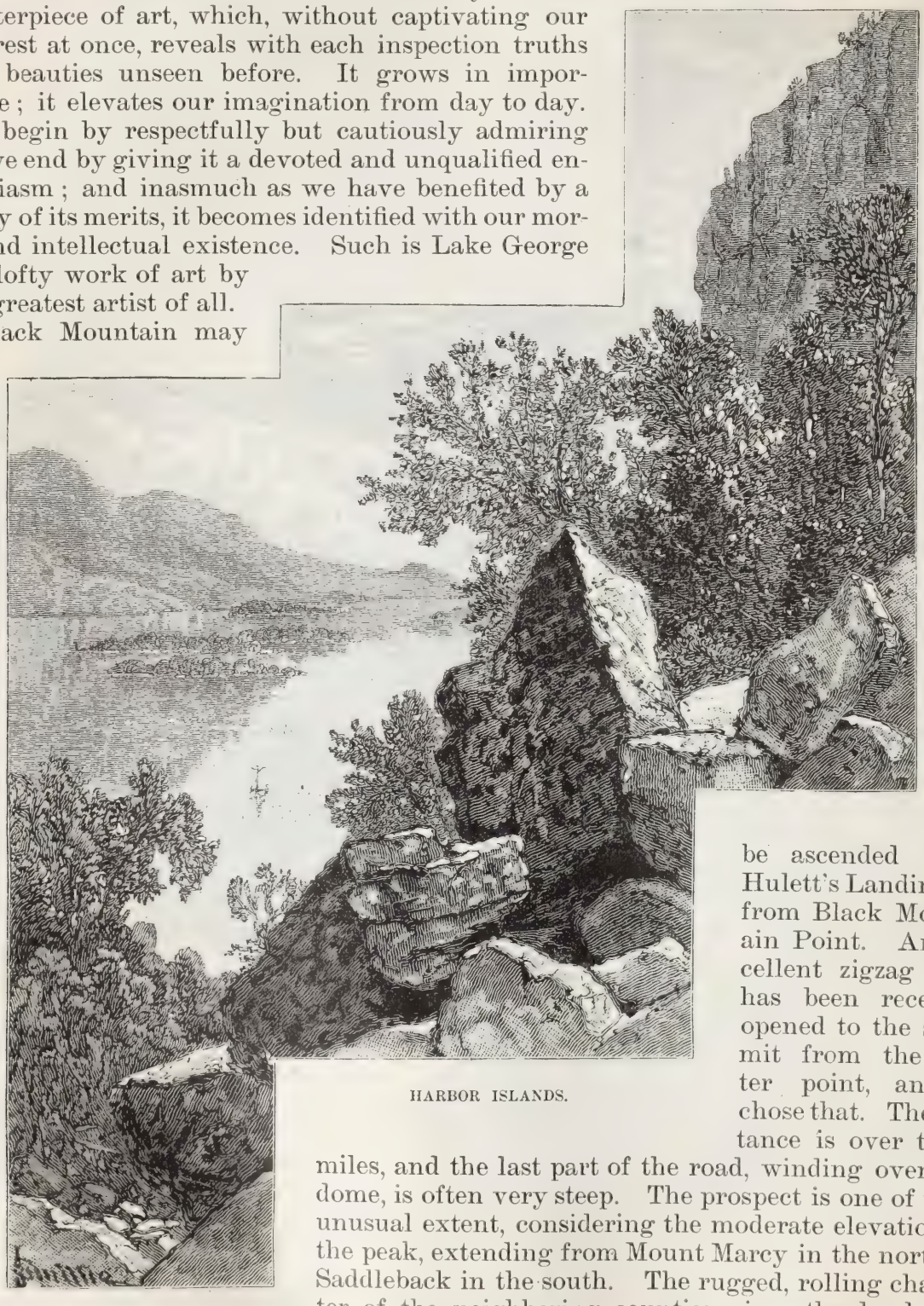
Gliding out of Paradise Bay, quite another scene confronts us when, a short mile beyond, we come to Black Mountain Point, and take a nearer view of the citadel of Lake George. This peak, which is the culminating point of a lofty range of hills, springs from the eastern shore about the middle of the lake. It soars 2340 feet above the water, and from its commanding form and position easily seems much higher. Inland it is flanked by two prominent truncated cones, which dip suddenly to the plains below toward Lake Champlain. Running westerly from these knobs, the ridge rises into a precipitous dome when it reaches Lake George, and curving gradually but rapidly downward, forms a magnificent descent toward the water, till it reaches a more gentle slope, which again terminates in a precipice, that is washed by the waves of the lake. Such is a general idea of the outline of Black Mountain as seen from its southern approach. It suggests a couchant lion resting his paws in the lake, and serenely gazing in majestic repose over the landscape at his feet. But I know of no mountain that possesses more variety of feature, more diversity of character, than this monarch of the lake, who demands our attention not so much for his size as for his individual traits. By the force and vividness of his form he adds a certain grandeur to almost every prospect of Lake George, and elevates the least interesting view into the realm of the ideal. The absence of trees at the summit, and the warm gray hue of the storm-beaten crags, give to this mountain the most exquisite atmospheric effects, especially when the departing glow of sunset lingers on its brow with a rosy flush



CLIFF NEAR THE SUMMIT OF BLACK MOUNTAIN.

long after the lake below is hidden in twilight gloom. It is a peculiar and pre-eminent quality of the scenery of Lake George that while it never startles, overpowers, or wearies the imagination by such stupendous sublimity as that of the Swiss lakes, it is never tame nor monotonous in its beauty. Its charm is rather that of a well-balanced character that presents many phases, and constantly gratifies us by the discovery of some new attraction, or like a carefully studied masterpiece of art, which, without captivating our interest at once, reveals with each inspection truths and beauties unseen before. It grows in importance; it elevates our imagination from day to day. We begin by respectfully but cautiously admiring it; we end by giving it a devoted and unqualified enthusiasm; and inasmuch as we have benefited by a study of its merits, it becomes identified with our moral and intellectual existence. Such is Lake George—a lofty work of art by the greatest artist of all.

Black Mountain may be ascended from Hulett's Landing or from Black Mountain Point. An excellent zigzag road has been recently opened to the summit from the latter point, and I chose that. The distance is over three miles, and the last part of the road, winding over the dome, is often very steep. The prospect is one of very unusual extent, considering the moderate elevation of the peak, extending from Mount Marcy in the north to Saddleback in the south. The rugged, rolling character of the neighboring counties gives the landscape somewhat the appearance of the ocean when it is seamed with the ridges of the heaving billows of a great storm. This effect is increased when the hazy atmosphere of a southerly wind throws a veil of gray over the scene, through which the hills and mountains are seen rolling away in a sublime, mysterious, and elusive gradation, until they fade into the infinitude of the sky. Nearer at hand repose the winding waters of Lake George, adorned with green islets. As I gazed from that height, with none but the eagle to keep me company, while the soft wind from the south stole by



HARBOR ISLANDS.



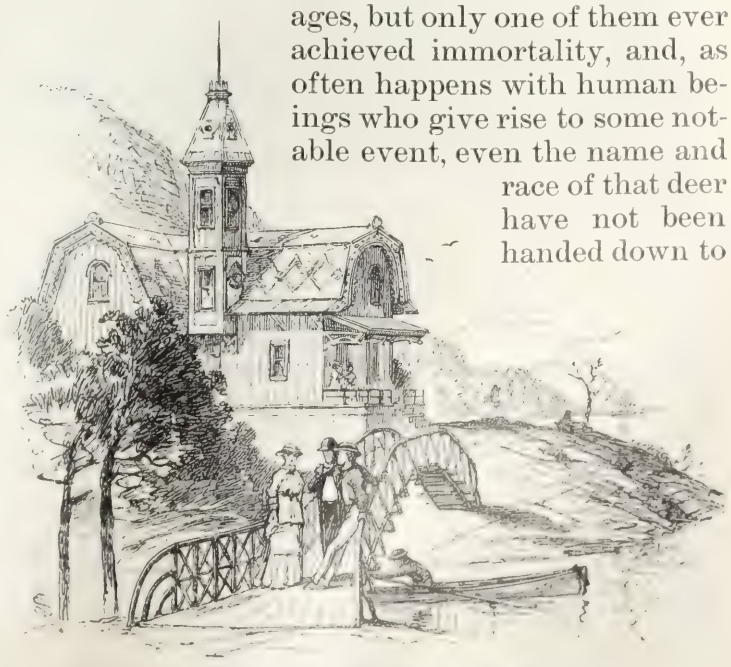
SABBATH-DAY POINT.

sighing the requiem of the ages, I seemed to see before me again the peerless straits of the Bosporus, as they appear when one gazes on them from the Giant's Grave.

Betaking ourselves once more to the boat, we glide along the base of Black Mountain toward Hulett's Landing, and pass two striking cliffs, peeping out from the dense masses of foliage, which have a vertical height of seventy to eighty feet; they are called Cives and Sucker rocks. Hulett's Landing is one of the best spots on the lake for obtaining superior views of Black and Tongue mountains, and the arrangement of coves, islets, rocks, and points, crowned in some cases with kiosks or summer cottages, and joined by rustic bridges, is very pleasing.

Reaching thence across the lake, on a westerly course, we enter the labyrinthine mazes of Harbor Islands, a group of islets collected together in bewildering but enchanting confusion. During the border wars the Harbor Islands were the scene of a bloody conflict between the English and the Indians. On the 25th of July, 1757, Colonel John Parker left Fort William Henry on a scouting expedition with 400 men. They had reached the Harbor Islands, amid whose intricate recesses they supposed themselves securely concealed from observation while they snatched a little repose. Suddenly, in the gloom of early morning, canoes filled with swarthy Indians, hideous in their war-paint, darted into the channels among the islands, and the appalling whoop of the savage pierced the still air and aroused the English to a consciousness of their fate. Panic-stricken, the English took to flight, but the fleet canoes easily overtook the heavy barges. It was a slaughter rather than a fight; 131 were killed outright; nearly all the rest were captured alive; only twelve escaped. Of the prisoners, some were rescued by Montcalm; the others were tortured to death.

Continuing on our course across the lake, we reach the base of Tongue Mountain, with French's Point on our left, and look up at the frowning and tremendous precipice called Deer's Leap, a vertical cliff several hundred feet high. How many millions of deer roamed through the forests of Lake George for ages, but only one of them ever achieved immortality, and, as often happens with human beings who give rise to some notable event, even the name and race of that deer have not been handed down to



COTTAGE NEAR HULETT'S LANDING.



THE NARROWS.

us. Such is fame! Like most traditions, this legend is undoubtedly founded upon an actual incident. A poor Indian, half famished perhaps, had hunted this deer half a winter's day; his squaws and papooses in his wigwam cried for food in the savage season of frost. Urged by desperation, he chased the wounded roe from thicket to thicket, until they approached the edge of the precipice. Suddenly the bleeding animal found herself on the edge of the cliff; death was close on her track; she heard the panting of the hound, the yell of the hunter. It was but a choice of deaths. With a rush and a bound, she leaped into the air, and whirling downward, fell crushed on the rocks far below. Was not the fate of the deer a type of the life of man, hunted down by adverse fortune and despair, until forced to choose between the alternatives of certain ruin or self-destruction?

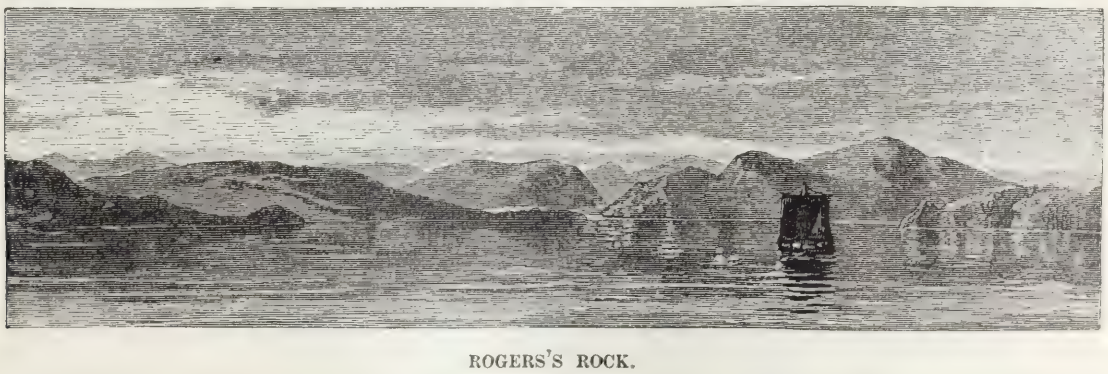
Nothing better illustrates the inexhaustible variety of the natural attractions of Lake George than the splendor of the scenery on the eastern slopes of Tongue Mountain as seen toward sunset, when the shadows begin to close in upon it. Alternately tender and beautiful, as the slanting rays of evening steal through the gorges and illumine the tree-tops of the forest and the grass on the slopes, or savage and grand, as the Deer's Leap cliff stands forth in purple gloom, or the Twin Mountain peaks soar 2000 feet, dark and thunderous, against the burning glories of the declining sun, with here and there a fairy-like cove and glen to soften the severity of the crags above, and bring them into harmony with the loveliness of the lake, until almost suddenly the mountains recede to the westward, and we see before us the idyllic meadow-lands of Sabbath-day Point, whose vivid emerald is flooded with the roseate fervor of departing day, and kissed on either shore by the limpid azure of the lake, presenting a scene of alluring and tranquil repose, lovely and enchanting as the Elysian Fields. Had we to choose one spot on Lake George in preference to any other, this would be the one. Situated like a barrier between two portions of the lake, each of which possesses distinct features, Sabbath-day Point commands on either hand the best possible view of each. Looking south, one sees the part of the lake we have just described within the Narrows. From a boat half a mile north of the point one is able to make of it a superb foreground, which adapts itself to the flow of lines formed by Black and Tongue mountains. As outlined from that spot, the view has in it a certain something classical that is excessively rare in this country, but quite common in Italy and Greece. It has the quality of satisfying the soul like a lofty strain of music, thoughtful and full of exquisite modulations, and delicate strains, and suggestions of half-suppressed passion. When the air is from the south, and with

its ethereal haze gives to each part of the prospect its true relations in subdued gradations, I know of nothing in this country that can equal or surpass this prospect. If we look northward from Sabbath-day Point, the scene is quite reversed. We see before us a broad lake resembling the sea in its hue and expanse. From its shores the hills every where retire, and no islands break the breadth of the view. Miles and miles away in the distant horizon, faintly outlined and tinted with the softest of pearly grays, loom the bold perpendicular cliffs of Rogers's Rock and Anthony's Nose, like the shores of an unknown land which we approach after a long voyage. Here and there a white sail, a mere glistening speck in the distance, lends to the illusion.

It was at Sabbath-day Point that Lord Abercrombie halted on his expedition to Ticonderoga. Here the troops—16,000 in number, in 500 or 600 boats—landed and passed the night. One would like to know more about one of the most interesting and picturesque events in the annals of war: how did the battalions encamp; how long did they linger by the lake, building their bateaux; what stories they told around the camp fires by the wavering, dusky gloom of the primeval forest; the foraging and scouting parties; did ladies accompany the expedition; were the notes of fife and drum heard among the hundred isles, as they swept up the lake in mighty procession, the regimental banners incarnadining the blue sheen of the winding lake, and interweaving their crimson with the plume-like branches of the isles amid which the mighty armament threaded its majestic course with the measured rhythm of ten thousand oars, which startled the eagle screaming from its eyrie. Mile after mile, hour after hour, the stately host glided along the echoing shores, until they landed on the sward of Sabbath-day Point, and, rolled in their blankets, slept deep, many of them for the last time in this world, while the sentinels marched their rounds, and called, through the night-watches, "All is well," while the Indian scouts prowled in the neighboring forest to spy out the movements of the foe, until the reveille smote sharp on the air of dawn, and the regiments sprang to greet the morning star, and marched to meet their doom.

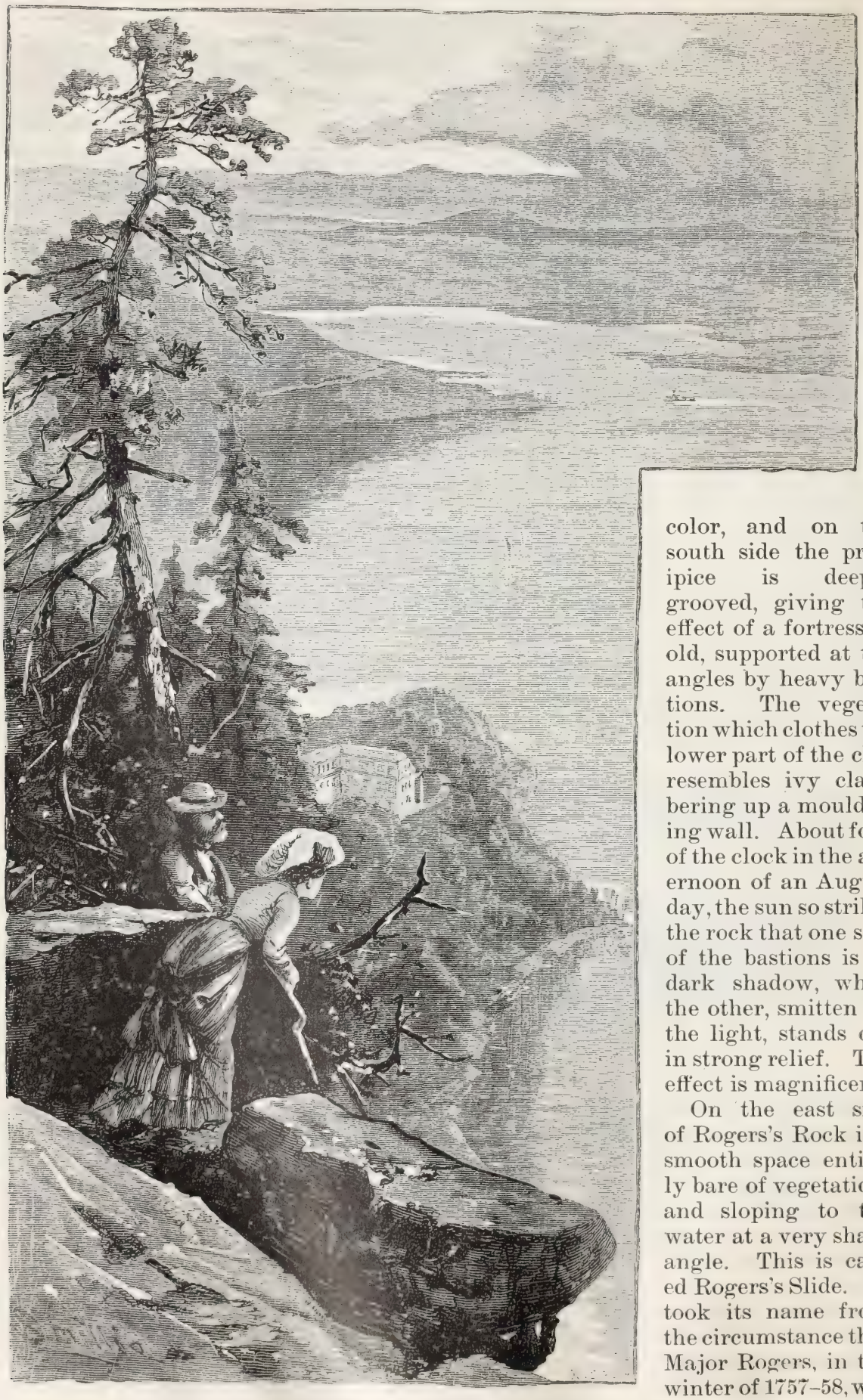
Proceeding northwest from Sabbath-day Point, we have on our right the spacious waters of Blair's Bay and the gentle slopes of Spruce Mountain. On our left is a settlement called the Hague, on a pretty inlet at the mouth of a cleft among the hills, which carries the eye inland to the ridge called the Three Brothers. Beyond the Hague is Friends' Point, whose beauty is enhanced by a cluster of emeralds called the Waltonian Islands by a fishing club which at one time made it their summer resort.

We are now drawing near to the striking headland called Anthony's Nose. It dips with considerable abruptness to the water at the end of a long and lofty ridge. Its rocky sides are richly varie-



ROGERS'S ROCK.

gated with the vivid tints of lichens and mosses, and the water around it is 400 to 500 feet deep, and of a brilliant sea-green color. Passing Anthony's Nose, we turn a sharp angle and enter into a fourth division of Lake George, which is quite closed in, while no part of the lake has more individual traits of its own. Facing us are the vertical sides of Rogers's Rock, which stands out into the lake, quite isolated, and rises to a height of 640 feet above the water—altogether a very massive and impressive feature of the landscape. The rock is of a rich purple-brown



THE NORTHERN EXTREMITY OF LAKE GEORGE.

color, and on the south side the precipice is deeply grooved, giving the effect of a fortress of old, supported at the angles by heavy bastions. The vegetation which clothes the lower part of the cliff resembles ivy clambering up a moldering wall. About four of the clock in the afternoon of an August day, the sun so strikes the rock that one side of the bastions is in dark shadow, while the other, smitten by the light, stands out in strong relief. The effect is magnificent.

On the east side of Rogers's Rock is a smooth space entirely bare of vegetation, and sloping to the water at a very sharp angle. This is called Rogers's Slide. It took its name from the circumstance that Major Rogers, in the winter of 1757–58, was defeated by the Indians when scouting in

the vicinity of Ticonderoga. The company was dispersed, and Rogers himself was hotly pursued by the savages. He had made a name for himself by his exploits, and they would have danced with unusual glee around him if they could but see him bound to a stake undergoing torture. But he was a man shrewd and ready in expedients. Making his way to the top of the precipice, then called Bald Mountain, but since then named after him, Rogers flung his rifle and accoutrements down the dizzy slope called the Slide, to the ice of the frozen lake below. Then hastily reversing himself on his snowshoes, and treading in his tracks, he made his way to the foot of the Slide, and slid out on the lake. The Indians, coming to the top of the cliff, surmised that he had slipped over the precipice, and concluded that of course he must have been killed. But when they saw him skating away from its base across the lake, they inferred that he was under the special care of the Great Spirit, and refrained from pursuing him. Major Rogers was a man of considerable note in his day. He wrote a narrative of his adventures with the rangers around Lake George, and afterward fought at Detroit, and composed a curious drama about the siege of Detroit, and Pontiac, the Indian chief. Unfortunately, when the Revolution broke out, Major Rogers sided with the crown.

Echo Bay, formed by a beautiful and abrupt promontory jutting out from Rogers's Rock, is a most charming spot, noted, as the name indicates, for its echoes. Inclosed by massive cliffs and leafy underwood, its waters are at once deep and limpid. The rambles up the steep sides of the rock have a singularly wild solitude and picturesqueness, and are well appreciated by the partridges and squirrels. One is often greeted there by the whirring drum of the former and the shrill bark of the latter.

There is a simplicity and a grandeur in the beauty of this part of Lake George which allies it to some of the European lakes. The outlines are drawn with a firm hand in long unbroken curves, and the eye is occupied with masses rather than with details, while the height of the shores and the absence of islands make it seem like the bowl of a vast sunken crater into which the sea has poured. In the distance, far away to the south, the faint lilac-tinted outline of Black Mountain relieves the grand sweep of Anthony's Nose, and gratefully appeals to the fancy. In no part of Lake George is the water more beautifully blue. Thus the lake appears from the promontory alluded to above. But on descending to the water, and following the shore of the lake to its extreme northern limit, it shows still another phase.

Passing Coates Point, we find that the hills recede, and that another geological formation shows a beach different from any other on the lake, while the ripples that curl on the sand indicate that the water is there somewhat colored by the clay against which it dashes, and assumes a pale creamy green. It was on that beach that Lord Abercrombie landed his army. Not far from it is an islet called Prisoners' Island, on which the English who were captured in the battle that followed were confined. Here Lake George terminates as a lake. But through a narrow winding course of four miles farther it seeks to pour its waters into those of Lake Champlain, dashing down in musical rapids, which caused the French to call the meeting of the waters Carillon. There in the forest still stand the earthworks which Abercrombie vainly sought to storm. Lord Howe and 2000 men fell on that memorable day, whose sadness was but partially effaced by the victory of Lord Amherst in the following year. Just beyond are the ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, overlooking Lake Champlain. The fortress is one of the most interesting spots on the continent. A thorn bush, covered with blood-red berries, on the beetling brow of one of the salient angles, is the only semblance of a banner left waving there now, and the cattle and sheep browsing on the herbage within the glacis around the roofless quarters of the garrison plainly tell us that war has rung its clarion for the last time on those ramparts where Montcalm and Amherst, Ethan Allen and Arnold, St. Clair and Burgoyne, have in turn battled and held sway.

He who has not seen Lake George should no longer defer to cultivate its acquaintance, while he who has once formed a friendship for its attractive beauty feels that he has stored his memory with an enduring treasure of lovely pictures that shall cheer him along the dusty road of life, and lead him to return often to behold the glorious original of his dreams.



THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

THE NAUTICAL SCHOOL "ST. MARYS."

"WE propose, Sir, to teach a boy that the keel is somewhere, and that the keelson is not upon the spar-deck"—an announcement which, in its sententious and semi-satirical vein, reminds one of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who might have uttered it had he been the expositor of a system of nautical education; but the speaker was Captain Erben, of the training-ship *St. Marys*, in New York, and the occasion of the remark was a conversation on the *raison d'être* of that school. Taken literally, the captain's statement would not indicate a very full curriculum; but epigram is never literal, and the prosaic basis of fact in this one was the object of the school to produce thorough sailors for the mercantile navy. The decline of American shipping has been attended by the disappearance of American sailors, whose places have been taken by Scandinavians, Germans, and Dutch. It is next to impossible to obtain a full crew of Americans for a large ship, and at the same time those who are available do not compare in discipline, experience, or intelligence with their foreign competitors. Now if it is remembered that a great trade upon the seas is never developed among a race of poor seamen, that good and numerous ships can not be of use without good and numerous men to man them, the reason why the school on board the *St. Marys* was opened will be apparent. At Annapolis the United States government maintains the superbly equipped Academy for the education of naval officers; and boys enlisting for service as foremast hands on war vessels are received on board certain United States ships, where they are subjected to a preparatory course. But until the *St. Marys* was opened the boy who had not the mathematical ability or the political influence to insure admission at Annapolis, nor the willingness to bind himself for a long term of service, with very slow advancement, on a war ship—the son of a mechanic, clerk, or poor professional man, with a preference for the merchant navy—had no other beginning open to him than a berth as ordinary seaman on board any vessel that he could get. Shipping without any experience, his first voyage was likely to either brutalize him or to drive him into other occupations. His ignorance, so complete that he probably had no idea that the keelson was not a continuation of the jib-boom, made him practically useless at the outset, and his uselessness was a pretext for the application of a rope's-end. Many and many a disgraceful incident, some within the writer's own observation, might be related of the mercilessness of captains and

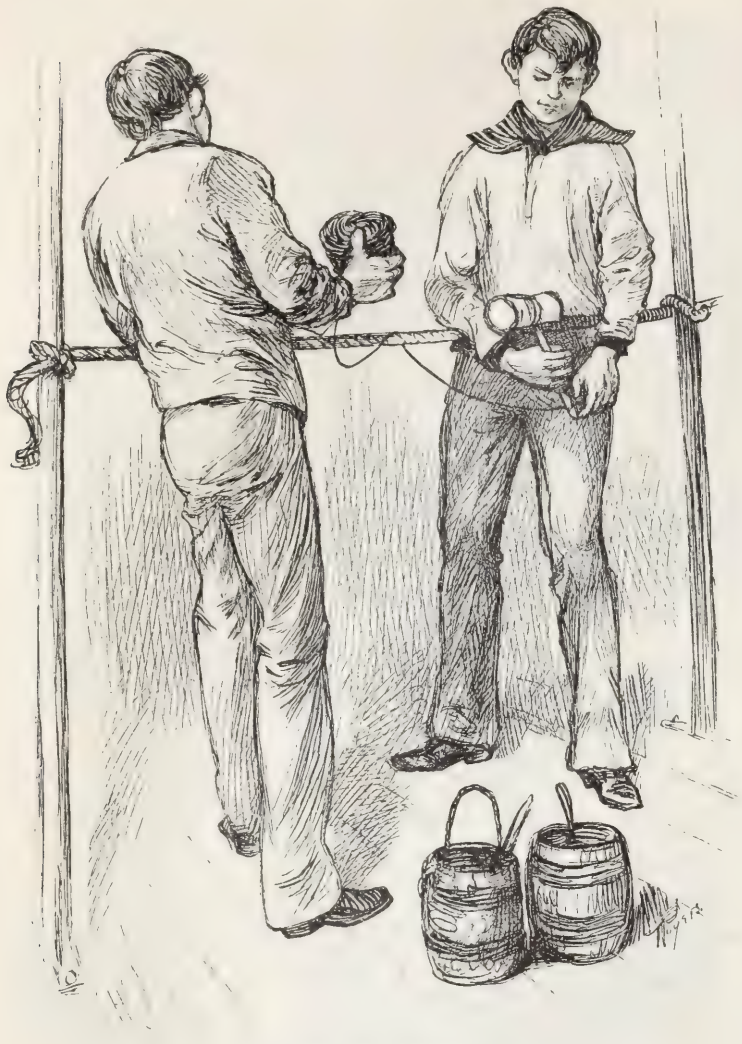
mates in dealing with greenhorns. Despite the agitation and legislation for the protection of seamen in recent years, a bully on the high seas is still defiant of law, and allows his ferocity full swing, finding immunity from reprisals in the laziness or indifference of consuls abroad to whom complaints are made, and at home in the indisposition of the sufferers to seek redress which involves costly legal proceedings. Unhappy the men under such a despot, and thrice unhappy the more helpless boys! Instances well authenticated in every particular are at the writer's hand of ordinarily well-behaved boys who, through the virulent ill-will and the persistent abuse of their captains, have been driven to desert at distant ports, where, being left without any resources, they have been forever lost to their friends; and we remember an amiable boy, sensitive and delicate, who, having been severely beaten on the head by one of the mates, sprang overboard in delirium, with the curses of his persecutor for his burial rites. The lone empire of the sea, with its spacious solitude and sad gray boundaries, implants a sort of pathetic greatness in some men, while in others its sequestration from the amenities of the civilized earth encourages tyrannous and merciless license.

Even if the beginner had a humane captain and kindly shipmates considerate of his inexperience, his ignorance was sure to imbitter his life until he could "learn the ropes." In English ships apprentices are taken, who are berthed apart from the crew, and are afforded an opportunity to observe the work of a ship before they are required to take part in it; and on the *St. Marys* it is possible for a boy before going to sea to know that "the keel is somewhere, and that the keelson is not upon the spar-deck."

Having cognizance of the necessity of a change in the then existing circumstances, some prominent merchants, underwriters, and ship-owners obtained an act from the New York Legislature, about six years ago, authorizing the Board of Education to provide a nautical school for the training of pupils in the science of navigation and the practical duties of mariners, and to secure from the United States government the use of a vessel for



SKYLARKING IN THE MAINTOP.

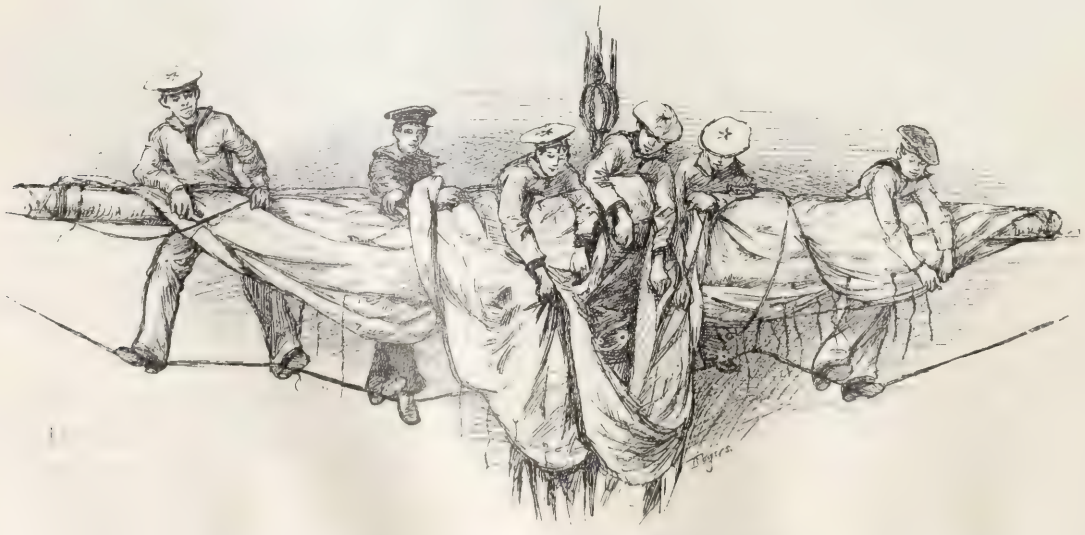


"WORM AND PARCEL."

the purpose. The control of the school was placed in five Commissioners of Education and three members of the Chamber of Commerce. The government loaned the sloop of war *St. Marys*, under an act of Congress approved June 2, 1874, which extended similar privileges to other ports, as follows: That, to promote nautical education, the Secretary of the Navy is empowered to furnish, upon the application in writing of the Governor of a State, a suitable vessel of the navy, with all her apparel, charts, books, and instruments of navigation, provided the same can be spared without detriment to the naval service, for the instruction of youths in navigation, seamanship, marine enginery, and all matters pertaining to the proper construction, equipment, and sailing of vessels; and the President is authorized to detail proper officers of the navy as superintendents and instructors in such schools.

Besides New York, San Francisco availed itself of the enactment; but the *Jamestown* being loaned to that city, the vessel was returned to the government last winter after an unsuccessful experiment, and the *St. Marys* is now the only nautical school existing under the law.

The preparation of a suitable code was a difficult matter. A good class of scholars was sought—superior to those who would enter the naval training-ships; and as the school was tentative, it was thought best to impose as few restrictions as possible upon them. For this reason the duration of his stay



PRACTICING FURLING ON THE MONKEY-YARD.

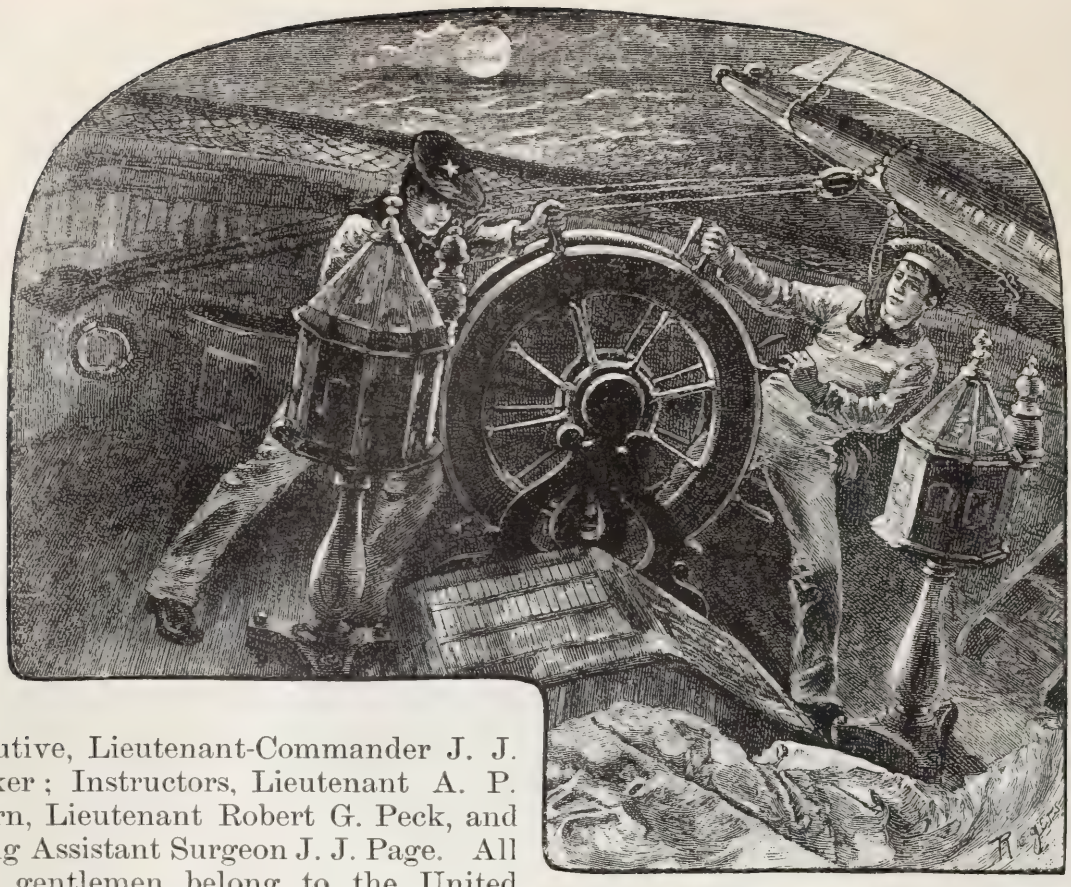
has been left to the option of the scholar; and though the course is for two years, he may retire at any time. Candidates for admission must not be under fifteen years of age nor over twenty, and they must be of a sound constitution, and free from all physical defects. They must evince some aptitude or inclination for sea-life, and bring with them a certificate of good moral character. Previous to the opening of the course on board the *St. Marys*. If at the end of his first year a boy engages to continue his studies throughout the second year, the charges against him are wiped out, and the whole amount of the original deposit is again placed to his credit. Few institutions are established on a more liberal basis, or offer so favorable an opportunity for obtaining a common-school education combined with a practical



EXERCISING AT THE GREAT GUNS.

nautical school, a school-ship for the reformation of juvenile offenders was stationed in the harbor, and the former has been confounded with the latter, which is no longer in existence, but the fact of the matter is that no one who has been convicted of a crime can be admitted on board the *St. Marys*, and boys of evil disposition are not retained. Successful candidates are received at any time. They are required to bring with them two pairs of boots, three towels, three pairs of heavy socks, three pairs of heavy drawers, three heavy under-shirts, three pocket-handkerchiefs, various brushes, combs, and the odds and ends for repairing that are always found in a sailor's ditty-bag. Two suits of clothes, caps, a hammock, and blankets are provided by the ship, and charged against a deposit of thirty-five dollars made when the scholar enters, and except the trifling cost of replacing or repairing boots and under-wear, this sum covers all the expenses of a two years' knowledge of the duties of a seaman; but unless a boy has fully made up his mind to be a sailor, and has the physical strength to endure certain hardships, the nautical school is not the place for him, and time spent there will be fruitless. During the winter the ship is stationed at the foot of Twenty-third Street, East River, and boys whose behavior has been good are allowed to spend Saturday afternoon and Sunday with their parents or relatives, if the latter are resident in or near the city. If their guardians are not in the city, they are required to sleep on board the ship, and their leave of absence is suspended or abridged in proportion to the degree of their misconduct during the week.

The *St. Marys* is a sloop of war, which, though she is thirty-three years old, is still stanch and fast. She registers about 1000 tons, and her full armament is sixteen 18-inch guns. Her officers are: Superintendent, Commander Henry Erben;



"NO HIGHER."

Executive, Lieutenant-Commander J. J. Hunker; Instructors, Lieutenant A. P. Osborn, Lieutenant Robert G. Peck, and Acting Assistant Surgeon J. J. Page. All these gentlemen belong to the United States Navy, and their services are provided by the general government gratuitously.

It is probable, we suppose, that the boy who has made up his mind to be a sailor has learned something about ships by reading and observation, that his weather eye is open, and that when he steps up the gang-plank of the *St. Marys* for the first time he feels more like an admiral than a greenhorn. Boyish fancies are so strange that the gun-deck may appear pleasanter to him than the little parlor at home. And let us hope that such fancies will smooth down many of the things that would jar upon him if he were less enamored with his future profession. His private clothing is cast aside for a uniform, consisting of a dress suit of blue, and a working suit of white canvas. The dress suit consists of blue trousers, a blue cap with gold lettering, and a blue shirt with a wide collar and white braiding. Ten to one he looks brighter, stronger, and altogether more ship-shape in these than in the garments which he discards, no matter how fashionable or fine they may be. He is classified and quartered according to his size, age, and general abilities. The boys are divided into two watches, and the watches are divided into crews, each crew having sixteen boys, in charge of an experienced seaman, who teaches them the duties of a sailor. The beginner has a number, a crew, a mess, and a watch. What wonder if he hitches his trousers with unnecessary frequency, walks with a rolling motion expressive of tempestuous seas, and stands with his legs apart in the most approved style of the ideal Jack Tar! It is easy for him to forget that he is alongside of a city wharf: his companions talk a nautical slang, the ship's bell strikes the half hours and hours—a clock is never thought of—and the bread served with dinner is old-fashioned "hard-tack." The illusion is further sustained by these very difficult biscuits, which, having been the almost exclusive food of sailors in all the romances he has read, are more palatable to him than the creamiest Vienna or the softest and sweetest French bread. Perhaps a morsel opens a train of retrospection to him, in which he sees shipwrecked mariners adrift on rafts in blood-red southern seas, with one biscuit between them and complete starvation. The imagination of boyhood is swift, and "takes suggestion as a cat laps milk." When bed-time is "piped" he swings his hammock, and if he is extremely "fresh," it is probable that he fancies he has stood a

watch at sea on a stormy night, and is turning in with wet garments. His slumbers are sweetened by the thought, and Sleep folds in her arms not a callow lad, but a grizzled, sunburned, dripping seaman. The dream is grotesquely and suddenly dispelled. Two young conspirators in airy dress steal softly up to him, and a sheath-knife is seen to gleam as that plebeian weapon usually gleams in melodramas and the stories of the *Weekly Wash-Tub*. The cords suspending the foot of his hammock are cut, and in a moment the dreamer is awake, prostrate on the deck, with only the fluttering tail of a retreating garment in sight to tell him that all the other boys are not as fast asleep as the heaviness of their breathing would lead one to suppose. Thus begin the tribulations that are to break in upon his dreams more than once, and to disillusionize him, until, in old manhood or sooner, he learns how uncomfortable a profession he has chosen. Hazing in its more serious forms is prevented, and that which does not severely injure the victim is neither countenanced nor suppressed.



AT MESS.

All hands are sharply called at six o'clock in the morning, or "four bells," the hammocks are lashed and stowed away, the decks are swept, and at seven o'clock each boy is expected to appear at inspection with a clean face and hands and smoothly brushed hair. Meanwhile the berth-deck is pervaded with the grateful odor of tea, coffee, mush, and fresh bread. The galley is "for'ard," and the cook is busy with the large simmering coffee-kettles that surround him. The portable tables are "shipped," which means, in the vernacular of the sea, that they are placed



MESS GEAR.

in position, and at half past seven breakfast is served, under the supervision of the master-at-arms. The boys in a mess act as its cook in rotation. The incumbent washes all dishes, brings the food from the galley, and apportions it; and if any one is dissatisfied with his own plate, he may demand an exchange with the cook. Between eight o'clock, when breakfast is finished, and nine, the cooks scour the dishes and tables, while the others clean up the decks, sweeping or holy-stoning them according to the day. At nine the executive officer scrutinizes the mess gear, which is spread out for his inspection, and after a lesson from the Bible has been read, the academic exercises of the day are begun, and continued until half past eleven.

The course includes reading, writing, spelling, geography, arithmetic, and English grammar. This part savors too much of the shore to be appreciated; it is prosaic, and our new boy is apt to consider it irksome. But the exercises in seamanship, the making of knots, hitches, and bends of wonderfully varied and unaccountable nomenclature, sail-mending and sail-bending, are entered upon with zeal and pleasure. Should you ask the new boy the name of the smallest rope with the longest name, he would probably be able to glibly tell you, at the end of his first month on board, that it is the "starboard-foretop-gallant-studding-sail-boom-tricing-line-block-strap-thimble-seizing;" and in a short time he becomes a master of the conundrums which old salts have invented for the mystification of young ones. He can tell you what is forward on the starboard side, aft on the port side, and inside on the outside; how to pass a nipper, or clap on a jigger; how to choke a luff, or snake the back-stays; how to fleet a purchase, or crown a crotch rope; how to make a grommet or an artificial eye; how to make a Spanish fox or a Turk's head; and the meaning of a withe, a gammoning, a cat's-paw, a sheep-shank, an Irish splice, the whiskers, the jumpers, a cock's-comb, a gasket, a tripshaw, a camel, a Flemish hare, and a ring-tail—all these being nautical terms. He can name every sail above the sky-sail on the most preposterously overweighted clipper—the moon-sails, star-gazers, sky-scrapers, and heaven-disturbers. His education includes the whole catalogue of hitches, bends, clinches, hawsers, and splices: the clove hitch, the timber hitch, the Blackwall hitch, the rolling hitch, and two half

hitches; the sheet bend and the curricle bend; the inside clinch and the outside clinch; the carrick bend, the marline hitch, and the kackling. Weather forecasts are put in rhyme for him, and from constant repetition become indelibly impressed upon his memory:

"A red sky in the morning,
Sailors, take warning;
A red sky at night
Is a sailor's delight."

"The evening red, the morning gray,
Are sure signs of a fine day;
But the evening gray and morning red
Make the sailor shake his head."

"If the mist comes o'er the open sea,
Then fair weather, shipmate, it will be;
But if the mist comes off the land,
Then rain comes pouring o'er the strand."

"With the rain before the wind,
Your top-sail sheets and halyards mind;
But when the wind's before the rain,
You may hoist your top-sails up again."

The printed questions put to him at the examinations cover about fifty pages as large as these of *Harper's Magazine*. He learns how to scull, row, steer, and sail a boat; how to box the compass, steer by the compass, and take compass bearings; how to heave the lead; how to swim; and how to bend, loosen, furl, and reef a sail. The instruction in navigation embraces the working of a day's reckoning, the use of the quadrant and sextant, the finding of latitude and longitude, and the mode of keeping a log. It is not intended to graduate officers, but if a boy takes advantage of all the opportunities open to him on board the *St. Marys*, he may, after his first or second post-graduate voyage, immediately qualify for the position of mate.

The recitations and exercises of the morning are closed at half past eleven, and recreation is allowed from then until dinner-time—an hour later. The dinner consists of soup, fresh meat, vegetables, and "hard-tack," served not in separate courses, but in one dish. The quality is good, and the quantity ample. From one o'clock until half past one all hands are occupied in cleaning decks, etc., and at half past one the school exercises are resumed. Most of the boys are less proficient in the English branches than others of a corresponding age in the public schools, but a few are so far advanced that navigation is substituted for other studies. While we were on board, one of the instructors gave Autobiography as a subject for a twenty minutes' composition, and as indicating the cleverness in the class



SAIL-MAKING.



"LITTLE BUTTERCUP."*

and the social position of some of the scholars, we selected the following, which was written in a legible hand, with correct punctuation:

"Your humble servant, the author, was born on the first day of March, 1861. Of his past life little can be said that differs radically from the career of thousands of others. He was led into the same errors, beset by the same temptations and petty follies that harass all other young men. His father enlisted in the navy during the war and remained in the service till 1870. This made a constant change of base necessary for the family economy, and consequently the author has resided in various cities throughout the Union, and changed his instructors and text-books so often that he is somewhat backward in his studies, and his knowledge is much confused and various. He has spent his life in comparative ease under a stern but kind discipline, doing but little manual labor, except for amusement. Most of his time was spent in study and the perusal of popular scientific books. This inactive life has produced its full amount of laziness and constitutional fatigue. It is not known that any thing remarkable ever happened to him, except, perhaps, a narrow escape from drowning which he was led into by his taste for the water. He is not quite certain what kind of a man he would like to become. This question was always a difficult one for young men to solve, and he has not decided whether he would rather go to sea, or be a tramp.

"J J. W."

While there are some boys of good birth and education on board the ship, there are others rough, vulgar, and illiterate; but the moral and social standing of the nautical school is quite as high as that of any public school. The misapprehension upon this point to which we have referred, arising from a confusing of the reformatory ship *Mercury* and the *St. Marys*, led Captain Erben to say that the latter should be named and numbered as a public school; but we believe he did not foresee that such a change might cause still greater misapprehension should a bucolic reader find in his newspaper the announcement that Public School No. 90 (for instance) had returned from an Atlantic cruise of five months!

The school exercises of the day end at four o'clock. A supper of tea or coffee, with fresh bread and butter, is served at five o'clock; and until nine o'clock, when "turn in" is piped, a few simple duties and recreations occupy the time. The berth-deck is warm and comfortable. There is a piano, which never lacks performers during the hours of recreation, and there is a model printing-press, and a small collection of good secular books. Smoking is not forbidden; some urchins may be seen puffing away at their pipes as though they fully appreciated the charms of the habit. The high spirits and athletic capabilities of the boys are developed in "skylarking"—not the mundane antics of boys ashore, but the dare-deviltry afloat that gives the word its significance. Occasionally a reception is held; the gun-deck is cleared, and draped with bunting, a band is hired from the city, and part-

* So christened by his companions, with whom he is a favorite—especially with the cook, upon whom he reflects full credit.



EVENING ON THE MAIN DECK.

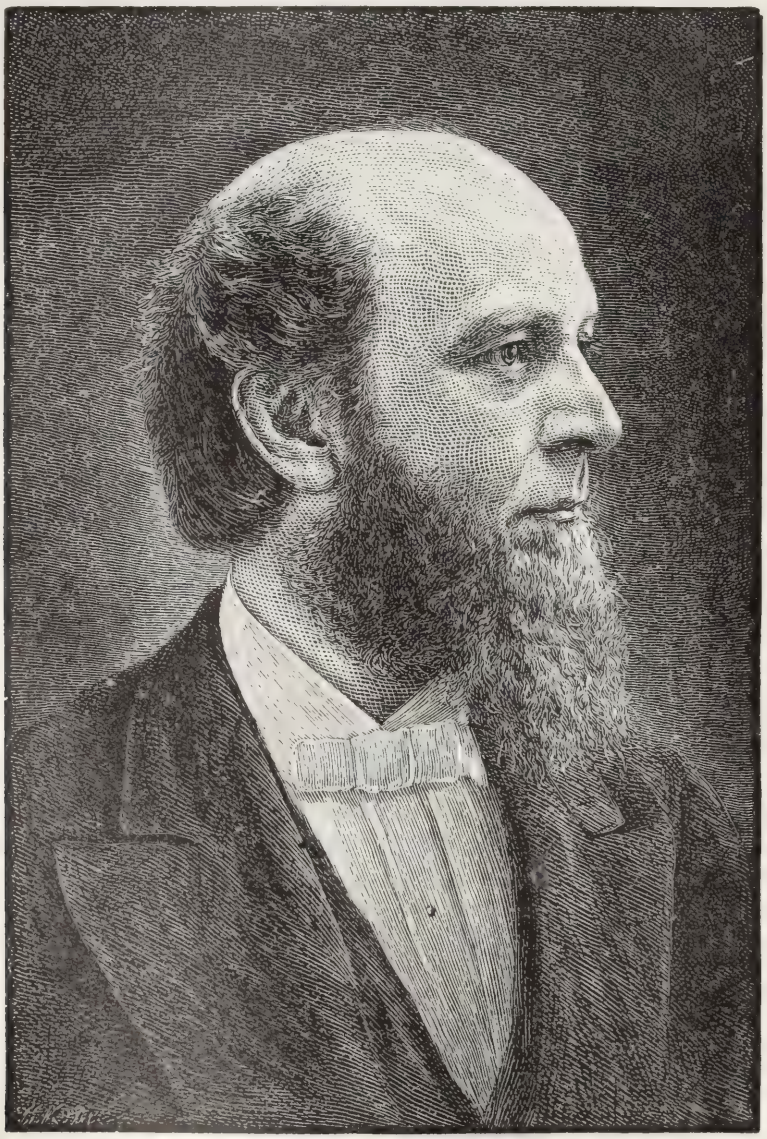
ners are selected from the invited company of pretty girls. But the event of the year is the annual cruise, when the ship leaves her wharf at Twenty-third Street, and sails to Lisbon or some other pleasant port, calling *en route* at the Azores, Madeira, or the Bermudas. Arithmetic, grammar, and all other such prosaic studies and text-books are then abandoned, and all the time is given to practical seamanship and navigation. The boys work the ship, with the assistance of six sailors; they stand their watches, take their turn at the wheel, and are required to go aloft in all sorts of weather. This tests their metal, and some of them come to the conclusion that the writers of nautical novels are heartless impostors. At the end of the cruise the annual examination is held, and the graduates, to whom a handsome parchment certificate is awarded, with the addition of one silver and two bronze medals to the three most proficient, usually find no difficulty in obtaining a berth on a good ship.

The *St. Marys* now has about one hundred boys aboard, and can accommodate nearly as many more. We believe that she is a great benefit to the city, and an advantage to the mercantile service of the country. That she is a success is largely due to the zealous support given by the chairman of the Nautical School Committee of the Board of Education, Mr. David R. Wetmore, who has been untiring in his efforts among his colleagues, and without whom the school would have probably been discontinued some time ago.



"CHAUTAUQUA."

DURING the past few years the word which appears at the head of this article has been growing gradually familiar to the abstract personages known as the general public. To many it has suggested visions of a cool and agreeable lake-side summer resort somewhere in the wilds of Western New York. Others have naturally connected the word with what is known as Sunday-school work. Very few of those who have not made the pilgrimage to Chautauqua, or in some special manner have come under the influence of the Chautauqua idea, have possessed any definite information in the matter. Indeed, the assertion we make, that as the outcome of certain novel ideas now frequently generalized under the term "Chautauqua," between eight thousand and fifteen thousand persons, scattered all over the country, are pursuing a course of reading and study which will give them the college student's outlook upon the world of men and matter, will be received by many with a grain of allowance. Such, nevertheless, is the fact; and it is the object of the writer to unfold the plan and detail the progress of a movement which in its educational tendency and scope is potent for good, and is daily gaining in influence.



JOHN H. VINCENT.

In brief, the Chautauqua idea at first meant an annual gathering on the shores of Lake Chautauqua, in Western New York, for the purpose of instruction in advanced methods of Sunday-school work,



SUNSET VIEW ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

combined with rational recreation. Proceeding naturally from this came the desire on the part of those who thus met to secure a deeper insight into the facts of history and science. To give that insight in a meeting of but a few weeks' duration was a recognized impossibility, and a course of home study was devised to meet the desire. Thus originated a movement which has now extended over five years.

The "local habitation" of this movement is at Fair Point, on the western shore of Lake Chautauqua, the last link in that silver chain which extends across the Empire State, and whose picturesque beauty makes their vicinage a rival to the famed "lake region" of England. Here, in 1872, came Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent, the Sunday-school secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He had originated years ago a plan for a protracted session of normal workers in connection with Sunday-school interests, and his friend Lewis Miller—a man well known in Ohio for his liberal and judicious use of a large fortune—had suggested that a camp-meeting ground be taken for this purpose. Learning that such a ground had been established at Fair Point, they visited the spot, and, rude as were the immediate surroundings of this old-fashioned camp-meeting, they saw in the beauty and healthfulness of the region, and in its central location and ease of access, the "promised land" of their vaguely defined Sunday-school assembly. Lying between and near the two great trunk lines which traverse New York State, the Erie and the Central, and just midway between the metropolis and Cincinnati, Chautauqua can be reached in less than a day from either point. The altitude of the lake, some 1300 feet above tide-level, had for years been a source of pride to the rural dwellers upon its shores, who realized not much more of its possibilities or beauties than was conveyed in the sentence stating that it was "the highest body of water navigable by steam on the globe." Dr. Vincent, however, saw health and strength in its pure and refreshing breezes; and in its gently sloping shores, its wooded heights, its glorious sunsets and bright dawns, he saw the expansion of nobler sentiments, the growth of æsthetic tastes, and health-giving to the mind as well as to the body. So he chose Chautauqua as the home for his assembly.

It is a region, too, that is not without its traditions, and remains of more than local importance to the historian and antiquarian. Near the shores of the lake are many rude and curious cairns and forts, the undoubted work of that unknown race vaguely termed the "mound-builders." Of their ethnological relations, of their customs and manner of living, of the date of their existence, history and tradition tell us nothing, and we are left to construct from the scanty evidence left by the work of their hands our own theory as to the first holders in fee-simple of the land we now enjoy. The successors of the mound-builders, Indians from the famous Six Nations, have left hardly more permanent evidences of their occupancy than the strange race that preceded them. In the memories, however, of bright-eyed old women and venerable



SECTIONAL MODEL OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

men linger many reminiscences of the early years of the century (when the whites in Chautauqua County were, in legal phrase, "tenants by courtesy" of the aborigines), and of a certain important event known as the Burning of Buffalo. Chautauqua in the sixteenth century knew something of the courtly manners and brilliant costumes of the French grandees, and in 1749, when Louis XV. sat on the throne of France, authentic history tells us that an expedition, under command of le Capitaine De Celeron, left Detroit to proceed east of the Alleghanies, and take formal possession in the name of the king. Making their perilous voyage in safety over the Great Lakes, they landed on the shores of Lake Erie at a point seven miles from the head of Chautauqua. Climbing upward through the thick forest, they at length attained an elevation of a thousand feet, from which the two lakes were visible—Erie sending its waters into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and Chautauqua finding an outlet through various water-courses into the Gulf of Mexico. Though but seven miles from the former, the latter lies 725 feet above it. Descending the southern slope of the "divide," the adventurous Frenchmen embarked on the clear waters of Chautauqua, and following its tortuous outlet, overhung with tall forest trees, they at length reached the Ohio, *La Belle Rivière*, burying at important points on their voyage leaden plates upon which were engraved the arms of the King of France. Later on, in 1753, a force of French, led by Du Quesne, built a portage road from Lake Erie to Chautauqua, fortifying its termini, intending to use this route in passing from the Great Lakes to the Alleghany and Ohio. It was to prevent their operations in this vicinity that

Washington, then but twenty-two years of age, was dispatched to Northwestern Pennsylvania by Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, in 1752. In 1782 three hundred British regulars and five hundred Indian allies built a flotilla, and actually embarked upon Chautauqua Lake, intending to capture Fort Pitt, now the growing metropolis of Western Pennsylvania. Discouraging rumors of the strength of the post caused, however, the abandonment of the expedition.



MODEL OF JERUSALEM—THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

When Dr. Vincent, in 1872, visited the Chautauqua region, it already had something of a name as a healthful and attractive resort for summer tourists, and a number of hotels were located on its shores. Thoroughly satisfied with the location for his proposed Assembly, the arrangements were completed, and in July, 1874, the meetings were inaugurated at Fair Point. Lasting through two weeks, they were successful beyond anticipation. The programme, containing the names of many eminent speakers and writers, attracted people who entered heartily into the work, and the novel movement created a furor in the vicinity. Encouraged by the result of the first meeting, the National Sunday-school Association acquired by purchase the eighty acres comprising Fair Point, and at once set on foot many improvements. Among other appliances for the profitable study and understanding of the Bible, Dr. Vincent had suggested a model of Palestine in earth and rock, over which men could walk, and from which they could learn more of the topography of the Holy Land in an hour's study than by the use of any other means. Rev. W. W. Wythe, M.D., a minister with the mind of a scientist, a careful investigator of natural laws, took charge of the working out of this idea, and the result was Palestine Park, which forms one of the peculiar attractions of Fair Point. This was supplemented by a large model of Jerusalem, a model of the Jewish tabernacle one-fifth the size of the original, a model of an Oriental house, and a sectional model of the Great Pyramid of Cheops. By means of this collection of models, and with the aid of stereoscopic views of scenes in the Holy Land thrown in a magnified form on an immense screen at night, the student of Bible history is enabled to secure a more vivid comprehension of Eastern life than is attainable without making a transatlantic voyage to the Orient itself. To still further increase the facilities for a thorough understanding of the life depicted in the Bible, competent persons who have lived in Palestine have been present at each Assembly with Oriental costumes, and some of the most enter-

taining and instructive evenings of the Assembly have been those devoted to lectures on the manners and customs of Bible lands, illustrated by *tableaux vivants* representing scenes in the daily life of dwellers on what Christianity calls holy ground.



THE LANDING AT FAIR POINT, CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

The Assembly in its second year was in all respects fully as successful as its enthusiastic projector had desired. On the day of a visit by President Grant more than 20,000 persons were present, and the average daily attendance was not far from 6000. In 1877 the meetings comprised a Church congress, reform council, and a scientific congress. The succeeding year demonstrated an increase of earnestness on the part of those who were drawn to the gathering, and the attendance surpassed that of 1877.

What was begun as a Sunday-school Assembly merely, as will be seen, gradually and naturally developed into a "school." It hardly merits the name some have given it of a "summer university," but it has the features of a school. The author of the first of a series of "Chautauqua Text-Books" says: "Our Chautauqua school aims to be, in its humble way, a school for the people; a school, not a university; a school for those who, conscious of their need, earnestly desire the highest culture possible for them. It seeks to give general views of the value of knowledge, to promote mental discipline.....The Chautauqua school is not a substitute for the grammar school, the high school, the seminary, nor the college. It is a 'school of specialties.'"

The men who have been chosen to give instruction in the four departments of this school—the Ecclesiastic, Philanthrop-



ORIENTAL GROUP IN PALESTINE PARK.

ic, Biblical and Sunday-school, and Scientific—have been representative men of all denominations eminent in the pulpit and on the platform. Among the most popular lecturers at Fair Point, in widely diverse fields, are Rev. Joseph Cook and Dr. John Lord, the former speaking on metaphysical science, the latter on the great masters of English literature. In the department of Reform, or Philanthropy, the leaders of the various movements for ameliorating the condition of society have treated of their respective causes; and Gough, Francis Murphy, Anthony Comstock, and others have faced Chautauqua audiences. The department of Biblical Instruction has been in the hands of those trained for the work—Bible students, learned Orientalists, and experienced teachers. The course of study in this direction is carefully mapped out, and is as comprehensive and thorough as is possible in the limited time of the annual gatherings. Daily lectures and explanations, aided by the study of text-books and models, prepare those who are seeking special training as Sunday-school instructors for the final written examinations at the end of the course. These tests, which are conducted very much after the manner of college examinations, result each year in the granting of some hundreds of Chautauqua Normal Class Diplomas to graduates.

In the department of Physical Science, lectures more or less popular in form are given each year on astronomy, chemistry, and physics, illustrated as far as possible by the use of apparatus and instruments. A series of addresses given in two succeeding years by Professor R. Ogden Doremus, of New York, and accompanied by numerous striking experiments on a large scale, was remarkably successful. A class



JOURNALISM IN THE WOODS.

in microscopy has also proved more than an experiment; indeed, at its organization the class was so large that it had to be divided, and three instructors were required to take charge of the sections, giving information and direction regarding the use of the collection of fine microscopes placed at the disposal of the Assembly. A course of somewhat abstruse lectures on the solar magnitudes, by Professor Burr, of Amherst, afforded another proof of the popular desire to obtain information when presented in an attractive form.

It is not claimed that the lectures and instruction of the Assembly are thorough or exhaustive. It is freely admitted that the work done there, while it is not superficial, goes but a little way, and its main object is to give only the impetus and direction to individual investigation. The effort during the meetings is to give a "twist" toward learning and culture to minds which would not be apt to receive that learning under ordinary circumstances. It is the aim of the Assembly to afford this information and this intellectual stimulus in the interest of evangelical religion and Biblical truth—to study nature and the God of nature at the same time.

Combined with the above objects is that of rational recreation—the re-creation that is so urgently needed in this busy age, when men literally wear out before they have lived half their years. The theory is that the highest rest and recreation is not found in idleness, but in the exercise of unused powers of body and mind. At Saratoga, Newport, and Long Branch the social dissipations of the city "season" are continued, and business and professional men are followed thither by the cares and duties of their home life. At Chautauqua a new set of interests is excited; the mind, wearied by business, is turned into new channels of thought; early hours, simple and strengthening food, and pure air build up the enervated body, and the result of a few weeks' sojourn is apparent in the zest and freshness, the mental vigor and bodily health, which are brought again to the ordinary avocations of life's dull round.

"Chautauqua," as the Post-office Department has recently designated Fair Point, has now grown to a village of some five hundred summer cottages, scattered over the hundred acres of wooded ground forming the Assembly's property, and hemmed in on two sides by the waters of the lake. These cottages have in a great

measure departed from their primitive simplicity, and many of them, taking the form of villas and Swiss chalets, are models of taste and beauty. During the continuance of the meetings these cottages are filled with guests, and the remainder of the inhabitants of the "summer city" find homes in the hotels, or go back to the customs of Bible times and "dwell in tents." Shops for the sale of every thing needful are plenty, and the milk-man, ice-man, and newsboy make their morning rounds. The government has provided excellent postal facilities, and the telegraph gives instant communication with the outside world. A regular police patrol is constantly on duty, and a sanitary force looks after the cleanliness of the grounds, so necessary to preserve the health of the large body of persons collected together. At night the grounds have hitherto been lighted with ordinary street lamps, and the immense auditorium by means of the lime-light, but hereafter the newly invented electric light will be used for purposes of general illumination.

One of the features of the Assembly is its morning newspaper, the *Assembly Daily Herald*, a quarto about the size of the New York *Tribune*, which is printed on the grounds, and requires in its preparation a corps of fifteen editors, reporters, and stenographers. A specialty of the paper is its reproduction *in extenso* of all the lectures and addresses delivered during the meeting. Editing a morning paper in the woods is a novel experience to a journalist, and there seems something almost absurd in hurrying through the proofs for a first edition while the rustling of the wind in the tree-tops and the beating of the waves on the beach are the only sounds that come to divert the attention of the night force.

From the waking signal, given by a musical peal of bells located on the extremity of the Point, until the Chautauqua bells ring out over the lake at night, the day at Fair Point is a busy one. The perusal of the following actual programme of a Chautauqua day will convey some idea of the manner in which time is utilized. Of course no person is expected to take part in all the exercises set down, but it will be readily admitted that opportunity is given for a considerable diversity of taste. The programme below was selected at random, and presents the ordinary exercises of an Assembly day:

ELEVENTH DAY—ASSEMBLY OF 1877—FOURTEENTH AUGUST.

6 A.M.—Morning bells.
6.40 A.M.—Morning prayers.
7 A.M.—Breakfast.
11 A.M.—Lecture by Rev. Joseph Cook on "New England Skepticism."
2 P.M.—Pantomimic Lecture by Professor S. L. Green, of Belleville, Ontario (deaf-mute).
4 P.M.—Fourth Normal Class Conductors' Meeting.—Hebrew. Dr. Vail.
5 P.M.—Primary Class Papers, No. 6, by Mrs. G. R. Alden ("Pansy")—"Simple Blackboarding."
7 P.M.—Fourth Even-tide Conference. Rev. B. T. Vincent.
8 P.M.—Concert by the Apollo Club of New York.
10 P.M.—Night bells.

The Chautauqua meeting of 1879 opens on the 17th of July, and closes on the 23d of August. A "school of languages," according to Professor Sauver's "natural method," will be held, lasting about five weeks. German, French, Latin, and Greek will be taught by the "natural method," and classes will also be formed in Hebrew, New Testament Greek, and Anglo-Saxon. Professor Timayenis, one of Sauver's most successful instructors, will have charge of the Greek classes. A "Teachers' Retreat," for the benefit of secular instructors, will be held from July 17 to August 2. Hon. John W. Dickinson, the distinguished secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, will be one of the instructors in this department. A series of *conversazioni* will be held on great instructional principles, methods, and individual achievements.

The Sunday-school Assembly will continue from August 2d to the 23d. Among the special features of the year will be a "series of home conferences" on health, ventilation, cooking, and kindred subjects. Miss Parloa, of Boston, has been engaged to contribute to this feature a series of lectures on cooking, with practical illustrations.

Before dismissing the Chautauqua meetings from consideration, and taking up what seems to us a more important branch of the Chautauqua plan, it should be remarked that the Assembly has a literature of its own, comprising text-books, lesson papers, etc., which are in use in all parts of the country. It has also given rise to similar local assemblies, which are being profitably conducted, notably the one held in the valley of the Yosemite, also under the supervision of Dr. Vincent.

By far the most valuable fruit of the Chautauqua plan, at least in an educational sense, will come from the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. This was the natural outgrowth of the Assembly; but it had its origin as far back as 1856 in an attempt made by Dr. Vincent in Newark, New Jersey, to establish a course of home study and reading for young ministers who had lacked early advantages. Several meetings were held in furtherance of the project, but it was finally abandoned for the time. In August, 1878, Dr. Vincent felt that the time had arrived for the resumption of the plan on a more extended scale. His travel and experience had convinced him that there were hundreds of men and women in all the ranks of life who had from various causes failed to secure the benefits of a liberal education, but who were anxious for knowledge, and would gladly pursue a course of home study if in some manner their investigation could be placed under judicious guidance. They were conscious of their needs, and willing to make the necessary individual effort, but they lacked a knowledge of the right means and direction of their labors. It was to meet this want that the C. L. S. C. was organized. The plan, in brief, embraces the following features: first, it has a prescribed curriculum covering four years; second, its aim is to give the college student's outlook; third, it covers in special courses the entire range of study in art, science, literature, and history (the general and initial four years' course may be thought circumscribed or superficial, but this only prepares the way for exceedingly thorough special courses afterward); fourth, it is based upon religious truth, and embraces Biblical studies from an evangelical stand-point; fifth, the course of study is carefully prepared by expert and practical scholars—college professors, scientific students, and teachers of experience; sixth, a series of examinations is held by means of printed questions sent each member of the class (the first list of questions is before us, and appears to be devised with exceeding skill; any one who answers a reasonable percentage of the inquiries must have pursued the course faithfully, as no system of "cramming" would make it possible to meet the test successfully); seventh, a diploma will be given to all who complete the four years' course (to this diploma will from time to time be added seals for the "special courses" completed, and it may in time become valuable from the number of special seals attached to it, each of which, issued by the professor in charge, shall certify to really hard and faithful labor); eighth, each member is kept in constant communication with the president by reports and by printed circulars containing suggestions and items of interest in connection with the course of study (this plan keeps alive the interest of the members, and affords a constant stimulus to faithful study).

The register for membership was opened on the 10th of August, and by the 20th of November—when entries for the first class were closed—contained over eight thousand names. From the reports received it is known that about that number are actually engaged in the prosecution of the prescribed course of study at the present time. When it is borne in mind that the effort is entirely voluntary, that the text-books for the year cost the members about five dollars, and that on an average forty minutes must be devoted to the course each week-day for nine months, the result will be admitted to be exceedingly gratifying and significant.

The prescribed course of study for the first year is a tentative one, and is arranged as follows: 1. English History and Literature. 2. Biblical History and Literature. 3. Greek History and Literature. 4. Astronomy: Science of Every-day Life. The text-books required are:

Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 4. (English History.) By Dr. J. H. Vincent.

A Short History of the English People. By J. R. Green.

Primer of English Literature. By Rev. Stopford Brooke, M.A.

Outlines of Bible History. By Dr. J. F. Hurst.

The Word of God Opened. By Dr. B. K. Pierce.

Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 2. (Studies of the Stars.) By Dr. H. W. Warren.

Fourteen Weeks in Human Physiology. By Dr. J. Dorman Steele.

Old Greek Life. By J. P. Mahaffey.

Old Tales Retold from Grecian Mythology. By Augusta Larned.

Memorial Days. A Series of Chautauqua Readings. Extracts from Shakspeare, Milton, Addison, and Bryant.

Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 5. (Greek History.) By Dr. J. H. Vincent.



AN AVENUE, FAIR POINT.

Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 6. (Greek Literature.) By Dr. A. D. Vail.

A Book on Astronomy. By Dr. H. W. Warren.

In addition to these works a supplemental course to the studies of the first year is recommended, comprising mainly such books as are usually considered advantageous to be read in connection with the prescribed studies of a regular college course.

Judged by the results already achieved, great permanent good will result from this plan for gathering up the fragments of time, the spare hours that have been wasted, and turning them to purposes of usefulness. It meets the wants of those to whom the doors of knowledge and culture have hitherto been locked and barred; it brings pleasurable occupation to those whose leisure hours have hung heavy on their hands; it lightens labor, brightens life, and develops power. In one of the reports sent in a month or two since to the president, the man who signed it explained that he could not state the number of hours he had given to the course, for he was a night-watchman, and had done his reading by the light of street lamps between his rounds. A lady in a Western city called on a poor woman who was suffering from a painful disease of the eyes, and was almost blind. Finding on the table a Green's *History of England*, she opened it, and found many of the pages perforated by pin marks, and in some places pins inserted in the margin opposite particular passages. In her surprise she asked the woman the cause. "I commenced the Chautauqua course," said she, "before my eyes failed me, and I can not give it up now. My husband and my boy read to me, and when they come to any thing I can't readily understand, I tell them to put a pin in there. When they are gone, and I am alone, I

take the book and feel the pages until I come to a pin, and I lift the bandage from my eyes, glance at the difficult passage, and then think it over until it is clear in my mind." Her visitor found, also, that the woman was so poor that she could illy afford the money for the books of the course; but by having her son thread a number of needles for her each day before going to school, she had been able to do all the family sewing, and thus had saved from her husband's scanty earnings enough to buy the books she needed.

Similar instances could be multiplied, if necessary, to show the influence of this course on lives which have been hemmed in by adverse circumstances, and from which the light and influence of culture have been shut out. The eight thousand student members of the circle are scattered through all the States and Territories of the Union, and many are found in the Dominion of Canada. Nearly two hundred local circles have been formed of members of the parent circle living in the same cities or towns, and meetings are held for reviews and lectures on the subjects of study.



LITTLE BARBARA.

Pretty Barbara, ripe and red,
With sweet small mouth, like the bees abed,
  And full of nectar and honey-dew;
So pretty a thing, I dare not swear
To the art of the ribbon that ties her hair,
  Or the buckle that binds her shoe;
So like her each trinket she has to wear,
  It seems just as if it grew,
Like a rose in its petals and pollen dust,
That wears its beauty because it must,
  And something like Barbara, too.

As she dips her small tin bucket in
  The little fountain of woven glass,
Like webs that the spiders weave and spin
  To hang on the shining blades of grass,
A face as bright and happy as hers,
In the nets of the silken gossamers,
  Looks out of the water's smooth eclipse,
As if it was happy to hold within it
  The soft verbena red of her lips,
And kiss and caress her just for a minute,
  In the arms of the dimples, smooth and still,
  Ere it goes and soberly turns the mill.

For life to her in the honey-dew
  Is nothing yet but the way-side spring,
Between the upper and under blue,
  That makes a fiction of every thing,
As perfectly like as if it grew;
  And she is too happy to see within it
  The shape of her small sweet self a minute,
From the bow in the hair to the tie of her shoe,
  To know that the marvellous shadows mean
The simple inner beauty that shows
But now in the color of a rose,
  And now like the water's smooth eclipse,
In hearts that hold her picture still,
As we go and soberly turn the mill.

THE FIRST MRS. PETERSHAM.

WHEN Mr. Petersham's sister had, according to popular estimation, made away with his young wife, she established herself at the head of his house, and began to have things to her mind. Not that Mrs. Mynshyn was a positive murderess, guilty of assault with intent to kill, or of the administration of either hot or cold poison. But she had come into the peaceful little household before the first year of marriage had expired, and had set up her Ebenezer and introduced discord there, and had at last fairly worried the child into a hatred of her, under which her tender conscience writhed as under a deadly sin, and, between fear and horror and the dread of losing her husband's love, all things put on a gloom that rapt her into melancholy, and presently into death. For when the great flood swept down the valley, as it sometimes did in spring, she, sitting ignorantly on a fallen tree whose branches hung over the brook's bed, was seized by the sudden torrent, swirled under, and swept away, and seen no more; nor was her body recovered, although a little block of granite stood to her memory in the dreary family burial-ground on the hill-side below. For all that, the neighborly mind, drawing nourishment through the undercurrent of servants, had but one opinion in the matter: nobody accused Mrs. Mynshyn of taking Gerarda Petersham by the neck and holding her under water, for she couldn't have done it; but it was generally conceded that Gerarda would not have been sitting out there, hidden among the boughs, if she had been happy at home, and that she would have had strength enough to save herself if she had not been weakened by her sorrow and care, and that maybe—who knew?—life was so poisoned by her tyrant that she did not care to preserve it, even if she did not throw it away under cover of her chance. But while there was more than one worthy person who had serious thoughts of dealing with Mr. Petersham concerning his blindness and his absorption in his studies while the issues of life and death were under his hands, yet Mrs. Mynshyn's own peculiar gossips, Mrs. Grey and Miss Overton, the wealthy widow and spinster of the scattered hill town, held up her hands through the ordeal, till all talk died away, as all talk will.

As for Mr. Petersham, he only knew that he had lost his young wife, nor guessed that she had withered like one under the shadow of the upas. He had been half buried in his great work on Law. After his first rapture of grief he tried to bury himself in it again, but in vain, and one year followed another, and found him only beginning to pay the debt. In the second year he had procured an amanuensis to help him in his work, that he might forget himself—a bent old woman, as it happened, whose gray hair and pallid face seemed somehow a perpetual reproach to him, as if it were Gerarda herself, through his fault grown old and sad and laboring. But one day the poor creature took herself out of the way, as if unable, in her turn, to bear the strain of the dreary little family, and then he relapsed into his desultory reading and his morbid memories, with only now and then a fit of the old studying.

Yet, after all, to say that Mrs. Mynshyn had made away with the pretty creature, her half-brother's young wife, is strong language. Mrs. Mynshyn do such a thing? Why, she was the very best of women; she had known her catechism from birth, had been on the anxious seat before she could toddle, as one might say, and had met with a change so long ago that she could not tell whether it was in a twinkling or otherwise—the only thing about it was that almost every body who knew her wished she would meet with another. To-day she was president or vice of every society in the region of which Mrs. Grey or Miss Overton was not president or vice, religious and irreligious, sending sleds to the equator and parasols to Nova Zembla, and procuring wives for missionaries—although it is but just to Mrs. Mynshyn to say that she pandered as little as possible to the tastes of the cannibals in providing sweet and succulent specimens. Well, well, all this is neither here nor there; Mrs. Mynshyn, for all her arrogance, temper, and tyranny, her innuendoes, flings, and fleers, had a high standard of duty, and never indulged an idea that she did not reach it; the poor young wife never had any standard at all, and was washed down with the flood like the weed that Mrs. Mynshyn felt she was.

And, with that, Mrs. Mynshyn had renewed her youth and begun her career, saving where there had been waste, putting prim array in place of charming dis-

order, bringing down the bills, keeping down the servants, having things "set to rights" before Mr. Petersham was out of bed, so that all the machinery of the household seemed to go on by a magic clock-work, making him excessively comfortable in all bodily things, and never ceasing disparaging remark concerning the worthlessness of the preceding *régime* and the pitiable condition of Mr. Petersham under it, till, the poison working, he gradually and all unconsciously found himself looking favorably on the view that he had been misused, and was like a martyr in still cherishing the memory of the misuser.

Poor Mr. Petersham; he was young at that time—a fault which he lived long enough to remedy. He was the possessor of a comfortable patrimony, and not being obliged to labor, he consequently had labored from dawn till dusk in his recondite studies in the ancient law, so absorbed in them that pale cheek and lustreless eye and fluttering heart had passed unnoticed; and now, had he not had the studies —result in whose ponderous volumes was still incomplete—the lonely house among the hills, with its memories, might quite have driven him wild. All around him lay the dun backs of the hills shutting in the horizon, and on the side of one just below his study window hung the inclosed square of the family grave-yard, where a half dozen graves, unadorned and dreary, mocked the sunshine and diffused gloom over the whole landscape. Nor within was any cheerier view; Mrs. Mynshyn was sitting upright in her chair and snapping her eyes as if the uncanny things saw through every door and told her all that was going on beyond them—a strange, slim, solemn woman, whose yellow face looked, across the forehead and down the cheek, like that thin old-fashioned sugar gingerbread which is marked with long straight rows of lines—the hieroglyphics on the face of greed, thrift, temper, shrewdness, and virtue. But there the resemblance ceased; there was no sweetness about Mrs. Mynshyn.

By imperceptible degrees this dead-and-alive existence had its ashen effect on Mr. Petersham. When another year had passed he was looking at himself more closely; a slow revulsion had been taking place in him; instead of seeing himself as one misused, he saw at last the injuries of the wife whom unsuspectingly he had allowed to fade off the face of the earth. A sense of guilt filled him, till its morbid pain ate at his heart; it seemed to him that that heart was too black ever to be cleansed, and the whole world looked as black as his heart. If a child ran along the way, he wondered why a child was born; there was no joy beside it, and only the grave before it. The sound of laughter was an aching mockery; familiar scenes of beauty were empty of every charm to him, whose whole soul had used to go out to beauty; order and harmony and law had no place in the universe; all things were governed by a malignant chance. He could find no God to fly to for a refuge or a friend; he was alone, stranded, profoundly wretched, and would have been glad to die if he had had even enough force to give himself surcease. Something of this state, perhaps, became evident to Mrs. Mynshyn; for one day she was found in his study turning over the papers again. "There is enough of this done," said she, "if one could make head or tail of it, to send to the printer for a beginning. Have another copyist, and get it ready, Arnold." He agreed with her, and

"As the king said, so was it done."

"Statuesque as Memnon still," said Miss Furneval, after a glance at the hostess, on the night when she was installed at Mr. Petersham's in obedience to his advertisement for a copyist, "and, like that, has lost the music." Then she turned to meet Mr. Petersham coming through the doorway—a man something past thirty, with a face that, had it been less pale and melancholy, would have had a beauty in it like the rugged beauty of the hills—a son of Anak. But what Miss Furneval thought she kept to herself, only her fingers tightening on the back of the chair she grasped, as she bent in silent answer to his salutation. "Entombed. With this mummy," she murmured to herself as she went to her room to prepare for tea. "I wonder if she remembers when she was the daughter of the Pharaoh? Three thousand years old, at the very least. How few it makes one's poor little number!—and I was feeling so old and sad before."

"One of the daughters of men," said Mrs. Mynshyn, as she closed the door; "and, thanks be to praise! a very plain one;" and she repeated the remark for Mr. Petersham's benefit.

Was she plain? Mr. Petersham thought

of it a moment next morning, as she began to copy the scraps that he had pinned together for her first day's work, where her old predecessor of three years ago had left it. Why, yes; probably—yet hardly. No; and he remembered King Solomon's love, who was dark but comely. For if Miss Furneval's cheek was dark, peculiarly dark, like a deep soft sunburned tan, the steady scarlet underneath its tint was rich as pomegranate; and the eyes—well, the long black lashes that almost rested on the dark-hued hollow above the cheek, as she bent over her pen, hid their starry darkness; for the rest, there was something smooth and sweet and wholesome about the face that answered well in place of sculpturesque outline; the black hair dressed low on the brow in large rings and Récamier locks, and a square of black lace always tied over the head and about the chin, with its fluffy shadow, increased the picturesque appearance. "Dark but comely," said Mr. Petersham, "and writes a remarkable hand. Singular how the same occupation develops the same trait—same number of heart-beats or nervous movements, I suppose; has a trick like that old woman, the last copyist." And just then Miss Furneval glanced up, and meeting his curious gaze, smiled a little in spite of herself, and the smile deepened to a laugh, an infectious laugh, and the pen fell from her fingers, and half an hour afterward, when she took it up again, they were on excellent terms—if she was plain.

When Miss Furneval went out at sunset, the first thing that she saw was that desolate little grave-yard with its broken fence and its low leaning slate stones lichened and storm-worn. Nothing ever seemed more melancholy. A week or so afterward she ventured a second time within the inclosure, and stooped to make out one of the inscriptions:

> "Pass, wayfarer, and do not waste your time
> On bad biography and bitter rhyme;
> What I am now this cumbrous clay insures,
> And what I was is no affair of yours."

She read again, and saw that, to a stranger, it might explain much to be felt rather than observed in the character and condition of these people, the representatives of these dead. As she leaned on the old stone, looking at the landscape around, which, at this hour, with its dun shades and violet mists, had a wilder and sweeter charm than at other times, Mr. Petersham came down the hill-side and stood a moment looking over the valley too. "Desolation of desolations!" said he.

"Why do you let it stay so?" she responded, as if thinking he meant the little group of graves.

"Oh, that? I neither let nor hinder. Nature has taken the graves to herself, and does as she will."

"But a little care would make it less desolate. If you removed this broken fence, planted some shrubs—you have no flowers—you could make this wilderness blossom like the rose, and take such pleasure from the flowers—"

"You can do as you choose with it. If you love flowers and their care, plant some here, Miss Furneval," said Mr. Petersham. "Make it less desolate if you can." And with a bow he passed on.

Two days afterward a young silver-stemmed birch-tree was shaking its leafless boughs in the April weather by the block marked with Gerarda's name, and a neighboring mound had been turned into a bed of deep and double violets. After that Miss Furneval was her own gardener, and the rest was done by transplanting in her sunset strolls, by the aid of knife and trowel, the flowers and bushes that she found and loved. As the May days lengthened, and Mr. Petersham used to see her in the late twilight planting and weeding and watering the tender things, a sense of life, different from any he had known for years, touched him; and when one June morning he looked out and saw the spot a mass of azure and crimson and gold blossoming under her fingers, it seemed as if she had brought the dead to life, and had turned death itself into beauty—as if, after all, he might have been mistaken in his dark imaginings, and there were some joy and use in the world that was not all a hollow travesty. It pleased him to see this young person pursuing her own life—going to church, to early and late service and prayer-meeting, having now and then a call from Dr. Gilbert, the old minister, refreshing her like wine, singing her little hymns by herself. It grew to be like the turning of a page in a new book to him every day.

Meanwhile the copying proceeded much like Penelope's web; for as Mr. Petersham waked somewhat from his moral lethargy, he was more and more dissatisfied with his work, and undid and did again every day's achievement, and in the conversa-

tions that naturally ensued, he felt himself, for the first time in years, experiencing the beginning of a vital interest in something. In something? Yes, truly; not merely in work, not merely in the blooming of flowers, in the returning beauty of the changing mountain pictures, but in this stately young woman. Pshaw! Mr. Petersham would not whisper the suspicion of such a thought to himself. He, with his *jeunesse épuisée;* he, done with life; he, a pinch of ashes, ready to blow on the winds—what had he to do with love, with youth, with glorious vitality? He, Gerarda's murderer! He had renounced too much not to make further renunciation; but a shroud of sadness gathered round him anew with the thought, and he saw the simplest object through something forlorn as tears. Yet, despite his trouble, there was some compensation in watching Miss Furneval, and wondering at the secret of her content; at the unknown burden of her thoughts; at the satisfaction she found in hunting out a poorer person, and giving kind words and companionship when she had nothing else; at her pleasure in the respect the minister always showed her; at her enjoyment of the observances of the church, and the solace they afforded her in this dull and colorless life; at all her glad stillness on the communion Sundays. "You find something to be happy about every day," he said.

"Oh, always something," she replied.

"Would you be as happy," he asked, "if these poor villagers resented your visits?"

"Why, of course not. There—"

"Or if Dr. Gilbert ceased to give you his respect and friendship, and the church people looked askance on you, and every body thought you either mad or bad?"

"Oh, no, no!" she answered. "What makes you think of such things? Dr. Gilbert breaks the bread of life to me. And life here would be bitter without that respect. I am sinfully proud, Mr. Petersham," she added, with a little laugh; "I would rather die than be thought ill of."

"I was not thinking of you," he said.

One morning, while waiting for the delinquent house-maid in the study, having made the little anteroom a perfect cell of color with vases and flat dishes overflowing in blue and crimson flowers, with climbing vines and hanging buds over picture and bracket and mirror and mantel, and seeing nothing more to do, Miss Furneval wandered a little way up the cleft of the hills by the side of the brook, and toward the old mill, whose nooks, overhanging the water, were always pleasant to her, but, before she reached her destination, was aware of Mr. Petersham leaning on the rail of the rustic bridge in as melancholy wise as Hamlet with the skull. She turned, and crossed to his side.

"How empty all this sunshine seems!" he exclaimed.

"Empty!" she said. "It is crowded and teeming with life and joy."

"I see none of it."

"None, in this crystal atmosphere like the hollow of a vast sapphire, with the birds' wings and birds' songs, and the bubble of the brook, and the breath of the flowers, and the long low valley underneath in all its melting shadows, and the far faint hills kissing heaven! Oh, Mr. Petersham, the world is the same world to one as to another; the trouble lies with you. Tell me, Sir, are you always so sad?"

There was a little silence, and then Mr. Petersham said, looking straight before him: "If you had done a great wrong, if you had allowed a soul to die before your eyes, if you were conscious, nevertheless, that your remorse was so diseased and overwrought that you could only fear for yourself the insanity of melancholia—"

"And you a man of sense! I suppose you mean the wrong was done there;" and she waved her hand toward the unseen place of graves, the tip of whose silver-birch was shaking round the bend of the hill-side. "How could you know what was going on till the result came? *She* has long ago forgiven you, be sure. If you had known, could you or any mortal power have changed Mrs. Mynshyn? It takes a convulsion of nature to make pebbles out of trap-rock."

"Mrs. Mynshyn!"

"I—I beg your pardon."

"Ah—ah!" with an indrawn breath. "I had thought it was I—my neglect alone; then there are two of us! Oh, accursed race! It is time we perished." And he hid his face in his hands. "We are only fit to perish—a foul and feeble race!"

As if just made bold enough, Miss Furneval lifted her own hand and gently pulled his down. "Look out on this world that seems so worthless," she said, "this dazzling, well-ordered world: do you think it came about of itself? Take

a handful of this water running under our feet, of this earth here on the bank: do you see in it any germ or beginning of intelligence by which it could fashion itself into a world so fair? Don't you feel surely that it must have had a maker, a creator, some great power, some force, of whose possession of the love of beauty and order and progression we have certainly the evidence about us? You of an accursed race? Could there be such a thing, in such a world, the work of such a hand? Evil would have been in the thought that fashioned it—evil can not be in God's thought. Fit only to perish? Can you think He made so perfectly, so tenderly, and lingeringly that which He meant only to rot and perish? Oh, Mr. Petersham, you sin, more than in any other way, in such a conception of the possibilities of the Father and Friend and Lord of the Universe."

He was silent again for a while after this outbreak. Then he said, "It would be all one to me, no being at all, or one so great and distant as that."

"Oh no, indeed!" she cried. "Only believe that He is in the world. Call out to him, believing that, and He will answer. He is close at hand; He is waiting for you; you are an atom of His universe as dear to Him as any other atom; He loves you."

"I should think so! With a vengeance. No, no; this sunshine that merely fertilizes the earth into brute food, these birds that merely mate, these flowers that are presently trodden into compost, this seething, bubbling mob of cruel, busy, selfish creatures—when I see any lofty purpose in any part of this, when I see any self-forgetful heroic nature in any one of these—why, I may begin to look about, hoping to find a hand that made it all to some good end. Till then—"

"Ah," said she, "I might not insist so if I had not once been in as deep waters as you, as deep and black;" and she shuddered as if with the memory. "Half a dozen years ago I also was wretched. Earth failed me, and I could not find heaven. I will tell you—I even attempted to destroy myself. But fate willed otherwise. I was saved. Friends took me in hand. By-and-by faith grew up in my desert soul, and my whole nature changed. I had been timid and retiring and shrinking; I became fearless and calm; even my body changed, and from a slender fragile girl I became a strong and robust woman. So I know whereof I speak, and I know you can find help."

"Your little struggles of an innocent soul!" said he, with a bitter half-laugh. "Did you go out at night, as I have done, with a spade to dig your own grave?"

"But, Mr. Petersham—"

"Come!" said Mr. Petersham, abruptly. "*The Digest of Universal Law* is missing us;" and he offered his hand to help her off the bridge.

"Universal human law," said she, determined on the last word, "is only a feeble imitation of the Eternal Law; and you may call it law, and I may call it—"

"And if there is such a thing, it laughs at us as its great forces crash on and crack our bones to dust."

"And yet you say one heroic action will give the world a different look, will make you believe in possibilities of good and the author of good."

"Well—yes, I think so. And it is safe to say."

And as Mr. Petersham stood looking out on the hills that night, the likeness of a sweet dusky face, eager with enthusiasm, its dark eyes burning like stars, the rich changeless tint glowing under the olive brown of its cheek, kept hanging before him, and with the face the spirit of the words kept speaking to him, and suddenly a sense of awe was upon him, so that he almost feared to turn, lest, after all, what he disbelieved yet longed for were at his side.

A few evenings afterward, being alone with her, he showed Miss Furneval a miniature, the painted semblance of a dark-eyed, flower-fair face with an abundance of blonde braids bound above the brow—a face lovely, though rather in expression than in feature. "It was my wife," said he.

"Was she like that?" said Miss Furneval, faintly, and with some tremor in her tone.

"Very. But paler. Do you know, you often bring her to my mind, although you are larger and older than Gerarda, and a wise woman where she was only a loving child; and although she danced where you move in such stately fashion, and although she was always laughing, till those last months, and you so seldom smile, and although she was so frail and fair, and you so dark and strong and richly tinted, there is often an air, a way, an outline, that calls her up before me."

"I look like so many people!" said Miss Furneval. "We all do, I suppose. The human face, for all its variations, keeps much the same base, you know. Is it a great while since you lost her?" she added, presently.

"An eternity!—a hopeless blank! Yet sometimes—sometimes I have thought another woman as sweet as she— And then the thought is sacrilege. But, Miss Furneval, if you—if you—" And he paused, his strange sad eyes transfixing her with a wild light of hope in them.

"Mr. Petersham, if you—if you had a wife again, would you subject her to the same conditions?"

"To none of them. We would leave this place of graves; we would put the ends of the earth between us and all connected with it; we would live a new life." And he held out both his hands to her.

But Miss Furneval did not choose to see the gesture at that moment. "There comes Mrs. Mynshyn," she said, and went to roll a chair into the light for that individual, disturbing as she did so the air creeping through the window rich with the breath of honeysuckle and the last late roses, and scattering it through the room.

It was high time, Mrs. Mynshyn thought, for her presence. She had seen sufficient of the various strolls and *tête-à-têtes*, outside of the hours of work, to arouse her apprehension. If she had had any purpose of waking her brother from his lethargic melancholy, she felt that the purpose was accomplished, and it was now time to look to the consequences. "If the copying is quite over for to-night, Arnold," she said, "I have some private matters to speak of with you." And at the hint Miss Furneval bade the two good-night, and left Mrs. Mynshyn clearing her throat. "I suppose you are aware, Arnold," Mrs. Mynshyn began, "that this person who copies for you came to us with no other recommendation than that which may be a forged note from a clergyman who never existed."

"Sister!"

"I mean just what I say. And I am moved to say it by her conduct, for all her church-going, and her hymn-books, and the rest. Do you suppose any modest woman of her years—she is every day of thirty, if she's an hour—would be making occasion to see you alone, away from her work, till she has all but infatuated you? I came to say to you that she will receive warning from me to-night, and in future I will myself attend to this precious copying. I thank divine goodness my eyes—"

"You will do nothing of the kind!" suddenly thundered the amazed Mr. Petersham.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Mynshyn, rising and getting out of the room, and in her turn shaking about the flower-laden atmosphere, "I have already done it." And so, when Miss Furneval took up a note from her dressing-table, out of which a bank-bill dropped, it appeared that she had.

To Mrs. Mynshyn's consternation, after that curt note, Miss Furneval walked in next morning and took her customary place at the breakfast table, although no plate had been set for her. She was in her pretty white morning-gown, too, with a creamy tea-rose in the knot of pale blue ribbon at her throat, making a gorgeous piece of color with her brown skin and scarlet cheek and an early golden leaf in her hair. When the servant had poured her coffee and left the room, Miss Furneval turned to Mr. Petersham and said, "I have received a rather extraordinary communication from Mrs. Mynshyn. I had thought you were my employer, Mr. Petersham."

"I am," said that gentleman.

"And I—"

"And you are to take no notice of any communication of the sort that I suppose you mean from Mrs. Mynshyn," said Mr. Petersham, as quietly as before, but pale with the effort, and feeling all at once like a giant who has rent his chain.

"Before my very face!" gasped Mrs. Mynshyn, and became rigid.

"I thank you, Sir," said Miss Furneval. "All the same, perhaps, it would be best that I should go. Not to-day, indeed; that would be very fatiguing. But to-morrow, if you will send to the stage office, I will thank you. As for the rest, Sir, it is better than long life with you to see you—"

"To see me at last assert my manhood," said he then. "But you will not go. And if my sister wishes to continue at the head of my house, she will insist upon your remaining."

Mrs. Mynshyn rose to the full attenuation of her awful height, her yellow face frozen to clay. "You hussy!" she exclaimed, with the help of her long, lean,

shaking forefinger, and swept out of the room. Mrs. Grey's ring had been heard at the door, and an hour afterward the good gossip went off loaded.

Just before noon Dr. Gilbert's mare was hitched at the gate, and the gentle old man came up the walk and asked for Miss Furneval, who had been gathering together her affairs, which were pretty widely distributed through the house.

"My child," said he, as Miss Furneval entered, "I have thought it best to come directly to you. What is this I hear?"

"How should I know before you tell me, Sir?" returned Miss Furneval, in a somewhat defiant manner, new to her, pausing before him, and looking at him with no other change of face than the gradual whitening of the lips.

"Do you mean to say," began Dr. Gilbert, a little nettled by this unbending demeanor, "that these sad things which I hear through Mrs. Grey from Mrs. Mynshyn are—"

"I mean to say," cried Miss Furneval, with indignant warmth, "that your church has no more right to become a nest of scandal than the Temple had to be a nest of money-changers. What right has one Christian to think ill and speak ill of another?"

"'Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean,'" said Dr. Gilbert, gravely. "I am not going to answer you in this spirit, my child. I will come to the point, and only ask you two or three questions, which, as your pastor and spiritual guide, I have a right to do. Are you, as Mrs. Mynshyn says you are, a married woman with a husband living?"

"I am," said Miss Furneval, bowing her head haughtily where she stood.

"And have you, as Mrs. Mynshyn says you have, listened not unfavorably to addresses from Mr. Petersham?"

"I have"—after an almost imperceptible hesitation.

"And he—you, I mean— Pardon me, the wicked words are difficult to say—you love him?"

Miss Furneval paused, lifting her head and looking into space. "Yes," she said at last, "I do."

"My child, my child," cried the old minister, "the Lord has forsaken you."

"No, Sir," said Miss Furneval. "But Mrs. Mynshyn has read my letters to my old aunt, and read them without the key." She was silent a moment—"My dear, kind friend," she cried then, approaching him, and all at once she stopped and burst into the gayest peal of laughter with which the rafters of that room had ever rung.

Dr. Gilbert threw up his hands in horror. "So hardened!" he exclaimed. "So—" And just there Mrs. Mynshyn opened the door. He turned toward her with a sort of sob in his old voice. "The worst," he said—"the worst is true."

"And more than that," cried Mrs. Mynshyn: "she paints!"

And before Miss Furneval could recover or bethink herself, Mrs. Mynshyn had conducted the old gentleman out of the room, he had mounted his nag, and was soberly and sadly jogging away to take measures for dealing with the reprobate.

Miss Furneval picked up her hat, and sauntered out of the house. It was a cloudless day of fervent heat; the sky had deepened its blue every hour till it hung a heavy brooding purple pall, with lightnings playing on the fringes along the horizon. The morning breeze had fallen, the birds were still, the leaves forgot to stir. She thought it would be cooler out-of-doors; she could not stay beneath the roof; she followed by the bed of the brook to the old mill. As she went along, Mrs. Mynshyn, in her high chaise and with her head in the air, passed on the narrow road below, beside the brook, on her way doubtless to enjoy her tidbits with Miss Overton. Miss Furneval wandered on, till through the cleft of the hills the landscape stretched under her in its violet mantle, a land of peace, an enchanted country of delight. As she looked at it a few drops of rain fell. She was a long way from the house, and there was no shelter but the forsaken mill at hand. She clambered down, and traversed its rickety floors to a window, where she leaned and looked out, and dreamed a little, with a smile on her lips. She was very tired; before she knew it her head had fallen on the sill, and she was dreaming in reality—the reality of a sweet deep slumber.

She was waked, a half hour afterward, by a strange and horrible noise, a booming of thunder that echoed through the hollow of the sky and every hollow of the hills, a low and distant roar swelling far off from the heights of the hills, a sound like the breaking of waves, a rushing of water, and the clatter of every timber in the mill. It was the rain, the few drops that had all at once become a torrent, the

quick torrent of a wild afternoon shower in the summer hills, a flood as if the rivers of heaven were unloosed. She crossed quickly to one of the broad openings on the other side, and saw that the amazing little brook was already rolling down, swollen to a freshet, and still swelling. He came leaping down to her side, and shaking off a shower himself like a shaggy dog just out of water. "So I have found you," he said. "To think of the insanity of your choosing this place in a thunder-shower, and such a thunder-shower! This way—here—I know the



"AS SHE SPOKE, SHE TOOK HIS HAND, AND THEN PAUSED ONE MOMENT."

She did not stay to gaze at the unfamiliar stretch of foaming yellow water rushing where the pellucid tide of limpid bubbles used to run between its blossoming banks. There was not a moment to be lost; the old mill would be perhaps cut off from land before she could escape from it. She ran up the steps toward the disused timber chute, only to meet Mr. Petersham as

place of old. My God!—one instant, one instant too late!" It was true. There came a shock, a shiver, a crash, and the upper side of the structure slowly settled as if one were forced to his knees, and the violent turbid water was tearing down between them and dry land. For one heart-beat Mr. Petersham averted his face, and then he looked at her—a shudder was run-

ning over her, more as if with the memory of some dreadful past experience than with horror of the present or apprehension of the future. But directly afterward she was herself again, with the same steady color and glowing eye. "Well," she said, as clearly as she could be heard through the rush and roar and racket, and extending her hands, "I have been nearer death before; and I dare say you have known moments more terrible."

"At any rate, we are together," he said. "And if we can do no more, we can at least go where we can face the foe and admire his splendor." And so with uncertain steps they did, placing themselves where the trembling beams yet seemed firmest and the chance best, and side by side waiting through the ghastly moments that told their fate. It was no time for words; perhaps the instants of time were but few before them; a dozen pulsations more and the torrent might snatch them into eternity; yet the chances were with the old mill that had stood more floods than one. But if they were to die, there was one thing that must be clear between them; he felt, as if by some subtle instinct, that he was all to her, as she to him, yet, "Was it true," he said, in a moment of less uproar, "that I heard you say this noon that you are the wife of a husband who lives and whom you love?"

"Perfectly true," she answered him. But as she spoke she took his hand, and then paused one moment, and cast her glance over the expanse about them. Great trees came rushing down, struck the posts of the mill, and swirled off into midstream, and away; the swimming barnyard creatures swept by them; a hutch with a peacock on it spreading his superb train of gold and emerald and azure stain in the rush of the rain, and piercing the din with his sharp cries; the little thread of the brook was an inundation brimming the broad intervale—broad as some great lake agitated by a furious tumult, a foam-streaked stretch under that purple pall of sky and through the silver glitter of the wind-swept rain in the awful effulgence of the lightnings. Here and there her wandering eye caught the gleam of the white horns of cattle; here a horse swam with the tide, his black head just above the stream. Then her glance came back and rested on Mr. Petersham, and, with a strange sweet smile, she lifted to her lips the hand she held and kissed it earnestly. Suddenly, in the act, Miss Furneval sprang to her feet and ran out along the broad beam, sprang then to a lower beam, threw herself flat upon it, reaching out with both arms, before Mr. Petersham could gainsay her or could seize her. What did she see? In a second breath Mr. Petersham saw it too. It was Mrs. Mynshyn, tipped back in her chaise, from which horse and shafts had been torn, floating along the arrowy current, her skirts tucked up about her, and sitting serene as Cleopatra on the Cydnus. She saw Miss Furneval, but only as if she saw through her, making no sign. But just before she reached the mill a great hay-rack came sailing down the swifter body of the current, hit the chaise, and twirled it about, and spilled Mrs. Mynshyn out as unceremoniously as if she had been a rag doll. There was one wild cry from the old creature as she tossed up her arms, and the next moment, reaching far over and above her, Miss Furneval had caught her hand, the other old hand had closed over that grasp like a vise; and drawn by the wet weight, pulled by the tearing stream, and pushed by her own momentum, but never thinking of letting go her hold, Miss Furneval was slipping into the water, was caught and whirled under and off, still holding fast to Mrs. Mynshyn, still held fast by her. "Don't mind me; I can swim!" she cried back; but he never heard her; he was in the water after her. There was only one chance in a thousand that some of all the objects in the torrent should not strike the stoutest swimmer and end all swimming; but as he rose to the stroke he saw a huge tree swinging broadside on and tangling them among its half-submerged branches; and before he could dash the water out of his eyes, Miss Furneval was scrambling up among the boughs, although they were rolling and dipping like a ship at sea, and was helping Mrs. Mynshyn after her; and as in another moment the force of the water swept him in with the same eddy among the branches, the whole tree swung round and lodged against a hidden wall, and people on the bank were throwing ropes, and rigging planks, and bringing the half-drowned wretches ashore.

"O my God!" cried Mr. Petersham, as he grasped her, "I never expected to see you again. We sometimes die for our friends, but who, before you, ever laid

down life for an enemy! What an act! what a heroic act! No, I never expected—"

"Then you have seen it at last," she said, coolly, wiping her face with a corner of the cloak somebody had brought her—"the one heroic act?"

"Never expected to touch you again. Ah, how cold you are, Miss Furneval—Great heavens! Gerarda!" And he stood struck dumb before this apparition of a woman, half whose flower-fair face was smeared with a melting wash of brown and scarlet, and half whose dark hair and all uncurled rings and Récamier locks was torn aside, with their scarf of lace, from a high white brow closely bound about with blonde braids—an apparition shivering and shaking and dripping at every point.

"Well—don't you know me?" she cried, with a laugh like a chime. "Are walnut juice and wigs of charcoal disguises that defy love?" she said, talking against time as she saw his emotion. "I used to wonder at you every day when I put them on. Once you said you would know my chin and ear in ten thousand, and so I muffled them in lace."

"Gerarda!" he cried again, white as ashes. And to the half-unconscious Mrs. Mynshyn's amazement, white and cold and wet as they were, they were locked in one another's arms; and when the clasp was loosened, Mr. Petersham had fainted quite away.

"Yes," she said that evening, as he lay on the sofa and she sat beside him, with the sunset bursting in glory out of the dark sky and through the glistening raindrops, and overlaying them with glad lustre, "Gerarda. I wasn't born to be drowned. I was saved, that dreadful day, and taken to my aunt's. She kept my secret, and I wore her name. But I was Gerarda when I came to you, a bent, gray-headed woman, to do copying—came to see if you had burst your bonds, and were fit to have a wife, Sir. I was Gerarda when I slipped away to leave you yet to work out the riddle. I was Gerarda all through the long seasons afterward, when I heard of you from my old servants, who never betrayed me; when I saw you, unseen myself, and could no longer keep away from you and came back, with many scruples of conscience, to be sure, as to the lie of the life, but feeling that the end justified the means, and intending, whether all was as I wished or not, one day to take my vows again, helped till then by my disguises and the changes of the five years since the flood, for I was sure that, after all, you loved me."

"Always! always! Gerarda."

She kissed the hand she held. "And you have not reproached me for my absence."

"I never shall."

In a moment her head was hidden in his breast, with a sudden storm of tears. "I never shall forgive myself!" she sobbed. "Those long and cruel years since the flood! Those cruel years!"

"A flood took you from me, a flood brought you back to me. Gerarda, it is like a miracle. Oh yes, I believe now in them all. After that act of yours to-day, can I doubt any thing? After your return to me, can I ever—can I ever doubt the goodness that gives me back my wife? Gerarda! Look there!" As she looked she saw that the flood had swept through the dreary little place of graves on the hill-side underneath the window, and washed it out of the world; there was nothing there but the fresh earth, to become some time a slope of sunshiny turf.

It was some months after that day before Mrs. Mynshyn was able to leave her room; but she kept the keys in her basket, and swayed her rod of iron from the pillow all the same. "You are certainly very much improved, Gerarda," she said one day at last, when she had descended and seen that all her domain was in perfect keeping, and had met the husband and wife coming in rosy with frost and snow, "and I am going to give you the keys. They are yours. But, for all that, I am free to confess that ever since the Tichborne trial I have had my doubts as to whether you really are Gerarda, and not somebody who came in here and learned all about her in order to personate her. And in that case you certainly are not married to Arnold at all, and have no right to the keys."

"Keep the keys, sister," said Gerarda, with her merry laugh, followed by a great quick blush. "I have my hands full, and am quite likely to have. And you are quite right. I am not that Gerarda at all. I am such a different person! But does it make any odds, so long as we love each other at last, whether I am that Gerarda or this one? Do you know," she said, turning to her husband, "I am sometimes

jealous of that pale young Gerarda? I sometimes feel as though you had made a phantom of her, and regretted her a little, for all of me. I feel as though I were the second Mrs. Petersham. But you must acknowledge," she said, directly, with that sweet laugh of hers, "that I make an excellent brunette. You are not a very faithful man," she said; "you fell in love with me this time as a brunette. Tell me," she whispered, "do you love me as much as you loved Miss Furneval? Am I as pleasant to you as that first Mrs. Petersham?"

"I must acknowledge," he replied, sweeping her away with him to *The Digest of Universal Law*, "that I love you more than all the women of all the world were ever loved before, in spite of the fact that you are not half the help to me that Miss Furneval was, and are a great deal more notional than the first Mrs. Petersham."

AMERICAN FORESTS.

OF a desolation which is recorded far back of the days of Roman or even of Grecian glory, we read that "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees." In the days when American forests were considered practically limitless, our fathers were far too famous for lifting up axes upon the thick trees, and the resultant destruction is even now upon us, like the Philistines upon Samson. This destruction comes upon us in many forms, most of which are, in fact, rapidly and terribly cumulative. Here is a beautiful stream of water, for example, which was a great element of wealth to the region through which it flowed. It might not only have continued to be so, but to have gained in usefulness instead of being either dead or surely and swiftly passing away. The numberless little hollows on the hills where were the springs which grew into rivulets to feed it have been stripped of the moisture-economizing verdure with which the Creator clothed them, and so the springs are dry, and the rills no longer murmur their once glad songs of labor as they hastened down the valleys to turn the mill-wheels of mechanical industry. In this one matter of destruction of hydraulic power with which we have been already smitten, hundreds of millions of dollars of annual damage has been and is the actual result. That this drying up of the streams is attributable not only chiefly to deforesting, but almost solely to it, common-sense—which is, in fact, the very essence of both fact and philosophy—must make plain to every candid mind. Rain feeds the springs. To feed them economically, it should be gentle and frequent, not violent and at long intervals. Intelligent forest engineering would require that such portion of hills be clothed with a mantle of green trees as by its cooling influence it would more frequently so contract the aerial sponge as to give us showers at short intervals. This is the case in forest-clothed, beautiful Britain. The reverse is true in tree-stripped Spain, whose people have become as proverbial for their hatred of trees as their country has for sterility of soil and sleeping streams. There, and on eastward all through the Orient, a relentlessly brilliant sky and an appalling absence of verdure will teach one as nothing else can how beautiful are clouds that weep, and, in its proper time, how delicious a drizzling rainy day. These deforested Eastern lands are as famous for seasons of blinding storms, and valleys torn by terrible torrents, as they are for the reverse. They will soon find their counterpart in all these characteristics in America, unless we rouse ourselves with a will to understand and to master these evils. Forests promote streams available for our precious manufacturing interests, also, by furnishing vast and almost innumerable beds of fallen leaves and of moss, which act on the earth like a huge overlying sponge, to check the sudden rush of the rain-fall into the valleys and down into the streams. Very rapidly in recent years are mournful instances multiplying in which these manufacturing streams are transformed by freshets from spirits of blessing—to give homes and food and clothing to thousands who live in the hamlets, by turning the machinery which helps them by their labor to help themselves—to demons of destruction. Forests also promote such steadiness of flow of the streams as to make them sources of national wealth in giving employment to skilled labor, by preventing the rapid evaporation of moisture. Probably more than half the water that falls on a deforested region in a dry season is whisked off by evaporation just at the time when it is most needed to strengthen the de-

pleted mill-streams. The steam-engine, to be of any practical use as a motive power, must have its action controlled by the conservative influence of the balance-wheel. Otherwise its wheels would whirl at one time with a fury which would result only in destruction, and then they would move too slowly to be of service. Thus the forest, by increasing the frequency of gentle rains, and so decreasing the volume and the length of intervals between showers, also by regulating their too sudden plunge into the streams, is the great regulator provided by nature for their control in the service of man. All over the manufacturing portions of our country we may find instances where large amounts of capital have been invested to develop and make available our once magnificent and almost numberless hydraulic powers. Trusting to what seemed a certainty of employment for themselves and their families, thousands of skilled laborers have in many cases confidingly made their homes at a point where the stream seemed abundantly powerful and permanent. Then, as the summers came and went, the river seemed to sicken, and grow more and more feeble, till there would be a week or two each year in which the spindles and the looms would be silent. As time went on these periods of idleness have lengthened into months, in which the labor struggle for bread and clothing, for means to pay for the humble little home, or debts incurred in sickness, was compelled to be suspended. The cause of all this was that the sources of the river's life had been destroyed or injured by the ignorance, cupidity, or recklessness of men who "lifted up axes on the thick trees" far up the mountains, where the mill-streams had their birth.

Some question whether the cutting away of the forest guardians of the springs produces these results. Our country, and especially its literature in this department, is so young that we can not give many cases in point to prove that dead or dying streams can be wakened into new life by reforesting the hill-sides. Abundance of such instances are recorded, however, in the sylvacultural literature of continental Europe—cases where both sides of the problem are repeatedly and regularly demonstrated three or four times in a century. Such, for example, as that given by Hummel, where by the forest regulations at Heilbronn the forests are cut every twenty years, and the springs as regularly dwindle or die as the periodical cuttings proceed, and bubble up with their former life after the stripping is completed and the wood growth re-asserts itself. Another case among many similar ones is specified, where the most famous spring in the commune of Soubrey has twice been destroyed and twice reproduced, by precisely these causes, in ninety years. We prove the correctness of the upward addition of a column of figures by adding it down. We can, if we will only open our eyes in a spirit of genuine willingness to see the truth, quite as certainly see that the forest, not by increasing, perhaps, but by regulating, the rainfall, secures both its even and its permanent flow.

The same lines of argument that apply to the question of the almost incalculably valuable hydraulic powers of America apply with quite equal cogency to the subject of inland navigation. Probably next to the question of production is that of transportation, involved in navigation, in the immensity of its proportions. The importance of this branch of our subject can very easily be seen to be vast both to producer and to consumer; more, if possible, to the latter than to the former. The battle of life for the producer, surrounded with plenty to eat, and needing less expensive raiment, as a rule, than the consumer, and having little or no house-rent to pay, is necessarily and naturally a less intense and anxious one. Now when we remember that by rules in common use among engineers it is demonstrated that eight pounds of traction are required to move a ton by rail, and that less than one-fourth of that amount of traction is necessary to move a ton afloat in still water, we have the factors which enable us to know that, let freight be rolled as cheaply as honest administration of the railway interests shall make possible, it can still be more cheaply floated on waterways. If we visit some of the American streams, which undoubtedly truthful and accurate early records show to have been used extensively for purposes of transportation, we shall find some of them so feeble that no miracle would be needed to cross them dry-shod. They may be passed over by stepping on the tops of stones as they naturally lie there in the beds of these now feeble water-

courses. These streams only need to be restored to their old strength, and improved by a system of interlocking canals similar to the system long in use in England, to enable us to float the great bulk of the freight we have, or ever shall have, to move, except in the ice-bound season in the North.

By her combination of streams and canals England has inland water lines well-nigh equal in length to her railway lines. We have in the United States over seventy thousand miles of railway. When our railway lines are as complete in proportion to our territorial limits as are those of England, we shall have about six hundred thousand miles. Many—probably most—of the streams by which Britain secures her grand system of inland navigation are so small that in our inexperience we would hardly think them worth trying thus to utilize. Many of them are spoken of as "brooks" in the pre-railway Parliamentary acts which gave the rights to companies to improve and use them. One of these combined canal and river courses takes freight at the southwest of England from tide-water at the Severn, up beautiful and historic little Avon, which it leaves at Bath, in Somersetshire, by canal across Wiltshire, to the Thames at Reading, in Berkshire, and on down the Thames to London, and to the sea again in the southeast. So minute and comprehensive is this system that it is said no point can be found in all the south of England which is fifteen miles from some such line of transportation. When we do make our creeks and small rivers thus available, as we surely shall, it will be necessary to improve many of them by the application of the "slack-water" arrangement, and this in turn will add to the number and the distribution of water-powers just where they will be most essentially available for the purposes of our manufacturing interests. These streams, so improved, and used in conjunction with such rivers as our magnificent Hudson and those of the South and West, will constitute a system which will be just cause for honest pride. There will, of course, be many places where locking up and down the streams and over summit levels will be necessary. And mountain ranges may be crossed by section canal-boats, as they now are, and for more than a century have been, in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. By means of these boats, mounted on cars and rolled over by rail, the highest ranges can be surmounted successfully and economically. This age of steam and of almost inspired ingenuity enables us to add the wings of speed also. Already it has been proved that double the rapidity of canal navigation which was possible for freight boats three years ago is quite practicable now. All this will no doubt be improved upon, so that in a very few years the difference between the speed attained by steam canal-boats and that of the average railway freight-train will be very materially reduced. The miserable economy which prevents the improvement of our larger rivers will be replaced by a broader and more intelligent one, and the demand for increase of the number and the speed and splendor of their floating palaces will result in the production and use of many more. The first step in the march to realize all this, however, is the adoption and practice of forest economies which will restore our stream courses. Nothing else will or can restore them.

Territory required for agriculture does not need to be sacrificed for culture of trees for the benefit of navigation or of hydraulic power. On the contrary, the identical conditions of rain and dew fall most favorable to both the latter are just the ones most needed by our vast grain, fruit, and stock-growing interests. These last are suffering from meteorological irregularities quite as much, and, if possible, even more than the others. All these great interests are, in the economy of nature, most intimately and intricately interlaced and interdependent. Seasons seldom pass in which a majority of those engaged in agricultural pursuits would not have from one-fourth to three-fourths added to the results of their labor by a more equal distribution of the rain-fall. Long heavy rains in the spring-time retard the operations of sowing and planting, and often not only retard the germination of seeds, but actually cause them to rot in the ground. Then, after the work of putting in the seed is done over again, the earth becomes "as iron beneath, and the sky as brass above," through the long-continued absence of rain, till the poor struggling plant life can return but little if any more at harvest-time than the original stock put in in the spring. Agriculture is the means God

has seen fit to take by which to answer the prayer of His thousand million children: "Give us this day our daily bread." It is the great overshadowing interest, in the prosecution of which "nine-tenths of the fixed capital of all civilized nations" is estimated to be embarked. Nothing else is so vital to it as the supply of moisture in proper quantities and at proper times. Right here is the very point at which the greatest advances in the higher grades of scientific agriculture are possible. An acre properly watered can be made to yield as much as seven, or even more, which are not so treated. This has been demonstrated in garden farming, which has the full advantage of complete supply and appliances for first-class irrigation. The cultivation not only of fruits and flowers, but grains and vegetables, can and has thus been made to give results in proportion to expenditures which are almost amazing. Here, too, is one of the most beautiful examples of the mutual relations and dependence of interests upon each other. Where the supply of water is abundant for artificial channels of navigation, the same arrangement answers the purposes both of waterways to transport the products of the soil from the producers to the consumers to the best possible advantage, and of irrigation by means of which the maximum of yield from the soil can be attained. It furnishes also the motive power to enable the artisan to produce the results of his skill, and to return them over the same channels to the cultivators of the soil.

In the ordinary processes of agriculture, however, irrespective of the elaborately perfected conditions as above supposed, are numberless examples in the common experience of many a farmer in almost any town in every county and State where a good shower of rain at a critical point of time of growth or of maturing of some one of his crops was literally worth hundreds of dollars to him. In proportion as we understand and apply the only known regulator of this vital element of vegetable life, shall we be insured against damages incident to a climate which becomes more and more erratic in proportion as we unwisely manage our precious woodland interests. Wise management of this interest will not only conserve our prosperity in the great departments of national wealth considered above, but it will give us more and better timber for fuel and for use in the mechanic arts, more and better timber for the common uses of land and of naval architecture, for the rich and elegant uses of the interiors of the homes of the people, the temples of religion and art, and the halls of fashion and refinement. More beautiful and more precious and expensive woods for rich carvings and the most brilliant veneers grow in our own forests than any which are imported to us from far-off islands and distant continents. The burls of the birch and the walnut, and select sections of the curly ash, the wild cherry, and the bird's-eye maple from American forests, bring prices at home as well as abroad which would amaze the uninitiated. Single trees of such wood have been cut in the "slashings," and burned up in the log heaps to get them out of the way of the pioneer, which would now bring enough, in addition to cost of transportation, cutting into veneers, and commissions for selling, to buy the small sterile farm on which it grew, and on which the owner has a struggle to keep himself and family from starving.

When our forests are as economically administered as are most of those of Europe, few trees will be cut except such, and for such uses, as have been recommended by a scientific forest superintendent. It might cost a county a few thousand dollars a year to employ such a superintendent with the necessary assistants; but when our eyes are open, we shall see that to fail to employ them is nothing more nor less than the most wicked wastefulness.

MISS MILDRED'S FRIEND.

THE nurse was gone at last.

Miss Mildred sighed peacefully, watching the door as it closed upon her. The door was of black-walnut. Mrs. Hobson had the effect of being finished in black-walnut too. She wore brown—and then her complexion!

Miss Mildred herself had the rare pleasure (to an invalid) of having retained her complexion. She was sensitive about this point in other people. And Mrs. Hobson moved like a bureau without casters. Besides, she called her "my dear." Mildred always sighed peacefully when Mrs. Hobson had rolled up the round stand,

brought the ice-water, wrung out the wet towels, set the milk behind the Cologne bottle, and the crackers on the chair, measured off the Life Food, put the chamomilla within reach, and "fixed" the fire —a terrible process, consisting of raspings and scrapings, of puffings and pokings and gaspings, on the part of Mrs. Hobson, every one of which Miss Mildred firmly believed to be an unnecessary torture inflicted upon her nervous system, but against which there was no redress. Mrs. Hobson was one of those persons who have theories about managing a fire; and with such people it is no more possible to argue than with a man in love. When all this was over, and Mrs. Hobson had vanished for the night, Miss Mildred, as I say, was glad.

She had resolutely refused to have Mrs. Hobson in attendance upon her at night. This pleased her mother, who thereby received and gave the impression that *she* took care of Mildred half the time. No one ever alluded to the fact that it was because Mrs. Snowe was systematically incapable of taking care of her daughter at any time that there was a nurse in Mildred's case at all.

Mildred Snowe was what I have heard called "one of the ethereal invalids." Nothing very dreadful or disagreeable was the matter with this pale and patient young woman, who had not left her beautiful room in the stately Snowe mansion for now three long and empty years. She did not have sick-headaches, a cancer, or a cough. She had never even gone into hysterics. She did not often cry. She was not expecting to die, and had never once called the family together to give orders about her funeral. She had only met with an accident a good while ago, and got a hurt upon the spine between the shoulders, and so had the backache ever since. Her mother said Mildred always "kept up;" and what would have become of *her* if she hadn't, Heaven only knew, for she sometimes thought of the two she needed nursing as much as any body, but she wouldn't let poor Mildred hear her say such a thing for the world.

Oh, how many times Mildred had heard her say it, talking to callers down in the front entry, as they went away, in that high-strung voice of hers, that pierced her daughter's ears like a fine poisoned wire, and seemed to revolve upon itself within the brain for an hour after—how many times!

But Mildred only said, "Poor little mother! she can't help her*self*," and spoke gently next time she came up, asking how the pleurisy was, or the dyspepsia, or if she slept last night, or dwelling upon whatever cheerful conversational material of this sort happened to be uppermost at the time in Mrs. Snowe's interest and favor. The subject of discussion on this especial night, before Mrs. Hobson came in, had been diphtheritic throats, Mrs. Snowe having heard that the next lecturer in the Hamlet Citizens' Lecture Course had been obliged to postpone his engagement for Friday, owing to this afflicting cause. The night before, Mrs. Snowe was interested in a theory of chloral poisoning. Last week—oh yes, last week it was amalgamated fillings.

It was always something. Mildred was used to it. Perhaps it was her fault, she sometimes thought. It came of having an invalid in the house.

"After this diphtheria man," observed Mrs. Snowe, when Mrs. Hobson had lunged out of the way, "comes Mr. Hogarth. I've long wanted to see that man. It is a fine selection this year."

"What! Henry Hogarth?" asked Mildred. "The poet?"

"Yes, it's Henry Hogarth. I never thought of him so much as a poet, though, my dear, as I did as a lecturer on Pompey —or was it—"

"Pompeii?" suggested Mildred.

"Well, yes, Pompeei and Herculaneum, or the Schleiermacher investigations, or something of that sort. At any rate, I've always *dreamed* of him as a lecturer on antiquities, with an invalid wife," sighed Mrs. Snowe.

Ah! had he an invalid wife?

Mildred's eyes twinkled merrily. Nothing could have so recommended a poet to her mother, unless, indeed, he could have been an invalid himself.

"Why, yes, my dear, an *extremely* invalid wife. So I've always understood. He is most devoted to her. He won't stay at a party—and he is said to be very fond of society—after nine o'clock, because she prefers to have him help her to bed rather than the maid. And he answers her bell *like* a maid, jumping up every half hour. And it's so interesting to know that they live in a boarding-house, in two small rooms, and he does *all* his

writing with her beside him at a little table, and her callers coming in as lovely as possible!"

It was very interesting surely—very much so, Mildred assented, idly.

"She has a most remarkable disease," pursued Mrs. Snowe, with animation. "I hear it is deterioration of—something. There is no other case on record like it. Deterioration of—"

"The heart?" suggested Mildred.

"Oh no!"

"Intellect? feelings? will?"

"No, none of those, I am sure; they don't sound like it. I think it may have been 'deterioration of the arteries.' At any rate, it is a most remarkable disease. I've a mind to invite him to stay here when he lectures."

"*Mother!* To find out what is the matter with his wife?"

"Oh no, Mildred, not at all. What an unpleasant way you have of putting things! But he must stay somewhere. Mrs. Jessop will be after him if she gets over her neuralgia. I should be ashamed to have him stay at the Jessops'. Their carpet is scarlet and their curtains maroon. She'd be sure to have his cold mutton overdone, besides. The man with the spectroscope staid there."

"Stereoscope, mother?"

"Yes, stereoscope, I should say—and had to go up to the hotel for a lunch; she starved him. If I don't have one of my attacks I will try it, I believe. It would be pleasant for you, too, Mildred. The lectures run over several weeks. I suppose he would come and go. But we needn't give him the permanent invitation till we've tried him once. If you don't need me any longer, Mildred dear, I'll go and write to him, I believe, to-night. I suppose the committee have his address. Comfortable, Mildred? There! I meant to have got out of my silk before I came into your room. I must remember."

Mildred smiled patiently. Her mother seldom did remember. It could not be helped. She pulled the blue Chinese crape coverlet close about her ears, but her eyes softened kindly as the stiff Bonnet silk rustled elegantly away. Her poor mother was such a handsome little woman, when dressed! And the merino wrapper was not becoming to her.

The invalid turns with what may be called the invalid's *consciousness* of solitude—an acute and active thing, like a sixth sense; her eyes stir over the grave blue room in which she lies imprisoned; the curtained recess where her bed stands seems to gasp about her for the wide air; her supersensitive ear detects the scratch of her mother's pen through the closed door. The wind rises, and this means a wakeful night. She will have time enough to think. It never seems to her that she can think with Mrs. Hobson in the room.

But what has she to think about? Not much, verily. Only the same old story, told in the same old way—of the ache and anguish of the day; the doctor's visit; the new prescription; the prospect for to-morrow; the items in the evening paper that she read before the blinding pain crashed down on brain and eyes; the novel that Mrs. Hobson read to her in the afternoon, in a very high key, and with a punctuation entirely Mrs. Hobson's own, and a pronunciation of which the less one thinks, the better; of the neighbor who "dropped in" and gossiped at her, or the other neighbor who brought flowers and sympathized with her; of the subscription that she sent to the Reform Club; of the poor people whom she never sees, who give their thanks for the help that costs her nothing; of the changes in the weather; of the snapping of the fire; of the pattern of bare branches without against the moon-lit sky—they have a homeless, comfortless look when it is bright; of a poem that took her fancy yesterday; of her mother, and her mother's notions; of this lecturer who is coming.

It is a dreary place to bring him to—a man of the world, the wide well world. Miss Mildred, in her blue room, wonders what the world is like—to the well. She has forgotten. It is so long now that she has lain here! so long since she has been "Miss Mildred" to people!—a way of speaking that came by degrees, a phrase full of the patronage of compassion, and the dreary recognition of her lost youth. Yet Mildred is not so very old. She felt young enough the day it happened, bounding out from her blue room in blue ribbons, while the picnic wagon stood waiting, and Jamie Lenna called her at the door, and her mother— Yes, her mother trips; that is all. Her mother trips, and the low wide oiled stairs are slippery, and Mildred springs. She knows how to put one hand on the baluster and bound down; she is a hoidenish girl perhaps, lithe and fearless. To leap and

fling herself before the sliding figure is the work of a thought—

So here she is.

Jamie Lenna used to call at first, but she could not see him. And by-and-by he moved to Boston. He was a nice boy, but he liked well people. He had always seemed like a boy to Mildred; most of the young men in Hamlet did. Outside of Hamlet it was different, for Mildred had been outside of Hamlet. But Jamie was outspoken and honest, and told a good story; she would have liked to see him now and then. Mildred had been one of those frank, merry girls who are easily "good friends" with the young fellows.

But only the girls came now into the sick-room, and not too often either. Mildred remembers a Miss Jones, who used to be The Invalid of Hamlet; had consumption, but wouldn't die; lasted unpardonably long; people went to see her fast-days and Sundays after church; sent her jelly when it was left over, and ice-cream after parties if the children didn't eat it all for breakfast. When there was a sermon on charity, or a revival, Miss Jones was run to death with callers. She was the village scape-goat for an uneasy conscience. Sometimes a dozen people would sit in her room at once; then nobody would go near her for a fortnight. All the small boys of the village objected to Miss Jones. Mildred had a brother in those days, a mischievous little fellow. Tom was drowned, poor boy, but nobody could drown his frolic out of Mildred's heart. Tom used to say that Deacon Brim was gone, and Miss Jones was going, and *then* there would be nobody left in town to have to take things to after dinner.

"I am an old story in Hamlet," said Mildred, on this windy night. "I am growing to be a Miss Jones to people—the town invalid."

She called her mother presently, hearing her stir. "Mamma dear, have you written your letter? Did you say yes? And you think he will come? If I were you, mamma, I *wouldn't* begin by asking this gentleman about his wife's health. People with sick wives are tired of sickness. Would you mind, mother—just to please me? I should be worried. Don't *ask* him. Let him say what he pleases about his domestic affairs."

"Very well, Mildred," Mrs. Snowe assented, with the slightly weary and patronizing air of a watcher who must humor the whims of the dying—"very well. Give yourself no anxiety. I will do the proper thing, and please you too, if possible."

No interesting disease prevented Mr. Henry Hogarth from fulfilling his advertised engagement to lecture upon Antiquities in the Hamlet Citizens' Star Lecture Course. Mrs. Snowe (in black bellon and crêpe lisse) observed through the drawing-room windows, as he came up the long, old-fashioned flagged walk, that he had not even the lecturer's bronchial hack; an unreasonably well man, who, she believed, did not so much as take troches. She never remembered entertaining a lecturer before who did not come into the house with a troche in his mouth.

"And the modern improvements in troches are so great," thought Mrs. Snowe, pensively. It seemed as if a man in that profession would eat them for the luxury of testifying to the advancement of science.

"I hope you are not very much fatigued with your journey?" began Mrs. Snowe, sympathetically, extending her delicate and hospitable hand.

"Thank you, not at all. I am seldom tired."

The hearty words rang over the sad and silent house. Mildred heard them up stairs. A happy man, she thought. An interesting man, notwithstanding his extreme health, thought Mrs. Snowe, scrutinizing him over her silver tea-urn at supper. She liked him. All the woman in her responded to his quick dark eyes and straight shoulders and firm mouth; his full vibrating voice; his outright way of saying, "What a cup of tea!" his unexpressed (but evident) pleasure in being delicately entertained; his readiness to be "made at home," and his fluent, excellent stories.

A man was a rarity now at the Snowes'. The widow felt a change in the atmosphere, as if she had gone to the beach or the mountains. She experienced a faint excitement in putting on her bonnet to attend the lecture. She had one of the faces which it is easiest to classify by saying, she is a woman who looks her best in a bonnet. Yet let us understand her. Mrs. Snowe was a lady, not a flirt. For a woman of her years to wear her wid-

ow's veil a fold the more or less becomingly for the sake of a gentleman, she would have felt from the bottom of her heart was vulgar. Still, as I say, there existed this undefined stimulant to the pose of the bonnet. Mildred and Mrs. Hobson were so used to things, and did not notice how one looked.

Now the lecturer, it had already become evident, did. He saw every thing: the silhouette of Konewka's on the tile beneath the tea-pot; the square pattern of hand-carving (a hundred years old) in the white painted cornice of the softly lighted and heavily shaded room, fourteen feet high above his head; the Shetland shawl, too, that had dropped to the floor by the sideboard: it was blue—her daughter's shawl, she told him, as he stooped to pick it up. With his permission, she would take him up to see the poor girl presently. It was a case of nervous shock and abrasion of one of the cervical vertebræ—an accident.

"He would rather come up *after* lecture," said Mrs. Snowe, kissing Mildred good-by. She was a little hurried, and chiefly kissed her own veil, while Mildred made the best of her way through a mouthful of crape to hastily cry,

"Don't bother him to drag him into a sick-room, mother!—*don't!* Let the poor man go to bed in peace."

In her heart she wondered if he were not rather relieved on the whole, that his business required him to be so much away from that other sick-room, and that other sufferer to whom his affectionate and celebrated loyalty was so sensitive; for the well, be they never so loyal and affectionate, are glad to be free. Mildred knew.

What Mr. Hogarth expected to find when, still flushed with the proud pleasure of leading the Hamlet intellect captive into that region vaguely described by his hostess as "Antiquities," he followed her up the wide low stairs which Mildred had not crossed for three years, it is not easy to say. He was a man of broad experience, setting his domestic afflictions even out of the account, and prepared for any thing in the invalid line—dark rooms, camphor, paregoric, tears or a whine, bottles on every thing, the thermometer at ninety, a good deal about the doctor, and a singularly hideous shade of purple-gray, of which he had observed very *yellow* sick people *always* had their wrappers made.

What he found—rather, let me say, what he felt—was at first a delicate misty fine sense of the color of blue—a pale blue with much lace drapery. He stood in a lady's parlor, it seemed; a small room, with a recess closely curtained. Books were about, and flowers. A window was open. A low fire in an open grate flickered gently. Not a bottle was to be seen. Mrs. Hobson was not present. The lamps were shaded with blue and creamy laces, but burned cheerily beside the lounge on which Mildred lay, easily putting out her little hand, with the frank, girlish motion she had never lost, to say,

"It is kind in you to come up, Mr. Hogarth, and I am glad to see you. Do you like smoking-chairs? Because there's one I keep for people who do. No; mother likes her low rocker here by me. So I can see you both. *That* is right!"

Mildred had a voice of which it was not possible to say that sickness had not saddened it slightly, but it had not *soured* it by a fleck; and she had no whine. She laughed, too, most merrily. She wore something of cream-colored cashmere and blue ribbons. She had a little lace cap over her smooth hair, which was light and abundant, and grew low upon her temples and forehead, brushed back in those natural waves, the peculiar charm of low thick hair, and which are sufficient in themselves to draw an attentive glance repeatedly to a woman's face. Then she had her unspoiled complexion, and her eyes; but the visitor did not quite make out Miss Mildred's eyes. They struck him as fine but guarded; only slightly, however, and (who could say?) possibly thereby revealed the more clearly, like ladies' faces behind what are called *masque* veils.

They fell into talk, easy and ready as Mildred's laughter. Mr. Hogarth leaned back in the smoking-chair; he did not even miss his cigar—yet. The reaction from the strain of public speech came on gently in the calm blue room; each nerve adjusted itself to every other with a certain pleasurable leisure. They talked of lectures and lecturers, of Hamlet society, of Boston music, of Western hotels, of Yankee idioms, pastry, and poetry. Mrs. Snowe was "dying" to ask about his wife's Deterioration, but remained loyal to Mildred, and contented herself with vague remarks about Antiquities, and with observing that her daughter had long admired Mr. Hogarth's works.

"My works?" echoed their visitor, with one of his quick looks.

"Your poems, Sir."

"I never wrote a poem in my life that I know of—but once."

"But Mildred said—I am sure you said Mr. Hogarth was a poet, Mildred."

"You wrote a song about the sea," replied Mildred, quietly. "I thought every body knew it."

"Oh, *that!* And you called me a poet for it? You are generous."

"It never struck me so. I am not apt to be generous with people who work (or live) only in moods. I think I was only just to the poem."

Mildred spoke in a grave, impartial tone, as if she were discussing some character dead and buried in a text-book of English literature; it was impossible to be foolishly flattered. Mr. Hogarth felt that he had been severely weighed and measured in the making up of this judgment; he was not sure that this thoughtful little invalid (*was* she little, though? In all those wraps, who could say?) did not rate him, on the whole, as a man of mood rather than of purpose, and while appreciating his best, set him down as incapable of living up to it. He felt at once gratified and stung. He should either like or dislike this sick girl, decidedly, he thought, yielding to the almost inevitable impulse of the author whom a stranger's criticism has moved. What most people say of us does not matter. But you who have hit the truth, we never forget.

"It was something about the tide," hummed Mrs. Snowe.

> "'When the tide comes in,
> When my love leans—'"

"Oh, mother, *please!* You haven't it right," cried Mildred, so hastily that Mrs. Snowe, with what she felt was admirable tact, changed the subject at once to Homœopathy.

Soon after, what appeared to Mr. Hogarth to be a walnut bureau rolled into the dark doorway. It proved to be Mrs. Hobson, who said that it was time for Miss Mildred's drops. Mr. Hogarth remembered as he went away that this was the first word he had heard mentioned about the poor girl's illness since he had been in the blue room. She must have put her mother under a severe course of training in that respect.

"He never once mentioned his wife!" mourned Mrs. Snowe when she came to kiss Mildred good-night. "And I spoke of the difficulties of such a public life to a domestic man. In fact, I didn't really make out where his home was, or even if he *had* a home. Did you?"

"I did not ask him," replied Mildred, pulling out the comb from under her lace cap and letting her hair down for Mrs. Hobson to brush. She looked younger with her hair down.

Mr. Hogarth's course of lectures in Hamlet was eight in number. He came twice a week till they were over, remaining the guest of Mrs. Snowe.

"I feel that I know him like a—relation," Mrs. Snowe used to observe vaguely, but with great earnestness. "In fact, he seems to be very happy with us; as if he had always lived here."

He certainly did seem happy; Mildred admitted as much as this. He was, of course, a great deal in the sick-room—the sitting-room of the family. As they grew better acquainted, Mrs. Snowe left them sometimes together.

"These have been four pleasant weeks to me," said Mildred, in her frank way, one evening as the limit of his stay approached.

"Have they?" Henry Hogarth hesitated a moment; he came and stood by her sofa, looking down. The man of the well world felt that he must protect the invalid. He paused before saying, "I am glad. I have enjoyed them too."

"Thank you. I see so few people—"

Mildred looked up with her candid but still gravely guarded eyes. They were alone just then, and both fell silent. Hogarth glanced about the blue room; his eye took in every familiar detail in the sheltered lonely place—all so like her! all grown in his memory now, a part of a sweet, brave life, and of the story of his admission to its trustful friendliness. He thought he should always remember the color of the Chinese crape shoulder robe, the pale pearl of the ceiling, the names and bindings of the books, where the flowers stood, and the piano, which window was open, with the lace curtain drawn over the stuff one, and the pictures: there was a Landseer, one of Norton's beaches, Holbein's Madonna, Ary Scheffer's Francesca di Rimini, and Leonardo's Christ among them; the last two hung in the corner opposite the sofa. The fire burned low in the grate between.

It was a cheerful room, but, ah! so pitifully *resigned!* The man looked about impatiently, then down again at her.

Her head ached that evening—he could see—and she had thrown aside her lace cap; her hair fell in two long braids, like a little girl's, and her cheeks were flushed with pain of which she did not speak. The beautiful brave face! The poor, denied, appealing face!

"What did you say?" asked Mildred, looking up.

But he had said nothing. He turned away, muttering something about being there only once again, and that he should miss coming to Hamlet.

"I am glad you will miss us," said Mildred, openly.

He wondered, as he stood there, what it would be like to be this peaceful, patient woman, shut up there, seeing nothing, suffering every thing. And still so young!

When she was well it was evident that she had seen something of the world; she had been admired, he thought. He knew when a woman had been admired without her saying so; the rather if she did not say so. But now—why, she had not seen a man for three years, except her doctor and her minister. Mr. Hogarth had indirectly found out all about *them.* The minister was seventy; the doctor was married, and loved his wife. Besides—

Mrs. Snowe rustled in. She too felt sorry to think how soon they should lose their guest. She had enjoyed having some one to sit opposite at her lonely teas and breakfasts. The sad, sick woman's house reluctantly yielded its hold on the well and happy but elusive man. Still, Mrs. Snowe was too old a woman to forget the main objects of existence in its casual recreations. She could not but admit it to be very strange that all this while Mr. Hogarth had never spoken of his wife. She could not deny that she did not altogether approve of this reticence. She had said so to Mildred. She talked a good deal to-night about the sacredness of home, its cares and anxieties. She reproached herself for her unwary promise to her daughter not to start the subject of Deterioration; thought she should know better next time. But Mildred said, if a man were silent about his domestic life, the more reason for respecting his reserve, and suggested that perhaps Mrs. Hogarth did not *like* to be talked about. But Mrs. Snowe replied that she thought more likely she was an idiot or insane.

"There is a wish expressed," began Mrs. Snowe, on this evening, when she had taken her low rocker by Mildred, and turned her handsome profile toward their visitor—"a very *general* wish expressed that Mr. Hogarth should come again in a few weeks and give his course on Egyptology in Hamlet; but in a more select manner, Mr. Hogarth—in some parlor, by private arrangement with some of our best people. I was requested to mention it to you. I was asked to do so by Mrs. Martin B. Hallowell. She wishes to entertain you, but I hope you will consider yourself pre-engaged. Mrs. Hallowell is a very interesting lady, with a tendency to consumption. She has old-school treatment."

Mildred had looked up quickly when her mother spoke; she had heard nothing of this before. For the instant her unguarded eyes leaped out. He saw them, for he, too, had been taken by surprise, and turned quickly toward her. He saw them, and answered, after some thought, that he thanked the people of Hamlet for their interest in his work. It would be impossible for him to decide so unexpected a point just now. He was not in the habit of giving parlor courses. He said he would, however, consider it, and rather abruptly bade the ladies good-night. He took Mildred's hand gravely, and bowed with formality.

Mildred looked after him. Her mother buzzed on, but she did not hear. Mrs. Hobson came to brush her hair. Well, it must be borne; she tossed the long bright braids at her silently. As Mrs. Hobson untwisted, waves of light came out and flooded the invalid's face.

"You look to me, my dear," said Mrs. Hobson, "as if you needed a little chamomilla. Or shall I read that story of Auer*bake's* awhile?"

But Mildred thanked her, and got alone as soon as might be. Chamomilla and "Auerbake" were not to the purpose. Her face looked out, shocked, hurt, and old, between all that young glad hair. To the bottom of her soul the woman felt shocked and hurt. If she lived till morning, she would tell him; but what would Mildred tell him? What *could* a woman tell a man who had dared—

She checked herself. Mr. Hogarth had dared nothing. He had hurt her with-

out daring; he had shocked her without speech.

Indefinable as the oxygen in the air had been her trustfulness and happiness an hour since; indefinable as the carbon in the close room her sense of outrage now. Men knew how to do those things, risking nothing, saying nothing, cruelly. Perhaps they did not know how to do them in any other way.

She called to Mrs. Hobson to fling both windows wide open, and lay looking from her curtained alcove with smouldering eyes that flashed now and then about the deserted room. The fire trembled and went out. The outlines of the books grew dim, and of the sofa and the smoking-chair. The hyacinths gave out the strong tenderness of a flower's night. Francesca, on the pure blue wall, with closed eyes, whirled through hell, and above her the Christ looked down.

In the morning, when Mr. Hogarth came to say good-by, Mildred looked uncommonly well. She had a pink ribbon, instead of the blue, knotted into the cashmere wrapper, and the flush of the headache had not faded from her cheek; it was dying slowly, like an undisturbed and gentle fire. She said,

"If you come back to give the other course of lectures, Mr. Hogarth, I hope, as mother does, that you will consider this your home."

"Thank you. If I come— You are very kind. I have not decided."

"And I wish it were possible," Mildred continued, "to bring Mrs. Hogarth with you. Does she never go any where? Is she quite unable?"

"Mrs. Hogarth—" A rapid change, which puzzled Mildred, swept his face. It was a face never too easy to read at best. "I thank you. Mrs. Hogarth is—" He hesitated.

"We have always understood she was ill," Mildred hastened to add, "but I did not know how seriously— Mr. Hogarth! Why do you smile? Why do you laugh? If I had a sick wife, I never would laugh at her, Sir! Never! Not if she were the most unreasonable and fussy person in the world. And I never would—" She stopped. It was a dead stop.

Henry Hogarth threw himself down in the smoking-chair and laughed in good earnest now; peals of merriment rang through the blue room and out into the silent house. Mrs. Snowe, in a becoming morning cap, glided in to share the fun. She said she was glad to see him enliven Mildred so.

"Mr. Hogarth is laughing at his wife," said Mildred, angrily. "Or else at me. I don't know which. I don't believe he does himself."

This was Mrs. Snowe's hour. She had borne too much and resisted too long. Flushed and tremulous with excitement, she moved the matronly little rocker nearer to the smoking-chair, and, in her saddest and most intelligently pathological tones, began:

"Ah! your poor wife! I have never mentioned her, Mr. Hogarth, but, I *assure* you, not from want of sympathy. Mildred wouldn't let me. She said men never liked to talk about diseases. Whereas, in this case—so uncommon—and I have heard *all* about it from *many* sources—your kindness and patience—"

"But, Mrs. Snowe—"

"I insist upon saying my say, Sir. *Such* patience is seldom surpassed and never equalled among husbands, Mr. Hogarth. Oh, I know! Don't protest. You deserve to be told how the public revere you for your devotion—and in a boarding-house too—and coming home at nine o'clock from parties because she prefers—"

"But, my dear Mrs. Snowe—"

"Because she prefers you to the maid," persisted Mrs. Snowe, triumphantly, "and writing at a little table by her side. Ah! Sir, we know how it all is—and she sick so many years. And that it was a most uncommon and trying disease I've *always* heard, but Mildred wouldn't let me say how I sympathize with you both. But now, Mr. Hogarth, the ice is broken, and you *know* we know your goodness and patience and all about it, I think I *may* ask if she has homœopathic treatment, and what it is Deterioration of? And—"

"But, my *dear* Mrs. Snowe," gasped the gentleman again, "hear me a moment. I must protest—indeed I must. For there isn't—"

"Sir!"

"There isn't any," said Mr. Hogarth, more quietly.

"Any what?" cried Mrs. Snowe.

"Any Mrs. Hogarth," said the guest, meekly.

"But you must be mistaken," insisted she, putting her hand to her forehead. After a pause she faintly said,

"Is she dead, then?"

"Not that I know of."

"And you never lived with her in two little rooms at a boarding-house?"

"Not yet."

"Nor were so devoted and good, and all that?"

"Alas! never yet."

"And she *never* had Deterioration of *Any* thing?"

"Not that I ever heard of."

"And she isn't insane, or an idiot?"

"Decidedly not."

"You mean, then," returned the lady, in some sense recovering her composure after this blow, "that you are not a married man?"

"I certainly am not."

"And never were?"

"To the best of my knowledge and belief, never."

"But we heard all about it," urged Mrs. Snowe, mournfully—"all the details—a great many times."

"I don't doubt it," said the poet and lecturer. "I am always hearing my own biography in full, with variations according to the latitude and longitude. In Massachusetts, my wife is ill; in Maine, she is dead; in Texas, I am divorced; in California, I am engaged to an actress. I don't know whether the soul of man is immortal, but I know his gossip is. But really, I think this *was* funny."

Really, Mildred thought so too. Her smouldering look was gone, her eyes were electric with fun, as he shook hands hurriedly, for Mrs. Hobson lumbered in to say that the carriage was at the door.

But Mrs. Snowe could not be reconciled. Now she should never know what it was Deterioration of. She felt that she had been defrauded of a rare experience, and at first quite inclined to let Mr. Hogarth go to the Jessops' or the Hallowells' if he returned for the Parlor Course. She was much depressed the rest of the day; talked a good deal about her boy who was drowned; thought if he had not had scarlatina so recently, he would have resisted the cramp; and said that if Jamie Lenna had not called so loud that day of the picnic, she should never have started and slipped, and poor Mildred would have been like other girls.

They met next time like children. A beautiful joyousness seemed to be in the air that they might breathe it. Hogarth came in laughing. He had never known before, he thought, what wonderful eyes she had. They were not guarded to-day; they sported with him. He held out his hand, retaining hers a moment, as if to be sure he touched it, then sat down in the smoking-chair, and looked at her merrily.

"So you thought me an old married man all this while?"

"You *knew* I did!"

"With an invalid wife, whom I—"

"Never mind her, Sir."

"Whom I was tired of?"

"Naturally, yes."

"You must have thought I behaved pretty well, considering."

"Well, perhaps so, on the whole. But you insulted me, Sir, once."

"I? *You?* Tell me what you mean."

"I shall never tell you," cried Mildred, shaking her head with a sweet obstinacy. "But you did. I was very angry; I am a little angry yet. But never mind: I am glad to see you back. You look tired, though!"

She turned toward him with a familiar affectionateness, like that of a very old friend.

"I was in a hurry to get here," murmured Hogarth.

She did not answer this. The windows were open, for the afternoon was warm, and the sounds of the approaching spring were in the air. The melting snow trickled somewhere unseen, like a brook beneath leaves. The first robin of the year sang as they sat listening.

"Summer is coming," said Mildred.

"You are happier in the summer? you are better?" he asked, with unconcealed tenderness.

"Oh, so much better! Mrs. Hobson rolls me out upon the piazza roof. I mean to be taken down stairs this year. When I can touch grass with my foot, I shall be so grateful—so glad!"

"You look glad," said Hogarth, dreamily, "already. And you haven't touched the grass yet."

An indefinable expression flitted over Mildred's forehead. She pushed her hair back as if to push it away.

"Why are you so glad?" pursued the man, inexorably.

"Why are you?" flashed the woman, turning upon him. She looked young and well, brimming with mischief.

"I don't know," answered Hogarth, honestly enough. He really did not see

what they had to be glad about. He thought he knew her too well for that. Perhaps, alas! perhaps he knew himself too well, besides.

"*I* know," said Mildred, more quietly. "I am glad, because—"

"Well!" for she hesitated.

"Because I really believe that you are my friend," continued she, simply.

"I wish I were worthy!"

"And would contribute to my happiness, would make my life easier, if you could."

"God knows! Yes, if I could."

"I thought so," said Mildred, contentedly; and then fell silent, as if there were nothing more to be said.

Hogarth heard the robin plainly as they sat there, singing as if its heart would break with joy. But Mildred listened chiefly to the melting snow.

"Why should it make you so glad," asked he, breaking the silence, "to know that we were friends — only friends? You have many such."

No, not many *such*. But she did not tell him that. She said, in her sweet voice, with its minor ring: "If you had lain here—for three years—perhaps you would understand. I can not explain."

The man of the world looked down at her, perplexed; he did not understand this invalid girl. Many women would feel that he was playing a cruel, perhaps an unmanly, part; would withdraw, wounded, from his half assertions and his hints. Mildred did not withdraw. She advanced.

Yet the child was as sensitive as the snow-drop that lay hidden yonder beneath the drift beside that happy brook they could not see. He wished he were sure that he understood her. He felt the extreme helplessness of a man in such a position, which is beyond the helplessness of the woman, inasmuch as it carries the responsibilities of both. A moment since, perhaps, he wished he could be sure that he understood himself. But he had forgotten that now.

"A man who could be a friend, a real friend, to a woman situated as I am—" began Mildred, but paused.

"What would you do," cried Hogarth, with rebellious eagerness, "for such a man? Say! tell me!"

But she turned her face away from him.

"You would do any thing for him—but one thing!" said he, savagely.

"But one thing; yes."

"And he might ask—that—to the day of doom; you would not yield."

"I hope not. I hope he would not ask it."

"Would you not ask it if you were a man?"

"*No, Sir!*"

Her voice rang through the sad blue room, strong and sweet and assured. Hogarth looked at her—blindly.

"But sick people have ma— have felt differently. All do not judge so."

"No; all do not judge so."

"And people have been—have risked it—have been very happy," urged the man. Really he had not meant to go so far.

He was stung by being baffled. She knew that better than himself. She turned to him; a certain haggardness came about her mouth and chin.

"Mr. Hogarth! I thought you were to be *my friend!*"

He felt the appeal. He got up abruptly and walked to the window, talking no more to her. Pretty soon he said: "It is time for me to go and look over my lecture," and so went away.

After lecture he seemed tired, and Mrs. Snowe was interested in an account of a female electrician who had come to town. Did Mr. Hogarth think it would be wise for Mildred to try her?

"How can I tell?" cried Hogarth, rudely enough, but there was distress in his voice. Mildred looked on mildly; she was sorry for him—sorrier for him than for herself.

"I wish," pleaded Hogarth, more gently, "if you feel able, that you would sing to me to-night, Miss Mildred—pardon the consummate conceit of it—that song of my own you were so kind as to like."

"Very well," said Mildred, in a motherly way, as if he had the headache and needed petting.

Mrs. Snowe went to the piano. She had a lady-like touch, and Mildred sang, "When the tide comes in," from beginning to end. It was a passionate song, and not without power. It was the best he had ever done, better than he would ever do again; he knew that. The girl's controlled, sweet voice gave a soul to the fair body of the rhythm, which it seemed to him had waited for one always until now. But as he sat with his hand above

his eyes to listen, he thought, "It is a lost soul."

The lecturer on Antiquities, in the Citizens' Star List, did not give the Parlor Course in the town of Hamlet. He and Mrs. Martin B. Hallowell compromised upon a single lecture, his famous "Legends of the Sphinx," to be read in Mrs. Hallowell's drawing-room upon a day in April—a severely selected day, when Hamlet had no Church festivals, Shakspeare Club, sewing circles, private theatricals, prayer-meeting, or rival lecturer upon its mind, and Mr. Hogarth was not pre-engaged to enlighten the rural New England intellect upon the matter of Antiquities in any other direction.

In the interval between Antiquities and the Sphinx he wrote to Mildred thus:

"DEAR MISS MILDRED,—I have decided against the course on Egyptology, very reluctantly; but shall visit Hamlet once more by a special business arrangement with the committee of ladies who were interested in the matter. I thought I should like you to be the first to know of my decision. It seems, on the whole, to be the wisest and best thing. I wish to do the wise and right thing if I can.

"I hope you are suffering no more than usual.

"I shall be your mother's guest again for this last time.

"I am, most sincerely, yours,

"HENRY HOGARTH."

But when he came, all that broke down. The man meant to be prudent—cruelly prudent, perhaps. But he had not seen her for two weeks.

She was out on the piazza roof when he came, in her invalid's chair, looking very sweet and calm and happy, trustfully gazing over the railing at the thin and pale grass that sprang below—the grass she could not yet set her poor feet upon.

A mad impulse came to him to snatch her in his arms and carry her down into the throbbing spring, and say, "I'll hold you here till you, too, live again!"

For it might be—who knew? Love had raised the dying. Mildred was not dying. Joy was God's great healer. What if joy were all she needed! If happiness could cure—

"Good God!" he said, brokenly; "I believe I could make you happy."

But Mildred answered, "Hush!"

They sat together for a little, quite silent. Mrs. Snowe and Mrs. Hallowell were chattering down stairs about the Sphinx. Mrs. Hobson, in the blue room behind them, trundled to and fro. The elm branch that overhung the piazza was tender and tremulous with buds; the soft air stole by; it was growing green in between the irregular stones of the old flagged walk.

"What do you expect," he cried at length, impatiently—"what do you expect of a man in just my place?"

"I expect nothing," replied the woman, quietly.

"But what would *you* do if *you* were I?"

A superb light shot through and through her face.

"Never mind what I would do if I were a man. I am not."

"Such acquaintances, such friendships, ending nowhere, meaning nothing"— he began. But at this, for the first time, Mildred winced. He cried out then, hating himself, angry, tender, wise, and mad at once—*a man!*

"Oh, forgive me! I meant, nothing to the world—nothing to other people."

She was silent.

"You despise me!" said Hogarth, between his teeth.

"Oh no. Heaven knows, no!"

"You think me a coward, then?"

But she was silent still.

"I have to think, to judge, for two," urged the man, hotly and justly enough.

"It is not *that*," she said.

"I wish I'd never written you that accursed note!" he began.

But Mildred said, "Mother is coming." She had grown a little pale. Mrs. Hobson came out and offered her some of the Life Food.

He came to bid her good-by when the lecture on the legends of the Sphinx was over. It was late, for Mrs. Martin B. Hallowell had invited some of our best people to meet him. And in the morning he took an early train for—Omaha, Mildred believed.

Mrs. Snowe was present. They talked of Egyptology and the Jessops, Mrs. Hallowell, and the Swedish Movement Cure.

Then they shook hands, and he closed the door softly—he had always closed it more softly and thoughtfully than any one in the house. And then Mrs. Hobson came in, and rolled up the round stand, brought the ice-water, wrung out the wet towel, set the milk behind the Cologne bottle, and the crackers on the chair, measured off the Life Food, put the chamomilla within reach, and fixed the fire.



SNUG HAMLET AND HOMETOWN

"ALL out for Hometown!" There is a general bustle for satchels and bundles, and the car is soon nearly empty of passengers, for Hometown is a popular place, and every Saturday evening sees an exodus from New York which excites the envy of the less fortunate neighboring resorts. Husbands and fathers flee from the hot and crowded city for a Sunday of quiet and content with their happy families, who year

after year find a refuge of peace and comfort in this charming New England town. Where is it? Ask almost any one familiar with the picturesque boroughs of the Housatonic, and this village will be among the first to be described.

From the platform of the car we step into the midst of a motley assemblage. rustic peasantry and fashionable aristocracy intermingled. Anxious faces and eager gazes meet you at every turn. For a few minutes the air fairly rings with kisses, as children welcome fathers, and fathers children. Strange vehicles crowd the dépôt—vehicles of all sizes and descriptions, from the veritable "one-hoss shay" to the dainty basket-phaeton of fashion. One by one the merry loads depart, while I, a pilgrim to my old home, stand almost unrecognized by the familiar faces around me. Leaning up against the porch near by, stands a character which, once seen, could never be forgotten. His face is turned from me, but the old straw hat I recognize as the hat of ten years ago, with brim pulled down to a slope in front, and pushed up vertically behind, and the identical hole in the side with the long hair sticking through. Yes, there he stands—Amos Shoopegg. I step up to him and lay my hand upon his shoulder. With creditable skill he unwinds the twist of his intricate legs, and with an inquiring gaze turns his good-natured face toward me.

"Is it possible that you don't remember me, Shoop?"

With an expression of surprise he raises both his arms. "Wa'al, thar! I swaiou! I didn't cal'late on runnin' agin yeu. I was jes drivin' hum from taown-meetin', an' thought as haow I'd take a turn in, jest out o' cur'osity. Wa'al, naow, it's pesky good to see yeu agin arter sech a long spell. I didn't rec*og*nize ye at fust, but I swan when ye began a-talkin', that was enuff fer me. Hello! fetched yer woman 'long tew, hey? Haow air yeu, ma'am? hope ye'er perty tol'ble. Don't see but what yeu look's nateral's ever; but yer man here, I declar for't, he got the best on me at fust;" and after having thus delivered himself, he swallowed up our hands in his ample fists.

"Yes, Shoop, I thought I'd just run up to the old home for a few days."

"Wa'al, I swar! I'm tarnal glad to see ye, and that's a fact. Any body cum up arter ye? No? Well, then, s'posin' ye jest highst into my team." So saying, he unhitched a corrugated shackle-jointed steed, and backed around his indescribable impromptu covered wagon—a sort of a hybrid between a "one-hoss shay" and a truck.

"'Tain't much of a kerridge fer city folks to ride in, that's a fact," he continued, "but I cal'late it's a little better'n shinnin' it." After some little manœuvring in the way of climbing over the front seat, we were soon wedged in the narrow compass, and, with an unfragrant horse-blanket over our knees, we went rattling down the hill toward the village and home of my boyhood.

Years have passed since those days when as a united family we dwelt under that old roof; but those who once were children are now men and women, with divided interests and individual homes. The old New England mansion is now a homestead only in name, known so only in recollections of the past and the possibilities of the future.

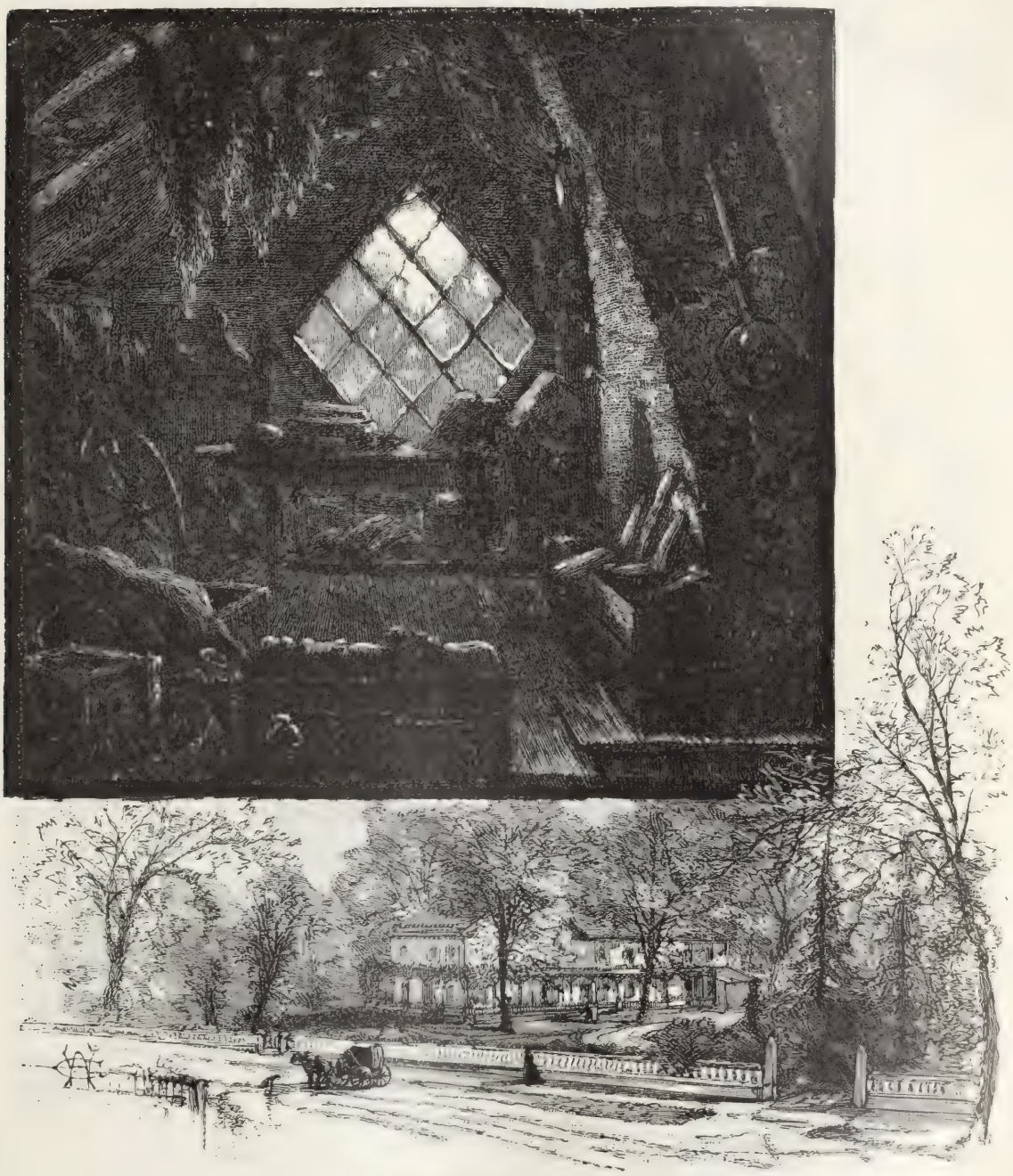
"Wa'al, thar's the old house," presently exclaimed Amos, as we neared the brow of a declivity looking down into the valley below. "Don't look quite so spruce as't did in the old times, but Merchant's a good keerful tenant, 'tain't no use talkin'. I cal'late yeu might dig a pleggy long spell afore yeu could git another feller like him in this 'ere patch."

In the vale below, in its nest of old maples and elms, almost screened from view by the foliage, we look upon the familiar outlines of the old mansion, its diamond window in the gable peering through the branches at us. "Skedup!" cried Amos, as he urged his pet nag into a jog-trot down the hill, through the main street of the town. The long fence in front of the homestead is soon reached, a sharp turn into the drive, a "Whoa, January!" and we are extricated from the wagon.

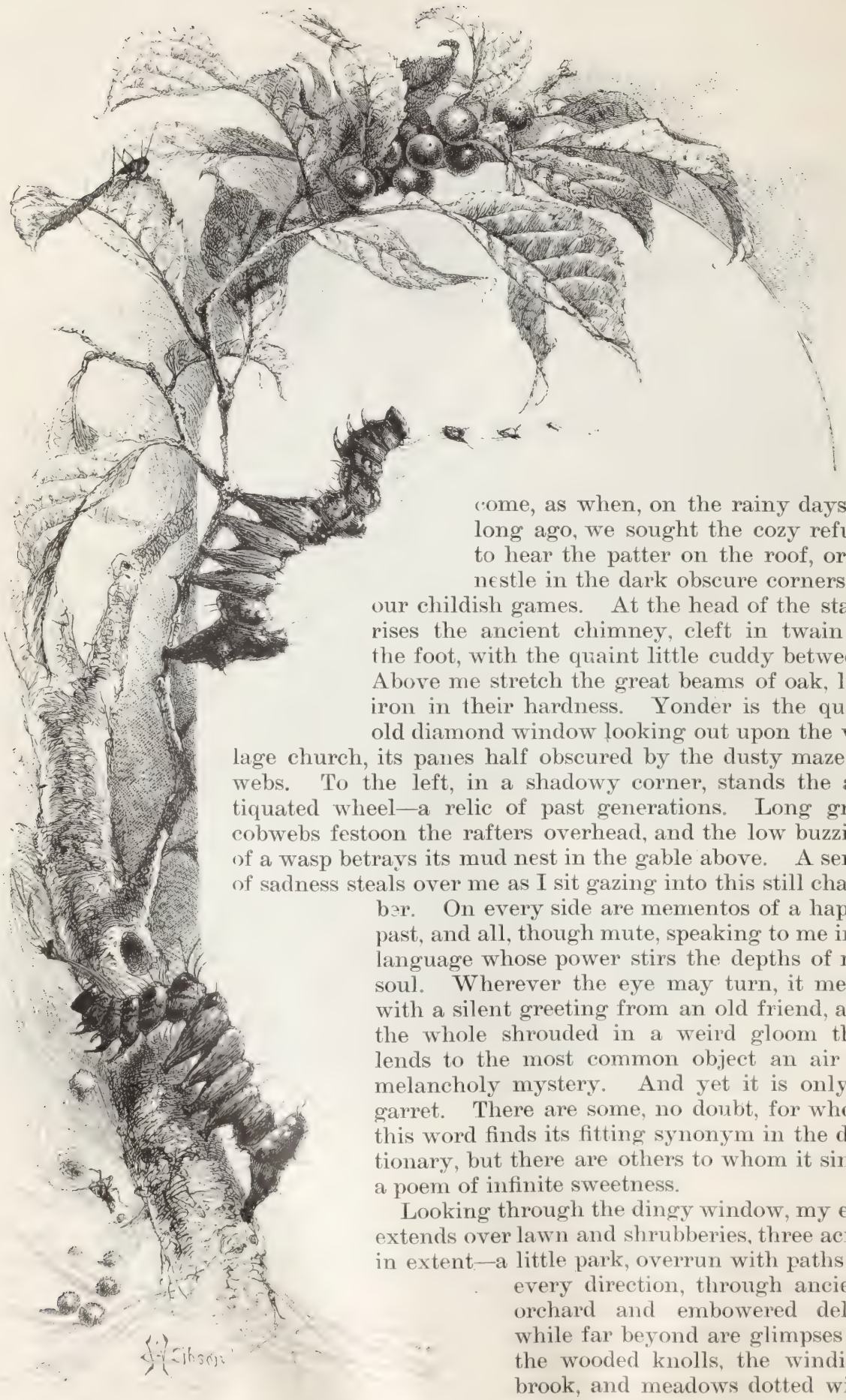
"Wa'al, I'll leave ye naow. I guess ye kin find yer way around," said Shoop, as with one outlandish geometrical stride he lifted himself into the wagon. Cordially greeted by our hostess, with repeated urgings to "make ourselves at home," we were shown to our room. The house, though clad in a new dress, still retained the same hospitable and cozy look as of old.

Hometown, owing to some early local faction, is divided into two sections, forming two distinct towns. One, Newbor-

ough, a hill-top hamlet, and the other, Hometown proper, a picturesque little village in the valley, cuddling close around the foot of a precipitous bluff, known as Mount Pisgah. A mile's distance separates the two centres. The old homestead is situated in the heart of Hometown, fronting on the main street. The house itself is a series of after-thoughts, wing after wing and gable after gable having clustered around the old nucleus, as the growth of new generations necessitated increased accommodation. Its outward aspect is rather modern, but the interior, with its broad open fire-places, and accessories in the shape of cranes and fire-dogs, is rich with all the features of typical New England; and the two gables of the main roof inclose the dearest old garret imaginable—at present an asylum for the quaint possessions of antique furniture and bric-à-brac, removed from their accustomed quarters on the advent of the new host. It is to this sanctuary that my footsteps first lead me, and, with a longing that will not be withstood, I find myself in front of the great white door. I lift the latch, a cool pungent odor of oak wood greets me as I ascend the steep stairs—an odor that awakens, like magic, a hundred fancies, and recalls a host of memories long forgotten. Every stair seems to creak a wel-



OLD HOMESTEAD AND GARRET



come, as when, on the rainy days of long ago, we sought the cozy refuge to hear the patter on the roof, or to nestle in the dark obscure corners in our childish games. At the head of the stairs rises the ancient chimney, cleft in twain at the foot, with the quaint little cuddy between. Above me stretch the great beams of oak, like iron in their hardness. Yonder is the queer old diamond window looking out upon the village church, its panes half obscured by the dusty maze of webs. To the left, in a shadowy corner, stands the antiquated wheel—a relic of past generations. Long gray cobwebs festoon the rafters overhead, and the low buzzing of a wasp betrays its mud nest in the gable above. A sense of sadness steals over me as I sit gazing into this still chamber. On every side are mementos of a happy past, and all, though mute, speaking to me in a language whose power stirs the depths of my soul. Wherever the eye may turn, it meets with a silent greeting from an old friend, and the whole shrouded in a weird gloom that lends to the most common object an air of melancholy mystery. And yet it is only a garret. There are some, no doubt, for whom this word finds its fitting synonym in the dictionary, but there are others to whom it sings a poem of infinite sweetness.

Looking through the dingy window, my eye extends over lawn and shrubberies, three acres in extent—a little park, overrun with paths in every direction, through ancient orchard and embowered dells, while far beyond are glimpses of the wooded knolls, the winding brook, and meadows dotted with waving willows, and further still the ample undulating farm.

PROFESSOR WIGGLER

It is in such a place as this that I have sought recreation and change of scene. My wife and I have run away from the city for a month or so. A vacation we call it, but to an artist such a thing is rarely known in its ordinary sense, and often, indeed, it means an increase of labor rather than a respite. My first week, however, I had consecrated to luxurious idleness. Together we wandered through the old familiar rambles where as boy and girl in earlier days we had been so oft together. Day after day found us in some new retreat. There were dark cool nooks by sheltered streams, spicy groves of pine and spruce, wooded slopes and rocky dells, and meadows rich with golden bloom where idle butterflies flitted lazily on the wing, and the air vibrated with the buzzing songs of joyous insect life. Every tree and every rock brought back some old association, some reminiscence of my happy early life.

For a week thus we idled, now on the mountain, now in the meadow, while I, with my sketch-book and collecting box, either whiled away the hours with my pencil, or left the unfinished work to pursue the tantalizing butterfly, or search for unsuspecting caterpillars in the weeds and bushes.

On a sprig of black alder I found one —the same little fellow as of old, afflicted with the peculiarities of all his progenitors. We used to call him "Professor Wiggler," owing to a hereditary nervous habit of wiggling his head from side to side when not otherwise employed. To this little humpbacked creature I am indebted for a great deal of past amusement. Distinctly I remember the whack-whack-whack on the inside of the old pasteboard box as the captive pets threatened to dash out their brains in their demonstrations at my approach. Professor Wiggler is really a most remarkable insect. At each moult of the skin he retains the shell of his former head on a long vertical filament. Two or three thus accumulate, and, as a consequence, in his maturer years he looks up to the head he wore when he was a youngster, and ponders on the flight of time, and the hollowness of earthly things, or perhaps congratulates himself on the increased contents of his present shell. When fully grown he stops eating, and goes into a new business. Selecting a suitable twig, he gnaws a cylindrical hole to its centre and follows the pith, now and then backing out of the tunnel, and dropping the excavated material in the form of little balls of sawdust. At length he emerges from the hollow, and again drawing himself in backward, spins a silken disk across the opening, and tints it with the color of the surrounding bark. Here he spends the winter, and comes out in a new spring suit in the following May.

Insect-hunting had always been a passion with me. Large collections of moths and butterflies had many times accumulated under my hands, only to meet destruction through boyish inexperience; and even in earliest childhood the love for the insect and the passion for the pencil strove hard for the ascendency, and were only reconciled by a combination which filled my sketch-book with studies of insect life.

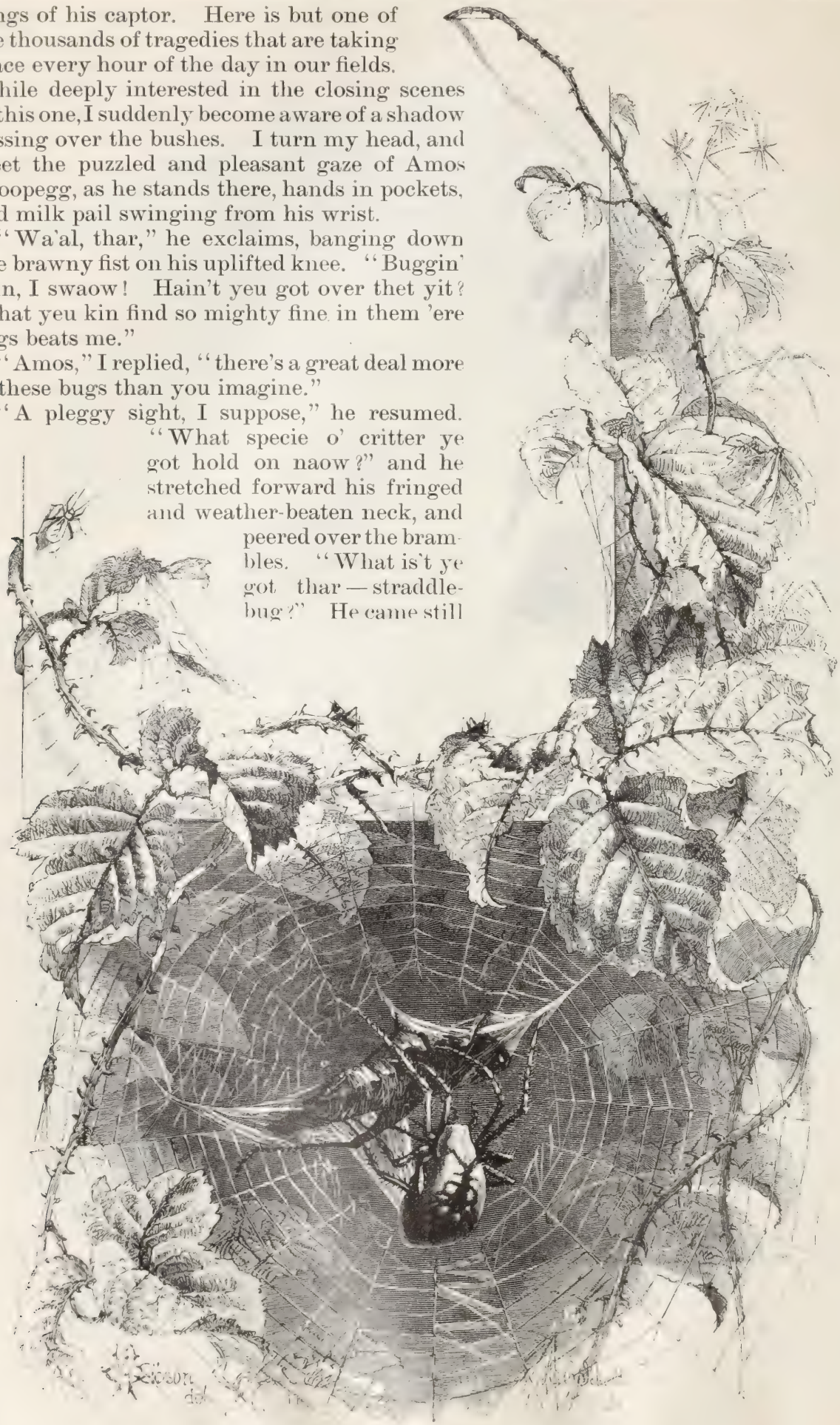
There was one inhabitant of our fields which had always been to me a never-failing source of entertainment. There he is, the gilded tyrant. I see him now swinging to and fro on his glistening nest of silver threads, his golden yellow form glowing in bold relief against the dark recess in the brambles. My sketch is left in the grass, and I am soon seated in front of the gossamer maze. A festive grasshopper jumps up into my face, and makes a carom on the web. With a spasmodic snap of one hind-leg he extricates it from its entanglement, and in another instant would fall from the meshes; but the agile spider is too quick for him. Silver clouds of floss are drawn from the yellow body by the long hind-feet of the creature, and by them, with a movement so swift as almost to elude the eye, are thrown over the captive. The head and tail of the grasshopper are now further secured, after which the spider carefully straddles around the struggling insect, and bites off the other radiating webs in close proximity. The unlucky prey now hangs suspended across the opening. With business-like coolness his tormentor dangles himself from the edge of the torn web, and another cataract of glistening floss is thrown up and attached to the under side of the prisoner, after which he is turned round and round, as if on a spit. The stream of floss is carried from head to foot, and in less time than it takes to describe it the victim is wrapped in a silken winding-sheet, and soon meets his death from the poisoned

fangs of his captor. Here is but one of the thousands of tragedies that are taking place every hour of the day in our fields. While deeply interested in the closing scenes of this one, I suddenly become aware of a shadow passing over the bushes. I turn my head, and meet the puzzled and pleasant gaze of Amos Shoopegg, as he stands there, hands in pockets, and milk pail swinging from his wrist.

"Wa'al, thar," he exclaims, banging down one brawny fist on his uplifted knee. "Buggin' agin, I swaow! Hain't yeu got over thet yit? What yeu kin find so mighty fine in them 'ere bugs beats me."

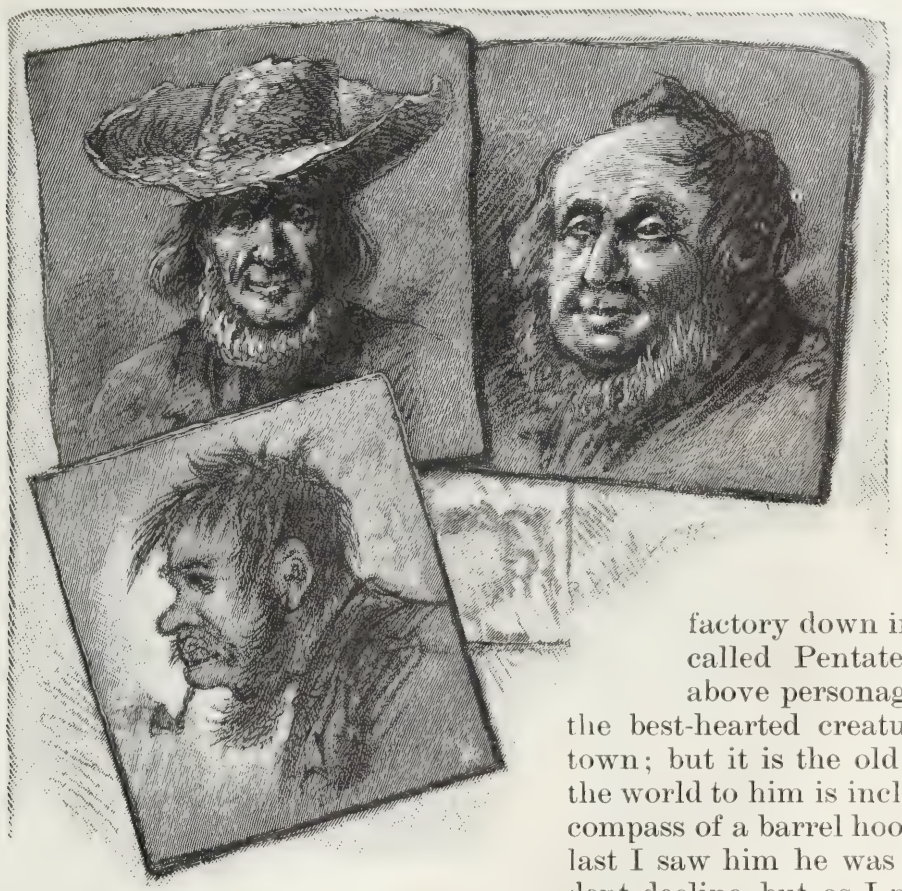
"Amos," I replied, "there's a great deal more in these bugs than you imagine."

"A pleggy sight, I suppose," he resumed. "What specie o' critter ye got hold on naow?" and he stretched forward his fringed and weather-beaten neck, and peered over the brambles. "What is't ye got thar — straddle-bug?" He came still



THE TYRANT OF THE WOODS

nearer, and looked at the spider. "Wa'al, darn my pictur ef 'tain't an old yellerbelly! P'r'aps you don't know that them critters is pizen. Why, Eben Sanford's gal got all chawed up by one on 'em.—Great Sneezer!" he exclaimed, taking three or four strides backward, with both hands uplifted. I had raised my hand and gently smoothed the spider.



HOMETOWN CHARACTERS.

"Wa'al," he continued, "yeu kin rub 'em daown ef yeu pleze; but fer *my* part, I'd ruther keep off abaout a good spittin' distance"—which was the Shoopegg way of expressing a distance of about fifteen feet. Amos was crossing lots for his cow, but in spite of his impatience I made him tarry sufficiently long to enable me to send him off a wiser man.

Amos Shoopegg is a type of a large class of the native element of Hometown, and there are others who would furnish an inexhaustible source of study to the student of character. There's old Rufus Clay, called "Roof" for short, a rotund specimen of rural jollity, his round face set in dishevelled locks of gray, with a twinkle in his eye and a good word for every body. And there's Father Stytch, who keeps the post-office down by the dam, as genial an old fellow as ever wrapped up his throat in a white stock. But there is one I must especially mention. If you are in search of the embodiment of typical Erin, you need go no further: here he is. This individual represents another nationality which swells the population of Hometown—the hard-working laborers who toil in the great factory down in the glen, called Pentateuch. The above personage is one of the best-hearted creatures in the town; but it is the old story, and the world to him is inclosed in the compass of a barrel hoop. When last I saw him he was in an evident decline, but as I put my finger on his wrist I could still feel the pulsations of the whiskey coursing through his veins.

"Look here, my good fellow," I said to him one day, "why don't you taper off a little? If you keep on in this way, you'll be in your grave in less than a month. How would you like that?"

"Arrah, begorra," he replied, with a look of hopeful resignation, "if I cud only be shure o' me gude skvare dthrink in the other wurrld, oi wudn't moind."

The record of a single evening spent in the village store, with its rural jargon and homespun yarns, its odd vernacular and rustic gossip, would make a volume as rare and unique as the characters it would depict. The store itself is a matchless picture in its way, and for variety in accessory is as rich as could be wished for. The low murky ceiling, hung with all manner of earthly goods—scythes and

rakes, boots and pails, in pendulous array; bottles and boxes, brooms and breast-pins, are here—in short, every thing that heart could wish or thought suggest, from speckled calicoes to seven-cent sugar, or from a three-tined fork to a goose-yoke. Evening after evening, for an hour or so, I was tempted thither, until I found the week had gone. Sunday came again—Sunday in New England. The old bell swung on its wheel in the belfry, ringing out its call to devotion, and ere the echo had died in the recesses of the mountain beyond, the still atmosphere reverberated with an answering peal from the little sister church in the valley below, as the scattered groups with strolling steps wend their way to "meeting," and the gay loads from Newborough go flitting by on the accustomed Sunday drive. Monday dawned on Hometown. It found me up and doing. I had enjoyed one week of glorious loafing, but work was the programme for the next.

I went to Draper's Inn and engaged a horse and buggy "until further notice." "A spang-up team" he called it, and it would be up "in half a jiffy." We were waiting for it when it came, and what with our variety of luggage in the shape of canvases, color-boxes, hammocks, camp-seats, easels, every bit of available space in that buggy was well utilized. Before the clock has struck nine, we are spinning along down through the village, now past the store, now over the bridge, and turning to the right, we glide by the little post-office, as the kind face of Father Stytch nods a "good-by" from the doorway.



DRIVE ALONG THE HOUSATONIC.

A little further, and we have left the little slope-roofed school-house in our path, and are soon ascending the long hill of Oraz, from which we look back four miles to the cliff and nestling town. In ten minutes more we approach the brow of a steep declivity, and the broad Housatonic opens up to view, winding off into the misty mountains in the distance. There is now a drive of half a mile along the side of a wild mountain slope, with the rushing rippling river far down below us, and for a few minutes our eyes feast on as lovely an extent of varied New England landscape as it is possible to find. And yet this is only a short section of one of the many matchless drives

that follow the course of this beautiful river around the borders of Hometown.

Suddenly we leave the stream as it glides away on an abrupt turn beneath the crescent of a rocky precipice, and before we have fairly lost the sound of the ripples we have arrived at our journey's end. A pair of bars under an old butternut-tree mark the place. The carriage is backed to the side of the road, and the horse turned loose in the rocky meadow. One or two trips across the field bring all our luggage, and we are soon enjoying cool comfort in the hemlock shade of a fairy grotto. Above us the babbling brook bounds and splashes over mossy rocks, disappearing in a mass of creamy foam, from under which it eddies toward us only to plunge twenty feet into a miniature cañon below. Again yonder it bubbles into a whirling pool where the ferns bend and nod on its buoyant surface, and now gliding from view beneath the tangle of drooping boughs, it disappears only to burst forth once more in its merry song as it rushes over the rapids.

Here in this wild retreat I have found my sylvan studio. A little world



THE PALETTE.

by itself shut in by fringed and fragrant evergreens, enlivened by the undergrowth of feathery fronds, and the shimmer of the beech, as the tracery of overhanging boughs trembles in the gentle breeze. Day after day finds us in this little paradise, and as one in luxurious hammock swings away the hours, now lost in fiction, now in short repose, or perhaps with busy needle fashions graceful figures in Ken



SOME ART CONNOISSEURS

sington design, the canvas on the easel shows a fortnight's constant care, the palette changes to a keepsake of a sunny memory—a tinted souvenir.

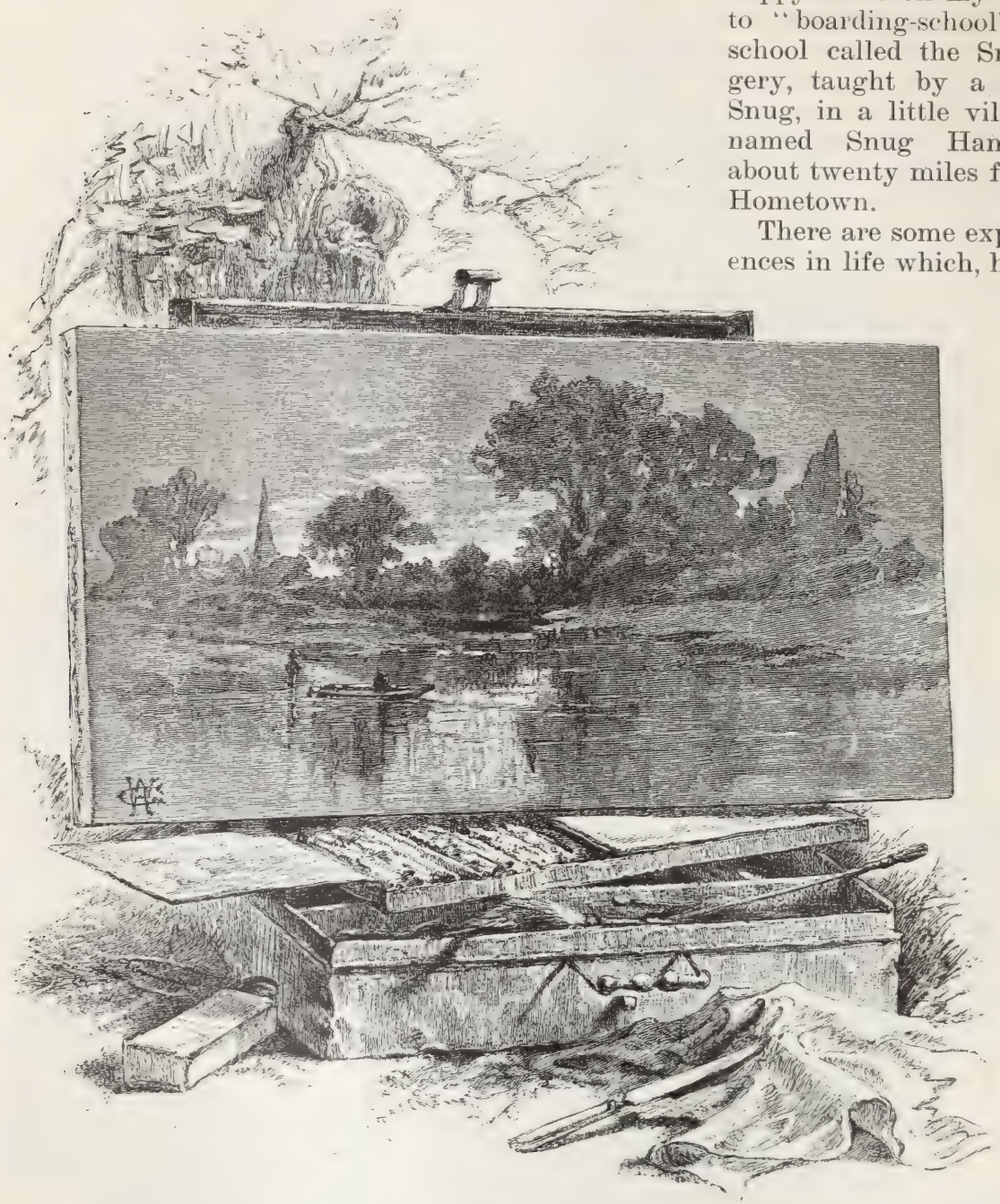
For two weeks the gurgling brook sang to us in this wild retreat. As evening after evening closed in upon us, the unfinished pictures were stored away in the rocky clefts, and, with hammock still swinging in the trees, we leave the gloom to the hooting owl, that nightly proclaims the twilight hour from the tall hemlock overhead. Ere long the murmuring Housa-

tonic shimmers below us in the moonlight as we hurry on our homeward way, and the distant lights of Hometown are soon seen glimmering through the evening mist. The old bridge now rumbles through the darkness its signal of our return, and the host of Draper's Inn is seen awaiting us at the illumined doorway. A quiet, cozy supper, and in the rays of a gleaming lantern, held aloft to light our path, we follow our lengthening shadows to the old front gate. Repeat this day's record fourteen times, and you have the sum of a happy experience, with but one drawback: it had an end—an end that would have left its reaction were it not for the store of increased pleasure that awaited us for the few closing days of our pilgrimage—for me, at least, although in other scenes, its climax.

Many like me are happy in the possession of a dear old homestead, but there are few, I ween, who enjoy the blessing of a double inheritance such as has been my lot—two homes which share my equal devotion, two homes without a choice, the one, this beloved heirloom in Hometown, and the other— But you shall see. We shall be there soon, for the little satchel is packed, and the carriage awaits us at the gate. A drive of eighteen miles is before us—a panorama of the rarest scenes. Down through the village, and past the old red grist-mill, and we are soon winding our way through the sombre glens of Pentateuch. Presently we catch glimpses of the great rumbling factory, with its clouds of smoke and steam melting into the wooded mountain above. The old yellow bridge now creaks under our approach, and ere we are aware a sudden turn leads us out of a wilderness on to the shore of the beautiful Housatonic. For a few minutes the rushing water trickles through the wheels as over jolting stones our pony leads us through the ford, and, refreshed by the cool bath, makes a lively sally up the eastern bank. For ten miles the Housatonic guides us around its winding curves through a path of ever-changing beauty, now shut in by the dense dark evergreens, and again emerging into a bower of silvery beeches, where the roadway is carpeted with mottled shadows, and the dappled trunks flicker with the softened glints of sunlight. The old gray toll-bridge soon nears to view, with its two long spans and fantastic beams. Further on, peering from its willows, stands the ruined cider-mill, with its long moss-grown lever jutting through the trees—an old-time haunt, now crumbling in decay. Every turn upon the road brings its fresh surprise as some new combination of hazy mountain landscape towers above the distant river-bend, and the flitting cloud-shadows lead their capricious, undulating chase across the wooded slopes. Two hours on such a course soon pass, when our pony whinnies at the welcome sight of the old log water-trough beyond—a landmark old and green when I was yet a boy, still nestling in its rocky bed, screened by the drooping hemlocks, still lavish with its overflowing bounty.

This benefactor by the way-side marks a turning-point in our journey, as we leave the grandeur of the Housatonic to pursue our way by the nooks and dingles of the wild Shepaug—a bubbling tributary whose happy waters sing of a varied experience. Now placid through the blossoming fields, now plunging over the precipice to ripple through a verdant valley, where, hemmed in at every turn, it seeks its only liberty beneath the rumbling of the old mill-wheels, and at last, ere it loses its identity in the swelling tide, leaving a mischievous and tumultuous record as it pours through the rocky cañon, and with surging, whirling volume carves huge caverns and fantastic statues in its massive bed of stone. Even now through the dark forest beyond we can hear the muffled roar, and for nearly a league further as we ascend the long hill it comes to us in fitful whispers wafted on the changing breeze. Reaching the summit of this incline, we find ourselves on a hill-top wide and far-reaching, on right and left losing itself in wooded wold, while in front the level road diminishes to a point, surmounted by blue hills in the distance. Two miles of a pastoral loveliness, where the graceful golden-rod and purple asters cluster in brilliant contrast along the lichen-covered walls, where meadow-lilies nod in billowing fields of daisies, and the tinkling bell and lowing call tell of the unseen browsing herd. Further on, we look down from the edge of the plateau through the length of Happy Valley, with its winding stream, its barns and busy mills, its sunny homes glinting through the summer haze. On the left the lofty shadowed cliff towers against the evening sky, and again we

catch the murmuring whiffs of the rushing stream in its sweeping bend beneath the overhanging precipice. A sharp turn round a jutting hill-side, and I meet a prospect that quickens the heart and makes the eye grow dim. There beyond, three miles "as flies the laden bee," I linger on the welcome sight, as on its hill-top fair two steeples side by side betray the hidden town, my second home.



EVENTIDE.

How lightly did I appreciate the fortunate journey when, twenty summers ago, I followed this road for the first time, when a boy of ten years, on my way to an unknown village, I looked across the landscape to the little spires on that distant hill! Little did I dream of the six years of unmixed happiness and precious experience that awaited me in that little Judea! I only knew that I was sadly quitting a happy home on my way to "boarding-school"—a school called the Snuggery, taught by a Mr. Snug, in a little village named Snug Hamlet, about twenty miles from Hometown.

There are some experiences in life which, however truthful, can not be told but to elicit the doubtful nod or the warning finger of incredulity. They are such experiences as these, however, that made up the sum of my early life in that happy refuge called in modern parlance a "boarding-school"—a name as empty, a word as weak and tame in its significance, as poverty itself; no doubt abundantly expressive in its ordinary application, but here it is a mockery and a satire. This is not a "boarding-school;" it is a *household*,



whose memories moisten the eye and stir the soul; to which its scattered members through the fleeting years look back as to a neglected home, with father and mother dear, whom they long once more to meet as in the tenderness of boyhood days; a cherished remembrance which, like the "house upon a hill, can not be hid," but sheddeth abroad its light unto many hearts who in those early days sought the loving shelter; a bright star in the horizon of the past, a glow that ne'er grows dim, but only kindles and brightens with the flood of years. Yes, yes; I know it sounds like a dash of sentiment, but words of mine are feeble and impotent indeed when sought for the expression of an attachment so fond, of a love so deep.

Fifteen years ago, with a parting full of sorrow, I rode away from Snug Hamlet yonder, in the village stage—a day that brought a depression that lingered long, and lingers still. Glowing, sunset-tinted fields glide by unnoticed now as, with eyes intent on the distant hill, I look back through the lapse of time. A mile has gone without my knowing it, when a joyous laugh awakens me from my day-dreams. Two boys approach us on the road ahead, and, what might seem very strange to you, one wears a wooden boot-jack strung around his neck and dangling on his breast; but he carries his burden lightly and cheerfully. As they near the carriage I draw the rein, and they both pause by the road-side.

"Well, boys," I ask, "where do *you* hail from?"

"We're from the Snuggery, Sir."

"I thought so," said I, with a laugh, in which they both joined. "But what are you doing with that boot-jack?"

"Oh, you see," said one, with a roguish smile, "Charlie and I were having a little tussle in the sitting-room, and he picked up Mr. Snug's boot-jack in the corner and began to pummel me with it; and jest as we were having it the worst, and were rollin' on the floor, Mr. Snug came in and caught us in the job, and now we're *payin'* for it."

"How so?" I inquired, well knowing what would be the response.

"Oh, you see, Mr. Snug held a diagnosis over our remains, and said he thought we were suffering for the want of a little exercise, and ordered us on a trip to Judd's Bridge."



THE HAUNTED MILL.

"And the boot-jack?"

"Oh, he said that Charlie might want to play with that some more on the way, and that he'd better fetch it along;" and with a mischievous snicker at his encumbered companion, he led him along the road in a hilarious race, while we en joyed a hearty laugh at their expense.

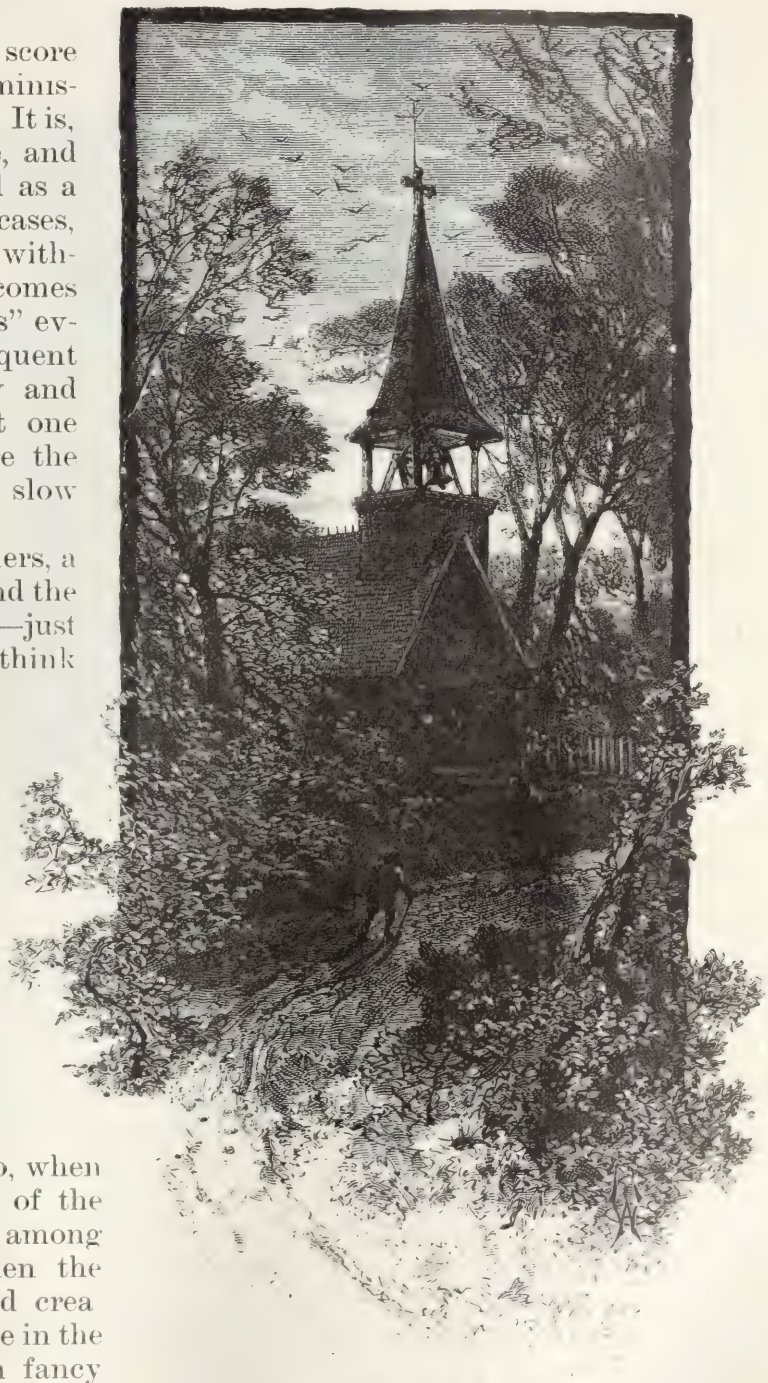
And this a *punishment!* Yes, here is an introduction to one phase of a system of correction as unique as the matchless institution in which it had its birth—a system without a parallel in the annals of chastisement or school government, and which for thirty years has proved its wisdom in the household management of the Snuggery.

"To Judd's Bridge!" How natural the sound of those words! How many times have I myself been on that same pilgrimage of penance! The destination of these boys is a rickety but picturesque structure which spans the Shepaug five miles below Snug Hamlet. Through three decades it looks back to its host of acquaintances of

those romping lads who, in the superfluity of exuberant spirits, made havoc and din in the household. The dose is administered with wise discrimination both as to the symptoms and the needs and strength of the patient. It always proves a sterling remedy, if not, indeed, a sugar-coated one, as in the case of these two ruddy, rollicking examples.

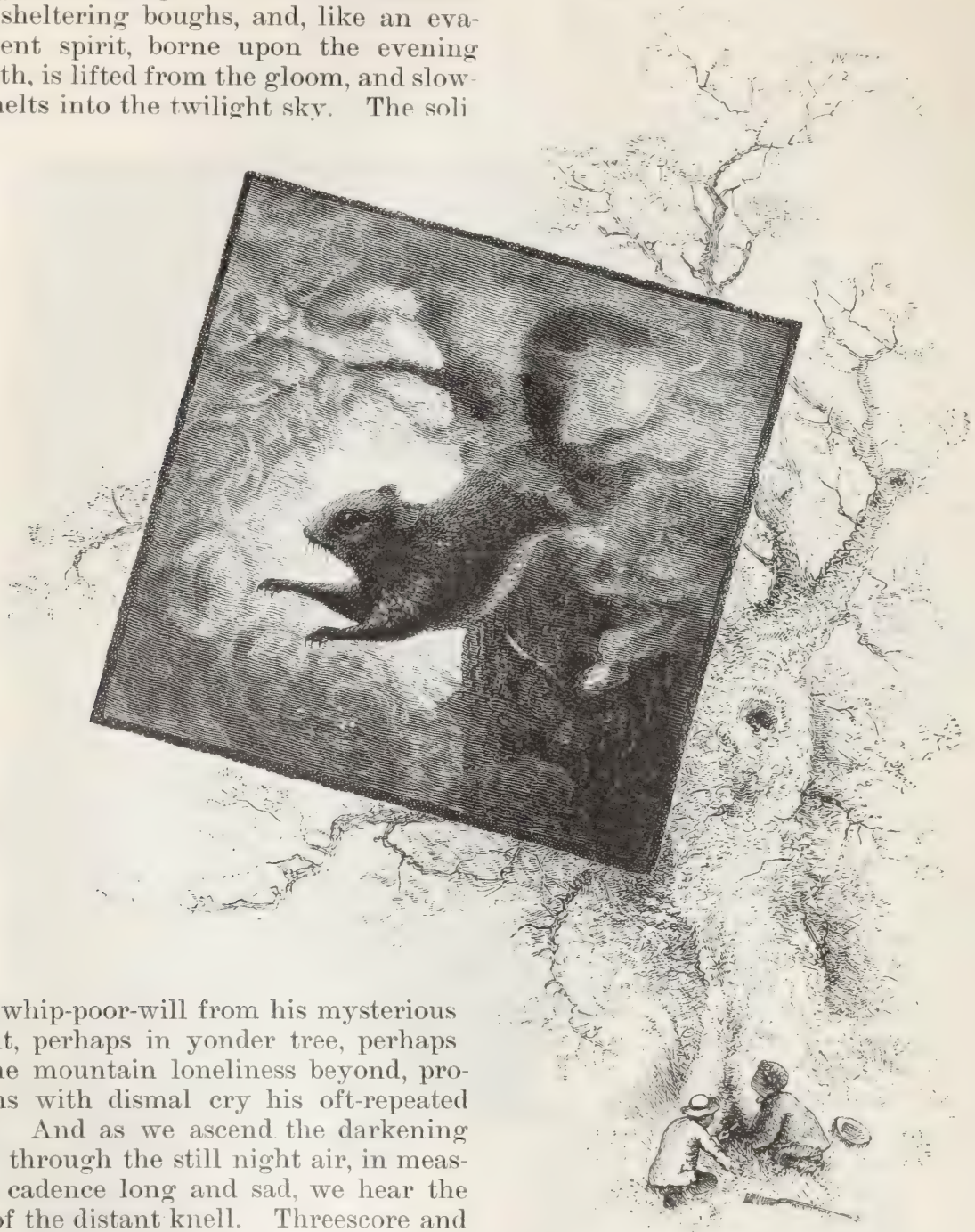
Judd's Bridge is but one of a score of places which serve in the administration of Snuggery discipline. It is, however, the one most remote, and its ten-mile journey is reserved as a heroic dose for extraordinary cases, after other roads have been tried without avail. Next on the list comes Moody Barn, with "open doors" every day in the week to its frequent callers. This old settler, gray and weather-beaten, marks a point one mile from the Snuggery, where the still waters of the Shepaug run slow and deep.

And then there's Kirby Corners, a mere stroll of a few minutes round the square of a rock-bound pasture—just enough to give yourself time to think a bit and congratulate yourself on what you have escaped. All these, and several more, are vivid in my memory; friends, old and intimate. And here's another, right before us by the road-side. For several minutes through the tantalizing trees we have heard its rumbling wheel, its reiterating clank, and busy saw; and now, as its familiar outline looms up against the evening sky, the vision seems to darken, as on that night of long ago, when through the shadowy mystery of the moon-lit gloom I stole my way among the sheltering golden-rod; when the lofty flume, like a huge horned creature, seemed to stride athwart me in the darkness, and the fitful boyish fancy saw strange phantoms in the floating, melting mist. This ancient structure reposes in a verdant dell at the foot of Snug Hamlet Hill. A choice of two roads lies before us, one short and direct, the other a roundabout approach. A sudden impulse leads me into the latter. On right and left I see the same old rocks and trees. There stands the veteran beech to whose gnarled and hollow trunk I traced the agile flying-squirrel, and with suffocating flame and smoke drove him from his hiding-place. Here between large rocks and stones the trout stream runs its course, now pouring in small cataracts, now eddying into still, dark nooks, where in those by-gone times I dropped the line of expectancy, but showed the clumsiness of adversity. A few minutes later, and we are gliding again by the dark Shepaug, now flowing calm and silent beneath a rugged bank, wild and umbrageous, where the swarm of katydids, with grating discord, maintain their old dispute, that never-ending feud. The wheels turn noiselessly in



TOLLING FOR THE DEAD

the shifting sand as we pursue our way. The low gray fog steals lightly over the lily-pads, floating into seclusion beneath the sheltering boughs, and, like an evanescent spirit, borne upon the evening breath, is lifted from the gloom, and slowly melts into the twilight sky. The solitary whip-poor-will from his mysterious haunt, perhaps in yonder tree, perhaps in the mountain loneliness beyond, proclaims with dismal cry his oft-repeated wail. And as we ascend the darkening path, through the still night air, in measured cadence long and sad, we hear the toll of the distant knell. Threescore and ten its numbers tell of the earthly years—a curfew requiem for the dead. Even as we pass the little chapel at the summit of the hill, and the bell has scarcely ceased its melancholy tidings, we hear the shouts and merry laughs of the boys on the village green. Soon its broad expanse, shut in by twinkling windows and massive trees, spreads out before us, as a clear and ringing voice, like that of old, echoes through the growing darkness, "One hundred! Nothing said, coming ahead!" and a dim figure steals cautiously from the steps of the old white church to seek in the sequestered hiding-places. With a heart that fairly thumps, I urge my pony onward across the green, and ere he slackens his pace I am at my journey's end. The dear old Snuggery, with its gables manifold and quaint, its fantastic wings and towers, stands there before me, the glowing windows beaming through the maples. Leaving our pony in willing hands, we enter the gate, and are soon upon the wide porch.



PURSUERS AND PURSUED.

It is eight o'clock, and the Snuggery is hushed in the quiet of the study hour,

and as we look through the windows we see the little groups of studious lads bending over their books. Turning a corner on the piazza, we are confronted with a tall hexagonal structure at its further end. This is the Tower, the lower room of which is consecrated to the cozy retirement of Mr. and Mrs. Snug. The door leading to the porch is open, and, as if awakening from a nap in which the past fifteen years have been a dream, I listen to the same dear voice. I approach nearer. Under the glow of a student's lamp I look upon the beloved face, the flowing hair and beard now silvered with the lapse of years—a face of unusual firmness, but whose every line marks the expression of a tender, loving nature and of a large and noble heart. Near him another sits—a helpmeet kind and true, cherished companion in a happy, useful life. Into her lap a nestling lad has climbed; and as she strokes the curly head and looks into the chubby face, I see the same expression as of old, the same motherly tenderness and love beaming from the large gray eyes. Mr. Snug is leaning back in his easy-chair, and two boys are standing up before him; one of them is speaking, evidently in answer to a question.

"I called him a galoot, Sir."

"You called George a galoot, and then he threw the base-ball club at you—is that it?"

"Yes, Sir; but I was only playing."

"Yes," resumed the voice of Mr. Snug, "but that club went with considerable force, and landed over the fence, and made havoc in Deacon Farish's onion bed; and that reminds me that the deacon's onion bed is overrun with weeds. Now Willie," continued Mr. Snug, after a moment's hesitation, with eyes closed and head thrown back against the chair, "Saturday morning—to-morrow, that is—directly after breakfast, you go out into the grove and call names to the big rock for half an hour. You understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And, George," continued Mr. Snug, with deliberate, easy intonation, "to-morrow morning, at the same time, you present yourself politely to Deacon Farish, tell him that I sent you, and ask him to escort you to his onion bed. After which you will go carefully to work and pull out all the weeds. You understand, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And then you will both report to me as usual." And with a pleasant smile, which was reflected in both their faces, the erring youngsters were dismissed. Before the door has closed behind them we are standing in the doorway. Here I draw the curtain, for who but one of its own household could understand a welcome at the Snuggery?

Those of my old school-mates who read this meagre sketch will know the happiness of such a meeting; but others less fortunate in the recollections of school-life can only look for its counterpart in an affectionate welcome in their own homes, for the Snuggery *is* a home to all who ever dwelt within its gates. Seated in the familiar coziness, and surrounded by the friends of my school-days, the hours fly fast and pleasantly. There is plenty to talk about. Here is a village full of good people of whom I wish to learn, and there are many far-off chums of whom I carry tidings. A bell rings in the cupola as, one by one, from the buzz in the outer rooms, boys large and small seek our seclusion for the accustomed good-night adieu; and ere another hour has passed forty sleepy urchins are packed away in their snug quarters. The evening runs on into midnight, as with stories of the past, its pains and penalties, its remembrances, now humorous now sad by turns, we recall the good old times; and the "wee sma' hours" are already upon us as we reluctantly retire from the goodly company to our rooms across the way.

The next morning finds us in the midst of a merry load, with Mr. Snug as a driver. Would that I had space to more than hint at the beauties that opened up before us on that charming ride! Snug Hamlet, in the qualities of its landscape as well as in every thing else, is unique. Stripped of all its old associations, it presents to the artistic eye a combination of attractions scarcely to be equalled in the boundaries of New England. Situated itself on the brow of an abrupt hill, where its picturesque homes cluster about a broad open green, a few minutes' drive in any direction reveals a surrounding panorama of the rarest loveliness. Five hundred feet below us, winding in and out, now beneath leafy tangles, now under quaint little bridges, and again reposing placidly in broad mill-ponds, the happy Shepaug lends to a lovely valley its usefulness and



WRECKS OF THE TORNADO.

beauty. Turning in another direction, we pass the Snuggery ball-ground, animated with the shouts of victory; and descending into a vale of almost primeval wildness, we continue our way up the ascent of "Artist's Hill," from whose summit on every side, as far as the eye can reach, the landscape softens into the hazy horizon.

Returning, we pass through a ruined waste, where, three months before, the fierce tornado swooped down in its fiendish fury. On every side we see its awful evidences. Huge oaks, like brittle pipe-stems, snapped from their moorings; sturdy hickories, mere playthings in the gale, twisted into shreds. Every morning saw me on some new drive, either with a wagon full of merry company, or as alone with Mr. Snug we held our quiet *tête-à-tête* on wheels, living over the olden times. In the afternoon I strolled by myself through the old and eloquent scenes. A volume could not hold the memories they revived; no, not even those of yonder barn alone. Even as I sit making my pencil sketch, its reminiscences seem to float across the vision. Distinctly it recalls the events of one evening years ago. It was at about the sunset hour, one Friday. I was quietly sitting on a lounge in the parlor talking to Charlie Blackstone, who was standing in front of me. Presently the door opens, and the tall figure of Dick Shin enters. Dick and I were antipodes in every sense of the word. Physically we were as a match and a billiard ball, he being the lucifer. He was also my *bête noire*, and he never missed an opportunity to vent his spite. Accordingly he stalked toward us, and with a violent push sent Charlie pell-mell on to me. In falling he stepped heavily on my foot, and hurt me severely, which accounted for my excited expression as I pushed him from me.

Of course Mr. Snug had to come in just at this time, and seeing us in what looked to him very like a fight, he took us firmly by the ears and stood us side by side, while I ventured to explain.

"Not a word," said he, in a tone there was no mistaking. "You two boys may cool off on a trip to Moody Barn, after which you will report to me in the Tower. Now go."

Whatever may have been the state of my mind a few moments before, I was now mad in earnest, and with every bit of my latent obstinacy aroused, I sauntered out on to the porch.

"Cool off, old boy," whispered a grating voice at my side, as I turned and met the gaze of Dick Shin, motioning with his thumb in the direction of Moody Barn—"cool off; you need it;" and his ample mouth stretched into a capacious grin.

I had already formed an intention, but now it was a resolve.

"Charlie," said I to my quiet and less choleric companion, when some distance down the road, "I am not going on that trip."



PASSING THOUGHTS.

"Not going!" replied he, with surprise; "why, you'll *have* to go."

"But I *won't* go, and that settles it. It's confounded unjust that we're sent, anyhow, and I don't propose to stand it."

"I think so too," answered Charlie, with hesitating emphasis; "but what 'll we do? We'll have to report to Mr. Snug, you know; that's the *worst* of it."

"Well, I'll be spokesman, and I'll *lie* before I'll go on that trip."

I was boiling over with righteous wrath, but Charlie never was known to boil; he only simmered a little, but readily seconded my plan. We stopped at Kirby Corners, and there, secluded from view in the bushes, we spent the interval. Charlie had a watch, and by the light of the rising moon we were enabled to fix the full period for the trip. One hour

and a half we allowed—an abundant limit. During this time I had completely "cooled off," and had schooled myself to that point where I could tell a lie with a smooth face and a clear conscience. Accordingly, when the time came, we appeared at the door of the Tower. Mr. Snug was sitting in his accustomed place, and we entered and stood before him.

"Well, Sir," said he, with a polite bow of the head, dropping his paper and looking up at us.

"Mr. Snug, we have come to report," said I, fearlessly. "We have been to Moody Barn."

Instantly Mr. Snug straightened himself up in his chair, pushed back the gray locks from his high forehead, and with an expression that I never shall forget, glared at me from under the frowning eyebrows.

"*You lie, Sir!*" he exclaimed, in thundering tones that fairly made my hair stand on end, while Charlie trembled from head to foot. "Now go!" continued he, as with an emphatic nod of the head he motioned toward the door. Sheepish and crest-fallen, we slunk away from the room. It is needless to say that we went this time. Through the darkness by the aid of a lantern we picked our way, as with theories numerous and ingenious we strove to account for that vociferous reception. Late that night we held an experience meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Snug in the Tower, and if I remember right there were a few tears that fell, and many apologies and good resolves, and as the true state of the case dawned on Mr. Snug there was an evident twinge of regret on his kind face.

On the following morning (Saturday) there was a jolly party of youths leaving the Snuggery for a day's boating at the lake. Dick Shin was among them; and just as he was passing out the gate, a youngster approaches him and taps him on the shoulder. "You are hereby arrested, Sir, on the orders of Mr. Snug."

With an anxious and innocent expression Dick follows his juvenile constable into the Tower, and his companions stroll along after to ascertain the cause of the detention. We pass over the brief but amusing trial, in which the prisoner, with the innocence of a little lamb, pleaded his cause.

"You *stumbled*, did you?" said Mr. Snug. "Well, you ought to know, Sir, by this time, that I don't allow young men to stumble in that way in my house. These two boys have suffered through your admitted clumsiness." Here Mr. Snug paused in a moment's thought. "Dick Shin," he continued, "I sent these innocent young gentlemen on two trips to Moody Barn—that makes four miles for Bigson and four miles for Blackstone, together making eight that they walked on your account. Now you may put down your fishing-pole, and 'stumble' along on the road to Judd's Bridge, which will give you two extra miles in which to think over your sins. And to make sure"—here Mr. Snug arose and went to the closet—"you may take this hatchet along with you, and bring me back a good big chip from the end of the long bridge beam. I shall ride over that way to-morrow and see whether it fits. You understand?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the injured voice of Dick Shin. "But, Mr. Snug, can't I put off that penance until Monday?"

"No, Sir," replied Mr. Snug, with a beaming smile and a bow of the head. "This is a lovely morning for contrite meditation. Go—*instantly*."

Two hours later saw a demonstrative individual threatening to chop down the whole side of a bridge, while ten miles to the northward the placid surface of Waramaug rippled to the oars, and the lofty mountain-sides echoed with the shouts of a merry holiday.

But all things must have an end. The school-days ended, and so did this memorable vacation. A letter breaks the charm: insatiate publisher! Once more through the winding paths of the Housatonic, and I leave the loveliness of Hometown for the metropolis of brick and stone, there to resume the old routine.

WATCH-WORDS.

THROUGH gathering clouds and stormy seas of Fate
Two golden watch-words guide and comfort me:
Toiling along my path, early and late,
I cling to Patience and Fidelity.

In all the weary changes of my day
I strive to follow duty faithfully;
And when I falter, fainting, by the way,
With subtle influence Patience strengthens me.

So onward through what suffering God may send,
I walk with faith, and feet that shall not tire,
Trusting with Patience, strong unto the end,
To reach at last, O Lord, my soul's desire.

JAPANESE ROCK-CRYSTAL.

IN every house of the better sort in Japan there is a *tokonoma*, or raised special place for keeping objects of art and beauty. The evolution of the æsthetic out of the useful is nowhere better illustrated than in the history of the tokonoma, which was anciently the sleeping-place, or recess for the bed. Now it is a place of honor, occupying one-half of a side of the parlor or best room, its finish and appointments being superior to those of any other part of the house. It is a recess two feet deep, and raised four or six inches above the matting-covered floor. In it hang suspended on the wall a *kakémono*, or scroll-painting on silk, a bronze or porcelain vase of flowers, a fan-holder with its tiers of open fans ready for use, besides other works characteristic of native art.

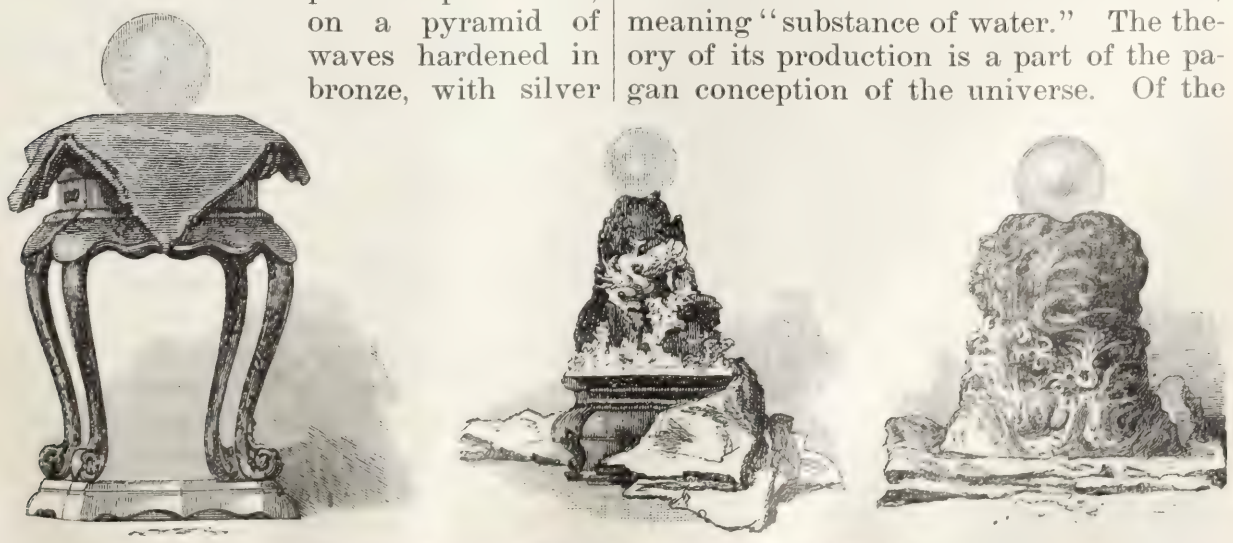
One of the objects often seen is a *dai*, or stand, gold-lacquered, or made of perfumed, carved, or rare wood. The dai is one or two feet high, and has on the top a black velvet or crimson crape cushion, or a silver claw, whereon reposes a globe of rock-crystal. Pure, flawless, transparent, a perfect sphere, it seems like a bubble of spring water hovering in the air. Often the dai, or stand, is a piece of elaborate art in bronze, porcelain, or lacquer, representing a beetling crag or lofty inaccessible rock, crested with the flawless jewel. Around the base the waves curl and foam, and up the side moves in crackling coil a jealous dragon, with eager, outstretched jaws, and claws ready to grasp and bear away the precious prize. Or, on a pyramid of waves hardened in bronze, with silver foam-flecks on the polish of the rolling mass, will repose inviolate the gem sphere.

The Japanese virtuoso loves to have among his collection at least one bronze of wave and stormy petrel, where, amid the recesses of the hooked foam, nestle a half dozen or more of small crystal balls, from the size of a marble to that of an apple. In nearly all Japanese art and bric-à-brac stores will be seen these gems on sale, and unless the foreign buyer's nerves are very strong, the prices asked will be very likely to startle him as though he had been touched by an electric eel.

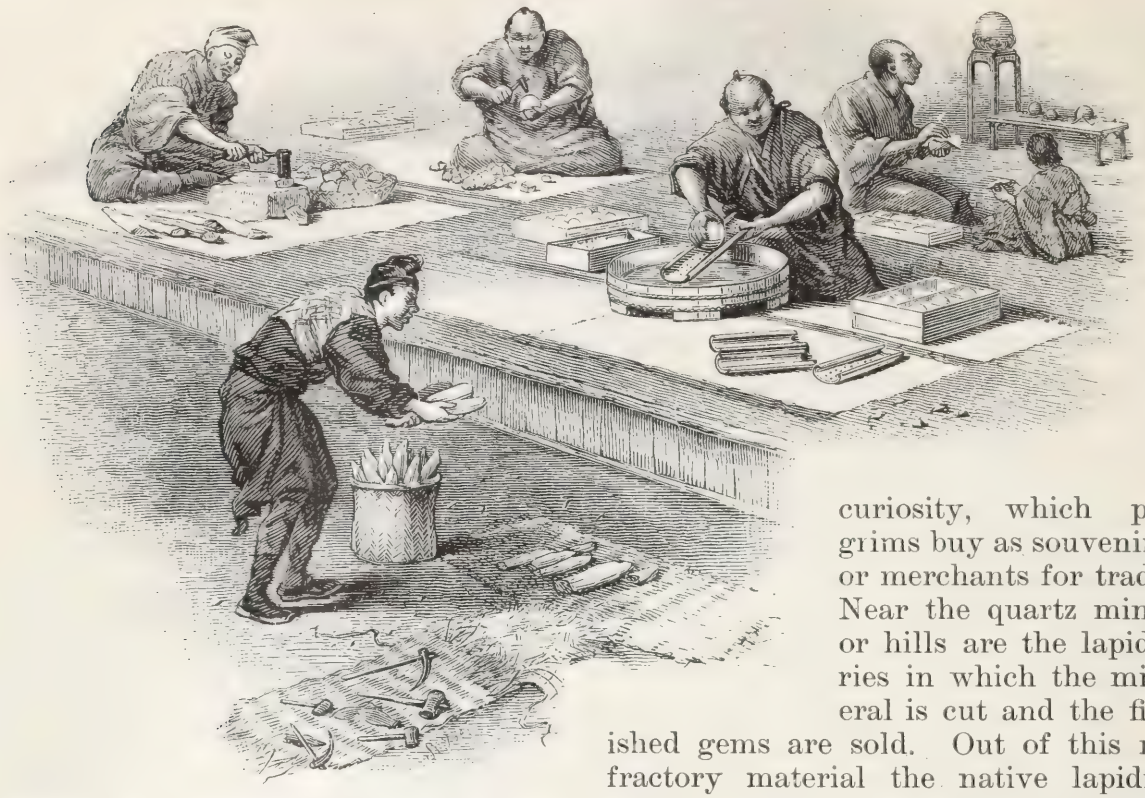
The merest tyro in Japanese art, be he admirer or purchaser, can not have failed to notice the dragon clutching in his claw a ball or a pear-shaped jewel. In the various forms of their art expression, crystal, both in China and Japan, commands a high value, both pecuniary and symbolic. In the airy realms of imagination, and in the markets where men buy and sell, rock-crystal is among the precious things.

Let us glance at the subject in its technique and symbolism.

The belief of the ancients (*our* ancients, of course, for the far Orientals have a different set of ancients) was that quartz crystal (κρύσταλλος) was nothing but pure ice, congealed by intense cold, and found only in the far-off boreal regions of eternal frost. Hence the common name of rock-crystal was "clear ice," and one word served alike for this stone and for ice. The Chinese and Japanese word *suisho* reflects a kindred idea, meaning "substance of water." The theory of its production is a part of the pagan conception of the universe. Of the



DIFFERENT STYLES OF DAIS SUPPORTING ROCK-CRYSTALS.



INTERIOR OF A ROCK-CRYSTAL LAPIDARY IN JAPAN.

nine kinds of dragons in the Oriental world of the imagination, several of them have much to do with the growth and preservation of the hidden treasures of the earth and the deep. They guard these realms jealously, and diver and miner ever run the risk of exciting their anger.

Pure quartz, in its smaller forms, is the congealed breath of the white dragon. In its larger and ice-pure forms it is the solidified saliva of the violet dragon. The country folks call the crude substance "star-dung"—a fancy recalling that of the German peasants, who name it "star-spit." As matter of plain scientific fact, the largest and purest specimens of rock-crystal are found among the granitic rocks and secondary formation of Central Japan. They are commonly sought for among gravel-banks, and huge masses are sometimes found that will allow a perfect sphere six inches in diameter to be cut therefrom. Generally, however, the stones are of the size of the specimens usually seen in our mineralogical cabinets. Many of the villages which are strung along the high-roads of Japan, so closely as to remind one of beads on a rosary, have each its special *mei-butsu* ("eye-hitters," or specialties) in manufacture or curiosity, which pilgrims buy as souvenirs, or merchants for trade. Near the quartz mines or hills are the lapidaries in which the mineral is cut and the finished gems are sold. Out of this refractory material the native lapidist will cut buttons for ladies' châtelaine bags hung at the waist, ornaments, cups, wine-glasses, paper-weights, bottles, *inrōs* (pill-boxes), burnishers, *nétsukés* (tobacco-pouch holders), seals, rulers, figures of rabbits, mice, idols, toys, etc.

The Japanese—strange to say of a people in which the law of nature holds good in providing females in equal number to the males—wear no personal jewelry, in the sense in which we use the term. But of late years a profitable trade has sprung up in jewelry of metal and gems made for the foreign markets. Necklaces, brooches, ear-rings, bracelets, etc., of perforated crystal balls, crosses, anchors, etc., for charms, and beads, are now made in large quantities to fill American and European orders.

Nearly all the old fine art works of the Japanese were made by individuals or families working in their own houses, usually in special villages, but sometimes in the cities. Large manufactories and centralized capital were unknown. In the cut we have a sketch from life of a crystal lapidary in Japan. As in all Japanese houses, the floor is raised from the ground a foot or more. The universal manner of sitting, even when at work, on the hams, is shown, with variety in disposing of the feet. Sometimes a man will take a seat on his knees and heels. Another

will prefer the cross-legged style. The appliances of work are extremely simple, and skill, patience, and hereditary pride make up for any seeming lack of labor-saving tools. Heredity is an important factor in Japanese labor. In many of the villages the crack workmen trace back their pedigree both of skill and blood from three to twenty generations. I once employed a carpenter whose forefathers—as the records of the village temple of his sect, in which he and they had worshipped, showed—had followed the same trade for twenty-six generations.

On the floor we see a man standing who has been out on the hills digging out the crude quartz. His hammers and picks, with which he breaks off, pries out, or digs up the rock, lie on the coarse rice-straw mat on the earthen floor. Having secured a basketful and borne the pieces to the lapidary on his shoulder, he cleanses them of adhering gravel or bits of rock. He then passes them over to the "splitter"—an old fellow too old to go bareheaded in the shop any longer like the younger men, who may be his sons. The old man's part of the work is to break off the long bars of rock into bits the gross size of the ball or bead to be made therefrom. Laying the long piece on a large stone covered with a piece of matting, with the end of calculated length to be broken off protruding over the edge of the stone, a sharp quick blow with the steel-edged hammer usually severs it. On larger and thicker pieces a gutter is first nicked out around the surface sufficiently deep before the final blow is struck. Skill and a "knack" are of great account in this process. On one side of the old man lies a basket of these truncated prisms, which he hands over to the man who rounds them off into rough globes.

This is done by careful chipping with a tiny steel-edged hammer. It is astonishing how, with simple skill, the man will make an almost perfect sphere with one very ordinary tool. He soon learns the mysteries of the planes of cleavage, where to tap lightly, where heavily, when to chip, and when to pound.

The rough-coated balls are now passed to the grinder, who has ready a tub of water and four or five partly cylindrical pieces of cast iron, a little over a foot long, and looking like reversed graters. These are of different sizes and curves, according to the size of the ball to be ground. His grinding material consists of powdered garnet of various degrees of coarseness. He uses water plentifully, and dexterously keeps the balls turning so as to make the surface spherically equal. In some cases the ball is fixed in the end of a bamboo tube, and the grinding finished by whirling it between the palms in a half spherical iron or stone socket. The globe is now smooth, but the perfect polish has yet to be done by patient rubbing with the tip of a bamboo cane, and then in the hands with cloths dipped in crocus, or rouge, a native oxide of iron. This produces a splendid lustrous surface, and the gem is water-clear, and as refractive to the morning light as a drop of dew that nestles in the heart of the lotus. A favorite native proverb, often quoted as cheer to the patient and spur to the lazy, is this: "Until polished, the precious gem has no splendor."

The perfect *tama* (jewel ball) is now ready for its wave throne in bronze or its nest in satin, to be admired of all beholders.

At the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia a sphere of flawless rock-crystal seven inches in diameter stood in lone splendor on a dai, and several cases were full of all kinds of ornaments carved from this transparent mineral. An American in Japan a few years ago paid $2500 for a perfect globe of crystal four inches in diameter.

In Chinese legend, romance, and mythology the crystal holds no mean place. Ko Hung, one of the most renowned of the Taoist doctors, and an adept in the art and practice of alchemy, who lived in the fourth century A.D., writes that "out from the mountains which produce jade a liquid flows which, in ten thousand years, congeals into crystal. If to this be added an appropriate herb, the gem again becomes liquid, and a draught of it confers longevity of a thousand years." By drinking of this liquid both he and his pupil attained to immortality, the latter being one of the genii of the Lo Fow Mountains.

Another legend is related of Tan Tai, once the pupil of Confucius, who afterward became the master of three hundred disciples. He was on one occasion crossing the Yellow River, bearing with him a crystal gem valued at one thousand pieces of gold. The river-god envied the sage the possession of the jewel, and his drag-

ons in the river were, as usual, seized with a consuming desire to possess the gem. The river-god, who was the king of the dragons, ordered two of the monsters to raise a tempest and then assail the voyager's bark. Thereupon the waves beat wildly against his boat, and the dragons rose out of the water to seize the gem. Upon this the sage cried out: "I am one who may be influenced by reason, but never robbed by force." Rising and drawing his sword, he slew the dragons both. Upon this the waves became still again, and the Yellow River flowed peacefully. Then, to show his lofty state of mind and indifference to material possessions, Tan Tai threw the gem into the river. As soon as it touched the water, it leaped back into the boat. Again he tossed it in, and again it leaped back into the boat. Foiled thus three times, the sage, intent on his purpose, crushed the gem into fragments and flung them into the river. Then serenely he pursued his way.

This eager desire of the dragons for the crystal jewel or sacred gem—to possess what is their own, and robbed from their realms by puny mortals—is manifested in many forms in Oriental art and legendary



DRAGONS SEIZING THE JEWEL.

lore, and the subject might here receive abundant illustrations from the realms of Japanese fiction. The dragons are the jealous guardians of the jewels. They are the attendants and sentinels of Kai Riu Ō, the Dragon-King of the World under the Sea. Among other things, the crystal jewels typify the forces which control the ebbing and the flowing tides. As seals upon the mighty pulses of the sea, whoever holds them controls the waters and powers of the deep. Hence they are the emblems of divine and imperial power as lodged in the person of the Mikado. Japan is often called "the Empire within the Four Seas." Hence in mythology and legend the Dragon-King of the World under the Sea comes up and forth from the fountains of the deep to endow the infant Mikado (Ojin) with the potent jewels. The warrior-empress who goes forth to conquer Corea is equipped with the crystal ball, which first makes the ocean ebb to strand the enemies' ships and tempt their army to advance over the sands, and then causes the flood to rise, overwhelming them all.

Jealously guarded from all mortal hands and eyes, these jewels lie enshrined in the throne-room of the Riu Gu, the dragons' sanctuary, which lies at the bottom of the sea. To this place, with many a marvellous adventure, journey the heroes whom the sea-queen favors. There, dwelling unmindful of the lapse of time, they enjoy the sweets of immortality and love, until finally, when the pangs of homesickness seize them, they return to earth, to find their kindred dead, and their ancestral dust under tombstones that are mossy with centuries. They are thus left to mourn alone, and speedily to die of grief and old age. The Rip Van Winkle myth has many forms in Japan and China.

While the dragon is the especial messenger of the King, the tortoise is the attendant of the Queen of the World under the Sea. This tortoise has a fiery fringe around his shell, and bears on his back a treasure mountain, on which repose many of the precious tama which the queen uses in controlling the sea or enriching her favorites.

According to some legends, the dragons' sanctuary (Riu Gu) which held the flashing tide jewels was in the Riu Kiu (Loo Choo) Islands, the literal name of which is the Archipelago of the Hanging Globes, wherein especially dwelt the dragons of the hidden treasures. As matter of prose fact, the deep blue and warm current of the Kuro Siwo, the Gulf Stream of the Pacific, which runs like a mill-race past Japan and over to Alaska, comes up from the Riu Kiu (Loo Choo) Islands, and to the minds of the ancient Japanese may have seemed to have its origin there.

In the Japanese pantheon, Ben Ten is the goddess of fertility and the personification of the sea. She is the same as the Queen of the World under the Sea. She controls the tides, and can calm the storm. Hence sailors worship her. Unto her, as consort of Kai Riu Ō, all the dragons of the great deep do homage. In nearly all representations of her in art, or as an idol, the golden dragon that swims in the azure waves comes holding the tide-compelling jewel in his claw. To another gem, concealed in the dragon's forehead, many magical virtues are ascribed. Hence the crystal, either globular or pear-shaped, is emblematical of power in many forms, and to the devotee is a sacred thing.

The Japanese legends of the crystal jewel and dragon are of very ancient date. In later centuries, Buddhism, which is a system having the voracious absorptive powers of a polyp, gradually assimilated most of the native floating ideas, poetic myths, and superstitions, making them its own. With the Japanese, also, were mingled many fancies of Indian or Chinese origin. The crystal ball became an emblem of the precious law of Buddha, and of the perfected soul of man. In Buddhist art the gem is usually represented as emitting rays of light, or it is buried from sight in its own dazzling effulgence. The books of the law, or the sacred classics, and the doctrine they contain, are spoken of as the *jewel* of the law. On the carving, ornamentation, and sacred utensils of their temples this gem figures largely. From the jewel on the forehead of Buddha shine forth splendors of reward, of healing, of illuminating powers. On the tops of pagodas and memorial tablets one may see the form of the gem in brass or bronze. On the top of the tomb of the true-believer is carved a representation of a flashing crystal gem, with its encircling rays of fire, typifying the soul and its aspirations. Buddhists believe that after cremation of saints or extra holy men, tiny gem-like pellets, apparently of pure crystal, are found in their ashes. These are their cast-off souls—a proof that they have attained to the state of Nirvana, and being absorbed in Buddha, the great soul of the universe, no longer need their former personality and soul. In many Buddhist temples, and in the homes of saintly Buddhists, there are treasured up, in a casket cut from ice-clear crystal, these tiny soul-jewels, which are to their possessors more than relics of holy saints to Christians of the sort by whom such relics are venerated. In a great stress of impecuniosity, however, Japanese folks of the modern sort have been known to sell or pawn these precious jewels in order to raise cash, and a crystal casket with several cast-off souls in it was for sale in a Japanese store on Broadway only a few

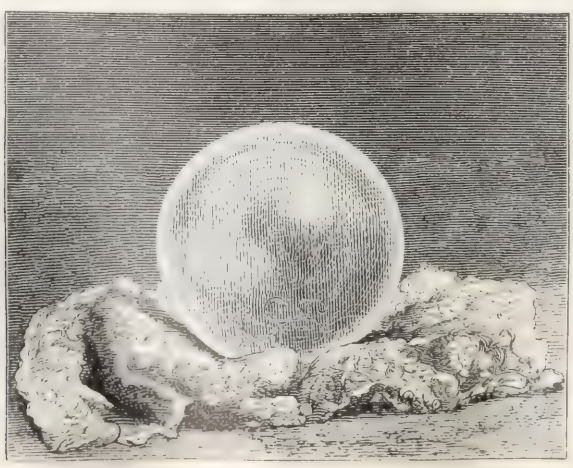


TORTOISE BEARING THE TREASURE MOUNTAIN.

months ago. It was indeed a first-class "curio."

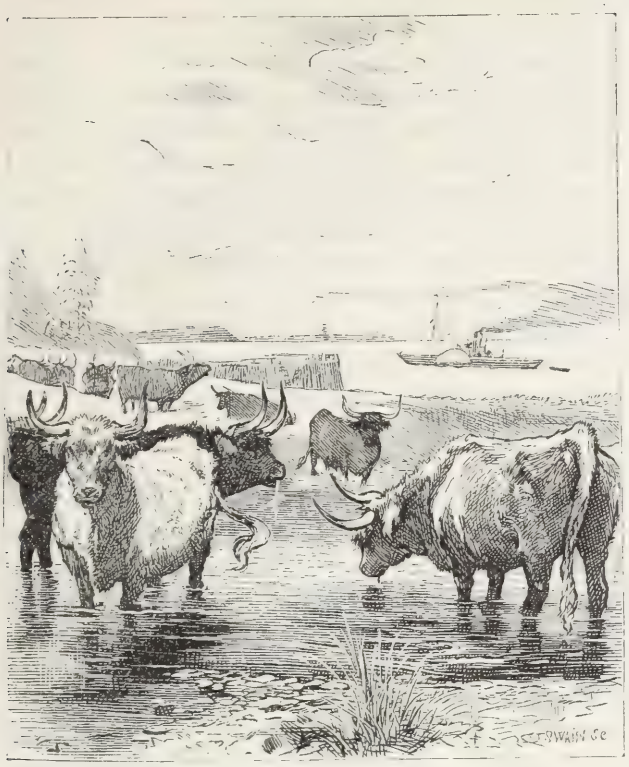
In European countries the insignia of royalty are a sword, sceptre, and crown. These form the regalia, or crown jewels. In Japan the imperial regalia are a mirror, a sword, and a ball of flawless crystal. The Japanese trace their ancestry back into heaven. Of old, when the heavens and the earth were created, Japan was the land first formed. When the male creator, Izanagi, standing by the side of the creatrix, Izanami, thrust his jewelled falchion into the turbid waters of chaos, the drops which trickled from it congealed and formed the land of Great Japan. The sun-goddess, who was chief of the heavenly gods, wishing to occupy the newly created world (Japan) with children of her own creation, sent Ninigi no Mikoto (the Sublime Grandchild) to earth to subdue it, and reign forever on it. At a great council of the gods in heaven, as he was about to depart, she bestowed on him three divine emblems, which are to this day the regalia of the Japanese sovereigns—a sword, mirror, and ball. The sword was to be used in combating his enemies; the mirror—the emblem of herself—was ever to remind him of his loyalty to her; the flawless sphere was to be the symbol of equity in the government of his subjects. The crystal ball or pear-shaped jewel is to the Japanese eye the token of good government, peace, security, prosperity, and national longevity. Hence it is usually found engraved on the paper money issued by the government. It is conventionally represented in art as being held in the claws of the dragon for safe-keeping, the Mikado's attributes being often spoken of figuratively as those of the dragon. "The ruffling of the dragon's scales" means that the Mikado is angry. The "dragon's countenance" refers to the awe with which men (used to) think of the great emperor's countenance. The "dragon robes," the "dragon body," etc., are all figurative for what relates to Japan's sovereign, who formerly dwelt in a seclusion equal to that of the dragon's shrine in the under-world.

Ninigi no Mikoto, the Sublime Grandchild, arrived in the world (Japan), and easily subdued it. He married an earth princess, and their offspring, a son, married a daughter of the Dragon-King of the World under the Sea, who brought him as her dowry the crystal jewels which govern the flow of the tides. The offspring of this pair was Jimmu Tenno, the first Mikado of Japan. Thus the heavenly line of mikados was established in the person of one who was at once heaven-descended, earth-sprung, and dragon-born. Though a mortal, he held the powers of heaven, earth, and the world of the deep, for he possessed the jewels both of heaven and the fountains of the deep, and with the divine sword and mirror was all-powerful. In all official documents, almanacs, and grave state papers, until within a few years since, the Mikado reverently referred to his first predecessor and his divine ancestry as the basis of his authority. One can thus see at a glance the wealth of association which, to the Japanese mind, gathers in his contemplation of the flawless crystal ball. We can also see why the gem is depicted so often in art-work, and is one of the standard materials in fiction. In the common Japanese language the word *tama* means not only ball or gem, but also soul or spirit.



THE SACRED CRYSTAL, ONE OF THE REGALIA OF THE MIKADO.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.



CHAPTER I.

ON THE QUAY.

A MURMUR runs through the crowd; the various idlers grow alert; all eyes are suddenly turned to the south. And there, far away, over the green headland, a small tuft of brown smoke appears, rising into the golden glow of the afternoon, and we know that by-and-by we shall see the great steamer with her scarlet funnels come sailing round the point. The Laird of Denny-mains assumes an air of still further importance; he pulls his frock-coat tight at the waist; he adjusts his black satin neck-tie; his tall, white, stiff collar seems more rigid and white than ever. He has heard of the wonderful stranger; and he knows that now she is drawing near.

Heard of her? He has heard of nothing else since ever he came to us in these Northern wilds. For the mistress of this household—with all her domineering ways and her fits of majestic temper—has a love for her intimate girl-friends far passing the love of men; especially when the young ladies are obedient and gentle, and ready to pay to her matronly dignity the compliment of a respectful awe. And this particular friend who is now coming to us: what has not the Laird heard about her during these past few days?—of her high courage, her resolute unselfishness, her splendid cheerfulness? "A singing-bird in the house," that was one of the phrases used, "in wet weather or fine." And then the enthusiastic friend muddled her metaphors somehow, and gave the puzzled Laird to understand that the presence of this young lady in a house was like having sweet-brier about the rooms. No wonder he put on his highest and stiffest collar before he marched grandly down with us to the quay.

"And does she not deserve a long holiday, Sir?" says the Laird's hostess to him, as together they watch for the steamer coming round the point. "Just fancy! Two months' attendance on that old woman, who was her mother's nurse. Two months in a sick-room, without a soul to break the monotony of it. And the girl living in a strange town all by herself."

"Ay; and in such a town as Edinburgh," remarks the Laird, with great compassion. His own property lies just outside Glasgow.

"Dear me!" says he, "what must a young English leddy have thought of our Scotch way of speech when she heard they poor Edinburgh bodies and their yaumering sing-song? Not that I quarrel with any people for having an accent in their way of speaking; they have that in all parts of England as well as in Scotland—in Yorkshire, and Somersetshire, and what not; and even in London itself there is a way of speech that is quite recognizable to a stranger. But I have often thought that there was less trace of accent about Glesca and the west of Scotland than in any other part; in fact, ah have often been taken for an Englishman maself."

"Indeed!" says this gentle creature standing by him; and her upturned eyes are full of an innocent belief. You would swear she was meditating on summoning instantly her boys from Epsom College that they might acquire a pure accent—or get rid of all accent—on the banks of the Clyde.

"Yes," says the Laird, with a decision almost amounting to enthusiasm, "it is a grand inheritance that we in the south of Scotland are preserving for you English people; and you know little of it. You do not know that we are preserving the English language for you as it was spoken

centuries ago, and as you find it in your oldest writings. Scotticisms! Why, if ye were to read the prose of Mandeville or Wyclif, or the poetry of Robert of Brunne or Langland, ye would find that our Scotticisms were the very pith and marrow of the English language. Ay; it is so."

The innocent eyes express such profound interest that the Laird of Denny-mains almost forgets about the coming steamer, so anxious is he to crush us with a display of his erudition.

"It is just remarkable," he says, "that your dictionaries should put down as obsolete words that are in common use all over the south of Scotland, where, as I say, the old Northumbrian English is preserved in its purity; and that ye should have learned people hunting up in Chaucer or Gower for the very speech that they can hear among the bits o' weans running about the Gallowgate or the Broomielaw. '*Wha's acht ye?*' you say to one of them; and you think you are talking Scotch. No, no; *acht* is only the old English for possession: isn't '*Wha's acht ye?*' shorter and pithier than '*To whom do you belong?*'"

"Oh, certainly!" says the meek disciple: the recall of the boys from Surrey is obviously decided on.

"And *speir* for *inquire;* and *ferly* for *wonderful;* and *tyne* for *lose;* and *fey* for *about to die;* and *reek* for *smoke;* and *menseful* for *becoming;* and *belyve*, and *fere*, and *biggan*, and such words. Ye call them Scotch? Oh no, ma'am; they are English; ye find them in all the old English writers, and they are the best of English, too; a great deal better than the Frenchified stuff that your Southern English has become."

Not for worlds would the Laird have wounded the patriotic sensitiveness of this gentle friend of his from the South; but, indeed, she had surely nothing to complain of in his insisting to an Englishwoman on the value of thorough English.

"I thought," says she, demurely, "that the Scotch had a good many French words in it."

The Laird pretends not to hear: he is so deeply interested in the steamer which is now coming over the smooth waters of the bay. But, having announced that there are a great many people on board, he returns to his discourse.

"Ah'm sure of this, too," says he, "that in the matter of pronunciation the Lowland Scotch have preserved the best English: you can see that *faither*, and *twelmonth*, and *twa*, and such words, are nearer the original Anglo-Saxon—"

His hearers had been taught to shudder at the phrase Anglo-Saxon—without exactly knowing why. But who could withstand the authority of the Laird? Moreover, we see relief drawing near; the steamer's paddles are throbbing in the still afternoon.

"If ye turn to 'Piers the Plowman,'" continues the indefatigable Denny-mains, "ye will find Langland writing—

'And a fewe Cruddes and Crayme.'

Why, it is the familiar phrase of our Scotch children!—Do ye think they would say *curds?* And then, *fewe.* I am not sure, but I imagine we Scotch are only making use of old English when we make certain forms of food plural. We say 'a few broth;' we speak of porridge as 'they.' Perhaps that is a survival too, eh?"

"Oh yes, certainly. But please mind the ropes, Sir," observes his humble pupil, careful of her master's physical safety. For at this moment the steamer is slowing in the quay, and the men have the ropes ready to fling ashore.

"Not," remarks the Laird, prudently backing away from the edge of the pier, "that I would say any thing of these matters to your young English friend; certainly not. No doubt she prefers the Southern English she has been accustomed to. But, bless me! just to think that she should judge of our Scotch tongue by the way they Edinburgh bodies speak!"

"It is sad, is it not?" remarks his companion—but all her attention is now fixed on the crowd of people swarming to the side of the steamer.

"And, indeed," the Laird explains, to close the subject, "it is only a hobby of mine—only a hobby. Ye may have noticed that I do not use those words in my own speech, though I value them. No, I will not force any Scotch on the young leddy. As ah say, ah have often been taken for an Englishman maself, both at home and abroad."

And now—and now—the great steamer is in at the quay; the gangways are run over; there is a thronging up the paddle-boxes, and eager faces on shore scan equally eager faces on board—each pair of eyes looking for that other pair of eyes to flash

a glad recognition. And where is she—the flower of womankind, the possessor of all virtue and grace and courage, the wonder of the world? The Laird shares in our excitement. He, too, scans the crowd eagerly. He submits to be hustled by the porters; he hears nothing of the roaring of the steam, for is she not coming ashore at last? And we know—or guess—that he is looking out for some splendid creature, some Boadicea with stately tread and imperious mien, some Jephtha's daughter with proud death in her eyes, some Rosamond of our modern days with a glory of loveliness on her face and hair. And we know that the master who has been lecturing us for half an hour on our disgraceful neglect of pure English will not shock the sensitive Southern ear by any harsh accent of the North, but will address her in beautiful and courtly strains, in tones such as Edinburgh never knew. Where is the queen of womankind, amid all this commonplace, hurrying, loquacious crowd?

And then the Laird, with a quick amazement in his eyes, sees a small and insignificant person—he only catches a glimpse of a black dress and a white face—suddenly clasped round in the warm embrace of her friend. He stares for a second, and then he exclaims—apparently to himself:

"Dear me! What a shilpit bit thing!"

Pale—slight—delicate—tiny: surely such a master of idiomatic English can not have forgotten the existence of these words. But this is all he cries to himself, in his surprise and wonder:

"Dear me! What a shilpit bit thing!"

CHAPTER II.

MARY AVON.

THE bright, frank laugh of her face! the friendly, unhesitating, affectionate look in those soft black eyes! He forgot all about Rosamond and Boadicea when he was presented to this "shilpit" person. And when, instead of the usual ceremony of introduction, she bravely put her hand in his, and said she had often heard of him from their common friend, he did not notice that she was rather plain. He did not even stop to consider in what degree her Southern accent might be improved by residence amongst the preservers of pure English. He was anxious to know if she was not greatly tired. He hoped the sea had been smooth as the steamer came past Easdale. And her luggage—should he look after her luggage for her?

But Miss Avon was an expert traveller, and quite competent to look after her own luggage. Even as he spoke, it was being hoisted on to the wagonette.

"You will let me drive?" says she, eying critically the two shaggy, farm-looking animals.

"Indeed I shall do nothing of the kind," says her hostess, promptly.

But there was no disappointment at all on her face as we drove away through the golden evening—by the side of the murmuring shore, past the overhanging fir wood, up and across the high land commanding a view of the wide western seas. There was instead a look of such intense delight that we knew, however silent the lips might be, that the bird-soul was singing within. Every thing charmed her—the cool sweet air, the scent of the sea-weed, the glow on the mountains out there in the west. And as she chattered her delight to us, like a bird escaped from its prison, and glad to get into the sunlight and free air again, the Laird sat mute, and listened. He watched the frank, bright, expressive face. He followed and responded to her every mood, with a sort of fond paternal indulgence that almost prompted him to take her hand. When she smiled, he laughed. When she talked seriously, he looked concerned. He was entirely forgetting that she was a "shilpit bit thing;" and he would have admitted that the Southern way of speaking English—although, no doubt, fallen away from the traditions of the Northumbrian dialect—had, after all, a certain music in it that made it pleasant to the ear.

Up the hill, then, with a flourish for the last!—the dust rolling away in clouds behind us, the view over the Atlantic widening as we ascend. And here is Castle Osprey, as we have dubbed the place, with its wide-open door, and its walls half hidden with tree-fuchsias, and its great rose garden. Had Fair Rosamond herself come to Castle Osprey that evening, she could not have been waited on with greater solicitude than the Laird showed in assisting this "shilpit bit thing" to alight—though, indeed, there was a slight stumble, of which no one took any notice at

the time. He busied himself with her luggage quite unnecessarily. He suggested a cup of tea, though it wanted but fifteen minutes to dinner-time. He assured her that the glass was rising—which was not the case. And when she was being hurried off to her own room to prepare for dinner—by one who rules her household with a rod of iron—he had the effrontery to tell her to take her own time: dinner could wait. The man actually proposed to keep dinner waiting—in Castle Osprey!

That this was love at first sight, who could doubt? And perhaps the nimble brain of one who was at this moment hurriedly dressing in her own room—and whom nature has constituted an indefatigable match-maker—may have been considering whether this rich old bachelor might not marry, after all. And if he were to marry, why should not he marry the young lady in whom he seemed to have taken so sudden and warm an interest? And as for her: Mary Avon was now two or three and twenty; she was not likely to prove attractive to young men; her small fortune was scarcely worth considering; she was almost alone in the world. Older men had married younger women. The Laird had neither kith nor kin to inherit Denny-mains and his very substantial fortune. And would they not see plenty of each other on board the yacht?

But in her heart of hearts the schemer knew better. She knew that the romance chapter in the Laird's life—and a bitter chapter it was—had been finished and closed and put away many and many a year ago. She knew how the great disappointment of his life had failed to sour him; how he was ready to share among friends and companions the large and generous heart that should never have been laid at the feet of a jilt; how his keen and active interest, that might have been confined to his children and his children's children, was now devoted to a hundred things—the planting at Denny-mains, the great heresy case, the patronage of young artists, even the preservation of pure English, and what not. And that fortunate young gentleman—ostensibly his nephew—whom he had sent to Harrow and to Cambridge, who was now living a very easy life in the Middle Temple, and who would no doubt come in for Denny-mains? Well, we knew a little about that young man, too. We knew why the Laird, when he found that both the boy's father and mother were dead, adopted him, and educated him, and got him to call him uncle. He had taken under his care the son of the woman who had jilted him five-and-thirty years ago: the lad had his mother's eyes.

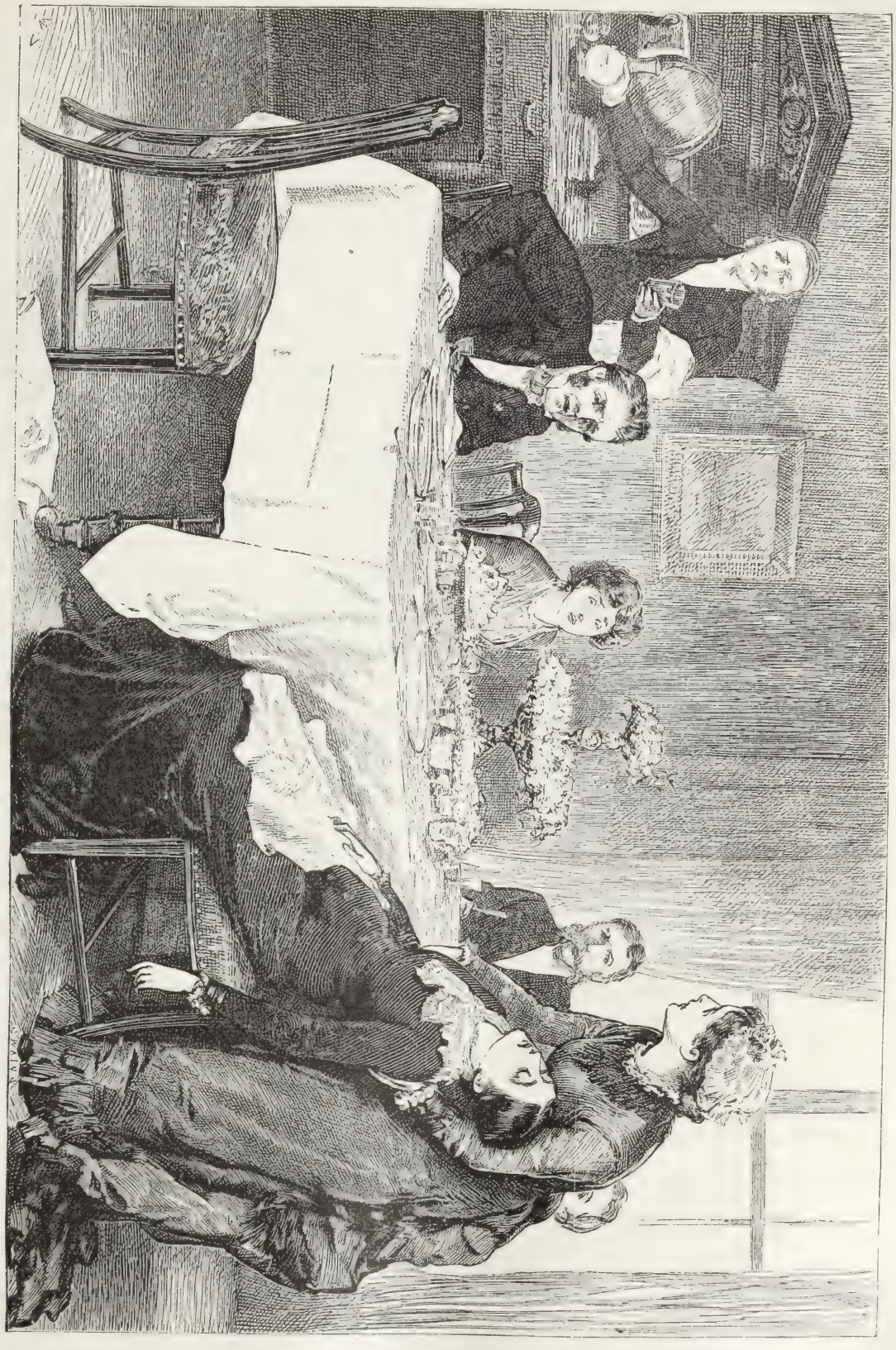
And now we are assembled in the drawing-room—all except the new guest; and the glow of the sunset is shining in at the open windows. The Laird is eagerly proving to us that the change from the cold east winds of Edinburgh to the warm westerly winds of the Highlands must make an immediate change in the young lady's face, and declaring that she ought to go on board the yacht at once, and asserting that the ladies' cabin on board the *White Dove* is the most beautiful little cabin he ever saw, when—

When, behold! at the open door, meeting the glow of the sunshine, appears a figure, dressed all in black velvet, plain and unadorned but for a broad belt of gold fringe that comes round the neck and crosses the bosom. And above that again is a lot of white muslin stuff, on which the small, shapely, smooth-dressed head seems gently to rest. The plain black velvet dress gives a certain importance and substantiality to the otherwise slight figure; the broad fringe of gold glints and gleams as she moves toward us; but who can even think of these things when he meets the brave glance of Mary Avon's eyes? She was humming, as she came down the stair:

"O think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa;
For I'll come and see ye, in spite o' them a'."

We might have known it was the bird-soul come among us.

Now the manner in which the Laird of Denny-mains set about capturing the affections of this innocent young thing, as he sat opposite her at dinner, would have merited severe reproof in one of less mature age, and might, indeed, have been followed by serious consequences but for the very decided manner in which Miss Avon showed that she could take care of herself. Whoever heard Mary Avon laugh would have been assured. And she did laugh a good deal; for the Laird, determined to amuse her, was relating a series of anecdotes, which he called "good ones," and which seemed to have afforded great enjoyment to the people of the south of



"BLESS ME! LASSIE!"

Scotland during the last century or so. There was in especial a Highland steward of a steamer about whom a vast number of these stories was told; and if the point was at times rather difficult to catch, who could fail to be tickled by the Laird's own and obvious enjoyment? "There was another good one, Miss Avon," he would say; and then the bare memory of the great facetiousness of the anecdote would break out in such half-suppressed guffaws as altogether to stop the current of the narrative. Miss Avon laughed—we could not quite tell whether it was at the Highland steward or the Laird—until the tears ran down her cheeks. Dinner was scarcely thought of. It was a disgraceful exhibition.

"There was another good one about

Homesh," said the Laird, vainly endeavoring to suppress his laughter. "He came up on deck one enormously hot day, and looked ashore, and saw some cattle standing knee-deep in a pool of water. Says he—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!—says he—says he, '*A wish a wass a stot!*'—he! he! he!—ho! ho! ho!"

Of course we all laughed heartily, and Mary Avon more than any of us; but if she had gone down on her knees and sworn that she knew what the point of the story was, we should not have believed her. But the Laird was delighted. He went on with his good ones. The mythical Homesh and his idiotic adventures became portentous. The very servants could scarcely carry the dishes straight.

But in the midst of it all the Laird suddenly let his knife and fork drop on his plate, and stared. Then he quickly exclaimed:

"Bless me! lassie!"

We saw in a second what had occasioned his alarm. The girl's face had become ghastly white; and she was almost falling away from her chair, when her hostess, who happened to spring to her feet first, caught her, and held her, and called for water. What could it mean? Mary Avon was not of the sighing and fainting fraternity.

And presently she came to herself, and faintly making apologies, would go from the room. It was her ankle, she murmured, with the face still white from pain. But when she tried to rise, she fell back again: the agony was too great. And so we had to carry her.

About ten minutes thereafter the mistress of the house came back to the Laird, who had been sitting by himself, in great concern.

"That girl! that girl!" she exclaims, and one might almost imagine there are tears in her eyes. "Can you fancy such a thing! She twists her ankle in getting down from the wagonette, brings back the old sprain—perhaps lames herself for life—and, in spite of the pain, sits here laughing and joking, so that she may not spoil our first evening together! Did you ever hear of such a thing? Sitting here laughing, with her ankle swelled so that I had to cut the boot off!"

"Gracious me!" says the Laird; "is it as bad as that?"

"And if she should become permanently lame, why—why—"

But was she going to make an appeal direct to the owner of Denny-mains? If the younger men were not likely to marry a lame little white-faced girl, that was none of his business. The Laird's marrying days had departed five-and-thirty years before.

However, we had to finish our dinner somehow, in consideration to our guest. And then the surgeon came, and bound up the foot and ankle hard and fast; and Miss Avon, with a thousand meek apologies for being so stupid, declared again and again that her foot would be all right in the morning, and that we must get ready to start. And when her friend assured her that this preliminary canter of the yacht might just as well be put off for a few days—until, for example, that young doctor from Edinburgh came who had been invited to go a proper cruise with us—her distress was so great that we had to promise to start next day punctually at ten. And so she sent us down again to amuse the Laird.

But, hark! what is this we hear, just as Denny-mains is having his whiskey and hot water brought in? It is a gay voice humming on the stairs:

"By the margin of fair Zürich's waters."

"That girl!" cries her hostess, angrily, as she jumps to her feet.

But the door opens, and here is Mary Avon, with calm self-possession, making her way to a chair.

"I knew you wouldn't believe me," says she, coolly, "if I did not come down. I tell you my foot is as well as may be; and Dot-and-carry-one will get down to the yacht in the morning as easily as any of you. And that last story about Homesh," she says to the Laird, with a smile in the soft black eyes that must have made his heart jump—"really, Sir, you must tell me the ending of that story; it was so stupid of me!"

"Shilpit" she may have been; but the Laird, for one, was beginning to believe that this girl had the courage and nerve of a dozen men.

CHAPTER III.

UNDER WAY.

THE first eager glance out on this brilliant and beautiful morning; and behold! it is all a wonder of blue seas and blue

skies that we find before us, with Lismore lying golden-green in the sunlight, and the great mountains of Mull and Morven shining with the pale ethereal colors of the dawn. And what are the rhymes that are ringing through one's brain—the echo of something heard far away among the islands—the islands that await our coming in the west?

"O land of red heather!
O land of wild weather,
And the cry of the waves, and the laugh of the breeze!
O love, now, together
Through the wind and wild weather
We spread our white wings to encounter the seas!"

Up and out, laggards, now; and hoist this big red and blue and white thing up to the head of the tall pole, that the lads far below may know to send the gig ashore for us! And there, on the ruffled blue waters of the bay, behold! the noble *White Dove*, with her great mainsail and mizzen and jib, all set and glowing in the sun; and the scarlet caps of the men are like points of fire in this fair blue picture; and the red ensign is fluttering in the light northwesterly breeze. Breakfast is hurried over; and a small person who has a passion for flowers is dashing hither and thither in the garden until she has amassed an armful of our old familiar friends—abundant roses, fuchsias, heart's-ease, various colored columbine, and masses of southernwood to scent our floating saloon; the wagonette is at the door, to take our invalid down to the landing-slip; and the Laird has discarded his dignified costume, and appears in a shooting-coat and a vast gray wide-awake. As for Mary Avon, she is laughing, chatting, singing, here, there, and every where—giving us to understand that a sprained ankle is rather a pleasure than otherwise, and a great assistance in walking; until the Laird pounces upon her—as one might pounce on a butterfly—and imprisons her in the wagonette, with many a serious warning about her imprudence. There let her sing to herself as she likes, amid the wild confusion of things forgotten till the last moment, and thrust upon us just as we start.

And here is the stalwart and brown-bearded Captain John—John of Skye we call him—himself come ashore in the gig, in all his splendor of blue and brass buttons; and he takes off his peaked cap to the mistress of our household—whom some of her friends call Queen Titania, because of her midge-like size—and he says to her, with a smile,

"And will Mrs. —— herself be going with us this time?"

That is Captain John's chief concern; for he has a great regard for this domineering small woman; and shows his respect for her, and his own high notions of courtesy, by invariably addressing her in the third person.

"Oh yes, John!" says she—and she can look pleasant enough when she likes; "and this is a young friend of mine, Miss Avon, whom you have to take great care of on board."

And Captain John takes off his cap again, and is understood to tell the young lady that he will do his best, if she will excuse his not knowing much English. Then, with great care, and with some difficulty, Miss Avon is assisted down from the wagonette, and conducted along the rough little landing-slip, and helped into the stern of the shapely and shining gig. Away with her, boys! The splash of the oars is heard in the still bay; the shore recedes; the white sails seem to rise higher into the blue sky as we near the yacht: here is the black hull with its line of gold—the gangway open—the ropes ready—the white decks clear and shining. We are on board at last.

"And where will Mr. —— himself be for going?" asks John of Skye, as the men are hauling the gig up to the davits.

Mr. —— briefly but seriously explains to the captain that, from some slight experience of the winds on this coast, he has found it of about as much use to order the tides to be changed as to settle upon any definite route. But he suggests the circumnavigation of Mull as a sort of preliminary canter for a few days, until a certain notable guest shall arrive; and he would prefer going by the south, if the honorable winds will permit. Further, John of Skye is not to be afraid of a bit of sea on account of either of those ladies; both are excellent sailors. With these somewhat vague instructions, Captain John is left to get the yacht under way; and we go below to look after the stowage of our things in the various state-rooms.

And what is this violent altercation going on in the saloon?

"I will not have a word said against my captain," says Mary Avon. "I am in love with him already. His English is perfectly correct."

This impertinent minx talking about correct English in the presence of the Laird of Denny-mains!

"'Mrs. —— herself' is perfectly correct; it is only politeness; it is like saying 'Your Grace' to a duke."

But who was denying it? Surely not the imperious little woman who was arranging her flowers on the saloon table; nor yet Denny-mains, who was examining a box of variegated and recondite fishing tackle?

"It is all very well for fine ladies to laugh at the blunders of servant-maids," continues this audacious girl. "'Miss Brown presents her compliments to Miss Smith; and would you be so kind,' and so on. But don't they often make the same blunder themselves?"

Well, this was a discovery!

"Doesn't Mrs. So-and-So or Lady So-and-So request the honor of the company of Mr. So-and-So or Miss So-and-So; and then you find at the corner of the card '*R. S. V. P.?*' Answer, if YOU please!"

The darkness of a stricken conscience fell on us. This girl was right.

But her triumph makes her considerate. She will not harry us with scorn.

"It is becoming far less common now, however," she remarks. "'An answer is requested,' is much more sensible."

"It is English," says the Laird, with decision. "Surely it must be more sensible for an English person to write English. Ah never use a French word maself."

But what is the English that we hear now—called out on deck by the voice of John of Skye?

"Eachan, slack the lee topping-lift! Ay, and the tackle too. That 'll do, boys. Down with your main-tack now!"

"Why," exclaims our sovereign mistress, who knows something of nautical matters, "we must have started!"

Then there is a tumbling up the companionway; and lo! the land is slowly leaving us, and there is a lapping of the blue water along the side of the boat, and the white sails of the *White Dove* are filled with this gentle breeze. Deck-stools are arranged, books and field-glasses and what not scattered about; Mary Avon is helped on deck, and ensconced in a snug little camp-chair. The days of our summer idleness have begun.

And as yet these are but familiar scenes that steal slowly by: the long green island of Lismore—*Lios-mor*, the Great Garden; the dark ruins of Duart, sombre as if the shadow of nameless tragedies rested on the crumbling walls; Loch Don, with its sea-bird-haunted shallows, and Loch Speliv, leading up to the awful solitudes of Glen More; and then, stretching far into the wreathing clouds, the long rampart of precipices, rugged and barren and lonely, that form the eastern wall of Mull.

There is no monotony; the scene changes every moment, as the light breeze bears us away to the south. For there is the Sheep Island; and Garveloch—which is the rough island; and Eilean-na-naomha—which is the Island of the Saints. But what are these to the small transparent cloud resting on the horizon?—smaller than any man's hand. And the day is still, and the seas are smooth: can not we hear the mermaiden singing on the far shores of Colonsay?

"Colonsay!" exclaims the Laird, seizing a field-glass. "Dear me! Is that Colonsay? And they telled me that Tom Galbraith was going there this very year."

The piece of news fails to startle us altogether, though we have heard the Laird speak of Mr. Galbraith before.

"Ay," says he, "the world will know something o' Colonsay when Tom Galbraith gets there."

"Whom did you say?" Miss Avon asks.

"Why, Galbraith," says he. "Tom Galbraith."

The Laird stares in amazement. Is it possible she has not heard of Tom Galbraith? And she herself an artist, and coming direct from Edinburgh, where she has been living for two whole months!

"Gracious me!" says the Laird. "Ye do not say ye have never heard of Galbraith? He's an Academeecian—a Scottish Academeecian!"

"Oh yes; no doubt," she says, rather bewildered.

"There is no one living has had such an influence on our Scotch school of painters as Galbraith—a man of great abeelity—a man of great and uncommon abeelity; he is one of the most famous painters of our day."

"I scarcely met any one in Edinburgh," she pleads.

"But in London—in London!" exclaims the astonished Laird. "Do ye mean to say you never heard o' Tom Galbraith?"

"I—I think not," she confesses. "I—I don't remember his name in the Academy catalogue—"

"The Royal Academy!" cries the Laird, with scorn. "No, no. Ye need not expect that. The English Academy is afraid of the Scotchmen: their pictures are too strong: you do not put good honest whiskey beside small beer. I say the English Academy is afraid of the Scotch school—"

But flesh and blood can stand this no longer: we shall not have Mary Avon trampled upon.

"Look here, Denny-mains: we always thought there was a Scotchman or two in the Royal Academy itself—and quite capable of holding their own there too. Why, the President of the Academy is a Scotchman! And as for the Academy exhibition, the very walls are smothered with Scotch hills, Scotch spates, Scotch peasants, to say nothing of the thousand herring-smacks of Tarbert."

"I tell ye they are afraid of Tom Galbraith; they will not exhibit one of his pictures," says the Laird, stubbornly. And here the discussion is closed; for Master Fred tinkles his bell below, and we have to go down for luncheon.

It was most unfair of the wind to take advantage of our absence, and to sneak off, leaving us in a dead calm. It was all very well, when we came on deck again, to watch the terns darting about in their swallow-like fashion, and swooping down to seize a fish; and the strings of sea-pyots whirring by, with their scarlet beaks and legs; and the sudden shimmer and hissing of a part of the blue plain, where a shoal of mackerel had come to the surface; but where were we, now in the open Atlantic, to pass the night? We relinquished the doubling of the Ross of Mull; we should have been content—more than content, for certain reasons*—to have put into Carsaig; we were beginning even to have ignominious thoughts of Loch Buy. And yet we let the golden evening draw on with comparative resignation; and we watched the color gathering in the west, and the Atlantic taking darker hues, and a ruddy tinge beginning to tell on the seamed ridges of Garveloch and the Isle of Saints. When the wind sprung up again—it had backed to due west, and we had to beat against it with a series of long tacks, that took us down within sight of Islay and back to Mull apparently all for nothing—we were deeply engaged in prophesying all manner of things to be achieved by one Angus Sutherland, an old friend of ours, though yet a young man enough.

"Just fancy, Sir!" says our hostess to the Laird—the Laird, by-the-way, does not seem so enthusiastic as the rest of us when he hears that this hero of modern days is about to join our party. "What he has done beats all that I ever heard about Scotch University students; and you know what some of them have done in the face of difficulties. His father is a minister in some small place in Banffshire; perhaps he has £200 a year at the outside. This son of his has not cost him a farthing for either his maintenance or his education since he was fourteen; he took bursaries, scholarships, I don't know what, when he was a mere lad; supported himself and travelled all over Europe; but I think it was at Leipsic and at Vienna he studied longest; and the papers he has written, the lectures, and the correspondence with all the great scientific people! When they made him a Fellow, all he said was, 'I wish my mother was alive.'"

This was rather an incoherent and jumbled account of a young man's career.

"A Fellow of what!" says the Laird.

"A Fellow of the Royal Society! They made him a Fellow of the Royal Society last year! And he is only seven-and-twenty! I do believe he was not over one-and-twenty when he took his degree at Edinburgh. And then—and then—there is really nothing that he doesn't know: is there, Mary?"

This sudden appeal causes Mary Avon to flush slightly; but she says, demurely, looking down,

"Of course I don't know any thing that he doesn't know."

"Hm!" says the Laird, who does not seem overpleased. "I have observed that young men who are too brilliant at the first, seldom come to much afterward. Has he gained any thing substantial? Has he a good practice? Does he keep his carriage yet?"

"No, no!" says our hostess, with a fine contempt for such things. "He has a higher ambition than that. His practice is almost nothing. He prefers to sacrifice that in the mean time. But his repu-

* A health to you, madam!—and to the Laird too; and may you live long and prosper! But, alas! alas! those rocks! We were always afraid.

tation—among the scientific—why—why, it is European!"

"Hm!" says the Laird. "I have sometimes seen that persons who gave themselves up to erudeetion lost the character of human beings altogether. They become scientific machines. The world is just made up of books for them—and lectures; they would not give a halfpenny to a beggar for fear of poleetical economy—"

"Oh, how can you say such a thing of Angus Sutherland!" says she, though he has said no such thing of Angus Sutherland. "Why, here is this girl who goes to Edinburgh—all by herself—to nurse an old woman in her last illness; and as Angus Sutherland is in Edinburgh on some business—connected with the University, I believe—I ask him to call on her and see if he can give her any advice. What does he do? He stops in Edinburgh two months—editing that scientific magazine there instead of in London—and all because he has taken an interest in the old woman, and thinks that Mary should not have the whole responsibility on her shoulders. Is that like a scientific machine?"

"No," says the Laird, with a certain calm grandeur: "you do not often find young men doing that for the sake of an old woman." But of course we don't know what he means.

"And I am so glad he is coming to us!" says she, with real delight in her face. "We shall take him away from his microscopes, and his societies, and all that. Oh, and he is such a delightful companion—so simple, and natural, and straightforward! Don't you think so, Mary?"

Mary Avon is understood to assent: she does not say much—she is so deeply interested in a couple of porpoises that appear from time to time on the smooth plain of the sea.

"I am sure a long holiday would do him a world of good," says this eager hostess; "but that is too much to expect. He is always too busy. I think he has got to go over to Italy soon, about some exhibition of surgical instruments, or something of that sort."

We had plenty of further talk about Angus Sutherland, and of the wonderful future that lay before him, that evening before we finally put into Loch Buy. And there we dined; and after dinner we found the wan, clear twilight filling the northern heavens, over the black range of mountains, and throwing a silver glare on the smooth sea around us. We could have read on deck at eleven at night, had that been necessary; but Mary Avon was humming snatches of songs to us, and the Laird was discoursing of the wonderful influence exerted on Scotch landscape art by Tom Galbraith. Then in the south the yellow moon rose; and a golden lane of light lay on the sea, from the horizon across to the side of the yacht; and there was a strange glory on the decks and on the tall, smooth masts. The peace of that night!—the soft air, the silence, the dreamy lapping of the water!

"And whatever lies before Angus Sutherland," says one of us—"whether a baronetcy, or a big fortune, or a marriage with an Italian princess, he won't find any thing better than a cruise in the *White Dove*."

CHAPTER IV.

A MESSAGE.

WHAT fierce commotion is this that awakes us in the morning—what pandemonium broken loose of wild storm-sounds—with the stately *White Dove*, ordinarily the most sedate and gentle of her sex, apparently gone mad, and flinging herself about as if bent on somersaults? When one clambers up the companion-way, clinging hard, and puts one's head out into the gale, behold! there is not a trace of land visible any where—nothing but whirling clouds of mist and rain; and mountain masses of waves that toss the *White Dove* about as if she were a plaything; and decks all running wet with the driven spray. John of Skye, clad from head to heel in black oil-skins—and at one moment up in the clouds, the next moment descending into the great trough of the sea—hangs on to the rope that is twisted round the tiller, and laughs a good-morning, and shakes the salt-water from his shaggy eyebrows and beard.

"Hallo! John—where on earth have we got to?"

"Ay, ay, Sir."

"I say, WHERE ARE WE?" is shouted, for the roar of the rushing Atlantic is deafening.

"'Deed I not think we are far from Loch Buy," says John of Skye, grimly. "The wind is dead ahead of us—ay, shist dead ahead!"

"What made you come out against a head-wind, then?"

"When we cam' out," says John, picking his English, "the wind will be from the norse—ay, a fine light breeze from the norse. And will Mr. —— himself be for going on now?—it is a ferry bad sea for the leddies—a ferry coorse sea."

But it appears that this conversation—bawled aloud—has been overheard. There are voices from below. The sky-light of the ladies' cabin is partly open.

"Don't mind us," calls Mary Avon. "Go on, by all means!"

The other voice calls:

"Why can't you keep this fool of a boat straight? Ask him when we shall be into the Sound of Iona."

One might as well ask him when we shall be into the Sound of Jericho or Jerusalem. With half a gale of wind right in our teeth, and with the heavy Atlantic swell running, we might labor here all day—and all the night too—without getting round the Ross of Mull. There is nothing for it but to turn and run, that we may have our breakfast in peace. Let her away, then, you brave John of Skye! —slack out the main-sheet, and give her plenty of it, too: then at the same moment Sandy from Islay perceives that a haul at the weather topping-lift will clear the boom from the davits; and now—and now, good Master Fred—our much-esteemed and shifty Friedrich d'or—if you will but lay the cloth on the table, we will help you to steady the dancing phantasmagoria of plates and forks!

"Dear me!" says the Laird, when we are assembled together, "it has been an awful night!"

"Oh, I hope you have not been ill!" says his hostess, with a quick concern in the soft clear eyes.

He does not look as if he had suffered much. He is contentedly chipping an egg, and withal keeping an eye on the things near him, for the *White Dove*, still plunging a good deal, threatens at times to make of every thing on the table a movable feast.

"Oh no, ma'am, not ill," he says. "But at my time of life, ye see, one is not as light in weight as one used to be; and the way I was flung about in that cabin last night was just extraordinary. When I was trying to put on my boots this morning, I am sure I resembled nothing so much as a pea in a bladder—indeed, it was so—I was knocked about like a pea in a bladder."

Of course we expressed great sympathy, and assured him that the *White Dove*—famed all along this coast for her sober and steady-going behavior—would never act so any more.

"However," said he, thoughtfully, "the wakefulness of the night is often of use to people. Yes, I have come to a decision."

We were somewhat alarmed: was he going to leave us merely because of this bit of tossing?

"I dare say ye know, ma'am," says he, slowly, "that I am one of the Commissioners of the Burgh of Strathgovan. It is a poseetion of grave responsibility. This very question now—about our getting a steam fire-engine—has been weighing on my mind for many a day. Well, I have decided I will no longer oppose it. They may have the steam fire-engine, as far as I am concerned."

We felt greatly relieved.

"Yes," continued the Laird, solemnly, "I think I am doing my duty in this matter as a public man should—laying aside his personal prejudice. But the cost of it! Do ye know that we shall want bigger nozzles to all the fire-plugs?"

Matters were looking grave again.

"However," said the Laird, cheerfully —for he would not depress us too much— "it may all turn out for the best; and I will telegraph my decision to Strathgovan as soon as ever the storm allows us to reach a port."

The storm, indeed! When we scramble up on deck again, we find that it is only a brisk sailing breeze we have; and the *White Dove* is bowling merrily along, flinging high the white spray from her bows. And then we begin to see that, despite those driving mists around us, there is really a fine clear summer day shining far above this twopenny-halfpenny tempest. The whirling mists break here and there, and we catch glimpses of a placid blue sky, flecked with lines of motionless cirrous cloud. The breaks increase; floods of sunshine fall on the gleaming decks; clearer and clearer become the vast precipices of southern Mull; and then, when we get well to the lee of Eilean-straid-ean, behold! the blue seas around us once more, and the blue skies overhead, and the red ensign fluttering in the summer breeze. No wonder that Mary Avon sings her delight—as a linnet sings after the rain; and

though the song is not meant for us at all, but is really hummed to herself as she clings on to the shrouds and watches the flashing and dipping of the white-winged gulls, we know that it is all about a jolly young waterman. The audacious creature: John of Skye has a wife and four children.

Too quickly, indeed, does the fair summer day go by—as we pass the old familiar Duart, and begin to beat up the Sound of Mull against a fine light sailing breeze. By the time we have reached Ardtornish, the Laird has acquired some vague notion as to how the gaff top-sail is set. Opposite the dark green woods of Funeray, he tells us of the extraordinary faculty possessed by Tom Galbraith of representing the texture of foliage. At Salen we have Master Fred's bell summoning us down to lunch; and thereafter, on deck, coffee, draughts, crochet, and a profoundly interesting description of some of the knotty points in the great Semple heresy case. And here again, as we bear away over almost to the mouth of Loch Sunart, is the open Atlantic—of a breezy gray under the lemon-color and silver of the calm evening sky. What is the use of going on against this contrary wind, and missing, in the darkness of the night, all the wonders of the western islands that the Laird is anxious to see? We resolve to run into Tobermory; and by-and-by we find ourselves under the shadow of the wooded rocks, with the little white town shining along the semicircle of the bay. And very cleverly indeed does John of Skye cut in among the various craft—showing off a little bit, perhaps—until the *White Dove* is brought up to the wind, and the great anchor cable goes out with a roar.

Now it was by the merest accident that we got at Tobermory a telegram that had been forwarded that very day to meet us on our return voyage. There was no need for any one to go ashore, for we were scarcely in port before a most praiseworthy gentleman was so kind as to send us on board a consignment of fresh flowers, vegetables, milk, eggs, and so forth—the very things that become of inestimable value to yachting people. However, we had two women on board; and of course—despite a certain bandaged ankle—they must needs go shopping. And Mary Avon, when we got ashore, would buy some tobacco for her favorite Captain John; and went into the post-office for that purpose, and was having the black stuff measured out by the yard, when some mention was made of the *White Dove*. Then a question was asked; there was a telegram; it was handed to Miss Avon, who opened it and read it.

"Oh!" said she, looking rather concerned; and then she regarded her friend with some little hesitation.

"It is my uncle," she says; "he wants to see me on very urgent business. He is—coming—to see me—the day after to-morrow."

Blank consternation followed this announcement. This person, even though he was Mary Avon's sole surviving relative, was quite intolerable to us. East Wind we had called him in secret, on the few occasions on which he had darkened our doors. And just as we were making up our happy family party—with the Laird, and Mary, and Angus Sutherland—to sail away to the far Hebrides, here was this insufferable creature—with his raucous voice, his washed-out eyes, his cropped yellow-white hair, his supercilious manner, his bull-dog face, and general groom or butler-like appearance—thrusting himself on us!

"Well, you know, Mary," says her hostess, entirely concealing her dismay in her anxious politeness, "we shall almost certainly be home by the day after to-morrow, if we get any wind at all. So you had better telegraph to your uncle to come on to Castle Osprey, and to wait for you if you are not there; we can not be much longer than that. And Angus Sutherland will be there; he will keep him company until we arrive."

So that was done, and we went on board again—one of us meanwhile vowing to himself that ere ever Mr. Frederick Smethurst set sail with us on board the *White Dove*, a rifle-bullet through her hull would send that gallant vessel to the lobsters.

Now what do you think our Mary Avon set to work to do—all during this beautiful summer evening, as we sat on deck and eyed curiously the other craft in the bay, or watched the firs grow dark against the silver-yellow twilight? We could not at first make out what she was driving at. Her occupation in the world, so far as she had any—beyond being the pleasantest of companions and the faithfulest of friends—was the painting of

landscapes in oil, not the construction of Frankenstein monsters. But here she begins by declaring to us that there is one type of character that has never been described by any satirist or dramatist or fictionist—a common type, too, though only becoming pronounced in rare instances. It is the moral Tartuffe, she declares—the person who is through and through a hypocrite, not to cloak evil doings, but only that his eager love of approbation may be gratified. Look now how this creature of diseased vanity, of plausible manners, of pretentious humbug, rises out of the smoke like the figure summoned by a wizard's wand! As she gives us little touches here and there of the ways of this professor of *bonhomie*—this bundle of affectations—we begin to prefer the most diabolical villainy that any thousand of the really wicked Tartuffes could have committed. He grows and grows. His scraps of learning, as long as those more ignorant than himself are his audience; his mock humility anxious for praise; his parade of generous and sententious sentiment; his pretense—pretense—pretense—all arising from no evil machinations whatever, but from a pitiable and morbid and restless craving for esteem. Hence, horrible shadow! Let us put out the candles and get to bed.

But next morning, as we find ourselves out on the blue Atlantic again, with Runa-Gaul light-house left far behind, and the pale line of Coll at the horizon, we begin to see why the skill and patient assiduity of this amateur psychologist should have raised that ghost for us the night before. Her uncle is coming. He is not one of the plausible kind. And if it should be necessary to invite him on board, might we not the more readily tolerate his cynical rudeness, after we have been taught to abhor as the hatefulest of mortals the well-meaning hypocrite whose vanity makes his life a bundle of small lies? Very clever indeed, Miss Avon—very clever. But don't you raise any more ghosts; they are unpleasant company, even as an antidote.

And now, John of Skye, if it must be that we are to encounter this pestilent creature at the end of our voyage, clap on all sail now, and take us right royally down through these far islands of the west. Ah! do we not know them of old? Soon as we get round the Cailleach Point we descry the nearest of them amid the loneliness of the wide Atlantic sea. For there is Carnaburg, with her spur of rock; and Fladda, long and rugged and bare; and Lunga, with her peak; and the Dutchman's Cap—a pale blue in the south. How bravely the *White Dove* swings on her way—springing like a bird over the western swell! And as we get past Ru-Treshanish, behold! another group of islands—Gometra and the green-shored Ulva, that guard the entrance to Loch Tua; and Colonsay, the haunt of the sea-birds; and the rock of Erisgeir—all shining in the sun. And then we hear a strange sound, different from the light rush of the waves—a low and sullen and distant booming, such as one hears in a sea-shell. As the *White Dove* ploughs on her way we come nearer and nearer to this wonder of the deep—the ribbed and fantastic shores of Staffa; and we see how the great Atlantic rollers, making for the giant cliffs of Gribun and Burg, are caught by those outer rocks and torn into masses of white foam, and sent roaring and thundering into the blackness of the caves. We pass close by; the air trembles with the shock of that mighty surge; there is a mist of spray rising into the summer air. And then we sail away again; and the day wears on as the white-winged *White Dove* bounds over the heavy seas; and Mary Avon—as we draw near the Ross of Mull, all glowing in the golden evening—is singing a song of Ulva.

But there is no time for romance, as the *White Dove* (drawing eight feet of water) makes in for the shallow harbor outside Bunessan.

"Down foresail!" calls out our John of Skye; and by-and-by her head comes up to the wind, the great mainsail flapping in the breeze. And again, "Down chub, boys!" and there is another rattle and roar amid the silence of this solitary little bay. The herons croak their fright and fly away on heavy wing; the curlews whistle shrilly; the sea-pyots whir along the lonely shores. And then our good Friedrich d'or sounds his silver-toned bell.

The stillness of this summer evening on deck; the glory deepening over the wide Atlantic; the delightful laughter of the Laird over those "good ones" about Homesh; the sympathetic glance of Mary Avon's soft black eyes: did we not value them all the more that we knew we had

something far different to look forward to? Even as we idled away the beautiful and lambent night, we had a vague consciousness that our enemy was stealthily drawing near. In a day or two at the most we should find the grim spectre of the East Wind in the rose garden of Castle Osprey.

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.



CHAPTER VII.

"WELL, mother, and when are we to have that little talk you promised me, now nearly two weeks ago?"

"About what, my dear?"

"Surely you remember?"

A vexed look, passing like a shadow across the round, good-tempered face, showed that Mrs. Jardine did remember, though she would have been glad enough to pretend she did not, and to shirk the question.

"What, that entanglement of yours with the little Swiss girl? Oh, she has forgotten you by this time, depend upon it; and I was in hopes you had forgotten her."

"That was not likely. And I must beg of you not to call it 'an entanglement.' What I have to speak to you about is the very serious question of my marriage. You promised to consider it. I have waited, not merely a few days, but a whole fortnight, and you have never said a single word to me on the matter, which you must know is so very near my heart. It is rather hard, mother."

It was hard; and, to do the young man justice, he had behaved exceedingly well. Never sulky, never *distrait*, as is the manner of young men in love, he had set his mind steadily to do his best, had been at his mother's beck and call from morning till night, had gone with her wherever she wished, and done whatever she told him to do. He had, indeed, devoted himself to her and all her whims and ways with an earnestness rather pathetic, not from selfish motives, but from a sad, inward consciousness that however this difficulty ended, he could never be as much her son as he had been; never again live in the same house, nor even in the same town, for he was determined to quit Richerden, and begin a quite different life—the unworldly, heavenly life with *her!* "My son's my son till he gets him a wife," is a law of nature, inevitable under the best circumstances, but never painless; and Roderick's tender heart was so alive to this fact that it made him especially anxious to soften things to his mother as much as he could, before the change which he felt was coming.

But now her total silence, and the silence at Neuchâtel—for Monsieur Reynier had never answered his letter—made him desperate. The more so as he was an idler at home all day, without the staff of regular business work to sustain him. Richerden life—such as is generated in most mercantile communities where wealth, suddenly earned, results in a superficial veneering of luxury, not refinement—had always been distasteful to him; now it became positively obnoxious. How he hated that perpetual "worriting" over trivial outside things, instead of the large and calm simplicity which, let levellers say what they will, is oftenest found in people of good birth and education. A duke will ride in a second-class carriage, and a duchess come down to breakfast in a linsey gown, with a composure that would astonish your exigeant parvenu, who thinks his dignity compromised by any thing short of the most splendid equipage, most sumptuous of eating and drinking, and most magnificent of clothes. Roderick Jardine was no duke, only a gentleman, by nature as well as birth—for nature's gentlemen are born in all classes; but somehow he always felt himself at Richerden like a fish out of water;

and now it seemed as if another week of these dreary, idle forenoons and duller evenings, doing civility to a tableful of heavily eating, more heavily drinking men, and over-dressed, under-educated women, would nearly drive him mad.

Doubtless he judged harshly, and with the intolerance of youth. He did not see the under side of things—the anxious daily toil which inclined the men to enjoy to the uttermost their good things of this life, so hardly earned. He knew not the endless cares of the many kind and motherly hearts which beat warmly under those brilliant gowns. Just now Roderick was altogether "off the straight," and disposed to make no allowances for any body. He could endure, certainly; but even endurance has an end, and it had come now.

"Mother," he said, sitting down by her and taking her hand (it was a wet afternoon, and she had just sent the carriage away), "you promised to think it over—this matter so very near my heart. Have you done so? Will you give me your approval, and let me take your love and blessing with me to—to Neuchâtel?"

"And why? What may be your business at Neuchâtel?"

He turned bitterly away. "Mother, do you think I am a stone, that you try me so? You understand quite well, though you pretend to misunderstand. You know I am going to Neuchâtel to ask Mademoiselle Jardine to marry me."

"And then?"

A shrewd question, and pertinent; for, lover-like, man-like, he had not thought of any thing that was to happen afterward, neither his means of keeping a wife, nor the home he was to bring her to. His one idea was to secure the girl he loved for his own, to marry her, and then—*vogue la galère!* Winds and waves come to all men; no man is half a man who dares not slip anchor and face them bravely, with love in his heart and prudence at his helm. Still—

"And then?" repeated the mother.

"Then, I suppose, we shall be married."

"Might I inquire, what do you intend to marry upon?"

This question, hard and dry, was put after a whole minute's pause, during which mother and son faced one another, and recognized, perhaps for the first time, that each had the same strong will—an inherited quality, like others of the kind, which often make a struggle between parent and child so difficult and painful, because each is a reflection of the other. In this one only thing Roderick was liker his mother than his father. As they stood looking at one another, both felt that the contest, if contest there should arise, would not be a mere passage of arms, but actual war—war to the knife.

Roderick spoke at last, very quietly, after his habit; he was growing terribly quiet now:

"I have not considered the question of my income; but it keeps me, and is doubtless enough to keep a wife. You pay it so regularly that it is you who can best inform me its precise amount, and whence I draw it; for I should like naturally, from this time, to be as independent as possible."

"So you shall be, never fear, and much good may your independence do you! Roderick Jardine, since you will be such a fool, hear first what you have to look to. When I married your father, except that tumble-down place, Blackhall, he had not a halfpenny. I was daft to marry him, I know that; but I was young, and I was fond of him." Her voice trembled a little. "However, that's all past; and he was a good man, and a kind husband to me—always let me do as I liked with my own. For every thing was my own, and is still, and I will do as I like with it; mind that."

"Of course; who wishes to hinder you, mother?" said Roderick, gently; for the loud tongue was growing louder, and the red face redder. Self-restraint, he knew, was not one of his mother's characteristics: perhaps that was why he had been obliged to learn it himself.

"My money is my own" ("my ain," she pronounced it, dropping, as she always did in excitement, into the speech of her youth). "If ye vex me, and marry against my will, lad, ye may do the best ye can with that wretched hole, Blackhall; go and starve in the musty old rooms among the mice and rats, as I dare say your father would have liked to do; but ye'll get naething out o' me. I hae thousands—hundreds of thousands—to spend and to leave; but though you're my ain, only son, marry that woman, and I'll neither gie ye, nor leave ye, ae bawbee."

She thought she had overwhelmed him,

crushed him; but he stood there without any visible change in him, except a certain loftiness of carriage and brightness of eye.

"Don't let us quarrel over money matters, mother. As you say, do as you like with your own. If I have Blackhall, I shall be quite satisfied, and so will she."

"Then you mean to brave me, insult me, and marry her?"

"Not to insult you. But I certainly mean to marry her—if I can."

"With or without my consent?"

Roderick waited a minute, and then answered, in a very low tone: "Yes."

"Lad! lad! have ye gone clean daft? Do ye really mean what ye say?" For apparently until now, ever accustomed to entire and unquestioned authority, she had refused to believe him in earnest.

"I usually do mean what I say, mother, though I never say much—it is no use," Roderick answered, with a sigh. "What I asked of you was not money—you may give me much, or little, or none, just as you choose—but your consent to my marriage, which you refuse. Why? Give me your reasons."

Mrs. Jardine hesitated, probably because she really had no reason to give, except the common one to people of her temperament: "I've said it, and I'll stick to it."

"What reasons can you have?" pursued Roderick, speaking very gently. "You have never seen the young lady; you can have no personal feeling about her, one way or other. She is well born and bred, and remarkably well educated. The only exceptions you can possibly take against her are that she is, as I told you, not pretty"—and he smiled, "well, mother, that is my concern—and that she has no fortune. If I could I would have obviated that last difficulty by making over Blackhall to her at once, but I find I can not, as it is entailed upon heirs male. The small sum in ready money left me by Cousin Silence I shall settle upon her immediately, whether she is ever my wife or not, and glad am I that it should go to another Silence Jardine."

"It may go to the de'il for all I care," cried Mrs. Jardine, violently. "Do the best you can with your own, for nothing shall you ever get of mine. It's my duty to prevent your doing a mad thing if I can. All your sisters say so, and your brothers-in-law, and, indeed, every friend to whom I have mentioned the matter."

"You have mentioned the matter, then?" said Roderick, turning very pale. "While I kept dead silence, and asked the same of you, you have been talking over me and my affairs with all your acquaintances. Thank you. That was indeed being a wise mother and a kindly."

Frightened at his tone and manner, Mrs. Jardine tried to eat her words. "No, indeed, Rody. I would think shame to do that. I have told nobody—at least, almost nobody."

"Except my three sisters and their husbands, and the two or three particular friends to whom they have told it. Doubtless the whole of Richerden knows it perfectly by this time—that is, the version that you have given of it. Very well. So much the better for me. You have made my way quite clear, mother. Mademoiselle Jardine shall not be talked about or compromised in any way. I have made up my mind now."

"And what might it be, if your mother may presume to ask?"

"I shall go back to Switzerland, marry my cousin if I can, and present her here as soon as possible as my wife. If she will not marry me, I—I shall never come home at all."

"Nae fear o' that. She'll tak' ye, lad; she'll jump at ye if she thinks you've got the siller."

"Mother"—Roderick spoke beneath his breath in a white heat of suppressed passion—"mother, how dare you say such things to me? If there is a creature in the world that ought to be sacred to a woman, it is that other woman whom her son loves."

For a moment Mrs. Jardine seemed startled—even touched. She looked at her son, the son who seemed to have grown so suddenly old—nay, so suddenly wise, in his assertion of his manhood and its rights. His air was so manly, too; quiet, brave, and strong; and the strange beauty of his face—not merely handsomeness, but beauty, spiritual almost as a woman's—shone in it clearer than ever. A son for any mother to be proud of! And she was proud of him; yet she was about to lose him, perhaps forever. It was too hard; the pain of it almost drove her wild.

"That other woman, as you call her, is nothing to me. You chose her without my knowledge, and you say you will marry her with or without my consent.

Do it. But from that day I will never set eyes upon either her or you."

"Be it so." Roderick sprang up in irrepressible passion, and paced the room once, twice, then stopped opposite her. "You didn't really mean what you said? Mother—oh! mother." The appeal was almost like a cry, but in vain.

"I did mean it, and I do."

And there came into Mrs. Jardine's face a look such as in all his days Roderick had never before seen there. It reminded him of his grandfather—the clever, hard old man, who, by that mingled cleverness and hardness, had raised himself from the very dregs of the people, and died a millionaire, well respected, though little loved; of whom it was said that he never forgot a friend or forgave an enemy.

"Then, mother, it is no use our talking together any more. Good-by!"

"Good-by."

Roderick held out his hand, but she did not take it. His voice was tender, sad—nay, almost broken-hearted; but hers was cold as a stone.

"By good-by I do not imply that I am going away at once," said he, clinging unconsciously to some last hope. "It will take a few days to arrange my affairs. Shall I stay on here, or would you prefer my leaving the house?"

"Stay on here. It looks more respectable."

"You are right. And perhaps"—with a bitter accent—"that we may at least do things, as you suggest, 'respectably,' you will be kind enough not to talk any more of me or my affairs, at least till I have left Richerden."

"Very well. The sooner you go the better."

"I know that."

And seeing her rise to leave the room, he rose too and opened the door for her, with a sad gentleness which showed plainer than ever the gulf which had opened between them—opened, perhaps, never to be closed more.

For five days they went on in the same way, keeping up a sort of piteous politeness before servants and guests, but otherwise never exchanging a word, and never meeting except at meals. Sometimes Roderick felt this state of things so dreadful that he would fain have fled from it; but to fly seemed such arrant cowardice; and besides, his strong sense of duty urged him to endure to the uttermost before he took the final step of throwing off parental authority, even though it were unjust authority.

"Yes," said the family lawyer, who, apparently knowing every thing, had sent for him and talked to him on the subject, as did his three married sisters. Indeed, the poor fellow, who himself kept absolute silence, was talked to—or worse, talked at—from morning till night by different members of his family as if he had been the one black sheep therein, whom all were trying to lure back from his errant ways. "Yes, my dear Sir," said the old man, "I own Mrs. Jardine has her prejudices. And she has a strong will too, and you have thwarted it—which no woman likes. But then, remember, she has money."

At which Roderick, who had otherwise replied nothing, howsoever or by whomsoever he was talked to, answered, passionately, "I do remember. But I must now endeavor to forget it—and her. I have seen enough of riches and the curse of them. Now I am going to try poverty."

"Poor boy!" said the lawyer, half aside.

"My father's son can afford to be poor," continued Roderick, proudly. "And my father's argument to me was always, 'Do a thing because it is right;' never, 'Do it because I choose you to do it.' I think it right—the very highest right—to marry the woman I love, who is also the best woman I ever knew, and I mean to do it. I am ashamed," added he, "thus to bring up the name of a young lady who is still ignorant of my hopes concerning her; but I am forced to it. And now, will you explain exactly how my affairs stand?"

It was with some difficulty that he took in the explanation, for Roderick's education had been so utterly unbusinesslike that he had no notion of the sad mysteries of £ *s. d.* But he understood thus much, that his income would be greatly diminished, and that he would have to live entirely at that "old, tumble-down place," Blackhall.

"*She* will not mind that," said he, smiling. And the vision of her in her cheerful poverty—alas! he had never seen any but the cheerful side of it—with her strong common-sense and practical ways, gave him a soothing sense of comfort, a dim foreshadowing of what his life would be when she was that "helpmeet" which a

man should always seek in a woman. Happy if he find her neither idol nor slave, but equal friend; bearer, glad and proud, of half his burdens; not only guided by him, but sometimes guiding him too, on the right, the prudent, the holy way. "I'll try to keep right," Roderick said to himself. "I'll try to hold my own, and yet do nothing wrong to any body if I can help it. But, oh! it's hard to bear. I don't think I can bear it much longer alone."

And he might not, for his nature was very tender, and it was a single-handed battle against every creature that belonged to him. Had any one of them, especially his mother, said to him a single kind word! But nobody did; not even on the last night, which they knew was his last—that he would never again sleep under his mother's roof. He had told her so, yet she had a dinner party that evening, at which she sat opposite to him, wearing her diamonds, and beaming all over with those exuberant spirits which always rose to the highest pitch whenever Mrs. Jardine was dispensing her magnificent hospitalities.

Perhaps she wanted to make him feel all he was throwing away, the things she prized so highly; perhaps she did not really believe he would have the heart to renounce them. It seemed to Roderick that never had his mother looked so radiant, so happy, as on that night—the night which she must have known was their last together, and which she had signalized by giving, as he overheard her triumphantly telling one of her guests, "the very biggest dinner that ever was given in Richerden."

It ended at last, and the mother and son stood alone together, as many a time before, in the drawing-room, or rather in the dining-room, the "banquet hall deserted," where, with a curious mixture of economy which ran like a thread through her lavish luxury, she was examining into and locking up the remains of the wine.

"Good-night, mother," holding out his hand, which she did not take—she had not taken it nor offered him the slightest caress for five days. "Good-night, and good-by; for I shall be away before you are up to-morrow morning."

"Away! Where to? Oh, I remember!" She laughed contemptuously. "No, no; laddie! you're not such a fool."

"Better be a fool than a knave, as I should be if I forsook my cousin, an orphan without a penny in the world, because my mother has a prejudice against her." He spoke bitterly, but immediately checked himself. "Mother, I am neither fool nor knave, but an honest man; and I act honestly and openly in telling you what I mean to do. I shall marry Mademoiselle Jardine if she will take me. If not, I will be a good cousin and friend to her, and help her all that I can."

"With your large income, which, of course, you will tell her of beforehand."

"I shall tell her every thing, and then even you can not accuse her of making a mercenary marriage. Oh, mother! mother!" the tears rushed to his eyes and almost choked his voice. "Why are you so hard to me? I want none of your money. Do whatever you like with it; but I want your blessing, your love. Why can't you love me as you used to do?" (Mrs. Jardine turned round, half mollified.) "Only, you must love her as well."

"Never! Never as long as I live."

Without another word, Mrs. Jardine gathered up her velvet skirts and sailed out of the room, slamming the door after her.

Perhaps her son was weak. Perhaps he ought to have followed her, persuaded her, come to some definite conclusion with her. But he had a natural horror of "scenes"—struggles from which her rugged and yet easy temperament came out triumphant, nay, refreshed; while he, cast in finer and gentler mould, felt their effects for hours afterward. Perhaps, too, having said he was going next morning, he should have gone, but he did not go.

Mrs. Jardine must have guessed or known this, for when she came down and found him in the breakfast-room, she made no remark, only slightly smiled. And no conversation passed between the mother and son except upon the boiling of the eggs. After breakfast she went about her customary business or pleasure in her customary manner, even saying to the servants, in his presence, "to have Mr. Roderick's dinner all ready for him at seven o'clock, as she should be absent till nine."

"You forget, mother," he said, "I shall be absent too. I must leave to-night."



"'GOOD-NIGHT, MOTHER,' HOLDING OUT HIS HAND, WHICH SHE DID NOT TAKE."

"Stuff and nonsense! I'll believe it when I see it."

These were her last words, loud and angry, as she went out of the room. For long and long he tried hard to forget them, and her face, as she looked then—alas! that ever a son should wish to forget his mother's face!—but he never could. They haunted him all through that cruel day, when he busied himself with putting his things together, very helplessly, for he was one of those men who can do little for themselves, and always instinctively rest on a woman's care; through the soli-

tary night, when, alone in the railway carriage, he tried to collect his thoughts, and could hardly believe that he had left his mother's roof forever, that thus, in the most commonplace way, without any tragic scene—if that is not the deepest tragedy of which there is no outward sign, and around and above which all the little wheels of every-day life go calmly rolling on—thus, alas! had been broken a tie which, when perfect, is the most perfect and the closest in all this world; and even when imperfect, as in this case, has in it a depth and tenderness which are scarcely fully felt until it is broken.

Though his conscience could accuse him of nothing, though he had done all that mortal man could be expected to do, in the piteous crisis in which he found himself, and though now, safe and free, he felt himself sweeping on across land and sea toward the desire of his heart, with a firm hope, even more than hope, of winning and possessing, still for many, many hours there could scarcely be found a more miserable man than Roderick Jardine.

But human nature is human nature, and all people, even parents, must get what they earn. Had his mother bade him go through fire and water for her sake, explaining the why and wherefore, Roderick would have done it; he was one of those who never shrink from doing any thing for duty or for love. But when she insisted upon blind obedience, giving no reasons, listening to no explanations, merely asserting her own imperious will—"I say it, therefore it must be"—backing her words by the power of punishing which fortune had laid in her hands, then her authority failed, as such tyranny ever must fail, save with cowards and time-servers.

Roderick staid a day in London at a hotel, the address of which he had carefully written out and left upon Mrs. Jardine's dressing-table, waiting vaguely in the hope of some blessed telegram that might change his miserable journey into a happy one. Then he started; and when he found himself drifting away from Dover pier under the cold clear winter stars, he felt as if he had cut the cable of his old life forever.

Now, whatever happened, he was at least free: free from Richerden and all its intolerable shams, its burdensome luxuries and thinly disguised vulgarities. How he hated them all! and, in his passionate youth, how harshly he judged them all! Now he thought he could carve out a life for himself—a life of useful, honorable toil, simplicity, and peace: such as his father had often talked to him about, wherein the new generation should carry out all that the old had lost.

"Oh, father! father!" Roderick looked up to the winter stars under which they two had walked together so many an hour, and which still seemed a strong bond of union, a kind of memorial witness between the living and the dead. "Father, I am glad you are dead, and know nothing of all this. Or else, that you know every thing, which I almost believe you do."

And the solemn nearness of the dead, contrasted with the sad far-offness of the living, comforted him in a way by which such natures are comforted, and other and different natures can not in the least understand.

By-and-by, as the gleaming circle of Dover lights receded, and mile after mile of stormy sea rose up between him and England, Roderick began to look forward, not backward. Who would not, at his age, with a passionate first love thrilling every nerve, and wakening every power of brain, heart, and soul? Once in his life, some one says, every man becomes a poet. Then, too, almost every man becomes a hero, capable of the bravest acts, the noblest self-denials.

If any one had seen Roderick now, he would have seen a boy no more, but a man. The very expression of his face had changed. Its softness and dreaminess were gone; there was firmness in the mouth and fire in the eyes; the strength to do and to dare, which comes to all generous souls when it is not alone themselves that they have to think of, had entered his heart.

"I *will* have her," he said to himself for the thousandth time, and kept pondering over every possible way in which he was to tell her so; to woo her down, Diana-like, from her blue heaven of saintly peace, and make her stoop to become a mortal wife. And, alas! a poor man's wife. But that, he felt, was his best chance. Roderick Jardine, with unquestioned thousands a year to lay at her feet, would, to a girl like Silence, be infinitely less dear than Roderick Jardine—just himself—asking her to love and comfort him,

to help him and work with him, to take her fair share in the burden of life, the best lightening of which would be that it was borne together.

That she could bear it he had not the shadow of a doubt. In those six weeks—no, two months—of constant association, he had seen more of her than nine men out of ten ever see of the woman they choose as a life companion; choose her out of ball-rooms, croquet grounds, picnic parties, a mere Elle-maid, as he had once laughingly said to his mother. But this was a real woman, strong as gentle, human and loving,

> "And yet a spirit still, and bright,
> And something of an angel light."

"Ay, even though, as I told my mother, she is 'not pretty,'" laughed he to himself, as he recalled with a thrill of passionate remembrance the soft gray dress (alas! forgetting it was black now), the slender figure, the clustering light curls, and the whole simple sweetness of that vision of perfect womanhood, now forever before his mental eye. Was it wonderful if all his Richerden life, the sharp voices and unkind looks, the atmosphere of sham elegance and real coarseness, that strange mixture of extravagance and meanness, of worldliness and religion, or rather religiousness, in which he had been brought up, faded away from his memory, and he thought only of the other atmosphere into which fate had driven him, where a certain heavenly influence seemed to make hard things easy, and sad things sweet, to bring peace in the midst of poverty, and love and calmness through deepest sorrow — sorrow, which led the way to joy? The joy that was approaching, even though it was the mere bliss of being near her, of being able to help her, as a man helps a woman, and a woman rejoices in that sweet dependence, filled his whole being: coming nearer and nearer with every lessening mile.

By the time he reached Pontarlier the strong tension had changed this hope almost into a fear. What might not have happened during the weeks that had passed since he heard any thing of her? She might have been ill—dying; but no! he had a certain trust in the good Reyniers, and in the silent freemasonry between himself and Sophie. No misfortune could have come, or he would have known it.

Nevertheless, as he swept along through the Val de Travers, as once before—only then it was in morning sunshine, and now in the chill shadows of early dawn—a great solemnity came over him. The bare trees, the silent snow-topped crags of the ravine, seemed a warning that all things come to an end, even youth and love. Only, will the young ever believe this? Or, rather, why should they? Because, though in a sense it is true, in another it is utterly, divinely false. When he came out above Neuchâtel and saw the eternal Alps still standing in their place, the long wavy line of snowy white above the deep blue lake, Roderick felt, by an intuition beyond all reasoning, as he had felt the first day when he looked into her eyes—a stranger's eyes—at Berne. And again at Lausanne, when they talked together of love until death—ay, and after. For when two who have loved one another see life drawing to an end, does there not come a mysterious sense of a new life just beginning, a life of absolute and heavenly union, of which human marriage, when perfect, is the nearest type? Strange how, even now, in the fullness of youth and strength, Roderick's imagination leaped forward fearlessly to the time when, every charm faded, he should clasp in his arms the one woman he had loved—the woman who had loved him, and him only: whatever they might be to the world, this divine unity of love made each to the other eternally young.

Reaching the hotel, after his long night's journey, the familiar faces and the bright Swiss welcome warmed his heart. It was Sunday morning—during that miserable week he had almost lost count of days—and all the good people of Neuchâtel were gone to church. Doubtless also the Reynier family. Still, he could not rest. He thought he would just go and see the outside of the house, perhaps hear she was well, and then hover about for a glimpse of her, till he could speak to the professor, her nominal protector, and ask permission, after the fashion of the country, formally to offer his hand. For he was determined no respect, no decorum, should be wanting in any thing he did, down to the commonest outside *convenances*, toward the woman he adored.

His hand almost shook as he rang the bell of Professor Reynier's door—for, after all, he could not pass it—and his voice failed, and his disused French seemed to fly away from him when he faced the lit-

tle bonne, who, at once recognizing him, and breaking out into the most courteous of smiles, showed him in quite like "un ami de famille."

They were all well—they would return from church immediately—monsieur must allow himself to wait—her master would

cess; some person, sitting there reading, rose, with a slow, listless air, came forward, suddenly stopped.

The slender figure, the black dress, the fair, clustering curls—Roderick started up. The whole thing was so sudden, so unexpected, that there was no time for



"HE FELT HER IN HIS ARMS, GATHERED CLOSE TO HIS BREAST."

be charmed to see him. Would monsieur repose himself in the salon? No one was there, she believed.

And for the first moment he believed so too, and sat down, looking tenderly round on the familiar room—the Paradise where his Eve had appeared to him that first night—making ever afterward the whole world new. The dear, silent, empty room! Empty? no! Something stirred in a re-

any disguises on either side. Besides, both were so young; and it is in later life that love learns concealment. As they stood, these two young creatures, face to face, and quite alone, no human power could have concealed the joy of both.

Roderick advanced a step. "Me voici! je suis revenu," was all he said, speaking in French, as seemed most natural.

"Oui! oui! oui!" and, with a glad cry,

Silence clasped her hands, the first impulsive gesture he had ever seen her use. "Oui, il est revenu!"

The minute afterward—he knew not how; in truth, neither ever did know—he felt her in his arms, gathered close to his breast, sheltering and sheltered there as if it were her natural refuge. He did not kiss her—he dared not; but he touched her soft hair as it lay on his shoulder; he pressed her, all shaking with sobs, to his breast; he called her by her name, first, "ma cousine," and then, "Silence." An instant more, and putting her a little apart from him, so that he could look down into her eyes, he breathed, rather than spoke, another word—an English word—"My wife."

Silence shrank back for one moment, trembling violently, drooped her face, all scarlet, and then lifted it up with a strange pathos of entreaty, almost appeal, as if she had but him in the whole world.

"Your mother," he whispered—"your mother knew it all."

"Then—yes!"

Roderick drew her back again, close into his very heart, and pressed his lips upon hers. In that long, silent, solemn troth-plight the two became one—forever.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT a change—sudden as wonderful, unto Roderick, as unto any human being, with a heart, a soul, and a conscience! To pass from the lonely, selfish, or at least self-absorbed existence of idle youth, useless and aimless, into the double life, with all its duties strongly and clearly defined, which every one takes, and ought to take, upon himself or herself, after that great crisis, "engaged to be married," when both cease to be sufficient to themselves, and each becomes the right of the other, man and woman together forming the complete being, as is the holy law of marriage. And however some, having fallen short of it, may doubt, disbelieve, or even deride it, still this holy law remains the same, and still unbroken, open for every new generation to strive after; the ideal—possible, and sometimes attained—of true love and perfect marriage. Few find it, maybe; but if found—

Roderick felt that he had found it. When, for the first time in his life, thank God! he clasped a woman to his breast, the one beloved woman who to him was all the world; when, gazing deep down into her eyes, he saw reflected there a heaven of pure love—the love that seemed to look beyond himself and into heaven—there came to him a great calmness. He was satisfied. He felt himself no longer solitary, restless, drifting hither and thither as fancy or feeling led. His life now had a distinct purpose, an unquestioned duty. He had taken the helm in his hand, and was ready to sail away across any seas, known or unknown, if only he had her beside him—his friend, companion, helpmate, wife.

"My wife!" He said the word over and over to himself, with a strangely solemn tenderness, as he walked home to his hotel that night after such a happy Sunday. Ay, though the wind blew and the rain fell, all day long, outside the little window alcove where he and his betrothed were left to sit and talk. For, immediately on the family's return from church, he had asked for an interview with M. Reynier, and explained every thing, while Silence did the same to Madame Reynier and the girls. There had been due congratulations, both formal and tearful, from the simple affectionate Swiss household, and then the thing was an accepted fact; the young people were *fiancés*, and treated as such, according to the fashion of the country, which holds the bond almost as sacred as that between husband and wife.

His wife! Yes! Heart and soul took in the dear new word, only a few hours old, and felt that it was making a new man of him. Not the mere selfish rapture of attaining his prize, but the deep, peaceful joy of being the one object of a woman's love; of holding her happiness in his keeping; of having taken root, so to speak, and given himself the chance of growing into a goodly tree, for the shelter of many, instead of floating, floating, mere drift-wood, down the remorseless river of life, which hurries us all away so fast. He might have many cares, many sorrows, but he had, and would ever have, the one sheet-anchor of life—pure and righteous love. For though he had chosen suddenly, and almost by instinct, he felt that he had chosen righteously—neither rashly nor blindly—and that he need not be afraid. Nay, with her beside

him, it seemed to Roderick as if in the whole wide world there was now nothing to fear.

After that Sunday, that day of days, came eight or ten more, slipping peacefully by: he preferred to let them slip. First, because on that very night he had again written to his mother a long, tender letter, explaining exactly how things stood with him, and entreating her once more to reconsider the question, and let him give her blessing to his bride, without ever having told, or having need to tell, poor Silence, that she came into the family unwelcome and unblessed. Waiting the answer to this last earnest appeal, he rested on the delicious present, in the new life, wonderful as new, which had opened before him.

Something else had opened too, unlocked by that betrothal kiss—the sweet pure maidenly soul, so reticent by nature that otherwise it might have remained forever "a spring shut up, a fountain sealed."

"If you had not loved me," she said to him one day, "I think I should never have loved any man alive. Now it seems all so natural, so right, so sweet." And she laid her head down on his shoulder. "Oh, if my mother knew how safe and happy I am! how you will take care of me always! But, also—I think I shall take care of you."

"Yes, my darling." For, well as he had thought he knew her, until she was really his own he never guessed what depths of tenderness lay hid in her—tenderness rather than passion. She was not a girl who would have died for love, or done wrong for love; but that she could love, through good and ill, through joy and sorrow, with a tenacity of fidelity that few, even among women, are capable of—her betrothed read in her eyes. And amidst all the passion of his youth it was a sort of balance-weight—this steady calm of hers—making them in a sense each the complement of the other, as in marriage should be; diverse but not opposing elements, welded together in one harmonious whole.

A week went by, and still he heard nothing, had told her nothing, of his own people, except briefly answering her innocent questions, that his mother was quite well and his sister married. But each day he felt that the time was come when he must tell her. Nay, her quick-sighted love was already piercing through the generous hypocrisy he was practicing—beginning to read his face, as women always read the one face that they love, and to find out that he was not quite happy, not even beside her.

"I am sure there is something on your mind, my friend" (she often called him by that innocent translation of "mon ami," being still shy of saying "Roderick"). "Could you not tell me? You mean to tell me every thing, do you not?"

"Yes, my love—my love of loves! the one human being to whom I can tell every thing," said he, passionately, as he pressed her hand against his heart—they were walking arm in arm up and down the cemetery, their favorite promenade, strange and *triste* as it was, the Reyniers thought, but they did not think so; not even though a few steps from them was the new little mound, with the white cross at the head of it which Roderick had already caused to be erected, marking the mother's soon-to-be-forsaken grave. "But she will not mind—you will not mind," he had said, in gently hinting this possibility as a reason for completing every thing. "If the dead can know any thing, she knows that I think of her and of my father together, and that I will take care of you and cherish you—so help me God!—as long as He keeps me in this world." To which Silence had answered never a word; but—he knew.

They were rather a singular pair of lovers, not given to much sentimental demonstration; rather more like old married people. They would sit together hour by hour, he reading, she sewing; troubling nobody; seeming to want nothing but the mere bliss of being together. At least it was evidently so with her; and when he looked at her calm sweet face, so full of innocent peace, Roderick, with a deep pang, pressed all his own troubles deep down in his heart, thanking God that he had a man's strength to bear them all—bear them, if need be, for two.

This might have gone on still longer, he shrank so from the cruel task of giving pain to his innocent darling, had it not been for a letter which came one morning—the very morning when he took her to look at the new white cross, and she had asked him to "tell her every thing." He had told her a good deal; how the repairs were progressing at Blackhall—not restorations, only needful repairs; which he had left in charge of Mr. Black, the

factor—desiring that nothing might be altered which was not absolutely necessary. But in reading the letter to Silence he had omitted the P.S., which ran thus:

"I saw Mrs. Jardine this morning. She was quite well; looked exceedingly well. She had let her house for the winter, and was just starting on a round of visits in England. She bade me tell you she had received your last letter, and there was 'no answer.'"

Then she was inexorable; this woman who called herself a mother. As Roderick stood beside the grave of the dead mother here, and thought of his own, he could almost have forgotten his manhood and burst into an agony of childish tears.

But he did not; he controlled himself, thinking how best he could break to Silence, whose only idea of motherhood was perfect love, perfect trust, the fact that there were other mothers—shall I say God forgive them, or only God pity them?—who could act differently; yet, perhaps, acting not unconscientiously, according to their several lights.

Roderick tried to think so; with his whole heart he tried: with true filial duty abstaining from harsh judgment, and saying to himself, "It is because we are so different that she can not understand." Still, still—

"What are you thinking about? Is there any thing in the letter that vexes you? or any thing that you have not read to me?" She spoke in her pretty broken English: she always talked English with him now: and she looked him straight in the face with her innocent eyes. "I shall not mind your not telling me every thing, if you say distinctly, 'I have reasons. I would rather not.' But still I think it would be better—better for us both if you did tell me."

"You are right," he answered, with an almost convulsive clasp of the hand which lay on his arm, which she returned. It was one of the touching peculiarities of her that now she was betrothed she never seemed the least shy or ashamed of loving him, of identifying herself with him, and of belonging to him and him alone, without an atom of coquetry, or exactingness, or doubt. That delight in teasing, in showing their power, which so many girls—really generous and good girls—have with their lovers, was in Silence Jardine altogether absent. She simply loved him—nothing more.

"Now tell me, what is it?" she said. "It will not hurt me. Nothing can hurt me now, except so far as it hurts you. Tell me."

So he told her, as briefly and tenderly as he could, without compromising the truth. He attributed Mrs. Jardine's objections to his marriage chiefly to her vexation that his bride was of another country and had no *dot*. Of the family riches, or his own, he said as little as possible; and, in truth, Silence did not seem to take in that phase of the subject, or be affected thereby. The one thing which struck her—and put it as carefully as he would, it could not fail to strike her like a heavy blow—was the fact that he was marrying her without his mother's consent, and hopeless of ever winning it.

"We never do that here," she said, faintly. "It is, I think, impossible, illegal."

"It is not so in our free England," Roderick answered, passionately. "No injustice, even of parents, is allowed to blight our lives. After a man is twenty-one, or a woman either, both can walk out of their parents' door and in at any church door, and be married in face of all the world, which is a right and righteous thing—"

"Hush!" she whispered; and he saw that her face was white, and the touch of her poor little hand deadly cold. "We will not talk any more of this to-day. To-morrow."

"But we must talk of it, my dearest," cried Roderick, seized with sudden apprehension, and almost wishing for the moment that he had used deceit, or at least concealment—given some vague reasons, easily credited by her who so innocently believed every thing, for his mother's silence, and so married her, not letting her guess the whole sad truth till she was married, and it was too late to retract. But second thoughts recalled him to himself, and he knew that he had acted rightly; that a generous woman, deceived in any point before marriage, may afterward forgive, but to forget, never! Any deception then strikes the key-note struck by wise Shakspeare when he makes Desdemona's father say, bitterly:

> "Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
> She has deceived her father, and may thee."

"Love—my own love!" pleaded Roderick, "you will not be angry with me for

daring to tell you the whole truth. Do not cast me off! My mother has done it, you see. I have now not a soul to make a home for me, to take care of me, to keep me right. No, I don't mean that exactly. I am not quite such a coward as to compel the girl I love to marry me by saying I shall be ruined if she does not. You make me good; but your forsaking me should not make me bad," added he, proudly.

She smiled, a proud smile too. "No, I am not afraid of that."

"But you will not forsake me? My darling, we are two lonely creatures. Let us cast our lots together, and let us do it as soon as possible."

Silence started, all the blood rushing to her face. "Oh, no, no. Think of this," touching her black dress; adding, with a cruel sob: "Mother, my mother, you loved him so! And *his* mother rejects me, will not have me for her child." Then, seeing the misery in her lover's face, she suddenly brightened, with a tender, fitful brightness, like the sun through a shower. "My poor Roderick! my dear Roderick! We are very unhappy, both of us; but we will try to bear our pain together. I will think all this over. You must let me think it over quietly, and not expect me to say any thing, one way or other, for this night at least. We will part now. Do not walk home with me. Come and see me to-morrow morning."

"Not walk home with you! Not see you till to-morrow morning!"

The smothered passion of his voice, the agonized entreaty of his eyes—Silence must have seen, have felt, how dear she was to him: that dearness and nearness which, when a woman once finds out, her own heart re-echoing the truth and teaching her to believe it, is a heaven of happiness never lost—no, not even in the supremest anguish of separation, or the final parting of death.

"Roderick," she whispered, putting her cold little hands in his: they stood together in the shelter of the cemetery wall; the early December dusk had already fallen, and there was not a creature near. "My Roderick, kiss me: kiss and forgive!"

He kissed her—that sacrament of the lips which only faintly expresses the union, through life and after, of soul to soul; and both were comforted and at peace. Nevertheless, in walking home together they scarcely spoke a single word.

Reaching the Reyniers' door, Roderick did not offer to enter; in truth, he felt that the usual social evening would be as impossible to him as to Silence. In their present crisis of pain they needed either to be quite alone with each other, or entirely apart.

So he parted from her lingeringly and tenderly, and spent the whole evening and best part of the night in writing home, arranging, with his masculine ignorance, every thing he could think of domestically concerning the repairs at Blackhall. Failing their completion, he began to consider whether he could not, just till the winter's end, take a furnished house in Richerden. His mother being absent would make this no objectionable thing; on the contrary, there would be a certain proud, indignant pleasure in bringing his bride home to his native place, and presenting her boldly to all his friends—even his sisters, supposing they were amenable to reason and common-sense. They all had homes of their own, and honest, sensible husbands besides: it is generally the women, not the men, who make and fan family "differences." But should his sisters fail, being still much under the influence of the strong, capable mother, ten times cleverer than any of her daughters—well! he would then show them, would be glad of an opportunity of showing, that he was not the "boy" they thought him, but a man, capable of acting for himself, and not ashamed of any thing, least of all of his marriage and his wife.

"Whatever I am, I am at least no coward," thought Roderick to himself, as he braced his quivering nerves, and choked down the tears that would spring, womanlike, to his eyes when he thought of the forlorn home-coming that might be, instead of the triumphant bringing home of the bride. "No matter; she will be mine then—she is mine now—and I will defend her and uphold her to my last breath."

Still, when he saw her next morning, looking deadly pale, but assuming a faint smile of welcome, and sitting down beside him in the old way, though, he noticed, with a slight hesitation, as of doing as a duty what had before been so natural and sweet, Roderick's heart sank. He waited in a fever of apprehension for what she

had to say—or rather he tried to prevent her saying it by talking about what he had been writing in the matter of Blackhall. To all of which she answered only by a pale smile, then said, gently,

"You forget, my friend, the matter we had to speak about this morning."

"No, I do not forget, but yesterday when I spoke of our marriage—it seemed to pain you."

"It will not to-day, for I have been thinking it all over, and—"

"You are trembling! You are ill, my darling!"

"Oh no!"—gently putting aside and then yielding to his tender caress. "Don't mind me; I am not ill; but I lay awake the whole of last night, and it is trying when the morning breaks upon one and there is no rest, no division between two days—two such dreadful days!"

"Dreadful! Why? What do you mean?"

Silence recovered herself. It was wonderful the power she had—that little gentle thing—of restraining emotion and speaking calmly. To him, born with a temperament in which every nerve was sympathetically alive, quick to joy and equally so to pain, this quality in her was a rest inexpressible.

She took his hand, and stroked it with a gesture almost motherly. "Listen to me. I have a good deal to say, and you must listen. You will? I shall not hurt you, my Roderick—not very much. And that I love you, ah! you know it—only too well, if that were possible. But it is impossible. Were you a vain man, or a tyrant, or selfish, it might harm you, and I should be afraid. But you are none of the three. You are Roderick, my Roderick! I shall never love any man in this world but you."

"Of course not; it would be very wrong." But suddenly his attempt at a smile faded in a vague terror. "Why tell me this? What do you mean?"

"Hush! Listen to a little story which struck me very much when I was a young girl, and I thought of it again last night. Our canton, you know, is Protestant, but there were in the village two young *fiancés* both Catholics. He took a fancy to turn monk—"

"What an idiot!"

"Never mind that. I do not argue the point; he did it for conscience' sake. He was a good man. One day he came and told her they could never be married, that he did not think it right to marry."

"Faugh! And the girl—what did she do?"

"What do you think she ought to have done?" Then, hastily, as if to prevent an answer: "She said to him—it was she herself who told me—'Mon bien aimé, if you think it right, I am content. You will never marry, nor shall I; therefore we belong to one another still. And you loved me—you will always love me; that is enough.' It was. They are alive still, I believe. He is a priest, and she a Sœur de la Charité. We Protestants thought it strange and wrong, but she never blamed him. Her answer to every body was, 'He thought it right,' and 'He loved me.' Poor Clotilde! I could not understand her then: I can now."

"Why?" asked Roderick, tremblingly.

"Do you not see, my friend? The cases are scarcely quite equal, but there is a likeness, enough to show me my duty."

"Your duty! What is it? What do you mean?"

"I think"—she spoke very slowly and softly—"I think we ought to part."

For the moment Roderick was completely stunned. Her whole manner was so quiet that a stranger might have imagined she felt nothing, that she had no feelings at all. A slight quiver about the mouth, a tighter compression of the fingers—she had taken her hands away from his, and clasped them together on her lap—that was all. Shallow people might have wholly misjudged her; even her lover did a little.

"And—you say this—quite calmly—as if you did not care!"

"Not care! Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!"

It was not said in the light French way of using the great name, but in the agonized appeal that we all make instinctively in moments of acute anguish to One above all, the only One who knows all and can understand all.

Then she turned imploringly to Roderick. "Do not be angry with me; I do not deserve it. Only listen; it is for your good I speak. Yesterday I believed—you made me believe—that it would be the best thing in the world for you to marry me. Now I doubt."

"Why?"

"Can you not see? It costs you so much—far, far too much: loss of fortune, though money is a small thing, compara-

tively; loss of your mother and her love. Oh! it would break my heart if, through me, you were to lose your mother."

"I have already lost her; or rather, since I could so lose her, I could never have had her really," said Roderick, with great bitterness. He might have said more, but was checked by the sweet amazement in Silence's face. "You can not understand, my dearest. My mother and I were never like you and your mother; it was a totally different thing."

"Still, you were mother and son. She loved you."

"Yes, she loved me," said Roderick, turning away his head to hide the spasm of pain. He had such a tender heart—too tender for a man, some would have said. But the woman who loved him did not say so. Only, with the wonderful instinct of love, she leaped to conclusions which made her feel that she must harden herself to save him. It was the only way.

"Do not let us talk of my mother," Roderick continued. "Love is shown in actions, not words. There comes a time when a man is no longer in leading-strings; he must judge and act for himself. If he acts conscientiously and openly, his parents ought to respect him whether they like it or not. My father would have done so. Oh, Silence, how my father would have loved you!"

"Perhaps he does love me," said she, with the soft, far-away look peculiar to her, and so seldom seen except in the eyes of little children. "Perhaps it is that which helps me. Something, or somebody, must have helped me, or I think I should have died last night."

"My poor love!"

Silence turned round suddenly, clasped him round the neck, and hiding her face on his shoulder, wept as if her heart would break, then suddenly dried her tears.

"Now it is over. I have made up my mind—that is, so far as, being *fiancée*, I have a right to make up my mind. I think it would be best for you to go home at once, and tell your mother that we have parted, that we thought it best to part."

Roderick sat, dead silent.

"Otherwise think what will happen! You will be comparatively poor—"

"And you are afraid of poverty?"

The moment he had said the words he felt their meanness, their utter untrueness, and passionately begged her pardon.

"What need?" Silence answered, half sadly. "The question is not whether you hurt me, or I you, or whether we vex one another, but whether we do what is right, absolute right. That is the real heart of love. If I thought a thing right, I would do it, and help you to do it, though it killed me—ay, even though it killed us both."

And as she spoke her voice never faltered, though her face was white to the lips. Roderick felt a strange sense of awe, and yet peace, for he saw in her the woman he had dreamed of, the sort of woman that a weak man fears, a selfish man scoffs at, but a thoroughly noble man recognizes as his noblest self, ready to be at all times and under all circumstances his strength and consolation.

"I understand you," he said, with a quietness that was a marvel even to himself. "But it is a very difficult matter to decide, and we must decide, for our whole two lives hang in the balance. Let me go away and think it out alone—quite alone."

He rose with a grave, sad air, and went to the door, then came back and kissed her hand.

"My love! my only love! Yes, I have found you. It is not every man's lot so to find. Whatever happens, I thank God."

Without more words he went away to his favorite "thinking-place"—a quiet walk along the lake-shore. Many an hour had he spent there within the last few months, but never such an hour as this.

He was at the age when life is at full spring-tide with most men, when self-restraint, or even the power of seeing aught beside themselves and their own will, is rare to all. One or two good Swiss folk who passed "ce messieur Anglais," already well known in the little town, and thought that he must have an extraordinary fondness for pedestrianism, and a great indifference to weather, little suspected that in him was then raging the battle fought in every young life, the St. George-and-the-Dragon combat, which, soon or late, must be gone through. Even Silence had fought it; fought it, poor child, alone, in the dead of night: was fighting it now, though when Sophie came in gayly and asked her where her renegade knight had vanished, leaving her all alone, she only replied that "she had sent him out for a walk; he would be back presently."

Yes, he would come back, with the fiat of life or death in his hands. Byron, who wrote so many false things, wrote one true one:

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence."

At least, this is true of most women; and she of whom it is not true is scarcely a woman at all. Though, all the time Sophie sat chatting beside her, Silence neither wept nor complained, asked no sympathy, and betrayed by no word that any thing was amiss, still, when the door opened, and she saw her lover appear, a shiver ran through her, which made the kind-hearted Sophie, with a troubled and anxious look, immediately disappear.

So, once more they were alone together, these two young creatures, learning so early their hard lesson, and trying so painfully to learn it well, to do the right and fear nothing. Alas! a lesson never ended for us all, our whole life long. Will it, in the next life, end—or only begin again?

But with these two it was this world, this life, still; their lot was in their own hands, and they knew it. Clearly, Roderick knew it. As he came and stood before his betrothed, the boyish irresolution sometimes visible in him was altogether gone. All the man, strong, true, tender, shone in his loving eyes. She saw this at a glance, and the light came back to her own; but still she did not attempt to speak. And when Roderick sat down beside her, instead of the usual fond, half-involuntary, shy approach, the instinct of shelter and protection, she sat motionless, as if determined by no winning look or word to sway her lover into any resolve that was not absolutely his own act and deed.

He too; there was that in him which makes tenderness all the sweeter—even passion only the most passionate, because of its self-restraint.

"My love," he said, "I have been thinking over every thing; trying to see the right and wrong of things—simple right and wrong, without relation to ourselves at all. My father could do it, and used to say he believed I could when I was tried. I hope so; I hope I can judge calmly, without being either selfish or unjust. Am I?"

"No! a thousand times no!"

"Well, then, if you can rely on me—and I think you may—the case stands thus. How far, and for how long, ought the parents' will to be an absolute law to the children? and how much of their happiness, or what they believe to be such, ought children to sacrifice to their parents?"

"A great deal, oh! Roderick, a great deal. Think, if my mother were alive—or your father."

"Yes, but—" He did not say what he was going to say, that there are parents—and parents: concerning whom God only, and perhaps the children themselves, can know the difference. "My father is dead, or all would have been well. As to my mother, if she had any good reason to prevent my marrying, if mine were a rash, disgraceful, or even an imprudent choice, or if I had deceived her in any way, she would have a right to be angry. But she has none. I am making an honest, honorable, creditable marriage. I can perfectly well afford to marry; even if I lose every thing else, my father's property will keep us from want; and I am young, I can work. You too—oh, my darling! if my mother knew what you are! But she ought to have known; she ought, in commonest justice to you and to me, to have taken some pains to find out."

Silence said nothing.

"That is, I feel, the cruelest wrong of all," Roderick went on. "To say to a son, 'You shall not marry,' offering no reasons except, 'Because I do not wish it,' is as unjust as another thing which parents sometimes do—give young people like you and me every opportunity of meeting, every chance of loving one another, and then turn round and say, 'Nobody expected this, and it must not be.' I say it must be, it ought to be, or it ought to have been prevented in time. But here I am, arguing—arguing: what a pity my mother did not make me a barrister! It shows anyhow that I can judge the matter calmly, even though it concerns myself."

Still, under all his arguments, there was visible a great agitation—a vague dread.

"Perhaps when I am an old man—when we are both old people, my Silence—I may view the question differently. But I think not, I hope not. I hope I shall always believe as I do now, that right, absolute right, is the first thing in life—but, oh! love is the second. My best and dearest! the one woman in the world to me! it all comes to this: I can not, will not part from you; I should not be doing right if I did part from you."

He extended his arms, and for the moment Silence looked as if she would have flung herself into that dear refuge—she, alone, motherless, poor—but she did not. She held aloof—would not even let him take her hand.

"Stay a little. Roderick, you are very dear to me—dear as my own soul; but I could part from you, this minute, and forever, if I thought it right."

"Could you?" he looked at her for an instant. "Yes, I know you could."

"And, above all, if I thought it good for you. Perhaps it might be good for you? You are young, you are ambitious, you will lose a great deal by marrying. Besides, you will be poor. For me, it does not matter; but you—can you bear it?"

"I will try," he said, smiling.

"But that is not the worst. The worst is—oh, my friend, have you considered?—that I cost you your mother. She will never love me, and she loves you. Suppose you should one day reproach me for having lost you your mother?"

"Never, while I have my wife."

At that word, spoken in English, though they had been talking in French, which Silence still dropped into occasionally, her face grew all rose-color—a pure celestial rose, like the sunset Alps.

"My wife," Roderick continued. "I must have you. I can not do without you. My mother does not understand—some people never do. Some people think one love is as good as another; and perhaps it is—to them. But to us? I am yours, you are mine. What use is it to tell us we must not be married, when in our hearts we are already married? You believe that?"

"Yes," she said, and no more. Then, after a pause, "I believe in you so absolutely, so entirely, that I think, if instead of deciding thus you had told me that our marriage could not be, that there were strong, clear, righteous reasons why I should never be more to you than I am now, I should have said, like that poor Clotilde, 'It is all right; I am content.'"

"But would it have been right? And would you have been content?"

She lifted up to him her pathetic eyes. "I would have tried to be. I will be now, if you only say the word; if there is in your mind the slightest doubt, the slightest hesitation. It is not so hard, not so very hard, since you love me. If I had never known that, perhaps it might have been. Not now."

Roderick was silent.

"Is it to be, then, my friend? We are to part; but we are always to remain friends? And you will always love me—never any one else but me? At least, I know I shall never love any one but you."

"Oh, my darling!"

The strong curb which both had put upon themselves was gradually giving way. Human nature, or rather that divine instinct which rules and guides the strong passions of humanity, bringing them at last into the desired haven, the deep peace which comes, and only comes, when two, who have deliberately chosen one another, righteously belong to one another for life—human nature would have its way.

"My darling, we *must* love one another—we *must* be married. You left it to me to decide, and I have decided. It will be a pang in some ways, a risk in others—but it must be; it ought to be. Love is best. Come!"

He took her two hands to draw her to him. At that touch of his—soft, strong, and firm—the sort of clasp which implies, besides will and passion, the deep tenderness that includes both, and makes a woman safe forever—all the girl's soul seemed to yield to him, the man who was now master of her fate. She looked him straight in the eyes—her one love who loved her.

"I would have lived," she cried. "Yes, I would have lived! One has no right to break one's heart and die, till God chooses. But life with you, and life without you—oh, the difference!"

Roderick clasped her in his arms, and they wept together like little children.

After that day there was no reserve of any kind between these two, who had determined to cast their lot together, and "sink or swim," as Roderick said with a smile, which showed how little he believed in the sinking. He was very unworldly in many things: ignorant too; often a great deal more ignorant than she in practical matters: as he showed when urging their immediate marriage, without thought of to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, or indeed of any earthly thing except the eagerness to get safe possession of his treasure, and be sure that no evil fate could snatch it from him.

But Silence said no. She would not consent to be married until, at any rate, the first few months of her mourning had passed by; besides, with the customary pride of Swiss girls, she wished to earn her own trousseau, and not come to her husband quite empty-handed. Therefore she insisted on continuing her music-teaching, and paying her board to the Reynier family, and living as independent, busy, and practical a life as if she were not going to be married at all. Her "insistence" was, however, accomplished in no obnoxious or violent fashion, but merely a quiet way she had of doing for herself that which she felt to be right, without interfering with other people. So Roderick, constrained by the gentle force of circumstances, took a leaf out of her book, as he declared, and began to work too—establishing himself at a *pension* in the town, and joining various classes, so as to pursue certain definite studies, and fill up a few blanks in an education which, out of the lazy *laisser-faire* of prosperous fortunes, had been, even at Cambridge, a good deal neglected.

"But I shall neglect nothing now, you will see," he said to Silence. "I was a boy six months ago; you have made a man of me."

And she? Girlish as she looked still, you could see in her face that she was a girl no more. Grave, quiet, often almost sad, from that day when they decided to be married against every obstacle, she took in all things the serious, womanly part, assuming with love's joy all its inevitable pain. The half-motherly relation which almost every woman, however young, comes to take toward the man she loves, watching him, guarding him, cherishing him, Silence now assumed to the full, yet after a fashion so sweet, so unobtrusive, that the proudest man could not be offended.

"I wonder what makes you take so much trouble over me?" he said one day, when she had been suggesting a warmer coat, or some other trifle—the sweet trifles that show a man how a woman cares for him. "You are always thinking of me, dear."

"Because you never think of yourself," Silence answered, smiling. "Besides, I love you."

That was the secret and its cause. She loved him, as such a woman never loves twice in a lifetime, and not even once, unless the object deserves it. Did Roderick? A question he asked himself sometimes, in the strange humility which had of late come over him; but when he put it to his betrothed, she laid her hand on his mouth and told him "time would show."

They had to trust to time for the unveiling of many a dark thing. Once again Roderick wrote to his mother, informing her that he had delayed his marriage for three months, hoping against hope that after all it might not be that saddest of weddings, without a parent's blessing, but that, whether or no, it must be. He allowed her no possibility of believing that he could change his mind. While opposing, he never deceived her, for deceit is always cowardice, and whatever he was, Roderick was no coward.

So he worked on, and Silence worked on, seldom seeing each other during the day, but in the long winter evenings meeting under shelter of the Reyniers' kindly roof, and "taking sweet counsel together," like lovers who are also friends, and who feel in one another's company the delicious repose, the unspeakable comfort, of a sympathy which long survives passion, and lasts till the very end of life.

Their life was only at its beginning, yet the sadness of things made them prematurely grave, even when, coming to the conclusion that they must wait no longer, and that it was vain to hope for the letter which never came, Roderick pressed his young *fiancée* to name their marriage day.

It was on one Sunday afternoon which they were spending with the good Reyniers at Chaumont. They had climbed the hill through the long pine woods, and were now standing watching that lovely view, the triple chain of lakes, with its long line of snowy Alps beyond. The air was mild and soft; there were violets in the woods. It felt like the first day of spring, which always comes, as it were, with a message of promise to the young. Ay, and even to those whose youth is only a never-fulfilled remembrance.

"Silence," Roderick said, as he took in his the hand that would be his own through life, "I have finished all the work I had to do here. Now when shall we go home?"

"Home?"

"Your new home, and mine; the home we are to share together."

Startled, she faltered out something about "waiting a little longer."

"I have waited. It is now nearly nine months since that day at Berne, when

> "'I did but see her passing by,
> And yet I love her till I die.'"

"That would have been very foolish," said Silence, with a naïve gravity, "unless, indeed, you had followed up the acquaintance, and come to know me well." Suddenly putting her two hands in her lover's—"You do know me, faults and all, so take me; and, oh! be good to me! I have only you."

"And I you. You will be good to me also?"

She smiled. "Little use in talking, but I think there will never come a day when I would not cheerfully die, if my dying could help you. My living will much more. So I mean to live."

And she looked up fondly, with all her soul in her eyes, at her young bridegroom. Would she, forty, fifty years hence, see in the old man's face that of this lover of her youth, the face forgotten by all but her? God knows! but it is good to believe so.

Ay! we elders may reason and preach, say that "calf" love is all nonsense, and early marriage most imprudent, that young people should part and forget, and a broken heart is soon healed. Every new generation gives the lie to that doctrine. True, hundreds fall in love and "get over it;" yet now and then there is such a thing as a lost love and a lost life. Life with love, and life without it; that is, as Silence had once said, all the difference! But what a difference! For any parent who needlessly causes it, out of whim, or worldliness, or any thing except righteousness and justice, I can only say, as was said of those who willfully offend "one of these little ones," "It were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the depth of the sea."

The marriage was arranged, of course, to be quite quiet. All the usual Swiss festivities, the *soirée aux bouquets* before the wedding, and the ball after it, were of necessity omitted. The Reynier family alone were to "assist" at the ceremony, for which the girls implored Silence would, for one day only, put off her mourning and assume proper bridal white. She assented, "because my mother would have liked it. She used often to talk of the day when she would dress me as a bride."

As usual, the day before the religious was the civil marriage; that curious ceremony, when a few words spoken in an upper chamber in the Hôtel de Ville, before a rather dense official, with only Monsieur Reynier and Sophie standing by as witnesses, made Roderick and Silence Jardine man and wife. The afternoon of that day, so strangely un-English and informal, was spent by them in walking up and down their favorite alley, and planting violets over the grave beside it—the mother's solitary grave. Solitary, but not sad, not even to the daughter who was leaving it, for the love remained, the love which had lasted to the end.

"And she would be glad, so glad! if she knew that you were taking care of me," said Silence, with a bright smile, though her tears were dropping down. "Also, a little, that I was taking care of you. She used to say it was my *métier* always to take care of somebody. Therefore, adieu, my mother! You will not forget me, wherever you are; nor I you."

She laid her cheek on the white headstone in a passion of sobs, then suddenly checked them all, gave her hand to her bridegroom, and suffered him to lead her away home.

He did not see her again till eleven next morning, when Sophie, Marie, and Jeanne Reynier led into the salon and left beside him, shutting the door upon them both, the whitest, loveliest vision! More like an angel than a woman, he thought then, nor ever ceased to think, though he never saw it but once in his life, on that wonderful wet morning when the deluge itself seemed to have come back upon Neuchâtel, as if to sweep away with its torrents all his old life, and begin the new life with his wedding day. The rain beat in loud storms on the window behind her, yet there she stood, this white angel, in her thin, flowing veil, like a cloud, and her crown of orange blossoms, and her downcast eyes. His own—was it possible she would be his own!—a mortal woman, and his wife?

Suddenly he stooped and kissed, not her lips, but her hand. She looked surprised for an instant, perhaps just a little hurt, then perceived at once the deep emotion, the tender reverence.

"Oh my love, my love forever! Thank

God!" said she, or rather breathed than said it, as she put both her arms round his neck and clung to his bosom. She was but a woman after all.

Soon after, Roderick led his bride, both quite calm now and smiling, to the two carriages waiting below. He and she and the good Reyniers drove through the soaking streets to the damp, empty church, where, strange contrast to his sister's brilliant marriage, they two stood alone, with not a creature of their own blood beside them, and heard the old minister in his unimpassioned voice address them as "mon cher frère et ma chère sœur," recommending them to observe "une inviolable fidélité, une entière confiance, et une affection toujours plus profonde." Then, having answered the few questions of the Swiss marriage liturgy, simple and Protestant, not unlike his native Presbyterian service, the young bridegroom listened as if in a dream to the final blessing.

"Que Dieu, notre Père en Jésus-Christ, fasse reposer Sa bénédiction sur vous, qu'Il scelle dans vos cœurs le lien que vous venez de former, qu'Il le sanctifie de plus en plus, et que vous viviez ensemble en Jésus-Christ, dans l'attente du jour où ceux qui se seront aimés en Lui, seront réunis dans Son sein pour l'éternité. Amen."

Love fixed on the love of God, and which on the very day of earthly union could look forward to the day when, their flesh being mere dust, they should be "reunited in the bosom of God for all eternity"—ay, that was it; that was the true love. Through all the passion of his youth the young man felt this, and blessed God that he did feel it. And as he turned and kissed his bride (to the great horror of the Demoiselles Reynier, such a thing being quite contrary to the etiquette of Neuchâtel), in spite of the gloomy church, the pelting rain, the sad, quiet marriage, neglected and unhonored by kith and kin, it seemed as if all heaven were around and about him, for his was a true love marriage, honorable before men, and sanctified in the sight of God.

THE FOREIGN INDEBTEDNESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. DAVID A. WELLS, in his Commissioner's Report of 1869, estimated that $465,000,000* of American securities other than United States bonds were held abroad on November 1, 1869. The great care taken in the preparation of this estimate, which was made with the assistance of the leading bankers and financiers of the country, entitles it to the fullest confidence, and if carried back to the beginning of the fiscal year would make $435,500,000 on June 30, 1869. As to the amount of United States bonds held abroad, Mr. Wells's estimate of $1,000,000,000 is not so reliable, and that which has rightly received most approval is one two years later by Jay Cooke, McCulloch, and Company, which places the amount at $845,000,000. Calling our increase of debt for the two years $221,061,000, and knowing that seventy per cent. of this was paid in United States bonds, we must, in order to carry back the estimate to 1869, take from it seventy per cent. of this increase, or $150,000,000, leaving $695,000,000† for June 30, 1869. Adding this to Mr. Wells's estimate as altered by us, we have the total foreign debt June 30, 1869, $1,130,500,000.*

Since 1869 there has been, to my knowledge, no thorough calculation of our foreign debt, except by Dr. Young, in 1874 and 1876, when his estimates were $1,200,000,000 and $1,350,000,000 respectively. These are far too small, which is, perhaps, explained by the exceedingly slight allowance he makes for smuggling. Senator Bogy, of Missouri, in a speech in the United States Senate in 1876, gave, also, a rough estimate, which placed our foreign debt considerably over two billion dollars. I have therefore made 1869 my starting-point, and shall attempt to show the progress of the debt since that time, and the accompanying economic phenomena.

Our foreign debt increased in four ways: by excess of imports over exports; by interest on debt previously acquired; by

* Gold values alone are here used.

† This is in harmony with and strengthened by Secretary McCulloch's estimate of $600,000,000 in 1868.

* This includes stocks, which some claim are not debt when owned abroad. But they possess the only two attributes which make bonds a debt—that of claiming interest and of being paid when returned, and they are equally with bonds a continual claim against us to the amount of their value in our markets.

payment for freights carried in foreign vessels; and by the expenditure of our travellers abroad, in the usual form of drafts or letters of credit.

It is readily seen that excess of imports over exports creates foreign debt, but to give that excess we must know the extent of smuggling and under-valuation of imports and exports. There have been widely varying estimates of the percentage which smuggling and under-valuation of imports bear to the imports returned to the Treasury Department, the lowest estimate being three per cent. by Dr. Young, in February, 1874, and the highest fifty per cent. by General B. F. Butler, in his speech in 1874 on the repeal of the Moiety Act. The Civil Service Commission appointed by President Grant in 1871 gave thirty-three per cent.,* while in Secretary Sherman's report of 1878, Mr. Tingle, Supervising Agent, gave six per cent. After long calculation, I have determined upon sixteen per cent. as the proper increase, and I adhere to this the more strongly as it agrees almost exactly with Secretary McCulloch's estimate in 1866.† After the repeal of the Moiety Act in 1874, the immediate increase in smuggling made the percentage as high as eighteen, but since 1876 the increased vigilance of customs officers demands a decrease of the allowance to fifteen per cent.

Our returned exports must also be increased to account for under-valuation. There has been great carelessness among customs officers and shippers in this matter. For example, the Canadian returns of imports from the United States were during 1874 to 1877, on the annual average, $12,000,000 in excess of our returned exports to Canada. We know, however, that there is nowhere such carelessness as on the Canadian border, and I have judged the needed increase for the returned exports of the country to be five per cent. With these allowances, our excess of imports over exports for 1869–70 was $59,537,308.

We paid fully five and one-half per cent. interest on our previous debt; for though commissions had to be paid to American bankers, there were few losses before 1873 to reduce the amount to be paid abroad. Our debt on this account for 1869–70 was $62,177,500.

When our imports are brought in foreign vessels, we incur a debt for freight; but foreigners incur also a debt to us for freight on our exports carried in our own vessels. It is therefore plain that our foreign debt from this source is the excess of freights paid on our imports brought in foreign vessels over that on our exports carried in our own vessels.* I have called, in accordance with Dr. Young, the average freight on imports six per cent. of their valuation; but as our exports are of a heavier nature, their freight should be increased to seven per cent. With these estimates, our debt on the freight account was $4,608,597.

In Mr. Wells's report for 1869, statistics give the average number of American travellers abroad, from 1865 to 1868, 37,000, and the average number of foreign travellers in the United States, 12,000. Allowing the same numbers for 1869–70, and calling the expenditure of American and foreign travellers respectively $900 and $700, we incurred thereby a debt of $25,000,000. These four accounts amount to $151,323,405.

But there is one further element to consider. American merchants make a profit of not less than seven per cent. on their exports, and foreigners must accordingly pay us seven per cent. more than the estimated export value.† This would take $33,033,171 from our previous debit account, leaving $118,290,234, which, with partially accruing interest, makes our total increase of debt for 1869–70, $120,656,038.

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* The actual estimates of General Butler and the Civil Service Commission were respectively thirty-three and twenty-five per cent. *of the whole imports;* which would be respectively fifty and thirty-three per cent. of the remaining sixty-seven and seventy-five per cent., or of the amount returned to the Treasury Department.

† He states that the returned imports should be increased twenty per cent., to account for smuggling, under-valuation, and payments for freights to foreigners. As by my estimate the last factor is only 4.7 per cent., there remains 15.3 per cent. as his estimate for smuggling and under-valuation.

* Mr. Wells has made the singular mistake of holding our freight debt to be the excess of freights on our exports and imports received by foreign vessels over that received by our own vessels. But we have nothing to do with freight on our exports carried in foreign vessels—they on the other side of the water pay that; neither do foreigners pay freight on our imports carried in our own vessels; consequently these two parts have nothing to do with the question; and Mr. Wells, by including them, has more than doubly stated our foreign debt from freights.

† Mr. William Grosvenor, in his *Does Protection Protect?* estimates this profit at six per cent.

Placing the same in tabular form, we have:

Interest on foreign debt of $1,130,500,000, at 5½ per cent.	$62,177,500
Excess of imports over exports	59,537,308
Debt for freight	4,608,597
Debt due to travellers	25,000,000
	151,323,405
Deduct 7 per cent. on exports, for American profit	33,033,171
	118,290,234
Adding interest on increase	2,365,804
Making total increase for 1869–70	120,656,038
Adding previous debt	1,130,500,000
Making total foreign debt June 30, 1870	$1,251,156,038

For 1871:

Interest on old debt	$68,813,582
Excess of imports over exports	56,686,838
Debt due to travellers	30,000,000
Debt due to freight	9,434,746
	164,935,166
Deduct profits on exports	39,683,159
	125,252,007
Adding interest on increase	2,505,040
Giving total increase	127,757,047
Adding previous debt	1,251,156,038
Total debt at end of 1871	$1,378,913,085

For 1872:

Interest on old debt	$75,840,219
Excess of imports over exports	190,100,420
Debt due to travellers	30,000,000
Debt due to freight	14,961,871
	310,902,510
Deduct profits on exports	37,240,387
	273,662,123
Interest on increase	5,473,242
Increase for 1872	279,135,365
Adding previous debt	1,378,913,085
Total debt June 30, 1872	$1,658,048,450

For 1873:

Interest on old debt	$91,192,659
Excess of imports over exports	129,256,523
Debt due to travellers	30,000,000
Debt due to freight	16,290,732
	266,739,914
Deduct profits on exports	46,522,481
	220,217,433
Interest on increase	4,404,348
Total increase	224,621,781
Adding previous debt	1,658,048,450
Debt at end of 1873	$1,882,670,231

Placing the result in a more concise form:

Total debt June 30, 1869	$1,130,500,000
Increase during 1870	120,656,038
Increase during 1871	127,757,047
Increase during 1872	279,135,365
Increase during 1873	224,621,781
Total debt June 30, 1873	$1,882,670,231

Of our total wealth ($36,735,000,000) in 1873, our foreign debt was five per cent., and of our total production ($7,500,000,000), our increase in foreign indebtedness during the year was three per cent.

Let us take a brief retrospect over the period 1864 to 1873, during which most of our foreign debt was acquired—a period when invention and progress in industries were so remarkable that, despite the losses of a long war, our wealth increased fifty per cent. Of this increase, however, one great cause has been overlooked—the influence on our industry caused by an immense influx of foreign goods. Our foreign trade during that time, allowing, as before explained, for smuggling and under-valuations, was as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.	Excess of Imports.
1864	$358,794,907	$256,176,468	$102,618,439
1865	251,072,134	211,636,290	39,435,844
1866	499,693,247	441,169,549	58,523,698
1867	460,777,597	349,248,993	111,528,604
1868	404,867,471	370,792,668	34,074,803
1869	478,083,375	333,986,796	144,096,579
1870	501,062,596	441,525,288	59,537,308
1871	595,129,218	538,442,380	56,686,838
1872	716,480,059	526,379,639	190,100,420
1873	737,142,457	607,885,934	129,256,523
Making the total excess			$925,859,056

This immense sum, given us in goods, was paid by our securities. Although, up to 1865, a large part of the imports were used in the war, they were, later, chiefly luxuries, and caused, during 1869 to 1873, an average annual excess of imports over exports of $116,000,000. Did this represent the only effect on the country, it would alone be prodigious; but the division of labor causes every increase in available capital to transmit its effect to all the ramifications of trade. The first receivers of this $116,000,000, having so much more to spend, called, to this amount, on those producing their desiderata; these latter producers called on a second class, and so on —one increase in production ever begetting its like in another trade. This effect is best illustrated by supposing perfect division of labor, and that in a community A supplies B's wants, B supplies C's, C supplies D's, and D in turn supplies A's. If D received $116,000,000 from abroad, he would call, to that amount, on C; C, having worked hard and produced an equivalent for the sum, would call in like manner on B; B, having worked hard, would call on A; while A would complete the circle by calling on D, and causing him to produce an increase of goods to the amount he had first received from abroad. Thus one increase begets another; activ-

ity ever progresses; and this would go on forever, or until man's wants were satisfied, did not such an increase contain the seeds of its own destruction. The prosperity occasioned by any sudden increase of wealth causes an abnormal activity; men become reckless, engage in ruinous investments, and a panic is the result. Again, a large part of this $116,000,000 was in luxuries, which were only partial helps to production, and increased the general extravagance.

Secretary McCulloch saw where we were going as early as 1868, and wrote in his report for that year: "Two-thirds of the importations of the United States consist of articles which in economical times would be called luxuries. No exception could be taken to such importations if they were paid for in our own productions. But we were swelling our foreign debt without increasing our ability to pay it. How disastrous such a course of trade, if long continued, must be, it requires no spirit of prophecy to predict." Professor J. E. Cairnes wrote in his *Political Economy*, edited 1873: "No nation can continue to pay its foreign debts by the process of incurring new debts to meet a balance yearly accruing against it; yet this, in truth, is the nature of the financial operation by which, of late years, the United States has contrived to settle accounts with the rest of the world.... If that country is to continue to discharge her liability to foreigners, the relation which at present obtains between exports and imports must be inverted. Her exports must once again, as previous to 1860, be made to exceed her imports, and this by an amount greater than the excess of that former time, in proportion as her financial obligations to foreign countries have in the interval increased. To establish this, prices there must be lowered in relation to Europe. This may be accomplished partly by an advance in prices here not shared by the United States, as, in fact, has already happened in the case of some important commodities; but it is probable that the end will be reached mainly through a decline of prices on the other side. A considerable decline of general prices, however, is a remedy to which manufacturers and merchants will only submit when pushed to extremity. It will, therefore, only come when credit has been strained to the utmost, and a catastrophe is seen to be inevitable, and then it will probably come with a crash."

This great influx of European products, combined with unprecedented inventions and most abundant harvests, had caused an intense activity in trade. All men were fully occupied, and production was enormous. Food being cheap, the imports and proceeds of inventions mainly increased luxury industries, which, fostered by protection, advanced with gigantic strides, and at last, outstripping the ability of the country to support them, were held in their career by the influx of foreign goods. The people, seeing plenty around them, never realized they were using the products of labor other than their own, and mortgaging their future strength. Extravagance and wasteful investments followed, and the panic of 1873 came at last. By the inability of a few to pay their debts, the circular flow of capital was arrested, to the derangement of all portions of trade. This can not be better illustrated than by quoting Walter Bagehot's excellent example in his *Lombard Street:* "No single large industry can be depressed without injury to other industries; still less can any great group of industries. Each industry, when prosperous, buys and consumes the produce of most (certainly of very many) other industries, and if industry A fail and is in difficulty, industries B, C, and D, which used to sell to A, will not be able to sell that which they had produced in reliance on A's demand, and in future they will stand idle until industry A recovers, because in default of A there will be no one to buy the commodities which they create. Thus as industry B buys of C, D, etc., the adversity of B tells on C, D, etc., and as these buy of E, F, etc., the effect is propagated through the whole alphabet. And in a certain sense it rebounds. Z feels the want caused by the diminished custom of A, B, C, etc., and so it does not earn so much; in consequence it can not lay out so much on the produce of A, B, C, etc., and so these do not earn so much either. As has been explained, the fundamental cause is that under a system where every one is dependent on the labor of every one else, the loss of one spreads and multiplies through all, and spreads and multiplies the faster the higher the previous perfection of the system of divided labor, and the more nice and effectual the mode of interchange."

In actual life, however, the division of labor is by no means perfect, and instead of waiting entirely until industry A revives, B, C, etc., supply A's place by selling their goods cheaper, and accepting others' in the room of A's. Again, foreign trade has always assisted recovery from embarrassment by furnishing a market, since prices so fall in hard times that it is profitable to export goods. From these sales there is an influx of gold, prices rise, goods soon come in return from foreigners, while the embarrassed industries have meanwhile been gaining strength.

But in the United States several causes have greatly checked this assistance coming from foreign trade. Those productions in which we had an advantage over Europe, and which we could export with profit, had been burdened by the tariff, while the manufacture of luxuries, in which we could by no means compete with Europe, had been carried to excess. By competing with Europe is meant competing and obtaining the American rate of profit. The rate of profit in every country depends ultimately on the fertility of its soil, and the United States being more fertile than Europe, has a higher rate of profit. Now in competing with Europe in those manufactures where labor is the main expense, and in which we have no natural advantages over her, we can obtain the European profit, but we can not sell in European markets and obtain an American profit. The manufacturers of luxuries either would not or could not accept the European profit, and there was accordingly no outlet for their productions, since Americans, on account of hard times, could not buy them. Only two courses remained for these manufacturers; either to manufacture at a loss, or to stop; and they chose the latter course, while the consequent mass of unemployed laborers were obliged to wait until an increase in productions in which we had an advantage over other countries, generally raw materials and the necessities of life, furnished employment. But capital changes slowly, and only from compulsion. Manufacturers whose capital is in industries which they have built up by years of work hang there to the end. In embarrassed times capital is loath to enter upon new enterprises. Thus the failure of the luxury industries crippled as well the necessity industries; and the consequent slowness of the needed change in capital produced great misery.

Our great foreign debt was also a potent obstruction against immediate recovery from our embarrassment. The general fall in prices and our forced economy decreased our imports. European capital was not in demand with us, while the distrust among Europeans of our credit forbade their lending as freely as before the panic. We were therefore obliged, after 1873, to pay for interest, freights, etc., in goods more than in securities. But as our protected manufactures could not be extensively exported, our only hope lay in raw productions, or in productions where labor was the smallest ingredient. In these we had an advantage over Europe, and into these flowed our capital and labor. The change, though slow at first, was latterly quite rapid; raw products were extensively exported; and here comes the effect of our foreign debt. Had we had no debt, accrued or accruing, our excess of exports over imports would have been paid in gold; this influx of gold having raised prices, exports would have diminished, and imports increased, thus permitting many of our lagging industries to be active; their rise would have helped others, and soon again we should have had prosperity. But our excess of exports was not paid in gold, but partly went in payment for interest, travellers, etc., while whatever surplus remained was paid by returning our securities. We were, to be sure, paying our debts, but our exports were no immediate help in recovering from our embarrassments.

Our foreign trade during 1874–78 was:

	Imports.	Exports.	Excess of Imports.
1874	$663,613,855	$660,589,762	$3,024,093
1875	627,146,404	612,289,290	14,857,114
			Excess of Exports.
1876	537,381,246	604,701,985	67,320,739
1877	536,204,802	664,445,210	128,240,408
1878	512,943,824	743,125,722	230,181,898

As from 1869 to 1873 we received, on the average, annually, $116,000,000 in excess of imports over exports, while during 1874 to 1878 we paid by excess of exports over imports an annual average of $81,772,567, we had therefore an average annual sum of $197,772,567 less during the latter five years than the former. Also, in 1872 we received $190,100,420 from abroad, while in 1878 we gave in like manner $230,181,898; so, even if trade had been as active in 1878 as in 1872, we should have had $420,282,318

less wealth to use in 1878, and with the machinery of trade shattered besides, it is not strange we were poor.

To return to the calculation of our foreign debt, the estimate for freight on exports in American vessels has been increased, on account of relative increase in the exportation of raw materials after 1873, to eight per cent. The estimate for interest paid has been decreased to four per cent., both on account of embarrassed times (stocks having paid little, and bonds often no interest) and the refunding of United States bonds at a lower rate of interest. As was before explained, the allowance for smuggling and under-valuation of imports has been increased to eighteen per cent. during 1875 and 1876, and decreased to fifteen per cent. after that date.

Progress of the debt during 1874:

Interest on old debt	$75,306,809
Excess of imports over exports	3,024,093
Debt due to travellers	30,000,000
Debt due to freight	10,365,371
	118,696,273
Deduct profits on exports	47,905,907
	70,790,366
Add interest on increase	1,061,855
Increase for 1874	71,852,221
Add previous debt	1,882,670,231
Total debt June 30, 1874	$1,954,522,452

For 1875:

Interest	$78,180,998
Excess of imports over exports	14,857,114
Debt due to travellers	30,000,000
Debt due to freight	9,466,569
	132,504,681
Deduct profits on exports	44,431,233
	88,073,448
Add interest on increase	1,321,101
	89,394,549
Add previous debt	1,954,522,452
Total debt June 30, 1875	$2,043,917,001

For 1876:

Interest	$81,756,680
Debt due to travellers (small, on account of the Centennial Exposition)	10,000,000
Debt due to freight	5,852,992
Total debit account	97,609,672
Excess of exports over imports	67,320,739
Profits on exports	44,771,033
	112,091,772
Deduct debit account	97,609,672
	14,482,100
Add interest on decrease, to offset excess of interest allowed on old debt	217,231
Decrease of debt for 1876	14,699,331
Deduct this decrease from the debt June 30, 1875	2,043,917,001
And we have debt June 30, 1876	$2,029,217,670

For 1877:

Interest	$81,168,706
Debt due to travellers	30,000,000
Debt due to freight	6,587,852
Debit account	117,756,558
Excess of exports over imports	128,240,408
Profits on exports	48,319,439
	176,559,847
Deduct debit account	117,756,558
	58,803,289
Add interest	882,049
Decrease for 1877	59,685,338
Taking decrease from previous debt	2,029,217,670
Debt June 30, 1877	$1,969,532,332

For 1878:

Interest	$78,781,293
Debt due to travellers (quite large, on account of Paris Exposition)	40,000,000
Debt due to freight	8,266,934
Total debit account	127,048,227
Excess of exports over imports	230,181,898
Profit on exports	53,477,211
	283,659,109
Deduct debit account	127,048,227
	156,610,882
Interest	2,289,163
Decrease during 1878	158,900,045
Deduct decrease from old debt	1,969,532,332
And we have the total apparent debt June 30, 1878	$1,810,632,287

Expressed in a more concise form, the result is as follows:

Our foreign debt at the end of 1873 was		$1,882,670,231
Increase during 1874		71,852,221
Increase during 1875		89,394,549
Maximum point of debt June 30, 1875		2,043,917,001
Decrease during 1876.	$14,699,331	
Decrease during 1877.	59,685,338	
Decrease during 1878.	158,900,045	233,284,714
Apparent debt June 30, 1878		$1,810,632,287

This, however, is the debt on the supposition that there have been no losses by defaulting bonds, depreciation of stocks, etc. We have now to find the amount of such losses. With the aid of stock quotations, the *Economist*, the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, and many leading bankers, the following estimates of losses have been arrived at:

Losses from railway bonds	$35,000,000
Losses from State bonds	20,000,000
Losses from failures	8,000,000
Losses from depreciation of stocks, bonds, etc., excepting railway and State bonds	80,000,000
	$143,000.000

As this sum has accrued at different times, and has been included with interest in our estimate of the foreign debt, we must

here allow interest, which, amounting to $18,000,000, raises the allowance for losses to $161,000,000. This sum, taken from our previous estimate, leaves *our total foreign debt*, June 30, 1878, $1,649,632,287.

It must not be inferred that our foreign debt has decreased in the same proportion as our United States bonds have been returned. The process of refunding has brought many such bonds home, and few of those issued at a lower rate of interest have been sent abroad. President Hayes stated, without doubt on good authority, that while from $800,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 United States bonds were held abroad in 1871, only between $250,000,000 and $300,000,000 were so held August, 1878, and the *Economist* and Mr. McCulloch substantially agree with President Hayes. This is perfectly consistent with my calculations, since we know Europeans have, since the process of refunding began, been investing in those American securities which promise larger interest than is paid by United States bonds.

As has been seen, by far the greatest decrease in our foreign debt occurred in 1878, and in like manner we find the greatest increase in raw production during that year. To show the rapidity of this recent change toward raw production, there are given below the amounts of newly settled lands for agriculture in the United States for the years 1875 to 1878:

	Acres.
Amount settled in 1875.....	3,704,399
Amount settled in 1876.....	4,262,726
Amount settled in 1877.....	3,536,937
Amount settled in 1878.....	7,251,053

It should also be noticed that the number of immigrants in 1878 was the smallest for several years, thus making the change greater than it appears. This change would be assisted by a reduction in the customs tariff, but without any such reduction it must proceed until a normal condition is reached. For we can not maintain our present amount of capital in manufacturing; our laborers must and will live, and raw production is the only line open to them.

Secretary Sherman, in his report for 1878, writes: "The increase of our exports consisted mainly of breadstuffs, provisions, agricultural implements, iron and manufactures of iron, copper and manufactures of copper, leather and manufactures of leather, and petroleum.... Of the exports of domestic merchandise during the year, the products of agriculture comprised seventy-seven per cent., and exceeded the entire value of our imports of all classes of merchandise from foreign countries. The exports of these products have risen from $361,852,972 in 1872 to $536,039,951 in 1878, and the capacity of their further increase would seem to be limited only by the demand thereof." On account of this increase in raw production, food and necessities will be cheapened, because of the increased supply, thus allowing more use for luxuries, and giving employment to many embarrassed industries, while the increased number engaged in producing necessities will also create a demand for other products. Nor will activity await the entire payment of our foreign debt. This flow of capital and labor toward raw production will soon balance the forces of the country; the rate of interest will rise, capital will be sought, Europeans will gladly lend to us, imports will increase, and so on to prosperous times. In fact, the present excess of exports over imports is not entirely paid by returned securities; a part has been paid in bullion; and if this continues, we ought soon to expect increased imports. It is not intended here to give the impression that an excess of imports is itself a benefit, or *vice versa*. An excess either way is a benefit under non-restricting laws, it being for the time suited to the country's needs.

It is the normal condition of a young and growing country like the United States to demand capital for new enterprises. This capital Europe is glad to loan us, as we can afford to pay her a high rate of interest. But every loan is an increase of our foreign indebtedness. We shall then ever have a European debt, varying with prosperous and embarrassed times, as long as our rate of profit is higher—as long as our country is less populated than Europe.

Since the panic of 1873 we have been paying for our former extravagance, and acquiring the much-needed traits of prudence and humility—traits of which our easy means of acquiring wealth had in a measure deprived us; and if we allow that improvement in national character is far more important than momentary prosperity, the financial reverses of the last five years have by no means been evils.

MARY ANERLEY.

CHAPTER I.

HEADSTRONG AND HEADLONG.

FAR from any house or hut, in the depth of dreary moor-land, a road, unfenced and almost unformed, descends to a rapid river. The crossing is called the "Seven Corpse Ford," because a large party of farmers, riding homeward from Middleton, banded together and perhaps well primed through fear of a famous highwayman, came down to this place on a foggy evening, after heavy rain-fall. One of the company set before them what the power of the water was, but they laughed at him and spurred into it, and one alone spurred out of it. Whether taken with fright, or with too much courage, they laid hold of one another, and seven out of eight of them, all large farmers, and thoroughly understanding land, came never upon it alive again; and their bodies, being found upon the ridge that cast them up, gave a dismal name to a place that never was merry in the best of weather.

However, worse things than this had happened; and the country is not chary of its living, though apt to be scared of its dead; and so the ford came into use again, with a little attempt at improvement. For those farmers being beyond recall, and their families hard to provide for, Richard Yordas, of Scargate Hall, the chief owner of the neighborhood, set a long heavy stone up on either brink, and stretched a strong chain between them, not only to mark out the course of the shallow, whose shelf is askew to the channel, but also that any one being washed away might fetch up, and feel how to save himself. For the Tees is a violent water sometimes, and the safest way to cross it is to go on till you come to a good stone bridge.

Now forty years after that sad destruction of brave but not well-guided men, and thirty years after the chain was fixed, that their sons might not go after them, another thing happened at "Seven Corpse Ford," worse than the drowning of the farmers. Or, at any rate, it made more stir (which is of wider spread than sorrow), because of the eminence of the man, and the length and width of his property. Neither could any one at first believe in so quiet an end to so turbulent a course. Nevertheless it came to pass, as lightly as if he were a reed or a bubble of the river that belonged to him.

It was upon a gentle evening, a few days after Michaelmas of 1777. No flood was in the river then, and no fog on the moor-land, only the usual course of time, keeping the silent company of stars. The young moon was down, and the hover of the sky (in doubt of various lights) was gone, and the equal spread of obscurity soothed the eyes of any reasonable man.

But the man who rode down to the river that night had little love of reason. Headstrong chief of a headlong race, no will must depart a hair's-breadth from his; and fifty years of arrogant port had stiffened a neck too stiff at birth. Even now in the dim light his large square form stood out against the sky like a cromlech, and his heavy arms swung like gnarled boughs of oak, for a storm of wrath was moving him. In his youth he had rebelled against his father; and now his own son was a rebel to him.

"Good, my boy, good!" he said, within his grizzled beard, while his eyes shone with fire, like the flints beneath his horse; "you have had your own way, have you, then? But never shall you step upon an acre of your own, and your timber shall be the gallows. Done, my boy, once and forever."

Philip, the squire, the son of Richard, and father of Duncan Yordas, with fierce satisfaction struck the bosom of his heavy Bradford riding-coat, and the crackle of parchment replied to the blow, while with the other hand he drew rein on the brink of the Tees sliding rapidly.

The water was dark with the twinkle of the stars, and wide with the vapor of the valley, but Philip Yordas in the rage of triumph laughed and spurred his reflecting horse.

"Fool!" he cried, without an oath—no Yordas ever used an oath except in playful moments—"fool! what fear you? There hangs my respected father's chain. Ah, he was something like a man! Had I ever dared to flout him so, he would have hanged me with it."

Wild with his wrong, he struck the rowel deep into the flank of his wading horse, and in scorn of the depth drove

him up the river. The shoulders of the swimming horse broke the swirling water, as he panted and snorted against it; and if Philip Yordas had drawn back at once, he might even now have crossed safely. But the fury of his blood was up, the stronger the torrent the fiercer his will, and the fight between passion and power went on. The poor horse was fain to swerve back at last; but he struck him on the head with a carbine, and shouted to the torrent:

"Drown me, if you can. My father used to say that I was never born to drown. My own water drown me! That would be a little too much insolence."

"Too much insolence" were his last words. The strength of the horse was exhausted. The beat of his legs grew short and faint, the white of his eyes rolled piteously, and the gurgle of his breath subsided. His heavy head dropped under water, and his sodden crest rolled over, like sea-weed where a wave breaks. The stream had him all at its mercy, and showed no more than his savage master had, but swept him a wallowing lump away, and over the reef of the crossing. With both feet locked in the twisted stirrups, and right arm broken at the elbow, the rider was swung (like the mast of a wreck) and flung with his head upon his father's chain. There he was held by his great square chin—for the jar of his backbone stunned him—and the weight of the swept-away horse broke the neck which never had been known to bend. In the morning a peasant found him there, not drowned but hanged, with eyes wide open, a swaying corpse upon a creaking chain. So his father (though long in the grave) was his death, as he often had promised to be to him; while he (with the habit of his race) clutched fast with dead hand on dead bosom the instrument securing the starvation of his son.

Of the Yordas family truly was it said that the will of God was nothing to their will—as long as the latter lasted—and that every man of them scorned all Testament, old or new, except his own.

CHAPTER II.

SCARGATE HALL.

Nearly twenty-four years had passed since Philip Yordas was carried to his last (as well as his first) repose, and Scargate Hall had enjoyed some rest from the turbulence of owners. For as soon as Duncan (Philip's son, whose marriage had maddened his father) was clearly apprised by the late squire's lawyer of his disinheritance, he collected his own little money and his wife's, and set sail for India. His mother, a Scotchwoman of good birth but evil fortunes, had left him something; and his bride (the daughter of his father's greatest foe) was not altogether empty-handed. His sisters were forbidden by the will to help him with a single penny; and Philippa, the elder, declaring and believing that Duncan had killed her father, strictly obeyed the injunction. But Eliza, being of a softer kind, and herself then in love with Captain Carnaby, would gladly have aided her only brother, but for his stern refusal. In such a case, a more gentle nature than ever endowed a Yordas might have grown hardened and bitter; and Duncan, being of true Yordas fibre (thickened and toughened with slower Scotch sap), was not of the sort to be ousted lightly and grow at the feet of his supplanters.

Therefore he cast himself on the winds, in search of fairer soil, and was not heard of in his native land; and Scargate Hall and estates were held by the sisters in joint tenancy, with remainder to the first son born of whichever it might be of them. And this was so worded through the hurry of their father to get some one established in the place of his own son.

But from paltry passions, turn away a little while to the things which excite, but are not excited by them.

Scargate Hall stands, high and old, in the wildest and most rugged part of the wild and rough North Riding. Many are the tales about it, in the few and humble cots, scattered in the modest distance, mainly to look up at it. In spring and summer, of the years that have any, the height and the air are not only fine, but even fair and pleasant. So do the shadows and the sunshine wander, elbowing into one another on the moor, and so does the glance of smiling foliage soothe the austerity of crag and scaur. At such time, also, the restless torrent (whose fury has driven content away through many a short day and long night) is not in such desperate hurry to bury its troubles in the breast of Tees, but spreads them in language that sparkles to the sun, or even

makes leisure to turn into corners of deep brown-study about the people on its banks —especially, perhaps, the miller.

But never had this impetuous water more reason to stop and reflect upon people of greater importance, who called it their own, than now when it was at the lowest of itself, in August of the year 1801.

From time beyond date the race of Yordas had owned and inhabited this old place. From them the river, and the river's valley, and the mountain of its birth, took name, or else, perhaps, gave name to them; for the history of the giant Yordas still remains to be written, and the materials are scanty. His present descendants did not care an old song for his memory, even if he ever had existence to produce it. Piety (whether in the Latin sense or English) never had marked them for her own; their days were long in the land, through a long inactivity of the Decalogue.

And yet in some manner this lawless race had been as a law to itself throughout. From age to age came certain gifts and certain ways of management, which saved the family life from falling out of rank and land and lot. From deadly feuds, exhausting suits, and ruinous profusion, when all appeared lost, there had always arisen a man of direct lineal stock to retrieve the estates and reprieve the name. And what is still more conducive to the longevity of families, no member had appeared as yet of a power too large and an aim too lofty, whose eminence must be cut short with axe, outlawry, and attainder. Therefore there ever had been a Yordas, good or bad (and by his own showing more often of the latter kind), to stand before heaven, and hold the land, and harass them that dwelt thereon. But now at last the world seemed to be threatened with the extinction of a fine old name.

When Squire Philip died in the river, as above recorded, his death, from one point of view, was dry, since nobody shed a tear for him, unless it was his child Eliza. Still, he was missed and lamented in speech, and even in eloquent speeches, having been a very strong Justice of the Peace, as well as the foremost of riotous gentlemen keeping the order of the county. He stood above them in his firm resolve to have his own way always, and his way was so crooked that the difficulty was to get out of it and let him have it. And when he was dead, it was either too good or too bad to believe in; and even after he was buried it was held that this might be only another of his tricks.

But after his ghost had been seen repeatedly, sitting on the chain and swearing, it began to be known that he was gone indeed, and the relief afforded by his absence endeared him to sad memory. Moreover, his good successors enhanced the relish of scandal about him by seeming themselves to be always so dry, distant, and unimpeachable. Especially so did "My Lady Philippa," as the elder daughter was called by all the tenants and dependents, though the family now held no title of honor.

Mistress Yordas, as she was more correctly styled by usage of the period, was a maiden lady of fine presence, uncumbered as yet by weight of years, and only dignified thereby. Stately, and straight, and substantial of figure, firm but not coarse of feature, she had reached her forty-fifth year without an ailment or a wrinkle. Her eyes were steadfast, clear, and bright, well able to second her distinct calm voice, and handsome still, though their deep blue had waned into a quiet, impenetrable gray; while her broad clear forehead, straight nose, and red lips might well be considered as comely as ever, at least by those who loved her. Of these, however, there were not many; and she was content to have it so.

Mrs. Carnaby, the younger sister, would not have been content to have it so. Though not of the weak lot which is enfeoffed to popularity, she liked to be regarded kindly, and would rather win a smile than exact a courtesy. Continually it was said of her that she was no genuine Yordas, though really she had all the pride and all the stubbornness of that race, enlarged, perhaps, but little weakened, by severe afflictions. This lady had lost a beloved husband, Colonel Carnaby, killed in battle; and after that four children of the five she had been so proud of. And the waters of affliction had not turned to bitterness in her soul.

Concerning the outward part—which matters more than the inward at first hand—Mrs. Carnaby had no reason to complain of fortune. She had started well as a very fine baby, and grown up well into a lovely maiden, passing through

wedlock into a sightly matron, gentle, fair, and showing reason. For generations it had come to pass that those of the Yordas race who deserved to be cut off for their doings out-of-doors were followed by ladies of decorum, self-restraint, and regard for their neighbor's landmark. And so it was now with these two ladies, the handsome Philippa and the fair Eliza leading a peaceful and reputable life, and carefully studying their rent-roll.

It was not, however, in the fitness of things that quiet should reign at Scargate Hall for a quarter of a century; and one strong element of disturbance grew already manifest. Under the will of Squire Philip the heir-apparent was the one surviving child of Mrs. Carnaby.

If ever a mortal life was saved by dint of sleepless care, warm coddling, and perpetual doctoring, it was the precious life of Master Lancelot Yordas Carnaby. In him all the mischief of his race revived, without the strong substance to carry it off. Though his parents were healthy and vigorous, he was of weakly constitution, which would not have been half so dangerous to him if his mind also had been weakly. But his mind (or at any rate that rudiment thereof which appears in the shape of self-will even before the teeth appear) was a piece of muscular contortion, tough as oak and hard as iron. "Pet" was his name with his mother and his aunt; and his enemies (being the rest of mankind) said that pet was his name and his nature.

For this dear child could brook no denial, no slow submission to his wishes; whatever he wanted must come in a moment, punctual as an echo. In him re-appeared not the stubbornness only, but also the keen ingenuity of Yordas in finding out the very thing that never should be done, and then the unerring perception of the way in which it could be done most noxiously. Yet any one looking at his eyes would think how tender and bright must his nature be! "He favoreth his forebears; how can he help it?" kind people exclaimed, when they knew him. And the servants of the house excused themselves when condemned for putting up with him, "Yo know not what 'a is, yo that talk so. He maun get 's own gait, lestwise yo wud chok' un."

Being too valuable to be choked, he got his own way always.

CHAPTER III.

A DISAPPOINTING APPOINTMENT.

For the sake of Pet Carnaby and of themselves, the ladies of the house were disquieted now, in the first summer weather of a wet cold year, the year of our Lord 1801. And their trouble arose as follows:

There had long been a question between the sisters and Sir Walter Carnaby, brother of the late colonel, about an exchange of outlying land, which would have to be ratified by "Pet" hereafter. Terms being settled and agreement signed, the lawyers fell to at the linked sweetness of deducing title. The abstract of the Yordas title was nearly as big as the parish Bible, so in and out had their dealings been, and so intricate their pugnacity.

Among the many other of the Yordas freaks was a fatuous and generally fatal one. For the slightest miscarriage they discharged their lawyer, and leaped into the office of a new one. Has any man moved in the affairs of men, with a grain of common-sense or half a pennyweight of experience, without being taught that an old tenter-hook sits easier to him than a new one? And not only that, but in shifting his quarters he may leave some truly fundamental thing behind.

Old Mr. Jellicorse, of Middleton in Teesdale, had won golden opinions every where. He was an uncommonly honest lawyer, highly incapable of almost any trick, and lofty in his view of things, when his side of them was the legal one. He had a large collection of those interesting boxes which are to a lawyer and his family better than caskets of silver and gold; and especially were his shelves furnished with what might be called the library of the Scargate title-deeds. He had been proud to take charge of these nearly thirty years ago, and had married on the strength of them, though warned by the rival from whom they were wrested that he must not hope to keep them long. However, through the peaceful incumbency of ladies, they remained in his office all those years.

This was the gentleman who had drawn and legally sped to its purport the will of the lamented Squire Philip, who refused very clearly to leave it, and took horse to flourish it at his rebellious son. Mr. Jellicorse had done the utmost, as behooved him, against that rancorous testament; but meeting with silence more savage

than words, and a bow to depart, he had yielded; and the squire stamped about the room until his job was finished.

A fact accomplished, whether good or bad, improves in character with every revolution of this little world around the sun, that heavenly example of subservience. And now Mr. Jellicorse was well convinced, as nothing had occurred to disturb that will, and the life of the testator had been sacrificed to it, and the devisees under it were his own good clients, and some of his finest turns of words were in it, and the preparation, execution, and attestation, in an hour and ten minutes of the office clock, had never been equalled in Yorkshire before, and perhaps never honestly in London—taking all these things into conscious or unconscious balance, Mr. Jellicorse grew into the clear conviction that "righteous and wise" were the words to be used whenever this will was spoken of.

With pleasant remembrance of the starveling fees wherewith he used to charge the public, ere ever his golden spurs were won, the prosperous lawyer now began to run his eye through a duplicate of an abstract furnished upon some little sale about forty years before. This would form the basis of the abstract now to be furnished to Sir Walter Carnaby, with little to be added but the will of Philip Yordas, and statement of facts to be verified. Mr. Jellicorse was fat, but very active still; he liked good living, but he liked to earn it, and could not sit down to his dinner without feeling that he had helped the Lord to provide these mercies. He carried a pencil on his chain, and liked to use it ere ever he began with knife and fork. For the young men in the office, as he always said, knew nothing.

The day was very bright and clear, and the sun shone through soft lilac leaves on more important folios, while Mr. Jellicorse, with happy sniffs—for his dinner was roasting in the distance—drew a single line here, or a double line there, or a gable on the margin of the paper, to show his head clerk what to cite, and in what letters, and what to omit, in the abstract to be rendered. For the good solicitor had spent some time in the chambers of a famous conveyancer in London, and prided himself upon deducing title, directly, exhaustively, and yet tersely, in one word, scientifically, and not as the mere quill-driver. The title to the hereditaments, now to be given in exchange, went back for many generations; but as the deeds were not to pass, Mr. Jellicorse, like an honest man, drew a line across, and made a star at one quite old enough to begin with, in which the little moorland farm in treaty now was specified. With hum and ha of satisfaction he came down the records, as far as the settlement made upon the marriage of Richard Yordas, of Scargate Hall, Esquire, and Eleanor, the daughter of Sir Fursan de Roos. This document created no entail, for strict settlements had never been the manner of the race; but the property assured in trust, to satisfy the jointure, was then declared subject to joint and surviving powers of appointment limited to the issue of the marriage, with remainder to the uses of the will of the aforesaid Richard Yordas, or, failing such will, to his right heirs forever.

All this was usual enough, and Mr. Jellicorse heeded it little, having never heard of any appointment, and knowing that Richard, the grandfather of his clients, had died, as became a true Yordas, in a fit of fury with a poor tenant, intestate, as well as unrepentant. The lawyer, being a slightly pious man, afforded a little sigh to this remembrance, and lifted his finger to turn the leaf, but the leaf stuck a moment, and the paper being raised at the very best angle to the sun, he saw, or seemed to see, a faint red line, just over against that appointment clause. And then the yellow margin showed some faint red marks.

"Well, I never," Mr. Jellicorse exclaimed—"certainly never saw these marks before. Diana, where are my glasses?"

Mrs. Jellicorse had been to see the potatoes on (for the new cook simply made "kettlefuls of fish" of every thing put upon the fire), and now at her husband's call she went to her work-box for his spectacles, which he was not allowed to wear except on Sundays, for fear of injuring his eyesight. Equipped with these, and drawing nearer to the window, the lawyer gradually made out this: first a broad faint line of red, as if some attorney, now a ghost, had cut his finger, and over against that in small round hand the letters "v. b. c." Mr. Jellicorse could swear that they were "v. b. c."

"Don't ask me to eat any dinner to-

day," he exclaimed, when his wife came to fetch him. "Diana, I am occupied; go and eat it up without me."

"Nonsense, James," she answered, calmly; "you never get any clever thoughts by starving."

Moved by this reasoning, he submitted, fed his wife and children and own good self, and then brought up a bottle of old Spanish wine to strengthen the founts of discovery. Whose writing was that upon the broad marge of verbosity? Why had it never been observed before? Above all, what was meant by "v. b. c."?

Unaided, he might have gone on forever, to the bottom of a butt of Xeres wine; but finding the second glass better than the first, he called to Mrs. Jellicorse, who was in the garden gathering striped roses, to come and have a sip with him, and taste the yellow cherries. And when she came promptly, with the flowers in her hand, and their youngest little daughter making sly eyes at the fruit, bothered as he was, he could not help smiling and saying, "Oh, Diana, what is 'v. b. c.'?"

"Very black currants, papa!" cried Emily, dancing a long bunch in the air.

"Hush, dear child, you are getting too forward," said her mother, though proud of her quickness. "James, how should I know what 'v. b. c.' is? But I wish most heartily that you would rid me of my old enemy, box C. I want to put a hanging press in that corner, instead of which you turn the very passages into office."

"Box C? I remember no box C."

"You may not have noticed the letter C upon it, but the box you must know as well as I do. It belongs to those proud Yordas people, who hold their heads so high, forsooth, as if nobody but themselves belonged to a good old county family! That makes me hate the box the more."

"I will take it out of your way at once. I may want it. It should be with the others. I know it as well as I know my snuff-box. It was Aberthaw who put it in that corner; but I had forgotten that it was lettered. The others are all numbered."

Of course Mr. Jellicorse was not weak enough to make the partner of his bosom the partner of his business; and much as she longed to know why he had put an unusual question to her, she trusted to the future for discovery of that point. She left him, and he with no undue haste—for the business, after all, was not his own—began to follow out his train of thought, in manner much as follows:

"This is that old Duncombe's writing—'Dunder-headed Duncombe,' as he used to be called in his lifetime, but 'Long-headed Duncombe' afterward. None but his wife knew whether he was a wise man, or a wiseacre. Perhaps either, according to the treatment he received. Richard Yordas treated him badly; that may have made him wiser. V. b. c. means 'vide box C,' unless I am greatly mistaken. He wrote those letters as plainly and clearly as he could against this power of appointment as recited here. But afterward, with knife and pounce, he scraped them out, as now becomes plain with this magnifying-glass; probably he did so when all these archives, as he used to call them, were rudely ordered over to my predecessor. A nice bit of revenge, if my suspicions are correct; and a pretty confusion will follow it."

The lawyer's suspicions proved too correct. He took that box to his private room, and with some trouble unlocked it. A damp and musty smell came forth, as when a man delves a potato-bury; and then appeared layers of parchment yellow and brown, in and out with one another, according to the curing of the sheep-skin, perhaps, or the age of the sheep when he began to die; skins much older than any man's who handled them, and drier than the brains of any lawyer.

"Anno Jacobi tertio, and Quadragesimo Elisabethæ! How nice it sounds!" Mr. Jellicorse exclaimed; "they ought all to go in, and be charged for. People to be satisfied with sixty years' title! Why, bless the Lord, I am sixty-eight myself, and could buy and sell the grammar school at eight years old. It is no security, no security at all. What did the learned Bacupiston say—'If a rogue only lives to be a hundred and eleven, he may have been for ninety years disseized, and nobody alive to know it!'"

Older and older grew the documents as the lawyer's hand travelled downward; any flaw or failure must have been healed by lapse of time long and long ago; dust and grime and mildew thickened, ink became paler, and contractions more contorted; it was rather an antiquary's business now than a lawyer's to decipher them.

"What a fool I am!" the solicitor thought. "My cuffs will never wash white again, and all I have found is a mare's-nest. However, I'll go to the bottom now. There may be a gold seal—they used to put them in with the deeds three hundred years ago. A charter of Edward the Fourth, I declare! Ah, the Yordases were Yorkists—halloa! what is here? By the Touchstone of Shepherd, I was right after all! Well done, Long-headed Duncombe!"

From the very bottom of the box he took a parchment comparatively fresh and new, indorsed "Appointment by Richard Yordas, Esquire, and Eleanor his wife, of lands and heredits at Scargate and elsewhere in the county of York, dated Nov. 15th, A.D. 1751." Having glanced at the signatures and seals, Mr. Jellicorse spread the document, which was of moderate compass, and soon convinced himself that his work of the morning had been wholly thrown away. No title could be shown to Whitestone Farm, nor even to Scargate Hall itself, on the part of the present owners.

The appointment was by deed-poll, and strictly in accordance with the powers of the settlement. Duly executed and attested, clearly though clumsily expressed, and beyond all question genuine, it simply nullified (as concerned the better half of the property) the will which had cost Philip Yordas his life. For under this limitation Philip held a mere life-interest, his father and mother giving all men to know by those presents that they did thereby from and after the decease of their said son Philip grant limit and appoint &c. all and singular the said lands &c. to the heirs of his body lawfully begotten &c. &c. in tail general, with remainder over, and final remainder to the right heirs of the said Richard Yordas forever. From all which it followed that while Duncan Yordas, or child, or other descendant of his, remained in the land of the living, or even without that if he having learned it had been enabled to bar the entail and then sell or devise the lands away, the ladies in possession could show no title, except a possessory one, as yet unhallowed by the lapse of time.

Mr. Jellicorse was a very pleasant-looking man, also one who took a pleasant view of other men and things; but he could not help pulling a long and sad face as he thought of the puzzle before him. Duncan Yordas had not been heard of among his own hills and valleys since 1778, when he embarked for India. None of the family ever had cared to write or read long letters, their correspondence (if any) was short, without being sweet by any means. It might be a subject for prayer and hope that Duncan should be gone to a better world, without leaving hostages to fortune here; but sad it is to say that neither prayer nor hope produces any faith in the counsel who prepares "requisitions upon title."

On the other hand, inquiry as to Duncan's history since he left his native land would be a delicate and expensive work, and perhaps even dangerous, if he should hear of it, and inquire about the inquirers. For the last thing to be done from a legal point of view—though the first of all from a just one—was to apprise the rightful owner of his unexpected position. Now Mr. Jellicorse was a just man; but his justice was due to his clients first.

After a long brown-study he reaped his crop of meditation thus: "It is a ticklish job; and I will sleep three nights upon it."

CONSEQUENCES OF DEFECTIVE VISION.

WHATEVER an ounce of prevention may be to other members of the body, it certainly is worth many pounds of cure to the eye. Like a chronometer watch, this delicate organ will stand any amount of use, not to say abuse, but when once thrown off its balance, it very rarely can be brought back to its original perfection of action, or, if it is, it becomes ever after liable to a return of disability of function or the seat of actual disease. One would have supposed from this fact, and from the fact that modern civilization has imposed upon the eye an ever-increasing amount of strain, both as to the actual quantity of work done and the constantly increasing brilliancy and duration of the illumination under which it is performed, that the greatest pains would have been exercised in maintaining the organ in a condition of health, and the greatest care and solicitude used in its treatment when diseased. And yet it is safe to say that there is no organ in the body the welfare of which is so persistently neglected as the eye.

I have known fond and doting mothers

take their children of four and five years of age to have their first teeth filled, instead of having them extracted, so that the jaw might not suffer in its due development, and become in later years contracted, while the eye, the most intellectual, the most apprehensive, and the most discriminating of all our organs, receives not even a passing thought, much less an examination. It never seems to occur to the parents that the principal agent in a child's education is the eye; that through it it gains not only its sense of the methods and ways of existence of others, but even the means for the maintenance of its own; nor does it occur to the parents for an instant that many of the mental as well as bodily attributes of a growing child are fashioned, even if they are not created, by the condition of the eye alone.

A child is put to school without the slightest inquiry on the part of the parent, and much less on the part of the teacher, whether it has the normal amount of sight; whether it sees objects sharply and well defined, or indistinctly and distorted; whether it be near-sighted or far-sighted; whether it sees with one or two eyes; or, finally, if it does see clearly and distinctly, whether it is not using a quantity of nervous force sufficient after a time not only to exhaust the energy of the visual organ, but of the nervous system at large.

It is not within the scope of these remarks to allude even in the briefest way to all the ill effects which may follow abuse of the eyes; but I may be pardoned for saying a word or two on some of the most conspicuous conditions which affect not only the health but the character of those who are afflicted with them, if for no other reason, for the sake of justifying the necessity which I believe exists for the knowledge on the part of all as to the optical condition of their eyes.

It has been said once, and can never be said too often, that a "near-sighted eye is a sick eye," and a step farther may be safely taken by saying that a near-sighted person is, as a rule, a sickly person, especially when the near-sightedness occurs in a young child, where it is often but the result of a reduction of the general vital force, and the expression of a laxity of tissue.

The reason why a near-sighted person is apt to be sickly is not far to seek. A near-sighted boy, unless the trouble be of a very moderate degree, can not compete successfully with his school-mates in any of the games of youth where a nicely balanced co-operation of skill and strength is required, for the simple reason that most of them lie beyond the range of his vision. Ridiculed by his companions for clumsiness and inaptitude, due to a physical defect of which neither he nor they are aware, he throws up in disgust, one by one, the health-giving sports in which he never can hope to excel, and takes to books, not as most boys do as a disagreeable duty, but as a recreation, till what was at first a pastime turns into a passion, and reading for the mere sake of reading, often without understanding, and nearly always without reflection, becomes a necessity—a craving which is not only not opposed by his parents and teachers, but even fostered.

Abstraction from fresh air and exercise is, however, not the only evil engendered by this condition; the very attitude under which the use of the eyes is performed is detrimental to general health and due development of important organs. The book is brought near to the eye, the head is bent upon the chest or over the table, according as the occupation is reading or writing, till the shoulders become curved and the chest contracted, the inspiration shortened and insufficient.

But it is not alone these physical attributes; even the mental are affected. A near-sighted child can not, even across the table, see clearly the features of his own family, let alone those of his instructors, nor catch the ever-varying expression of the eye or the subtle changes in the muscles of the face, by which an idea is emphasized or a principle enforced. As he grows to manhood his very sense of the beautiful in nature is hampered and curtailed. Earth, sea, and sky make up for him a world different from that of his companions, and it is no wonder that his views of men and things are different also, and that he is constantly turning from the things that are real to the things that are ideal, where he is not only the equal, but from long practice and cultivation the superior, of his associates, with whom his talk is forever of books; and even in literature he prefers the poetry of the present, and in music the music of the future. It is the same in art, an indifferent miniature in the hand gives him more pleasure than a Raphael on the wall, and the love of detail and intricacy is fostered

in him at the expense of unity and comprehensiveness.

He judges of men and their intentions rather by the sound of the voice than the expression of the face, and is apt, for that reason, to be suspicious of strangers, and overconfident in mere acquaintances, and this is even more the case with places than with men. Thus he is timid and overcautious in strange pathways, especially when the light is a little insufficient, and he will blindly walk into temporary obstacles in a once familiar path, and often to his great bodily harm, which to a person with good eyesight seems incredible. In a word, his sedentary physical habits react on his mental attributes, and he grows to be metaphysical and contemplative rather than practical and active, and his mind becomes a receptacle rather than an agent.

Now all this must have an effect on the general health, and reduce longevity, and I feel confident, however different it may be with individual exceptions, that in a great number of near-sighted people the general average of physical vigor would be less than in the same number of those who possessed long sight.

If, now, this reduction in physical vigor were counterbalanced by an increase in mental force, less objections might be raised against the defect. But I have certainly never noticed that, as a whole, near-sighted persons are any more intellectual than those who have normal eyes.

More studious they certainly are, but studiousness and intellectuality are not convertible terms, though I am aware most people think they are. Thus pale, delicate children, with a towering if not hydrocephalic forehead, and with prominent myopic eyes, are continually brought to me with the assurance by their parents of their great studiousness and consequent intellectual capacity and development. The most cursory examination proves just the contrary, unless a pert precocity about books and things, of which they really know very little, and should know less, is a sign of intellectual development. These children read much, it is true, but it is only because they can do nothing else. In no possible way, either mental or physical, is a defect in vision a benefit to the individual or the race, Donders to the contrary notwithstanding.

I should like to be understood in this matter. By studiousness I do not mean the application of thought, but I mean what usually passes under that name, that is, the consumption of printed matter, than the absorption of which there is no worse mental food. There is nothing to show that the art of printing has increased the intellectual capacity of the human brain, while, on the other hand, there is a great deal to show that the divine afflatus of the mind, like other gases, weakens itself by diffusion.

Now all this of course does not apply to every degree of near-sightedness, but it does apply to that amount which often exists among young and growing children, and which is the rule among those who have been slightly near-sighted in childhood to become still more so in later years. Still less does this apply to those who have had their near-sightedness corrected in early life by the means of glasses, because, when the eye is reduced by their help to the condition of a far-seeing eye, the same tastes are cultivated and the same occupations pursued as if the eye was naturally a normal eye.

But besides the condition of near-sightedness which consists in too great a length of the eye, there is another where the eyeball is too short, or the hypermetropic eye, and which, though less dangerous to the organ, is even more distressing to the subject, because less apparent. For a short eye can, by making an effort, see in the distance usually as well as a normal eye, the only difference being that where a normal eye is using no effort to see an object clearly, that is, in the distance, a short eye is making a physical exertion proportionate to the amount of the defect—a strain which always fatigues and sometimes exhausts the nervous energy not only of the eye, but also of the whole nervous system. All this is even worse for near objects, and the result is that a hypermetropic eye never, from the beginning to the end, sees an object distinctly without an effort. From the fact that by making this effort those affected with this trouble can see both distant and near objects clearly, the defect is rarely recognized, unless of a very high degree, until the near approach of adult life, though a number of symptoms and complaints may have shown themselves in former years whose true cause was unsuspected by even the sufferer himself, such as headache, vertigo, neuralgia, and general nervous exhaustion—symptoms so grave that they occasionally lead

to either a temporary reduction of or a total abstinence from all study for a shorter or longer period, during which the sufferer is supposed to have all possible ills, especially those of a nervous character.

Toward adult life—that is, from eighteen to twenty-two—however, a new symptom begins to appear. Vision which up to this time had been perfectly clear, notwithstanding the strain with which it had been performed, now begins to fail, and the page to be blurred at one moment, to become perfectly clear in the next. These temporary vanishings of the type increase in frequency, accompanied by a tense feeling over the brow, and since there is now a failing of sight, attention is called to the eye for the first time, an examination is made, and the evil remedied by the proper glass. But this is at the end of the education, not, as it should be, at the beginning, or rather before it was begun.

This extra strain must have an effect upon the character of the child and its natural disposition, and it must tend to render it often, when least expected, peevish and fretful, desponding and wanting in self-reliance. The mere effort to see must react on what is seen, and there can be no doubt that the physical exhaustion which follows the effort to adjust the eye, which is a muscular action, subtracts from the quickness of perception, and therefore of comprehension, and it must impede that maintenance of attention which is the surest evidence of mental vigor, just as the maintenance of power, not its production, is the surest sign of physical perfection.

With those who are affected with the too short eye the result is just the reverse of what it is with those who are near-sighted. People with this defect even in very early life acquire, without even knowing why, a distaste for books.

A boy with this deficiency of optical power sits down to study, apparently fresh, and with a determination to perform his task. After a little while a vague feeling of uneasiness creeps over him, and he becomes restless. He has a craving for more light. If a dark day, he wishes to get near the window; or if at night, he gets as close to the lamp as he possibly can, and so sits that the glare shines full in his face and eyes, as he has found by experience that he sees a little easier in this way, as the pupils are contracted.

To his natural defect is added another evil. The glare irritates the eye, the lids become heavy and congested, and the face feverish and flushed. He spurs his flagging will, and makes an effort; but struggle as he may, it is of no use, and his head finally droops over the table, and he falls asleep.

He is shaken up only to be sent to bed, with his lesson unlearned, and ten to one, if a city boy, with his dinner undigested, and his first thought in the morning is of past neglect and future punishment; and when, a little later, he presents himself at school, how many equivocations, prevarications, or downright falsehoods are forced from his young lips in order to meet and repel the cutting rebuke, or even the wrathful violence, of his teacher, until he becomes, so far as his studies are concerned, habitually deceitful!

This unequal struggle between intention and performance goes on day after day, until the boy, no matter how bright he may have been originally, becomes in reality what he has always appeared to others, backward if not stupid, and from sheer discouragement idle and truant, if not mischievous and perverse. He loses the habit of application and the power of concentration, and he continues through life, as a rule, unobservant and unthinking, and all on account of a physical defect which might have been corrected before his education began.

But besides producing an effect upon the health and mind, this physical defect often leads to a personal deformity, for it has been shown that of those who are cross-eyed, eighty per cent. is due to the fact that they have too short an eye.

Nobody can tell who has not watched it what an effect a physical deformity has upon the mind and character of a growing child, especially one which detracts in so marked a manner from its personal appearance. It exposes the child to the taunts and cruel appellations of its comrades, which in sensitive children often drive them into solitude, and make them shy and suspicious of strangers, in whom, on the other hand, they excite suspicion. The turn in the eye gives either a wandering, doubting air to the face, or, if the gaze is fixed, a too intense expression, which is disturbing and perplexing, if not downright painful, to the beholder.

I have known young boys of eight and ten years of age beg their parents to let

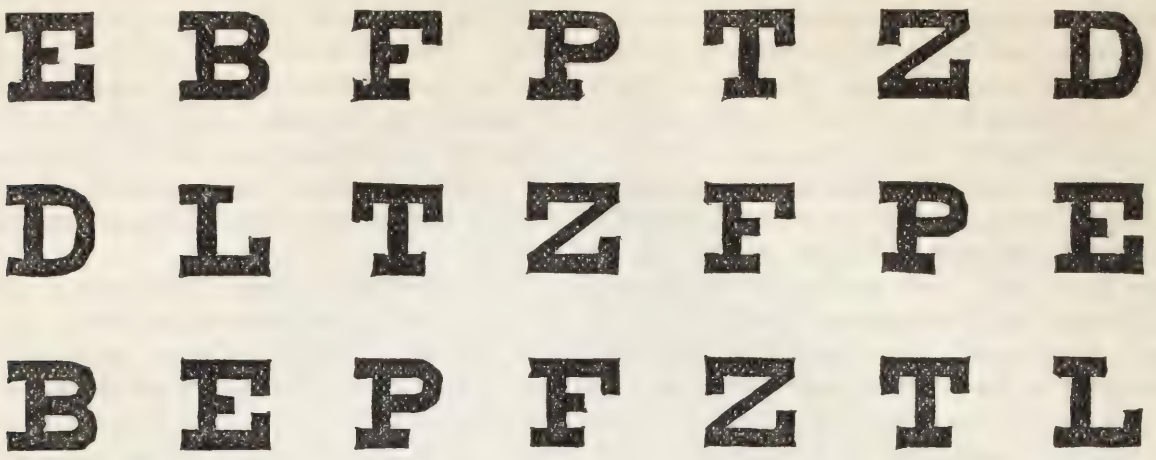


Fig. 1.

them undergo the pain of an operation to rid themselves of a deformity which subjects them so often to the unfeeling remarks of their elders, usually friends of the family, as well as the uneuphonious but expressive titles bestowed upon them by their own contemporaries, of google-eye and cock-eye. Nor does this end with childhood. The deformity is a disadvantage to him through life. It pursues him in his business and in his profession. Cheated of feature by dissembling nature, he is often thought to be dissembling himself when nothing is further from his thoughts. How often do we hear people say of another, whom we know to be perfectly upright and trustworthy, that they do not like him because he never looks them squarely in the face. And it is a little curious that precisely here it is that the lesser degrees of the trouble produce the most effect. That peculiar expression which people complain so much of is generally due to a deviation in the axes of the eyes—a slight convergence which is never very conspicuous, and at times only to be detected by a trained eye, but which, nevertheless, produces in all a very disagreeable impression, although not marked enough to betray its cause.

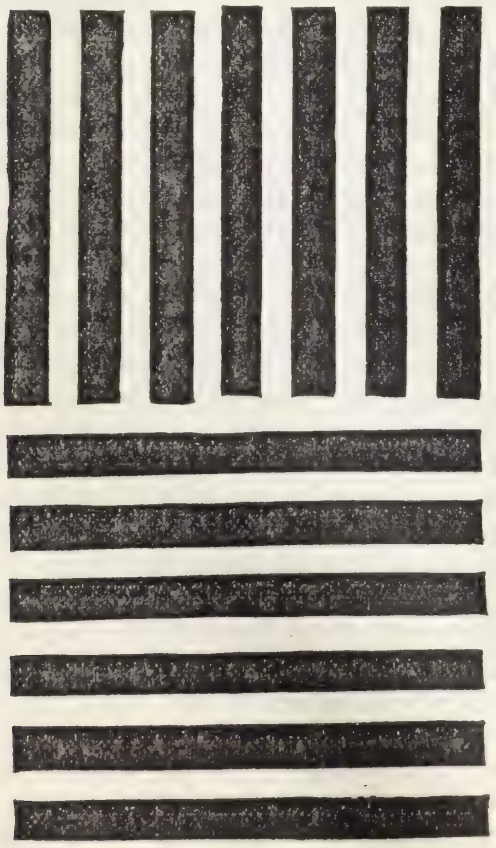


Fig. 2.

But besides the above conditions, which may be described as regular and symmetrical deviations from the normal standard of focal power due to too long or too short an axis of the eye, there is another due to an unsymmetrical or irregular formation of the curves of the cornea, or anterior surface of the eye.

This deviation from the normal eye, or astigmatism, produces precisely the same effects as those which have been already described, only, as a rule, in an exaggerated degree, for, unlike the near-sighted eye, it can not see clearly even when the objects are brought within its range, nor, like the too short eye, can it do so by any effort of its own. It is doomed to see things not only darkly, but distorted, all its days, unless corrected by the proper glass. It is this condition which seems to have the greatest effect upon the sensorium, and whose symptoms resemble so closely those coming from actual cerebral disturbances, either of a functional, organic, or mental nature, even to the verge of insanity.

Having, I hope, by the preceding brief and imperfect representations shown the

necessity of ascertaining the optical condition of the eye in early life or before the child's serious education begins, I would refer for a moment to a simple means by which the amount of sight can be ascertained, and by which an approximate idea may be gained as to the necessity of having the eyes more carefully examined.

The normal eye should read letters of the kind and size shown in Fig. 1 at twenty feet. Vision is then said to be normal. If the eye can not do this at twenty but can at ten feet, then vision is ten-twentieths or one-half of the normal, and so on.

To test the eyes, place the letters Fig. 1 at twenty feet distance, in a good light. Try first one eye, and then the other.

Any eye which can not read the letters fluently at this distance deviates from the normal standard, and should have a thorough examination.

To test for the defect which has been mentioned in the foregoing remarks as astigmatism, place the drawing Fig. 2, showing parallel lines arranged vertically and horizontally, at fifteen or twenty feet, and be sure to test each eye separately.

These lines should appear equally distinct; that is, those running vertically should look as black and clearly defined as those which run horizontally, and *vice versa*. If, however, there is any difference between them as to shade of color or distinctness of outline, the eye is astigmatic, and the greater the difference, the greater the degree. Such an eye as this requires peculiar glasses, which can only be determined by a careful examination, and which have to be selected to fit each case. It may be that a person is not astigmatic for vertical or horizontal lines, but is for those running obliquely. To test this, turn the drawing so that what are ordinarily the vertical lines shall run obliquely, say, at an angle of forty-five degrees.

If, now, this were all, it would be a simple matter for the parent or teacher to determine just what children needed a careful examination, but unfortunately there is a large number of children who, as has been already explained, have a deficiency of optical power, but who can, nevertheless, neutralize this deficiency by an effort, so that they can see at as great a distance and as clearly as those who have normal eyes. These are those who most suffer from headache, and from all the ills of a nervous nature which have been detailed in the foregoing remarks. The only satisfactory way out of the difficulty would appear to the writer to be that every child should have the optical condition of the eye and the amount of vision determined before school life begins, by some competent person trained in the methods of making these examinations.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"'MR. MOORE,' cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase; 'Mr. Moore,' cried the footman at the top; and with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman, between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington (of whom he was a lover when she was sixteen, and to whom some of the sweetest of his songs were written), he made his compliments with a gayety and an ease combined with a kind of worshipping deference that was worthy of a prime minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had the frank, merry manner of a confident favorite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upward), and to every one he said something which from any one else would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath were not more spontaneous."

This is Willis's description of Moore, in his audacious "Pencillings by the Way," forty years ago. They were the first and most brilliant instances of modern "society" reporting, gratifying the love of gossip and a national interest in the personality of distinguished people. Yet the sanctity of private life is so great in England that these free and easy crayons of authors and politicians in the drawing-room were warmly resented, and Thackeray has left the resentment on record. Now, however, that most of that fine society is gone with its reporter, his sketches are very lifelike and amusing. There is an air of intense worldliness in the literary life he describes, a graceful insincerity, as if all its figures lived only for sensation and flattery and applause; and it is easy to fancy Carlyle breaking in upon its dandyisms and flippancies, like John Knox upon the perfumed courtiers of Queen Mary, with his "Thus saith the Lord." There

is a great deal in the journal about "Disraeli the younger"—the Lord Beaconsfield of to-day—and it is curious to compare the Prime Minister with the exquisite of Park Lane. "Disraeli had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent-leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, rather a conspicuous object." He was lividly pale, and seemed to be a victim to consumption, except for his energy of action and strength of lungs. His hair is described as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. "A thick heavy mass of jet-black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously

"'With thy incomparable oil, Macassar.'"

To Carlyle, who had not yet made himself known, and to whose grim humor and melancholy sincerity even Walter Scott was not earnest enough, such a literary being as this must have been as "unspeakable" as the minister of later years. Willis says that he might as well try to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of Disraeli's extraordinary language in describing Beckford. He adds that Disraeli "talks like a race-horse," and that it is a great pity he is not in Parliament.

It was the late centenary of the birth of Moore that recalled these sketches, which were once so familiar to what would be now the magazine reader. The "Pencillings" were published in the old *Mirror*—a dainty literary and gossiping weekly paper with which Willis and his friend Morris were long associated. They are very graphic and pleasant still, and thirty years ago they were an extremely entertaining companion for the American traveller upon the grand tour. They are read no more, probably, and they certainly are no longer republished. Willis was a familiar name in our current literature of the last generation, but he is fast vanishing. Literary men of a generation younger than his, however, still like to recall his kindliness, although they can not prolong his fame. He wrote nothing better than the "Pencillings," which, in a certain touch-and-go crispness of style, are still models for such newspaper writing. The great space of the modern newspaper leads to a tiresome elaboration, and the effect of reports of events and scenes to-day is lost under a mass of excessive detail. Willis was a capital literary sketcher, especially in the earlier time before he cultivated his defects; and he had a sympathy with the literary society in which Tom Moore and Bulwer and Disraeli were conspicuous, which enabled him to draw it very vividly.

He describes Moore personally, and the curling hair which gave the translator of Anacreon the name of the little Bacchus. He was sixty years old, but his eyes still sparkled like a Champagne bubble; and there was a rosy wintry red enamelled upon his cheek, "the eloquent record of the claret his wit has brightened." The mouth was arch and confident, its expression imprinted with habitual success, the slightly tossed nose confirming the fun of his expression. It was a face that sparkled, beamed, radiated—every thing but felt. He was fascinating beyond other men, but Willis—the young moralist—thought that he looked like a worldling. After dinner they went up to coffee, and Moore warmly praised the young Grisi. To read about it is to think of Browning's "dear dead women." From Grisi they came to music in general, and then they drew him to the piano with much difficulty and coyness. "We all sat around the piano, and after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice"—whom, as we saw, he had loved in his youth—"he rambled over the keys a while, and sang 'When first I met thee' with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good-night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door no one spoke. I could have wished, for myself, to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes and the softness upon my heart." It was after dinner.

This was Moore as his *Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence* portray him—the hero of the drawing-room, not of Ireland. But it is just that which has made him so familiar to this generation and to his own. He has sung his way into the hearts of all English-speaking homes. The fathers of to-day wooed the mothers in his songs, and the beautiful romance of youth seen by us all through the backward mist of years murmurs his strains. This was the sentiment of the late centennial commemoration of his birth, and it could have no more felicitous expression than in the verses read by Dr. Holmes at the Boston celebration:

Enchanter of Erin, whose magic has bound us,
  Thy wand for one moment we fondly would claim,
Entranced while it summons the phantoms around us
  That blush into life at the sound of thy name.
The tell-tales of memory wake from their slumbers;
  I hear the old song with its tender refrain;
What passion lies hid in those honey-voiced numbers,
  What perfume of youth in each exquisite strain!
The home of my childhood comes back as a vision—
  Hark! hark! a soft chord from its song-haunted room;
'Tis a morning of May, when the air is Elysian,
  The syringa in bud, and the lilac in bloom;
We are clustered around the "Clementi" piano—
  There were six of us then, there are two of us now—
She is singing, the girl with the silver soprano,
  How "the Lord of the Valley" was false to his vow.
"Let Erin remember," the echoes are calling,
  Through "the Vale of Avoca" the waters are rolled,
"The Exile" laments while the night dews are falling,
  "The Morning of Life" dawns again as of old.

But ah! those warm love-songs of fresh adolescence,
Around us such raptures celestial they flung
That it seemed as if Paradise breathed its quintessence
Through the seraph-toned lips of the maiden that sung.
Long hushed are the chords that my boyhood enchanted,
As when the smooth wave by the angel was stirred,
Yet still with their music is memory haunted,
And oft in my dreams are their melodies heard.
I feel like the priest to his altar returning;
The crowd that was kneeling no longer is there;
The flame has died down, but the brands are still burning,
And sandal and cinnamon sweeten the air.

The veil for her bridal young Summer is weaving
In her azure-domed hall with its tapestried floor,
And Spring the last tear-drops of May-dew is leaving
On the daisy of Burns and the shamrock of Moore.
How like, how unlike, as we view them together,
The song of the minstrels whose record we scan,
One fresh as the breeze blowing over the heather,
One sweet as the breath from Odalisque's fan;
Ah! passion can glow 'mid a palace' splendor;
The cage does not alter the song of the bird;
And the curtain of silk has known whispers as tender
As ever the blossoming hawthorn has heard.
No fear lest the step of the soft-slippered Graces
Should fright the young Loves from their warm little nest,
For the heart of a queen, under jewels and laces,
Beats time with the pulse in the peasant girl's breast.
Thrice welcome each gift of kind Nature's bestowing;
Her fountain heeds little the goblet we hold;
Alike, when its musical waters are flowing,
The shell from the sea-side, the chalice of gold.
The twins of the lyre to her voices had listened;
Both laid their best gifts upon Liberty's shrine;
For Coila's loved minstrel the holly wreath glistened;
For Erin's the rose and the myrtle entwine.
And while the fresh blossoms of summer are braided,
For the sea-girdled, stream-silvered, lake-jewelled isle,
While her mantle of verdure is woven unfaded,
While Shannon and Liffey shall dimple and smile,
The land where the staff of St. Patrick was planted,
Where the shamrock grows green from the cliffs to the shore,
The land of fair maidens and heroes undaunted,
Shall wreathe her bright harp with the garlands of Moore.

Our kind readers at a little distance from the spot upon which the Easy Chair is planted are sometimes inclined to reproach it with too fond a regard for its own neighborhood, and for a disposition to treat the great city in which it stands as if it were the only city, or as if its affairs were universally interesting. It is, of course, easy to deceive one's self, and to suppose that every body is interested in our interests, and in this way the Easy Chair may have erred sometimes. But yesterday, rolling slowly along the Battery, and looking out upon the summer bay, it could not but remember that the ground upon which it moved and the water upon which it gazed were really historic, and full of interest to every American, whether upon the banks of the Little Tombigbee, or in the shadow of Katahdin. For just here was the site of old Fort George; at that corner Washington as commander-in-chief lived; over these very waters he came in his barge to be inaugurated; and there below, from the shore of Staten Island across the Narrows to Long Island, the British army passed to the battle of Long Island. If you will walk a few steps you will see the course that the retreating Americans took from "Brookland," as the latest published history calls it, enveloped in the fog that saved them; and the old Fraunce's Tavern, in which Washington took final farewell of the officers of the army.

These are all incidents and associations that occur at once to the loiterer on the Battery, and they are not narrowly local and limited. They are not for the New-Yorker alone. They are equally for the traveller from the Upper Mississippi and from Santa Barbara. The Easy Chair, indeed, has heard that the citizen of Chicago has a very distinct impression of the particular American city which is meant to be designated by the word "metropolis," and that there are many denizens of many cities who smile to think that the adjective "metropolitan" is sometimes supposed to be especially descriptive of the thriving and promising community of New Amsterdam. It is a cockney weakness which the boundless prairie and the banks of the Father of Waters good-naturedly forgive. The charm, perhaps, of its seat at the gates of the ocean—a position which naturally brings to it the foreign observer intent upon describing the New World—may have given it a factitious prominence. And that observer may well speak it fair, so green and gracious is its welcome at this season. The shores that he sees as he approaches are those of New Jersey sinking from the highlands of Navesink to the long stretch of Sandy Hook. Nearing the city, Long Island lies level, with sandy margin, at his right, the gay hotels and pavilions of Coney Island, and the beaches clustering along the edge of the surf; and on his left are the richly tufted and rounded heights of Staten Island, undulating, luxuriant, most refreshing to sea-wearied eyes.

Whether Verrazzano saw them or not, Hudson saw them, and found them "a pleasant land to see." For two hundred and seventy years how much of Europe has followed them; and it is because so much of what is now America has arrived at the very spot on which the Easy Chair was rolling, that the city which has arisen beyond it may seem to give itself undue metropolitan airs. The Battery itself that rounds out into the water, although the fort has long since disappeared, is now a delightful spot. It is traversed, indeed, by the elevated railway, but the light iron trestle-work has somewhat the effect of an arcade; and Castle Garden opens upon it, the dépôt of immigrants; but that merely continues and perpetually renews the tradition of Henry Hudson and the *Half-Moon*. So we all came at some time and at some point upon the coast. Even Washington was the descendant of lordly carpet-baggers; and although in a time of industrial prostration we may look askance at the alien crowd that swarms with curious eyes from the great gate of Castle Garden, the musing loiterer will reflect that yon-

der buxom Scandinavian maid in stout shoes and heavy woolens may yet be, like Virginia, the mother of Presidents.

Sixty years ago a shrewd observer landed here from England, and wrote the inevitable description of the town. It was but two generations ago, yet the moderate proportions of the sea-port had then kindled no sense of rivalry. Indeed, only a few years before, little Newport, in Rhode Island, was as commercially important. It is a pleasant, opulent, and airy city, says the good-natured observer, for which nature has done every thing, and art nothing. The only public building worth noticing—hear it, urban wilderness of architectural triumphs!—is the City Hall. Poor old City Hall, with its rear of dark stone, because, according to tradition, it was supposed that the growth of the city was not likely to bring the rear into much observation! The simple economy assumed in this touching tradition casts a fairy glamour over the municipal story. It suggests a public spirit, a civic virtue, a political conscience, which would not waste money even upon a public work. It is a beautiful legend of fable. The new Court-House is now immediately behind the City Hall—the flaunting monument of enormous public thefts and unspeakable contempt for civic honesty. But as the observer saw no splendor, she also saw no poverty. Within cannon-shot of the new Court-House, the mine of our vulgar Sardanapalus, are now dens of a poverty and squalor and crime as wretched and repulsive as those of any great city; but our observer found only streets of comfortable private dwellings in that New York of the golden age—no dark alleys, no hovels, no dark and gloomy cellars, with noisome atmosphere and suffering population. Successful industry, she exclaims, has every where fixed its abode. Before she died the observer had gained much notoriety in the happy land and town that she celebrated. For our observer was Miss Fanny Wright, a familiar name in the angry social, political, and religious contests of forty and fifty years ago.

It is a multitude of such personal reminiscences and historic associations that younger cities can not possess which gives New York a charm for the citizens of every city, and to which a catholic Easy Chair naturally appeals. As it stood in the leafy shade of the fine trees upon the Battery, and remarked its well-shaven lawns and carefully tended grounds, recalling its shabby and barren condition but a few years ago, and conscious that even in the palmy days of aristocratic State Street the Battery itself was not more beautiful, an elderly couple, evidently strangers, husband and wife, paused in their sauntering walk, and the husband said, "Sir, is that Brooklyn?" "It is." "And did Lord Howe cross there below?" "He did." "And did his brother's fleet lie there?" "It did." "My dear," said the elderly gentleman to his wife, with warmth, "Lord Howe crossed there below, and his brother's fleet lay here. Thank you, Sir; thank you. It does our eyes good to see the scenes of Revolutionary events. It makes them very real, Sir." And the interested elderly couple sauntered on. It does our minds and our hearts good also, gentle reader. We can not do more wisely than to repair to every Revolutionary spot near which we chance to be, and to recall in every historic city the characters and the spirit of earlier days. If our diocese calls us to account, we shall justify, as we do now, the peccadillo.

In the times when newspapers printed less news and more communications, when "Cato" and "Aristides" and Thackeray's "Publicoaler" wrote grave essays to the editor in the stately style of an elder day, it was sometimes perplexing to find a novel signature. Addison and Steele and the other English essayists supplied a great many names in their imaginary correspondence; but the neatest and shrewdest device for a signature was that which abandoned censorship in the singular number, and addressed the editor as "Many Readers." It is easy to imagine the consternation of the editor upon the receipt of the first epistle from this doughty correspondent. He could manage "Publius" and "Brutus" and "Hampden." They were individuals more or less prosy. But "Many Readers"—there was an unwonted familiarity in that signature, a sound as of the distant awful roaring of a mob. *How* many readers? It might be a kind of round robin. It might mean half a dozen, but also it might mean half a hundred, or half a thousand; and if they remonstrated with him upon the opinions he had expressed, or the course which he had advocated, their expostulation must be heeded, or it might involve the welfare of his paper. "Many Readers" was a very serious affair, and must be much meditated, while "Zeno" and "Aristippus" might have prosed and preached forever unheeded. And all the while the crafty correspondent and wicked dissembler, who had been a mere "Lover of Justice" or "Friend of the People" yesterday, was chuckling at his triumphant and bewildering masquerade of "Many Readers."

This, indeed, is telling tales out of school, and perhaps betraying secrets of literary and professional state; for it is confessing, or at least implying, that an editor may be disturbed. But that is absurd. An editor, as we all know, is omniscient, and therefore infallible; omnipotent, and therefore above fear. Editors make no mistakes, and therefore no explanations. When they say to-day that the Honorable Mr. A. yesterday called the Honorable Mr. B. a revolutionary porcupine, and the Honorable Mr. A. indignantly denies it to-morrow, so much the worse for the Honorable Mr. A. The freedom of the American press is not to be trammelled by the minions of power, nor is any place so high that its occupant can pre-

sume to defy the palladium of the unterrified American people. Mr. Trollope, indeed, in his late little volume upon Thackeray, says that he was not a good editor. But why? Plainly because he was not superior to the human weaknesses of pity, sympathy, and doubt. He was not sufficiently superior, supreme, sovereign. Indeed, Thackeray has himself described, in that delightful *Roundabout*, "Thorns in the Cushion," his feelings harrowed by piteous appeals—piteous appeals that editors know but too well. Poor Thackeray! He was unequal to the editorial regalia. The crown hurt his head, and he hated to thwack mere feeble uneditorial mortals with his sceptre. When the author of worthless verse wrote to him, in that timid feminine hand which the editor also knows so well, that she had seen better days, and that a widowed and helpless mother and innumerable innocent children had no other resource than her pen, he put the verse in the fire and his hand in his pocket, and sent the poor thing money. How could he be an editor? It was, of course, of such as he—Perkin Warbecks of the editorial throne—that the Easy Chair was thinking when it said that the signature "Many Readers" must have struck dismay.

It is, in fact, making the present remarks because that sly masquerader "Many Readers" has assailed the Chair with one of his—or her—little missives. And to what end, does the excellent reader think? What is the proposition of "Many Readers?" "Your new form is beautiful, the matter was never better" (mark the insidious art!), "and the new type makes reading a delight. Yet 'one thing thou lackest.'" This seems to verge upon impertinence. Is an editor to be told that his judgment is not perfect? And what is the thing which is essential to complete enjoyment? Nothing less than that the names of all the authors of papers in this Magazine shall be signed to their papers! And the dog-days are yet distant at this writing! This crafty conspirator against the peace of the Magazine adds: "It is so nice to know who it is that you are reading!" And another "Many Readers" boldly says that he would like to be able to turn at once to the papers of his favorites. Yes, and inferentially he would skip those who are not favorites. This exposes the whole scheme. It is a plot against young and aspiring genius. Pray, Sir, are you so dull that you can not recognize merit? Or are you so supercilious that you can enjoy only that which has a famous label? You are like Tom Moore, of whom we were just now speaking. It was said that at the height of his celebrity in London he was often troubled, among a half-dozen invitations to dinner on the same day, lest he might not have accepted the most exclusive. So with you, Sir; it is apparently not the feast which attracts you, but the fashion of the host. The proposition of this artful schemer, who can not deceive a truly astute editor, however much he may call himself "Many Readers," is that young writers shall have no chance. Now the great multitude of writers have yet their fame to win. This pampered tyrant would deny them an equal opportunity. This pretty fellow would sup exclusively off ortolans and nightingales' tongues. He would touch nothing less than Longfellow, or George Eliot, or William Black.

No, no; in our Walhalla shall sit not only the acknowledged heroes, but those who have all of heroism but the fame. Consider how much more delightful the pure, unprejudiced pleasure of perceiving intrinsic merit than the mere intellectual titillation of enjoying a conceded excellence! This is a feast of dominoes. You have been, perhaps, in Rome to the Carnival ball at the Apollo. Surrounded with princesses and marchionesses, with ambassadors and poets, all robed alike, how keen the enjoyment of discriminating a duke from a count, and of seizing the mental *nuance* that distinguishes Talleyrand from Metastasio! These pages are that picked and veiled assembly. As you move through them you do not, indeed, see the coronet, or the ducal ribbon, or the eye of the poet, but you say, as you converse with this or the other article, "This has the true tone of the marquis, and this is a merit that deserves the Legion of Honor. If I do not mistake, this traveller is Ledyard or Humboldt; that wit is Swift; the delicious stammerer yonder is Lamb; that exquisite critic is Sainte-Beuve; this entrancing story-teller must be Walter Scott." It may be none of them, but the excellence is kindred to theirs. Yet you would not have paused to ascertain it had they all been labelled. Let us give the young man—and the young woman—a chance. And how can we do it so surely as by treating them all alike?

Let "Many Readers" do as he would be done by. Let him suppose that he has written that poem more beautiful than "L'Allegro," which has so long haunted him, or that essay more Elian than "Roast Pig," or that brief story more perfect than Hawthorne's "Rappaccini's Daughter." His name, eliminated from that imposing pseudonym "Many Readers," let us inoffensively suppose to be Tudor, or Plantagenet, or Shakespeare, or what you will—a most honorable and becoming name, but unknown to renown. It is appended to the poem, essay, or story. The reader says, impatiently or carelessly, "Who in the name of pity is Tudor, or Plantagenet, or Shakespeare?" and he turns the page until he sees "Beautiful Rain, by the author of 'Beautiful Snow.'" That, he remarks, is worth while; it is such a pleasure to know whose poem you are reading, and to have the name of a great poet printed with it, so as to assure you that your attention will not be wasted. Does not the author of the new "L'Allegro" perceive that he has lost his chance because the authors' names are given? Or take it in another way. The reader says,

as he turns the pages, "I wonder who Plantagenet is who has written this short story. It's a new name, and I'll see if it is worth any thing." He reads, and as he closes thy thrilling tale, Plantagenet! he says, sardonically: "There is one good thing in the practice of signing names, and it is that you know what to skip. Henceforth I take a flying leap over every thing signed Plantagenet." Do you not see again that you have lost your chance and obstructed your own progress? Except for the fatal signature, the reader would have unwittingly tried you again next month, and perhaps have found the very story for which he is pining.

Do you ask how you can ever become famous if your name is never known? It will be known. When, after your several failures, you strike your success, there will have been no prejudice created against you, and you will be henceforth known as the author of that charming, and striking, and deeply, etc., etc., etc., published last January. Your success will make you known at once, whereas your failures under your own name would have prevented or postponed your success. This is the other side of the suggestion of "Many Readers." The anonymous system befriends the beginner, and it tests the shrewdness of the gentle reader. He has the chance of proving the accuracy of his own perceptions. He is not led astray by names and reputations. Knowing that he is in illustrious but veiled society, he says proudly that no mask can deceive him; and he is perfectly sure that this noble form next to him in the gallery of the magazine is Hercules himself, although he can not see the foot. But here the justly famous author intervenes, and asks if there be no value to the magazine in his name, and whether he is not to have the credit of his own work. And "Many Readers" demands to know why magazines now generally print the names if it has not been found to be a desirable practice. Softly! softly! The Easy Chair did not say that there were not two sides to the question; and who knows but that some day all the illustrious company, all the veiled prophets, with whom the Easy Chair sits at table, will unveil and stand confessed?

"WHOEVER has been in Rome," says Hans Christian Andersen, in beginning his story of the *Improvisatore*, "remembers the fountain in the Piazza Barberini;" so whoever has heard Robert Collyer's lecture upon Burns remembers, and will never forget, the tender, pathetic way in which he said that Burns's neighbors in Dumfries thought him so hopeless a cumberer of the earth that he had "better be buried out of sight, with all his nastiness; but they might as well have buried the sunshine." It is one of the most delightful of lyceum lectures, and a certain sympathetic quality in the man, and the crisp, rich Yorkshire brogue or accent of Mr. Collyer giving a characteristically racy tone to all the Scotch anecdotes, make the hearer wish that Burns could have heard it also, for he is sure that Burns would have been a better man for the hearing. No name is more familiar than that of the Scotch poet, but how many who sing some song of his know how sad and tragical was his life. He was only thirty-seven years old when he died, worn out with poverty and dissipation. The beautiful and admirable memoir of Burns which Principal Shairp has just contributed to Morley's series of "English Men of Letters" is a good book to read by the sea this summer, or on the hills, or in the woods. It is not very long. A little undisturbed time will suffice, and the plash of the surf or the sighing of the wind in full-leaved trees will echo the melancholy music that murmurs in your heart as you read.

Men who were young a generation ago, and who then read Carlyle, have the great advantage of having been familiar in their plastic and susceptible years with one of the noblest pleas that one man of genius ever made for another, in Carlyle's essay upon Burns. They were countrymen, one born as the other died. Both had the deep, strong, melancholy nature which is nurtured by the misty coasts and solitary mountains and moors of Scotland. Both, too, had the immense vitality, the Berserker humor, the thorough manliness, of the Northern genius. As one reads the works of Carlyle, and marks his impatience of shams, and effeminacy, and equivocation, and conventional moralities, and hears his loud satiric laughter dying into a wail of pathos and entreaty, it is easy to feel that he saw the sound hearty man he longs and prays for gone astray in Robert Burns. Such sweetness and grace and strength and tenderness! Such soft, pathetic, penetrating melody, as if all the sadness of shaggy Scotland had found a voice! Such roistering jovial humor, excessive, daring, unbridled!—a charm so universal that it drew men from their beds in taverns at midnight to listen, delighted, until dawn. Here was a fullness of simple, native, massive manhood, not trained by the schools, not manipulated by the dancing-master and the professor of single-stick, overflowing bounds, shocking the proprieties, defying the rules, guilty of offenses that can not be excused, and for which he paid the penalty. It fascinated and captivated the sad, grim, infinitely tender and manly and pure genius of Carlyle, and he has interpreted, as no other man has essayed to interpret, the wild, wistful, touching, and tragical story of Robert Burns.

Principal Shairp is a very different man from Carlyle, but his memoir of Burns is the best that has been written. His sympathy is generous. He has the true admiration of the poet, and his style is clear and flowing, while there is no attempt to preach, or to extenuate, or to deprecate. The sorry facts are all recorded—not extensively, not with insistence,

but fully enough to give us the true picture, and to show how such a life must necessarily have seemed to the traditions and the justly respectable judgment of Ayr and Edinburgh and Dumfries. Toward the end of his life, when Robert Burns would have been called a drunken exciseman, a young friend rode into Dumfries one fine summer evening to attend a country ball, and he saw Burns walking alone in the shady side of the chief street, while on the other swarmed gay groups of ladies and gentlemen, who seemed to be unwilling to recognize him. The young man dismounted, and joining Burns, proposed to cross the street. "Nay, nay, my young friend; that's all over now," said the poet, and presently quoted from a sad old ballad:

"'His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow;
His auld ane looked better than mony ane's new;
But now he lets 't wear ony way it will hing,
And casts himsel' dowie upon the corn bing.

"'Oh, were we young, as we ance hae been,
We suld hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it owre the lily-white lea,
And werena my heart light I wad dee.'"

Principal Shairp, like Carlyle, does not excuse or conceal. Gravely and calmly he points out that the key of Burns's life as a man was the struggle of a weak will tossed between great extremes—poetic genius, sensibility, intellectual force, tenderness, conscience, generous and wide sympathies, on one side, and fierce sensual passions on the other. So, in the earlier day, with all the impassioned eloquence of youth, with infinite sorrow and unavailing regret, Carlyle had declared that the judgment upon such men was usually unjust, because it rests negatively less on what is done right than on what is or is not done wrong. A man of genius, indeed, however great his genius may be, however entrancing and true the spell that he throws upon the human heart, however noble the aspiration that he kindles, and the love and admiration felt for him as an intellectual and moral benefactor, can not be absolved from the moral obligation that binds us all. It is no comfort to a ruined family circle, no defense before the conscience within us which judges all human conduct, that the "fause lover" who "staw my rose" is named Burns or Shakespeare. But it is also true in the deepest and fullest sense that, as Carlyle means, and in the meaning of Burns's own line,

"We know not what's resisted."

Correct living—we can not say virtue—is in some men mere lymph. It is temperament. It is no more virtue, in the sense of victory in moral contest, than the color of their eyes or hair. They do right only because it is instinctively disagreeable to do wrong. "I have had more moral struggles in one morning before breakfast than he ever had in his whole life," said one man of another, and he said truly. Except for grace, as the good man said, I should have been yonder sinner. It is pitiful and tragical to recall the life of Burns—to turn from those songs, sweet as the morning, to the squalid and miserable lot of the singer, to drunken orgies and debauches. But this is the very case in which we must recall the condemnation of the Pharisee, and beware of the spirit which thanks God that it is not as other men are, nor even as this Robert Burns. Did we have his temptations, and should we so often and so strongly have resisted them? "Granted," says Burns's brother man and brother Scot, Carlyle, "the ship comes into harbor with shrouds and tackle damaged, and the pilot is therefore blameworthy, for he has not been all-wise and all-powerful; but to know *how* blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the globe, or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs." With measured and serious wisdom Principal Shairp also concludes: "These moral defects it is ours to know; it is not ours to judge him who had them."

No book of the summer can be a better vacation companion than this brief life of Burns.

Editor's Literary Record.

A HUNDRED years ago the existence of color-blindness was known to a few curious or scientific observers only, and even by them was regarded as rare and phenomenal. But little importance was attached to it at that time, since the most serious consequences attributed to it were merely a diminution of the visual enjoyments of those affected by it, and some inconveniences to themselves and others. In the old stage-coach days there was but little risk of collision; the lumbering vehicles, even when moving at their most rapid pace, had ample time to get out of each other's way, their numbers were few, and they were not perpetually crossing each other's track or moving on identical lines. There was, therefore, at that time, and on their account, no need of the numerous color signals which have since sprung into use as a means of preventing accidents to travellers on land. And it was much the same with travel at sea. Sailing vessels seldom crossed or followed each other's tracks, or, if they did, the slowness of their movement enabled them to avoid each other with comparative ease, and the simplest signals generally sufficed to insure safety. But since the advent of steam, and its application to modes of travel on sea and land, there has been a significant change. Now, when all the highways of the world are crowded with ships or cars laden with rich freights of merchandise and still richer freights of human lives, moving

in all directions, and in every conceivable relation toward each other, with a velocity that our fathers never dreamed of, a system of signals has necessarily been resorted to in order to direct the swiftly moving monsters as to their course—to warn, direct, and govern them so as to avoid calamitous encounters. Although form signals have answered a good purpose by day, yet even then in numerous cases, and invariably by night, color signals, chiefly of white, red, and green, have been resorted to in order to telegraph intelligence to those in charge of ships and trains—intelligence which has been literally the *word* of life or death to countless thousands, and of security and insecurity to many more. Under this changed state of things color-blindness becomes a factor of vital importance; for if the helmsman of the steam-ship or the engineer of the railway train be color-blind, if he mistakes or confounds colors because a constitutional defect disables him from distinguishing them, no matter how far or keen sighted he may be in all other respects, the very signal which is intended to be a warning for his security may become a lure for his destruction, and the destruction of those who have been committed to his care. A careful work on color-blindness, then, becomes an important desideratum; and when one appears that commands confidence by the extent and ability of its researches, by its comprehensive scientific investigations, by its large accumulation of practical facts based on the experience of sagacious and honest observers, it should be diligently studied by the administrative officers and directors of our steam-ship and railway lines for the important facts it discloses, and its teachings should be availed of by them if they would avoid responsibility for the accidents which ignorance of its revelations renders not only possible but probable. A volume has been published by B. Joy Jeffries, M.D., of Boston, entitled *Color-Blindness: Its Dangers and Detection*,[1] which is an exhaustive popular statement of all that is at present known on the subject, and is fully up to the standard we have indicated. After two interesting chapters appropriated to accounts of historical cases of color-blindness and of the curious mistakes caused by the defect, Dr. Jeffries briefly describes the earlier imperfect attempts to classify the color-blind, and then at greater length states the present more perfect classification. This is constructed in accordance with the Young-Helmholtz theory of color-perception, and arranges color-blindness under two great divisions, namely, total and partial. In the former, the faculty of perceiving colors is absolutely wanting, and the visual sense can only perceive the difference between darkness and light, or between different intensities of light. In the latter, the faculty of perceiving certain, but not all, colors is wanting; and it takes the form either of complete color-blindness—that is to say, where one of the three fundamental perceptions of color is wanting, leaving but two ranges to the visual field—or of incomplete color-blindness, where one of the three kinds of elements, or perhaps all, are inferior in excitability or numbers to those of the normal chromatic sense. This is followed by chapters devoted to a response to the question, What do the color-blind really see? to investigations of the facts of color-blindness with reference to disease, injury, and hereditary transmission; to a résumé of some of the physical peculiarities popularly supposed to be connected with the defect; and to the statistics of its prevalence in Europe and this country among various classes. A curious and exceedingly interesting chapter, illustrating the difficulty of detecting color-blindness, treats upon the involuntary concealment of the defect by those affected, upon the efforts of others to conceal or feign it, and upon the methods by which it successfully eludes detection except by an experienced expert. Other chapters consider the question of the palliation of congenital color-blindness, rehearse the dangers arising from it on railroads and on the ocean, inquire into the feasibility of a change in the system of railroad and marine signals, and present an argument for the necessity of a control of these services with the object of securing the protection of the community by an elimination of the color-blind from them. The more specifically valuable and practical portion of the volume, as suggesting a mode of control by which the color-blind may be certainly discovered and effectually eliminated from the railway and marine services, occupies nearly all the remainder of the work, and comprises a series of important chapters on methods of testing for color-blindness, including Holmgren's successful method of matching threads of worsted as applied by himself, by Professor Donders, and by Dr. Jeffries. A body of special directions for conducting the test is incorporated in these chapters, together with an elucidation of the scientific theory on which the test is based. One of the most suggestive chapters in the work, as presenting examples for imitation, is one in which a synoptical view is given of the provisional laws and regulations that have been instituted and applied in Europe, having reference to the control of color-blindness, and the elimination of those affected by it from employment in positions where the public safety depends upon the correct perception of color signals. The practical results arrived at by Dr. Jeffries as the outcome of his discussions and investigations are as follows: that one male in twenty-five (and less than one per cent. of females) is color-blind in a greater or less degree, of which defect they themselves may be wholly unconscious; that this blindness is red, green, or

[1] *Color-Blindness: Its Dangers and Detection.* By B. Joy Jeffries, A.M., M.D. 12mo, pp. 312. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

violet blindness, and that total color-blindness sometimes occurs; that this defect is congenital, exists in varying degrees, is largely hereditary, and may be temporarily or permanently caused by disease, or shock, or injury; that it is incurable when congenital, and that merely exercising the eyes with colors and familiarizing the ears with the names of colors have the sole effect of helping the color-blind to supplement their eyes, and do not increase their perception of color; that we are forced by necessity to resort to red and green signal-lights at sea and to red lights on railways, and that these signals can never be correctly seen by the color-blind; that there is no protection save in the elimination from the *personnel* of railways and vessels of all whose position requires perfect color perception and who are destitute of it; that a test can be made which is uniform, simple, rapid, applicable to large numbers at a time, and in the hands of a competent expert infallible; that an elimination to be perfect must be radical: all who are deficient should be removed from their posts of danger; every one offering as an employé for such a post should be tested, and refused if a color-blind; every employé should be retested after a severe illness or injury; and periodical examinations of the entire *personnel* should be made systematically. These regulations are now in force in Europe with the best results; and in applying them in this country we shall be able to avoid a repetition of the blunders that were committed there, and that rendered their work imperfect in some instances, and necessary to be done over again. Several of our railroads, we regret to learn, are repeating these blunders, but are glad to hear that one of the most important and extensive of our lines running out of New York has determined to go through the whole of its employés most carefully, and will employ a competent specialist to test them by the methods approved of in Dr. Jeffries's volume. In the interests of science, we close our extended notice of this valuable work by inviting attention to the fact that Dr. Jeffries is actively engaged in still further investigations of color-blindness in all its relations, but especially as to the question of heredity, and would gladly hear, by letter or otherwise, from the color-blind as to the results of their personal observations of their own cases, or the cases of their relatives who are affected like them. That none may shrink from giving full details, Dr. Jeffries guarantees that names will be scrupulously withheld from the public.

The skill and ability uniformly displayed by Mr. Froude in his writings—his brilliant antithesis, his subtle casuistry, and his ingenious paradox—always secure for him a large and interested circle of intelligent readers. It is to be remarked, however, that of those who have the keenest relish for the characteristic traits of his style, comparatively few are disposed to indorse his opinions or unqualifiedly accept his judgments. Indeed, one of the chief causes of the attractiveness of his writings is the certainty that they will provoke discussion and dissent. Mr. Froude is essentially a partisan, but unlike partisans generally, is always thoroughly honest and sincere. If he is little troubled with prudish notions of consistency, he always believes, and that entirely, in the opinions which he happens to hold for the time being, and he always undertakes their advocacy with all the warmth of his strenuous nature. Without being intentionally, or even consciously, unfair, he sees nothing but what makes for his convictions, and is constitutionally unable to weigh with judicial impartiality the elements that should modify opinion or qualify judgment. Besides being a partisan, Mr. Froude is also a man of moods. He is ever in extremes. Either a pessimist or an optimist, but most commonly the former, he is habitually impatient under authority, restive against prescription, prone to see things in a light different from that in which they are commonly seen, and given to dogmatize where most men are satisfied to reason and compare. His latest work, *Cæsar*,[2] is affluent of his most distinctive traits. Nothing that he has written is more brilliant, more incisive, more interesting, or more one-sided than it. After an opening chapter in which he institutes a parallel between the society of Great Britain of to-day and that of Rome when the republic was dissolving into a military empire, in the course of which he predicts a like fate for the two nations because of a few points of similarity, which he magnifies, while he disregards a thousand lines of difference, he prepares the reader for the advent of Cæsar upon the stage by a masterly analysis of the social, moral, religious, industrial, and intellectual condition of the Romans during the preceding century, by an equally masterly outline of the interior and exterior events which agitated the republic during that time, and by a series of graphic character-portraits of the men whom the agitation drew to the surface. Among these portraits those of the Gracchi, Marius, Sylla, Verres, and Clodius are conspicuous. After this preparation, he combines into a compact and nervous narrative all that is known of the personal, social, political, and military life of Cæsar; and with his sketch of Cæsar includes other brilliant sketches of the great men, his friends or rivals, who contemporaneously with him formed the principal figures in the Roman world. Among these he gives great prominence to Cicero, who indeed divides his attention nearly equally with Cæsar. The difference in Mr. Froude's treatment of these two great men is very marked. The character of Cæsar is panegyrized, his virtues and great qualities are magnified, and his faults, errors, and vices are minified to a vanishing point,

[2] *Cæsar.* A Sketch. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. 8vo, pp. 550. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

so that he is transformed into a model of virtue and patriotism. On the other hand, the character of Cicero is habitually belittled, his motives are impugned, his patriotism aspersed, his virtues scoffed at, his public services derided, and his vanity paraded with persistent industry. It would seem as if Mr. Froude were impressed with the consciousness that it is necessary to smirch the great orator in order that the brightness of the great soldier might seem the more effulgent. Though much of the severe criticism that he visits upon Cicero is undoubtedly deserved, it is yet too indiscriminate and vituperative to be entirely just. So also, though he has painted Cæsar in glowing colors and with graphic power, delineating some of the details of his character with admirable skill, it is evident that the portrait is a flattering one, and that in its execution ingenious care has been taken to hide or tone down capital defects of form or feature. Great praise must, however, be awarded to Mr. Froude's accounts of Cæsar's various military campaigns, and of his last, greatest, and most useful years, the events of which he epitomizes with felicitous grace and power. The general impression the work leaves on the mind is that its author has approved himself an eloquent advocate rather than an impartial historian, and that in his zeal to make out a case he too commonly indulges in extravagant invective or extravagant laudation.

What it is possible for a refined, intellectual, and physically fragile woman to undergo and accomplish when sustained by a courageous will, a passionate philanthropy, and a spirit of Christian fortitude and devotion, is recorded with unobtrusive eloquence in the *Memorials of Emily Bliss Gould.*[3] The daughter of an eminent New York physician, and one of the central ornaments of a cultivated social circle, after a few years of happy marriage Mrs. Gould's health failed her, and in her thirty-eighth year she left her native land to seek its restoration abroad. Her visit to Europe, however, proved life-long, her fragile health rendering a return sea-voyage impossible, and making a prolonged residence in Italy a necessity. One of the earliest impressions made upon her on her arrival in Italy, coloring all her after-life, was the moral, religious, intellectual, and social destitution of the children, especially the female children, of the inferior classes. And when she realized that her stay in Italy would probably be permanent, she determined to undertake what at length became her life work, namely, the moral and religious education of the neglected children of her adopted home. This work she prosecuted with self-denying love and zeal and with systematic energy till the close of her beautiful life. Her first solicitude was excited for the orphan children of political exiles in Florence, and resulted in her establishment there of a school and orphanage, which still remain a fair monument of her gentle Christian philanthropy. Here she learned experimentally those practical lessons which she afterward profited by on her removal to Rome, where she applied the results of her Florentine experience to the establishment of Italo-American schools and the founding of an asylum or home, which became the crowning work of her life, and thereafter absorbed all her energies. The volume under notice relates the history of these enterprises, and shows with what sweet and invincible patience this noble woman pursued her plans for the welfare of others, with inadequate instrumentalities, and amid scoffs and insults and other discouragements, till she was rewarded by success. It also contains generous extracts from her journals, descriptive not only of these undertakings at their various stages, but also of numerous phases of Italian city and rural life, and of Italian manners, scenery, and art. There are also interesting letters in it from Mary Howitt and Mrs. General Edwardes, which embody tender memorials of the fragrant life and loving labors of this pure and cultivated woman.

There can be no doubt that the great majority of intelligent Englishmen and Americans are infinitely less familiar with the history of England during the reign of Queen Victoria than they are with its history under the Plantagenets, the houses of York and Lancaster, the dynasties of the Tudors and Stuarts, or during the reigns of William and Mary, Anne, and the Hanoverian princes. Nor is this to be wondered at if we compare the little that has been written in permanent and connected form concerning this later period with the multitude of chronicles, annals, and histories that came into existence almost contemporaneously, and dwelt with faithful minuteness upon the events and personages of the earlier periods. We have no modern writers to take the place of those industrious old chroniclers, like Hollinshed, Stow, Daniel, Drayton, Fuller, Wood, Pepys, and Naunton, who patiently accumulated and saved up the stores of loose fact and tradition, gossip and personal observation, which afterward were moulded into history by men of tact and genius; and we may therefore justly fear that future histories will lack the individuality, verisimilitude and color of those that have been written hitherto. But on the other hand, the systematic arrangement and preservation of public documents now practiced, the multitudinous publications of books and pamphlets bearing upon current events, and the full and accurate reproduction by the newspaper press of the public and private thought and activity of the age, in every department of national, social, and intellectual life, must afford a far larger and more abundant mass of material out of which to construct history than has ever before been accessible. Doubtless, however, it will be a more difficult task to write

[3] *Memorials of Emily Bliss Gould, of Rome.* By Leonard Woolsey Bacon. 12mo, pp. 284. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Co.

the history of present and recent than of former times, and it will require the highest constructive ability to reduce the superabundant materials to order and method, and to form out of them an imposing and symmetrical whole. The danger is that, owing to the excess of material and the tendency of writers to weave all of it into form, as history becomes more microscopic and minute it will lose its grandeur of outline and stateliness of proportion, that a year, a decade, or some other brief epoch will exhaust the powers and the life of the historian, and that his volumes will be distended to an undue bulk by the effort to depict a mere speck in the life of a nation. These reflections are suggested by the appearance of Mr. Justin M'Carthy's *History of Our Own Times,*[4] of which two volumes have been printed, bringing the account down to the close of the Crimean war. It is easy to see that Mr. M'Carthy has been oppressed by the opulence of his material, and has had to contend with the necessity for generalization and condensation on one hand, and the temptation to indulge in variety and minuteness of detail on the other. The result has been a judicious compromise, by which, without degenerating into a dry synopsis or barren summary, he has produced an exceedingly full and graphic historical outline of a reign whose forty-one years have been more prolific of political, social, scientific, economic, intellectual, and national movement than any previous century in the history of the world. Among the subjects specially dwelt upon are the coronation and marriage of the Queen; the rebellion in Canada, and Lord Durham's administration of the province; the inauguration of steam travel by land and sea, and of the electric telegraph; the Chartist, reform, and ecclesiastical agitations; the establishment of free trade; the Chinese and Indian wars; the fall of Louis Philippe; the rise of Louis Napoleon; the Crimean war; and the literature of the reign. In connection with these there are frequent diversions giving extended views of the mutations of parties, and close sketches of the statesmen who figured on the stage, including, among many others, Wellington, Melbourne, Brougham, Lyndhurst, Peel, Cobden, Russell, Bright, Derby, Clarendon, O'Connell, Palmerston, Gladstone, and Disraeli. To say there is no other work covering the ground traversed by Mr. M'Carthy is to state a self-evident proposition, since there is none that makes even a pretense of doing so. His is the sole one that gives a connected résumé of the men and events of this long and eventful reign; and it is all the more acceptable because, while it fills an acknowledged want, it is written in a popular style, and is remarkable for its fullness, condensation, and candor.

[4] *A History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress.* Number I., containing Volumes I. and II. By JUSTIN M'CARTHY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 112. New York: Harper and Brothers.

It is not extravagant to say that at this time there is no subject which more nearly concerns civilized society than that of education; and this, not only from its intimate relation to the welfare and the enjoyments of the individual, and from its effect upon the permanent well-being of society through its influence over the individual, but because of the errors with which its application is infested, and which conspire to misdirect or to dwarf the powers of the unit, and to retard the progress of the individual and society toward their full and healthful development. It is not remarkable, then, that thoughtful and earnest men, recognizing the importance of this great factor, are directing their attention in an unusual degree to the study of the processes by which it is applied and the problems which it involves. And although, from the nature of the case, it is impossible that any single intellect, however lavishly endowed, should be able to grasp the entire subject in all its complications, as it relates to the whole man, his moral, religious, and emotional as well as his intellectual side, yet every contribution which is made by a judicious and ripely experienced thinker merits a cordial welcome, and should receive careful consideration. Although we are unable to adopt all its conclusions, we are inclined to rank Professor Bain's *Education as a Science*[5] among the ablest and most thoroughly practical of recent contributions of this sort; and we venture to express the hope that it may find its way into the hands of every friend of education, and especially into the hands of intelligent teachers and school boards. The volume is eminently comprehensive, direct, and practical. And although it demands the patient attention of the reader, it is couched in terms which are entirely on a level with any sagacious and fairly intelligent mind. In order that his reader may have a due understanding of a number of essential corollaries that are indispensable to an application of the methods and processes suggested or prescribed, the author first devotes considerable space to their consideration before entering upon the main topic, involving an examination of the scope of education, and the bearings upon it of physiology and psychology, including under the latter an elaborate account of the bearings of the intellect and the emotions on education. This investigation is followed by a preparatory chapter appropriated to the explanation of certain terms and phrases of a semi-technical kind, such, for instance, as memory, judgment, imagination, analysis, synthesis, object lessons, training, etc., which are much employed by the author in his discussions, and to which he assigns precise meanings. An interesting chapter is given to a consid-

[5] *Education as a Science.* "International Scientific Series." By ALEXANDER BAIN, LL.D., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. 12mo, pp. 453. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

eration of "education values," or, in other words, to an inquiry into the worth of the various subjects in the usual routine of instruction in the two great divisions of language and science, and into the characteristic mental efficacy of each of them. Under the head of "Sequence of Subjects Psychological and Logical," there are two other chapters containing an exposition of the order of the unfolding of the faculties, of the influence this order should have upon the arrangement of studies, and of the dependence of the subjects proposed to be studied on each other. The remainder of the work is confined to the main topic in the following order: First, "Methods of Teaching," under which, after adverting to that which concerns the first elements of reading and the question of knowledge teaching, the author introduces the subject of the object lesson, points out the dangers attending it, and describes its true office, range, direction, and methods, both in the elementary stages and in its application to geography, history, and the sciences. Second, the "Mother-Tongue," in which every thing that relates to it as an acquirement—its vocabulary, grammars, construction, and literature—is minutely canvassed. Third, an estimate of the value of the "Study of the Classics" at the present day, in which the ground is taken that "the provisional arrangement, whereby the higher knowledge was for centuries made to flow through two dead languages, should now be considered as drawing to a close." And fourth, the suggestion of a "renovated curriculum" of higher education, whose studies shall embrace science, the humanities, and English composition and literature. These discussions are followed by able chapters on moral education, art teaching, and proportions; and in an appendix further examples are given of the object lesson, and additional explanations of terms.

When the chair of Moral Philosophy in Trinity College, Dublin, was founded in 1837, a young man was holding a scholarship in the college who had not yet reached the age of twenty-six, but whose rare abilities and promise had already attracted the attention of older scholars. Among those who had been impressed by the accomplishments of this young student was the founder of the chair, and passing over the heads of men of riper years, he selected the comparative youth to fill it immediately upon the expiration of his scholarship. It was thus that William Archer Butler came to be the first incumbent of this distinguished professorate, the duties of which he assumed when he was only twenty-six, and continued to perform until his premature death in 1849. The lectures on the history of ancient philosophy,[6] which were the first-fruits of the labors of this youthful professor, were delivered during the first four years of his brief and brilliant career, and were of such unusual elegance and ability as to win the applause of his contemporaries, and to vindicate their reproduction at this late date in permanent form. The task of reproduction has been thoroughly performed by his friend William Hepworth Thompson, M.A., who has edited from the author's manuscript as many of the lectures as had been reduced to form, and has verified, and in some instances corrected or more fully explained, the references in the text to original authorities. Some of the earlier lectures in the series are redundant and rhetorical in their style, are often obscured by an excess of illustration, and are sometimes inexact in their learning or immature in their judgments of speculative questions; but these defects are more than compensated for by the remarkable force and impressiveness of the language in which they are clothed, by the rich vein of imagination by which they are varied, by the deep and patient thought with which they are freighted, and by the atmosphere of philosophic acumen in which they are enveloped. These defects, however, are mainly confined to those lectures in the introductory series which were prepared by the author immediately upon assuming his unexpected duties, and when he was new to the requirements of his professorship. But perhaps because of the defects in them, attributable to the haste with which they were written and his own imperfect knowledge, these early lectures will be found more easy of comprehension to the neophyte than if they were more faultless, their elementary and progressive character being better suited to his case, and rendering them more serviceable as helps on his way. In the lectures of the introductory series are comprised a popular inquiry into the nature and limits of the sciences of psychology and ontology, an investigation of the question of the possibility of an inductive science of the mind, a disquisition upon the superiority of this science to all others, and an exposition of its disciplinary value. This is followed by a statement of the province and functions of a historian of philosophy, and a history of the progress of philosophy through ancient and modern times, in which the lecturer dwells especially upon the Greek philosophy, its origin, characteristics, and stages of development. Under this branch a view is taken of the early efforts of philosophical inquiry in Greece, and outlines are given of the tenets of the Ionic, the Atomic, the Pythagorean, and the Eclectic schools, and of the philosophy of the Stoics and of Socrates. Another series is devoted to Socrates and his followers, and to an account of the progress of the Megaric philosophy, and to an examination of the Cynic and Cyrenaic institutes. These form the first volume, and the second is devoted exclusively, with the exception of three lectures on Aristotle and his

[6] *Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy.* By William Archer Butler, M.A. Edited by William Hepworth Thompson, M.A. 2 Vols., 12mo, pp. 436 and 415. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

philosophy, to a consideration of the philosophy of Plato and the Platonists. These are the most brilliant and original of the lectures, and also the most able and accurate; and they have been pronounced by a competent authority "a perfectly independent contribution to our knowledge of the great master of Grecian wisdom." The exposition they give of the dialectics and physics of Plato is perhaps the only one at once accurate and popular which is accessible to English students. As the editor has observed, they "constitute a history of the Platonic philosophy, its seed-time, maturity, and decay; and the author's familiarity with the metaphysical writings of the last century, and especially with the English and Scotch school of psychologists, has enabled him to illustrate the subtle speculations of which he treats in a manner calculated to render them more intelligible to the English mind than they can be made by writers trained solely in the technicalities of the modern German school, or by those who disdain the use of illustration altogether."

"Short spells," whether in our employments or recreations, are now the order of the day. Even our enjoyments become a burden if too greatly protracted when the thermometer stands at ninety; and "little and often" is the rule laid down by experience, which we must observe if we would escape the penalties that its infraction is sure to incur. In these heated midsummer days it is literally true that "man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long;" and whether it be a nap or a dinner, a drink or a flirtation, a song or a serenade, a sermon, a book, or even a book-notice, it must be short, else it is likely to prove wearisome. The great art just now is not only to keep our occupations from proving exhausting, but to prevent our recreations from becoming a toil. Books suitable for vacation browsing are an indispensable element of comfort; and these may be grave or gay—nay, must be of all shades to meet all tastes—so only that they have the capital merit of being short, or at least of the kind that Taine confesses a fondness for—such as we can begin at the end or in the middle, can dip into here and there at will, can throw down after a score of pages as we can lay aside an emptied goblet, and in which we can find refreshing amusement, miscellaneous variety, or food for easy thought. For those who can not be content with mental aliment of the whipped syllabub order, one of the best vacation books we know of is a volume entitled *Essays of To-Day*,[7] which consists of twelve essays on subjects that make a reasonable demand upon the attention while they do not require laborious thought, and which feed and invigorate the mind while they afford it a considerable latitude of refining entertainment. Among the studies served up in this thoughtful and agreeable volume are the Limits of Enthusiasm; the Age of the Schoolmen; Savonarola; Edward Irving; Lacordaire; Representative Men of the English Church; the Narrowness of Breadth, etc., each of which is treated with genial gracefulness, and is charged with suggestiveness.—Another instance of this thoughtful sort of browsing, where serious subjects are made to sparkle with vivacity, and to effervesce with wit and eloquence and brilliant buncombe, is a new volume of Joseph Cook's Monday Lectures, entitled *Marriage*,[8] in which he discusses that important social relation from a conservative stand-point, under the following heads: The Infidel Attack on the Family; A Supreme Affection between Two; Marriage without Love; Love without Marriage; Elective Affinities; Goethe and Shakspeare on Marriage; Inherited Educational Forces; and Hereditary Taints in Blood. We may add that to each of these discussions there is prefixed one of Mr. Cook's pyrotechnical displays, which he calls a "prelude," and which has about as intimate a connection with the main topic as Mr. Cook himself has with the man in the moon.—Capital browsing is also to be found in George Eliot's latest volume, *Theophrastus Such*.[9] In it an imaginary old bachelor, of unattractive and insignificant appearance but active brain, indulges somewhat after the manner of Addison's "short-faced man" and Goldsmith's "Man in Black," in lucubrations about himself and men and things and books, and delivers his opinions concerning them in a monologue which is half oracular, half confidential, and which sparkles with wit and wisdom and originality, with keen observations couched in a tone of simplicity, and with subtle metaphysical distinctions and speculations. Every page scintillates with one or other of these characteristics; and the charm of the volume consists in the fact that while its confessions, vaticinations, and reasonings are good intellectual appetizers, they do not constitute a laborious meal. In fact, the book is a series of eighteen suggestive essays, calculated to act as momentary stimulants to a mind that is taking its ease, but is disinclined to be absolutely vacant. Several of these are in the nature of "confessions" by the imaginary old bachelor after whom the volume is named, in which he reveals his mental and moral idiosyncrasies and whimsicalities. Nine or ten of them are delineations of as many different characters, each as imaginary as the old bachelor himself, but who are typical of certain phases of men, among them being the victim of literary jealousy, the too deferential man, the political molecule, the

[7] *Essays of To-Day:* Religious and Theological. By William Wilberforce Newton, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Boston. 12mo, pp. 253. Boston: A. Williams and Co.

[8] *Marriage.* With Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. 12mo, pp. 270. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

[9] *Impressions of Theophrastus Such.* By George Eliot. 12mo, pp. 234. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 28. New York: Harper and Brothers.

watch-dog of knowledge, etc. The remaining essays are on special topics of curiosity or interest, such as how we come to give ourselves false testimonies and believe in them, the diseases of small authorship, moral swindlers, shadows of the coming race, etc.—Not so purely intellectual as the above-named volumes, but equally well suited to give a fillip to the mind of the vacation idler, and to prevent it from sinking into lethargy, are several books of a biographical cast. Of these, because of its greater completeness, and the interest that attaches to its subject, we give the precedence to Mr. Trollope's *Life of Thackeray.*[10] A handy satchel or pocket volume, there is nothing in its bulk or its tone to appall the heated fugitive from town and worry, or to prevent him from taking it along as a companion. In a single chapter of moderate dimensions Mr. Trollope brings together all the little that is known of Thackeray as a man and as a writer, in a manner so chatty and genially sympathetic that the laziest will regret its brevity; and this is followed by eight brief chapters, each of which is a distinct and independent essay, that may be separately read, on Thackeray's several productions in prose and verse, his novels, ballads, burlesques, and lectures, and on his style and genius.—Two smaller volumes of this class are devoted respectively to Montaigne[11] and Ruskin.[12] The former, by Mrs. Oliphant, contains a brief sketch of the life of the father of essayists, which, if less delightfully written than the still briefer sketch by Hazlitt so well known to lovers of Montaigne, is yet very agreeable reading. The sketch is largely made up of material drawn from Montaigne's own writings, by means of which we are given pleasant glimpses of the vivacious and observant Frenchman in his library, on his travels, and in office, and gain a clear idea of his character and opinions. The volume on Ruskin is simply a collection of passages scissored out of his *Modern Painters,* arranged under short and specific heads, and prefaced by a brief biographical sketch.—For repasts containing in the smallest compass food that is wholesome and substantial, yet delicate of flavor and light of digestion, we commend the summer saunterer to Thackeray's lectures on the four Georges[13] and on the English Humorists,[14] [15] to Macaulay's brilliant monograph on Lord Bacon,[16] and to Creighton's *Half-hour History of England.*[17] The author of the last-named is the accomplished editor of the excellent series of "Epochs of English History," now in course of publication, to which this little volume is designed to be introductory. It is an admirably condensed outline of English history from the coming of the Danes and Angles until 1870. As to Thackeray's lectures and Macaulay's brilliant biographical criticism, nothing need be said. Those who have read them will be glad to do so again, and those who have not, have a treat in store for them that we envy.—Doubtless there will be some among our summer excursionists who, if not thinking as regretfully of their interrupted religious privileges as the Israelites did of the flesh-pots of Egypt, would yet gladly replace them by the perusal of books not too elaborately grave, but still of a more definite religious cast than those we have named. Serious books for vacation reading are as needful as any others. One of the most thoughtful of this kind is Professor Fisher's address on *Faith and Rationalism,*[18] delivered before the Princeton Theological School. In this cogent address the lecturer considers the temper and tendency of rationalism, and displays its impatience of mysteries in religion, its failure to take into account the influence of sin on man's capacity to investigate religious truth, its inevitable tendency to ignore the premises of religious faith, its inclination to take no account of implicit mental processes, its exaggeration of the office of logic in religion, and its proneness to seek for religious truth merely for its own sake. He then announces the true motive in the search for religious truth, suggests safeguards against fancy and enthusiasm, states the limit of the responsibility of the believer in meeting objections, and passes in review the leading truths of religion. To the lecture is appended several brief and erudite essays on the following topics: on the teaching of theology on the moral basis of faith; on the doctrine of nescience respecting God; on the doctrine of evolution in its relation to the arguments of design; on the reasonableness of the Christian doctrine of prayer; on the moral and spiritual elements in the atonement; and on the unity of belief among Christians.—Under the comprehensive title *Motives of Life,*[19] Professor Swing analyzes and illustrates some of the principal motives which impel man and rule his life, namely, the desire of intellectual cul-

[10] *Thackeray.* By Anthony Trollope. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 206. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Montaigne.* "Foreign Classics for English Readers Series." By Mrs. Oliphant. 16mo, pp. 192. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[12] *Ruskin on Painting.* With a Biographical Sketch. "New Handy Volume Series." 16mo, pp. 210. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[13] *The Four Georges.* Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court and Town Life. By W. M. Thackeray. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 205. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *Swift, Congreve, Addison, and Steele.* From "Lectures on the English Humorists." By W. M. Thackeray. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 209. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *Prior, Gay, Pope, Hogarth, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith.* By W. M. Thackeray. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 214. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Lord Bacon.* By Lord Macaulay. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 198. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *Half-hour History of England.* By Mandell Creighton, M.A. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 221. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *Faith and Rationalism.* With Short Supplementary Essays on Related Topics. By George P. Fisher, D.D. 12mo, pp. 188. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[19] *Motives of Life.* By David Swing. 16mo, pp. 162. Chicago: Jansen, M'Clurg, and Co.

ture, the idea of home, considerations of fame, the hope of happiness, the love of mankind, and religion. Specially addressed to the young, his essays on each of these topics will make a strong impression by their simplicity, eloquence, earnestness, and practical wisdom.—Less controversial and didactic than the two volumes just mentioned, Dr. Macduff's *Palms of Elim*[20] is designed for the spiritual comfort and refreshment of Christians rather than for their moral and intellectual development, or for their equipment for the defense of their faith. It comprises, in a series of threescore and ten brief meditations, a selection of the more comforting passages from the author's previous writings, which are intended to reach the case of the weary, the heavy-laden, the penitent, the spiritually depressed, the fearful, the afflicted, and, indeed, all the needs and moods of Christians in every class and station. They are marked by great tenderness, and are replete with encouragements and consolations drawn from Holy Scripture, many of which are clothed in verse of great sweetness and pathos.—Dr. Vincent's *Stranger and Guest*[21] is a guide to personal religion, in the form of five suggestive essays, which deal with successive stages of life from the world to the Lord's table.—Belonging to an entirely different sphere are a number of publications whose province is merely to afford entertainment by their incursions upon the territory of romance, or by their pictures of society and manners, or by their recital of the vagaries and vicissitudes of love. Under the title *An Attic Philosopher in Paris*,[22] M. Émile Souvestre has grouped twelve exquisite little sketches, based on commonplace happenings in Paris, and depicting with commingled tenderness, pathos, humor, and sweetness as many phases of humble life in Paris, each of which has the piquancy of a romance and the literalness of reality.—*Theo*[23] and *Miss Crespigny*[24] are two of Mrs. Burnett's earlier love stories, whose brightness and vivacity will be attractive to young people of the gentler sex, but which have little of the narrative and descriptive power exhibited in her maturer writings.—A vacant hour may be pleasantly whiled away by Mr. Cooke's clever story, *Mr. Grantley's Idea*,[25] the scene of which is laid in Virginia, and whose hero is a lad of gentle birth, reduced by orphanage and the neglect of his relatives to the condition of a tramp and the verge of criminality. He is rescued from his downward career by the impression made upon him by a little girl, who saved him from a degrading punishment, and by the tender benevolence of the late good Bishop Meade. Through the influence and training of the latter he is educated and transformed; and after he becomes a man, he returns to the scene of his youthful delinquency, and works out a penalty which he had escaped at the time, and finally wins the girl whom he had offended against in his early days. The story is gracefully told; and the "idea" which impels the hero to work out the literal terms of the punishment to which he had been sentenced, but which he had evaded, is an episode of great moral beauty, and is not without its humorous and romantic side.—Equally brief and entertaining, and embodying with a gracefully told love story a suggestive lesson, by which young maidens who have no other gift than a sunshiny nature may gladden and elevate those of their own sex who spend their lives in hopeless drudgery, is a little volume styled *My Sister's Keeper*.[26] It is an illustration of the power of association and example, and of the property of sunniness and sweetness to brighten and sweeten all that come within their influence.—If a rainy day should intervene, and these tidbits of fiction prove too slight a repast, a more prolonged entertainment may be found in some recent novels. Among these we note as very bright and vivacious, *Orange Lily*,[27] a genial Irish story, by May Crommelin; *Basildon*,[28] a more elaborate English society novel, by Mrs. Hunt; and *Markof*,[29] by Mrs. Henry Gréville, a novel based on life and society in Russia, in which this wonderfully fertile writer depicts the career of a young peasant violinist from the opening of his passion for music, through his struggles to master the exacting art, till he wins success. The love experiences of the hero and two of his friends are related with great spirit and delicacy. The work is far superior to any thing we have read of Mrs. Gréville's, and has the unmistakable stamp of genius.—But specially noteworthy for every quality that makes a work of imaginative romance a welcome and invigorating refreshment is our old favorite *John Halifax*,[30] which the Messrs. Harper have reproduced in their popular "Franklin Square Library" just in time to make one in the numerous peripatetic libraries of the legions who are now preparing for the summer hegira.

[20] *Palms of Elim; or, Rest and Refreshment in the Valleys.* By J. R. Macduff, D.D. 12mo, pp. 307. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[21] *Stranger and Guest.* By Marvin R. Vincent, D.D. 18mo, pp. 152. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Co.

[22] *An Attic Philosopher in Paris; or, A Peep at the World from a Garret.* From the French of Émile Souvestre. "New Handy Volume Series." 16mo, pp. 194. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[23] *Theo.* By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Sm. 12mo, pp. 183. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[24] *Miss Crespigny.* By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Sm. 12mo, pp. 190. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[25] *Mr. Grantley's Idea.* By John Esten Cooke. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 154. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[26] *My Sister's Keeper.* A Story for Girls. By Laura M. Lane. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 191. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[27] *Orange Lily.* A Novel. By May Crommelin. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 39. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[28] *Basildon.* A Novel. By Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 60. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[29] *Markof, the Russian Violinist.* By Henry Gréville. Translated by Helen Stanley. 12mo, pp. 468. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

[30] *John Halifax, Gentleman.* A Novel. By Miss Mulock. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 89. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 17th of June.—President Hayes, May 29, sent a message to the House vetoing the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill. A motion to pass the measure over the veto failed, the vote standing 112 to 91—less than two-thirds. On the 9th of June another bill was offered without the political riders to which the President had objected, and it was passed by 188 to 22. On the 14th, the Senate amended and passed it, after which it was returned to the House for concurrence. The bill consists of a single declaratory clause, and a large number of explanations and amendments, making the law of the present current year the law of the next fiscal year. On the 10th of June the House passed the Judicial Appropriation Bill, with a clause nullifying the Federal election law.—June 16, the Senate passed the Supplemental Judicial Appropriation Bill, modified by the Democrats so as to remove possible objections by the President. An amendment offered by Senator Hill, and adopted, gives United States courts permission to draw their jurors from State court jury-boxes.—June 2, the House voted to appropriate $20,000 for the Australian exhibitions.—June 11, the House, by a vote of 172 to 31, passed the Army Bill, with the following restrictive clause: "That no money appropriated by this act is appropriated or shall be paid for the subsistence, equipment, transportation, or compensation of any portion of the army of the United States to be used as a police force to keep the peace at the polls at any election held within any State."

The House, June 7, voted additional appropriations for the postal service, including an increase of the pay of letter-carriers.

A new Army Bill, prohibiting military interference at elections, was introduced in the House by Mr. Springer, June 16, and pressed for immediate passage, but it failed, less than two-thirds voting to suspend the rules.

The Senate, June 6, passed the bill repealing the jurors' test oath.

The Senate, June 10, refused, by a vote of 21 to 22, to order the Warner Silver Bill to be reported.

Both Houses, June 10, unanimously passed a bill to erect a monument on the site of the house in which Washington was born.

The Maine Greenbackers met in Convention at Portland June 3, and nominated Joseph L. Smith for Governor.—The Ohio Democrats met at Columbus on the 4th, and nominated Thomas Ewing for Governor. The same day the Ohio Greenbackers also met at Columbus, and refusing any coalition with the Democrats, nominated General A. S. Piatt for Governor.—June 10, the Minnesota Greenbackers met at St. Paul, and nominated Asa Barton for Governor.—The Iowa Republicans met at Des Moines June 11, and renominated John H. Gear for Governor.

The French Senate, June 15, passed the bill for a return of the Chambers to Paris.—M. Blanqui, the French Socialist, has been pardoned and released from prison, but the Chamber of Deputies has annulled his election.

A naval engagement was fought off Iquique, on the Peruvian coast, May 21, between the Peruvian iron-clads *Huascar* and *Independencia* and three Chilian wooden vessels, the *Esmeralda, Covadonga*, and *Limari*. The *Esmeralda* was rammed and sunk, and over 100 of her crew were drowned. The *Independencia* was wrecked in pursuing the enemy, and was burned.

King Cetywayo, with a view of leaving the British no point to strike at, and adopting a system of bush warfare, has burned the royal kraal, and retired to Northwest Zululand.

The late Portuguese ministry, before its retirement, concluded a treaty with Great Britain looking to the suppression of the slave-trade, the development of commerce, and the civilization of Africa.

The International Ship-canal Congress, meeting in Paris, has adopted, by a vote of 98 to 8, the Panama and Limon Bay route.

Alexander Solovieff, who attempted to assassinate the Czar of Russia, was hanged on the Smolenski Field on June 10.

DISASTERS.

May 30.—A tornado in parts of Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska destroyed buildings, swept the fields of their crops, and scooped the water from rivers and wells. More than forty persons were killed and eighty wounded.

June 12.—A water-spout at Buffalo Gap, in the Black Hills region, caused an overflow of Beaver Creek, which swept away a camp and drowned eleven persons.

May 30.—An avalanche destroyed a church and several houses, and killed six persons, in the village of Fontana, Switzerland.

OBITUARY.

May 17.—In Philadelphia, Judge Asa Packer, aged seventy-four years.

June 1.—At Ottumwa, Iowa, General James Shields, United States Senator, at different times, from Illinois, Minnesota, and Missouri, aged sixty-nine years.

June 10.—At Annapolis, Maryland, Commodore Foxhall A. Parker, commandant of the United States Naval Academy, aged fifty-eight years.

May 26.—James Grant, the English journalist, aged seventy-four years.

June 3.—In London, England, Baron Lionel de Rothschild, the head of the English branch of the famous banking house, aged seventy-one years.

Editor's Drawer.

IN the *Life of General Benjamin F. Butler*, recently published by Lee and Shepard, we find the following humorous incident: When he was a student at Waterville College, Maine, where the Calvinistic theology was thoroughly inculcated by the president and professors, one of the professors had delivered a sermon in the chapel, in which he said: "1. None but the elect can be saved. 2. Of so-called Christians, probably not more than one in a hundred will be saved. 3. Heathen people will have more consideration of the Almighty in the future life than men of Christian nations who hear but do not profit by the Word of God." The rules of the institution enforced attendance upon chapel services, and after hearing this sermon young Butler petitioned the faculty to relieve him from further attendance upon preaching, giving as a reason that, according to the proportion stated, not above six persons in the college could possibly be saved; and as there were nine worthy professors, all of whom were doctors of divinity, it would be presumptuous for him, a poor student, to even hope for the remotest chance of salvation; hence in attending church he was only making his damnation more certain and terrible. Two or three of the faculty could appreciate the humor, if not the logic, of the petition, and this saved the young theological reformer from expulsion for irreverence.

A FRIEND of the Drawer in Prescott, Arizona Territory, sends on the following:

At one of the recent terms of the District Court at Prescott, Pat Flynn was indicted for an assault with intent to murder, in attempting to carve the throat and neck of a fellow-citizen with a knife; and being without money or friends, and unable to procure counsel, the Court assigned Judge H—— to defend him. Notwithstanding a vigorous defense, Pat was found guilty, and the Court was about to pass sentence to the Territorial prison for a long term of years. On being ordered to stand up, Pat, writhing under mental agony and assumed physical infirmities, glided out of the felon's box over to his counsel, and punching him excitedly, whispered: "Faith, judge, yez did all yez could for me; won't yez now be afther standin' up and resave the sintince?"

BEFORE the organization of Colorado as a Territory the inhabitants rejoiced in the "Provisional Government courts," one of whose judges was a man of jovial turn, a good lawyer, and who never lost his head nor courteous bearing even when somewhat fuddled. A cause before him had proceeded until plaintiff had rested his case, when the defendant was offered by his counsel as a witness. It was objected that, being a party, the defendant was incompetent as a witness. The point was argued, but the Court held that under the law of the "People's Government" either party to a suit might be competent as a witness, and raised his hand to administer the oath. The witness raised his hand also, but allowed it to fall before his honor had half concluded. Thereupon the plaintiff's counsel, disgusted at what he conceived to be an erroneous ruling against him, exclaimed: "I think the witness did not understand what your honor said; he is very hard of hearing; in fact, he is entirely deaf in one ear."

The judge looked up at the attorney with an expression of humor that his mellow condition seemed to augment, and said: "Deaf in one ear? Well, that's (*hic*) all right; I didn't swear (*hic*) him on his *void ear* [*voire dire*]. You may proceed with the examination."

COLORADO has the most delightful climate in the world, and bed-bugs. A mother in Israel residing there requires her granddaughter, a young High School miss, to read to her daily some portion of the Good Book. While so engaged recently the young lady suddenly stopped, and exclaimed: "Why, grandma, I declare, here is a grammatical error."

The old lady replied: "No matter, darling. *Kill it, and go on.*"

MR. SPURGEON recently held the "silver wedding" anniversary of his pastorate, and was very pleasant and lively during the proceedings. His humor and love of anecdote, as well as quickness at repartee, are well known. In one of the little speeches he made just before giving out an anthem he told this anecdote:

A High-Churchman and a Scotch Presbyterian had been at the same church. The former asked the latter if he did not like the "introits."

He replied: "I don't know what an introit is."

Said the Churchman: "But did you not enjoy the anthem?"

"No, I did not enjoy it at all."

"I am very sorry," said the Churchman, "because it was used in the early Church; in fact, it was originally sung by David."

"Ah!" said the Scotchman, "then that explains the Scripture. I can understand now, if David sung it at that time, why Saul threw his javelin at him."

This occasioned a peal of laughter, when Mr. Spurgeon said: "Now let us sing the anthem."

DURING a revival of religion last winter in one of the colored churches near Suffolk, Virginia, the minister of the congregation, in the course of a fervid exhortation, said: "Oh, my beloved brudders, don't ye want to go wha' de water-millions is always ripe, wha' ye don't hab

to plant 'em, wha' ye don't hab to hoe 'em, nor wha' ye don't hab to put nuffin under 'em to make 'em grow, nor wha' ye don't hab to steal 'em, but ye jis set on de ribber-bank an' eat for ebbermo'? *Does you heah?* Ole Jason tells you dah *is* sich a country, *an' you'd better be startin' for it, shuah!*"

THIS epitaph is copied from a stone in an old grave-yard some two miles west of Clifton Springs, in this State:

In Memory of
NANCY HARRINGTON,
daughter of
THOMAS and MARY HARRINGTON,
Who died June 12, 1808,
Aged 3 years.

Behold my life is at an end;
My body here doth lie.
What caused my death you may depend
Was taking mercury.

IN George Eliot's *Impressions of Theophrastus Such*, just published by Harper and Brothers, is a strong chapter on the Jews, in whose history she has always taken a strong and favorable interest. One of her paragraphs closes with this statement: "A significant indication of their natural rank is seen in the fact that at this moment the leader of the Liberal party in Germany is a Jew, the leader of the Republican party in France is a Jew, and the head of the Conservative ministry in England is a Jew."

Again: "A varied, impartial observation of the Jews in different countries tends to the impression that they have a predominant kindliness which must have been deeply ingrained in the constitution of their race to have outlasted the ages of persecution and oppression. The concentration of their joys in domestic life has kept up in them the capacity of tenderness: the pity for the fatherless and the widow, the care for the women and the little ones, blent intimately with their religion, is a well of mercy that can not long or widely be pent up by exclusiveness. And the kindliness of the Jew overflows the line of division between him and the Gentile. On the whole, one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of this scattered people, made for ages 'a scorn and a hissing,' is that after being subjected to this process, which might have been expected to be in every sense deteriorating and vitiating, they have come out of it (in any estimate which allows for numerical proportion) rivalling the nations of all European countries in healthiness and beauty of physique, in practical ability, in scientific and artistic aptitude, and in some forms of ethical value."

A CONNECTICUT friend sends this:

There lives in our town an old shoe-maker named "Dick." There is also a justice of the peace living in the woods, known as "the White Birch Lawyer," who is rather "lofty" in the law. One rainy day, meeting Dick, he said: "It is too bad that such old people as you and I should be out in this storm."

"You are not an old man," said Dick.

"Yes, I am," was the reply. "I am eighty years old."

"Why," said Dick, "I went to school with your father before you were born, and I am only seventy-four."

At this the W. B. Lawyer put his thumbs in his vest and walked about, repeating the assertion several times that he was eighty. Dick changed his cane into the other hand, and said: "Look here, judge: I was thinking this morning how that *those who had little or no intellect always lived to a good old age.*"

THIS curious fact is sent to us by an officer at Fort Shaw, Montana:

"The other day I went out to witness the issue of annuities to the Black Feet Indians. The goods were brought into the centre of the circle, and their chief, 'Leaving the Lodge,' was told to distribute them to his people; but he turned the distribution over to a subordinate chief, while he looked on, saying, 'My mother-in-law is present in the circle, and I can not execute the duties of my chieftaincy.'"

Too much squaw.

THE Drawer is happy to be able to present to its readers the following interesting and hitherto unpublished letter written by Henry Clay:

ASHLAND, *July* 15, 1848.

DEAR SIR,—Your very friendly letter entitles you to an acknowledgment of its receipt, and an expression of my thanks for the sentiments toward me which it conveys. I am very grateful for the feelings of regret which you entertain on account of my failure to be appointed Chief Magistrate of the United States. If I share in them, it is from sympathy with my friends. On my own individual account I ought to be congratulated for having escaped a fearful responsibility. Here in retirement I can be free from all care and vexation in regard to public affairs, look on the passing scenes with composure, if with solicitude, and enjoy the satisfactory consciousness of having honestly endeavored when in public office faithfully to serve my country. And for its welfare under all vicissitudes, and that of my countrymen, the prayers will never cease of your friend and obedient servant, H. CLAY.

MR. JOHN HOLMES GOODENOW.

As a general proposition the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, though sometimes given to dogma, are not great connoisseurs in dogs. We do not recall the name of any prelate or priest as the winner of a prize at the recent great dog show at Gilmore's Garden. The one of "high degree" mentioned in the following anecdote, from the other side, would certainly have taken a medal if his judges had been selected from the clergy. Monsignor Capel, of London, the eminent Roman Catholic immortalized by Disraeli in *Lothair*, is not only fond of dogs, but is the master of a noble hound which is Catholic to the backbone. "Beppo, give three cheers for the Pope!" and Beppo utters three short, decisive barks of

approval at the sound of the Holy Father's name.

"Beppo, are you a Protestant?"

No answer.

"Are you a ritualist?"

Gloom on the dog's face.

"Are you a Catholic?"

"Bow-wow-wow!"

If the questions are put in French, it is the same. Beppo is fond of sweet biscuits. Throw him one, and say it comes from Bismarck; he will not stir to take it. Say it comes from the Pope, and Beppo "goes for it."

WILL CARLETON has contributed to an agricultural journal out West a jolly little poem recounting his experience with a "lightning-rod dispenser," who dropped down on him one day

With a poem in his motions, with a sermon in his mien,
With hands as white as lilies, and a face uncommon clean.

Of course when he set his "rip-saw tongue a-buzzin'," his listener was gone; he agreed with every thing said to him, and had no "views" upon any subject whatever that were adverse.

I touched him on religion, and the hopes my heart had known;
He said he'd had experiences quite similar of his own.
I told him of the doubtin's that made dark my early years;
He had laid awake till morning with that same old breed of fears.
I told him of the rough path I hoped to heaven to go;
He was on that very ladder, only just a round below.
I told him of my visions of the sinfulness of gain;
He had seen the self-same picters, though not quite so clear and plain.
Our politics was different, and at first he galled and winced;
But I arg'ed him so able, he was very soon convinced.

And 'twas getting toward the middle of a hungry summer day;
There was dinner on the table, and I asked him would he stay.
And he sat down among us, everlasting trim and neat,
And asked a short crisp blessing, almost good enough to eat;
Then he fired up on the mercies of our Great Eternal Friend,
And gave the Lord Almighty a good first-class recommend;
And for full an hour we listened to the sugar-coated scamp,
Talking like a blessed angel, eating like a blasted tramp.
My wife she liked the stranger, smiling on him warm and sweet
(It always flatters women when their guests are on the eat),
And he hinted that some ladies never lose their early charms,
And kissed the latest baby, and received it in his arms.
My sons and daughters liked him, for he had progressive views,
And chewed the quid of fancy, and gave down the latest news;
He was spreading desolation through a piece of apple-pie,
When he paused and looked upon us with a tear in his off eye.

And then went on to tell how his wife and children had been killed by lightning, since which time he had wandered and cared for naught but to save "other loved ones whose lives have yet been spared, and to sell to virtuous people good lightning-rods—at cost." A contract for rodding the house was signed, and

That very day with wagons came some men, both great and small;
They climbed upon my buildings just as if they owned 'em all;
They hacked 'em and they hewed 'em, much against my loud desires;
They trimmed 'em up with gewgaws, and they bound 'em down with wires;
They trimmed 'em and they wired 'em, and they trimmed and wired 'em still,
And every precious minute kept a-running up the bill.

My soft-spoke guest a-seeking, did I rave and rush and run:
He was supping with a neighbor, just a three mile further on.
"Do you think," I fiercely shouted, "that I want a mile of wire
To save each separate hay-cock out o' heaven's consumin' fire?
Do you think to keep my buildin's safe from some uncertain harm,
I'm goin' to deed you over all the balance of my farm?"

He looked up quite astonished, with a face devoid of guile,
And he pointed to the contract with a re-assuring smile;
It was the first occasion that he disagreed with me;
But he held me to that paper with a firmness sad to see;
And for that thunder story, ere the rascal finally went,
I paid two hundred dollars, if I paid a single cent.

ANOTHER traveller, who would not "draw it mild," was describing the Indians and their mode of life to a lady of an inquiring mind, and who said: "Now about wigwams, you know; they are so *very* venomous!"

WAS it General Schenck who said this? Sounds a little like him. It comes from London:

A distinguished diplomatist from the United States of America, a very genial and social being, soon after his arrival in London made the round of the sights, Madame Tussaud's among the number.

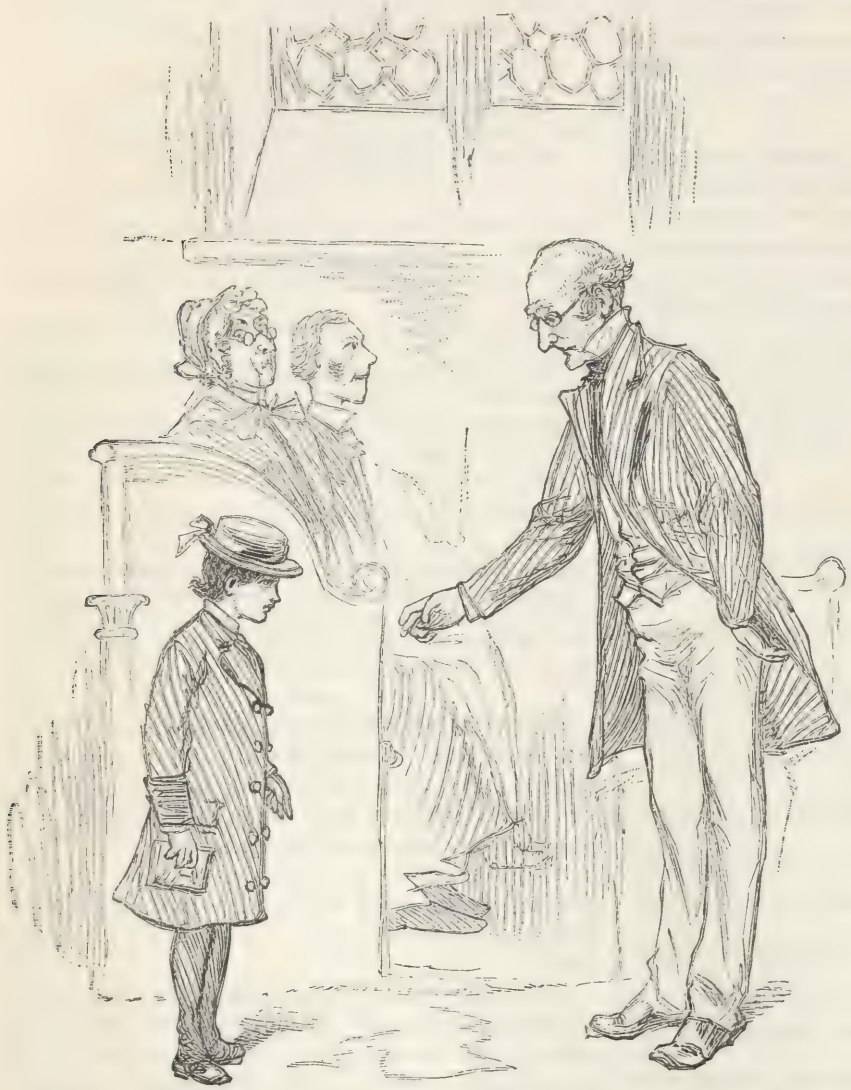
"And what do you think of our wax-work?" said a friend.

"Well," replied the general, "it struck me as being very like an ordinary English party."

THE following story shows how the most tragic scene can be rendered ridiculous through an unfortunate *contretemps*:

An actor, who shall be nameless, was making a tour in America, and one night, playing Othello—in which character he was considered a great star, although not perhaps by a very discerning public—just at the thrilling moment when the unhappy Desdemona is being smothered by her jealous lord, some soulless *gamin* in the gallery imitated to perfection an audible osculation, which feat sent the audience into roars of laughter. The infuriated tragedian bounded to the foot-lights, shook his

fists at the gallery, and thundering forth denunciations upon the wretched disturber, dared him to come down on to the stage and engage in combat. The more he foamed, the more, of course, every one laughed. At last the soulless *gamin* was removed by the police, and quiet restored. The aggrieved Moor returned to the bedside (where Desdemona was visibly shaking with laughter beneath the murderous pillow) and repeated the scene. Alas for him, however; he could not succeed in making any tragic impression after the intense absurdity of the interruption.



Shocked and Astonished Old Deacon. "You bad and wicked boy, why don't you take off your hat in the House of the Lord?"

Bad and Wicked Boy (*overcome with guilt*). "If you please, Sir, I'm a little girl."

The Boston *Evening Transcript* is responsible for the following anecdote concerning a prominent New York journalist, which has the advantage of being a true story:

Causeur has a friend, a journalist of distinction, now holding a very prominent and responsible position on one of the best known papers in the country, who had a peculiar experience once in getting a position on the staff of a New York daily. He applied to the editor-in-chief, who knew him well and was aware of his ability and experience. "I've nothing to offer you," he said, "but perhaps you'd better see the managing editor." To the managing editor, who also knew him well, the applicant went. "There's nothing I can give you," he said, pleasantly; "why don't you see the editor-in-chief?" The next day he applied to both again, and the next, each time receiving the same answer. Dropping in on the fourth day, he noticed a vacant desk in the reporters' room, kept for any one who might want to use it. He called the office-boy, told him to clean up the desk, and bring writing materials. Having "moved in," he sought the city editor's assignment book, picked out a job that he thought he could do, did it, laid the result on the city editor's desk, and went home. The next day he did the same thing, and the next, and the next. On the fifth day the editor-in-chief passed through the room while he was at his desk. "So you've got to work?" he said, pleasantly. "Yes, Sir," answered the self-appointed reporter. A day or two later the managing editor came in. "Got at it at last, eh?" he inquired. "Yes, Sir," answered this latest addition to the staff, going on with his work. Things went on in this way for two weeks, when one morning the chief came in. "How do you like your position?" he asked. "First rate," he answered; "there's only one trouble—I haven't had any money yet." "*No money?* How's that? Perhaps the managing editor forgot to put your name on the roll. Never mind, I will. How much did he say you were to have?" "He didn't say, Sir," said the reporter, telling the truth very literally. The chief fixed the pay then and there, dated it back two weeks, and the "hanger-on" became a full-fledged member of the staff on the spot. And the best of the joke was that it was not until two years afterward that either the editor-in-chief or the managing editor knew how it came about, each supposing the other had done it. Two heads certainly *were* better than one that time—for the applicant.

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A COMPOSITION.—[FREDERICK E. CHURCH.]

FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN ART.
1828–1878.
II.

NO school of art ever came more rapidly into being than the landscape school, which owes its rise to Cole, Doughty, and Durand. Up to this time portraiture had been the field in which American art had achieved its most signal successes. But now the majority of our artists of ability turned their attention to the representation of scenery, and for forty years a long list of painters have made the public familiar with their native land, and have thus at the same time stimulated a popular interest in art.

It is impossible to mention here more than a few of those who, as landscape painters, have won a local or national reputation among us. Nor is it essential, while recognizing the great importance and undoubted merit of our landscape art, to exaggerate its relative value and position. While it has in most cases been the result of a true artistic feeling and a genuine enthusiasm for nature on the part of the artists who have devoted their lives to its pursuit, and while it has given us much that is pleasing, much that is improving, much that is poetic, and occasionally some examples of the first order of landscape painting, yet, as a whole, our school of landscape seems scarcely to be entitled to the highest rank. The wonder is that it has been of such average excellence, for the environing conditions have apparently not been favorable. The influences that gave it birth have at the same time been so often prosaic, so exacting, so uninspir-

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ing, that, notwithstanding its fertility, we find the result to lean to quantity rather than quality. The ideal and emotional elements in art have not been sufficiently dominant, while the topographical and the mechanical notions regarding the end of landscape art have prevailed. There is nothing in this to surprise or discourage, however, when we frankly consider the attending circumstances.

But while admitting that the highest flights of which landscape painting is capable have not been always reached by our artists, we should be careful, on the other hand, lest we fail to award them the merit which is justly their due for earnest endeavor, and frequently for great ability.

With certain important exceptions, to be noted in another article, the American art of this period has on the whole been concerned chiefly with the objective, and it could not have well been otherwise, for any other form of art at such a time would have utterly failed to carry the people with it, and thus missed of producing that gradual æsthetic education which is the province of a national art.

Not only for this reason has our great school of landscape art vindicated its right to be, and therefore its claim on our respectful attention, but also because it has owed little to foreign influences, springing rather from environing circumstances as naturally as the flowers of May follow the departure of winter.

And thus, as after a long winter a few warm spring days cover the orchard with an affluence of blossoms, so at this time, from many quarters of the land, artists appeared, especially in the field of landscape art; and one can hardly believe that where, but a few years before, the Indian and the buffalo and the wolf had roamed at their own wild will, artists now arose armed with an ability to discern the beauties of their native land, to direct the prosaic thoughts of the pioneer to the loveliness of the nature which surrounded him, and to make for themselves an enduring name. Ohio, the Massachusetts of the West, for example, which became a State as late as 1800, was in the early part of this period especially prolific in artists, who, if they did not find instruction or a public on the spot, were at least enabled, with the increasing means of communication, to go to New York and Boston, or to wander over to the studios and art wealth of Europe. In other lands and ages the poetic sentiment has first found a vent in lyrics and idyls, but with us the best poetry has been in the landscape painting which was created by the sons of those whose ploughs first broke the soil of this continent with a Christian civilization. At this period also we note the advent of an influence which doubtless aided to promote the more rapid pursuit of the new art impulse of the nation. Steam, the mighty magician which drives the locomotive and the steam-ship, is in bad repute with the conservatives who are not in sympathy with the progressive movements of the age, and yet among all the other results of which it has been the wonderful agent, we must ascribe its patronage of art. It is undoubtedly to the far greater facilities for going from place to place which followed the introduction of steam that we must partly attribute the rapid success of many of the artists who appeared in our country at that time in such unexpected numbers.

It was in 1841 that Leutze went to Düsseldorf to study, and thus introduced a new influence into our art, which hitherto, so far as it had acknowledged foreign influences, had been swayed by the schools of Italy and Britain. The effect was evident when, a few years later, Worthington Whittredge, a native of Ohio, went to Düsseldorf, and studied under the guidance of Achenbach. Very naturally his style showed for a time the effect of foreign methods, but there was in his art an independence of action that enabled him in the end to assimilate rather than to imitate, like most of our artists at this time, and his later landscapes are thoroughly individual and American, although doubtless improved by foreign discipline. As a faithful delineator of the various phases of American interiors, Mr. Whittredge has deservedly won a permanent place in the popular favor. Some of his landscapes representing the scenery of the great West have also been large in treatment and effective in composition.

Like his master, Durand, J. W. Casilear began his career as an engraver, and the success he achieved in this department is attested by his very clever engraving of Huntington's "Sibyl." Since he drifted into landscape painting, Casilear has produced many delicately finished and poetic scenes, distinguished by ele-



"BROOK IN THE WOODS."—[WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE.]

gance and refinement rather than dash or originality; and somewhat the same observations would apply to the tender landscapes of James A. Suydam. In such dreamy, pleasant, but not very vigorous paintings as that of his "Valley of the Pemigewasset," Samuel L. Gerry has also attracted favorable attention.

The work of a genuine poet is apparent in the canvases of R. W. Hubbard. Repose and pensive harmoniousness of treatment characterize his simple and winsome if not stirring transcripts of the more familiar phases of our scenery. They are idyls in color. What Hubbard has done for New England landscape, J. R. Meeker, of St. Louis, has attempted for the "lakes of the Atchafalaya, fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses," and the live-oaks spreading their vast arms, like groined arches of Gothic cathedrals, festooned with the mystically trailing folds of the Spanish moss, along the lagoons of the Southwest, where the sequestered shores are haunted by the pelican and the gayly colored crane, and the groves are melodious with the rapturous lyrics of the mocking-bird, the improvisatore of the woods. If not always successful in the tone of his



LANDSCAPE COMPOSITION.—[R. W. HUBBARD.]

pictures, it may be conceded that Mr. Meeker has approached his subject with a reverent and poetic spirit, and has often rendered these scenes with much feeling and truth.

Still another aspect of our scenery has been reproduced with fidelity by W. T. Richards, of Philadelphia. We refer to the long reaches of silvery shore and the sand-dunes which are characteristic of many parts of our Atlantic coast. He has often painted woodland scenes with great patience, but, as it seems to us, with too much detail, and with greens which are open to a charge of being crude and violent. But in his beach effects Mr. Richards maintains an important position, and if slightly mannered, has yet developed a style of subject and treatment which very effectively represents certain characteristic features of our solemn coasts. Some of his water-color paintings have scarcely been surpassed, as, for example, the noble representations of the bleak, snow-like, cedar-tufted dunes along the Jersey shore.

The extraordinary variety of the effects of American landscape is again shown by the gorgeousness of our autumnal foliage. It has been objected by some that it is too vivid for art purposes. We consider this a matter of individual taste. There is nothing more absurd or vain in trying to render certain effects of sunset, or of

the scarlet and gold of an American forest in Indian summer, than in undertaking to paint the splendor of many-colored drapery in an Oriental crowd, which is considered a legitimate subject for the artist who has a correct eye for color. It is not in the subject, but in the artist, that the difficulty lies. Some of our writer, has exhibited in his Venetian landscapes a correct perception of color, while his style lacks firmness of drawing, and shows foreign influence more than that of many of our artists who studied abroad at this time.

As one considers this field of American art, he is increasingly astonished to find



A LANDSCAPE.—[J. W. CASILEAR.]

painters have seized these autumnal displays with fine feeling and excellent judgment. Kensett is an example; another is J. F. Cropsey, who, beginning life as an architect, became eventually a successful delineator of our autumnal scenery, and at one time executed a number of paintings remarkable for their truth and artistic beauty. His later work has scarcely sustained the early reputation he justly acquired. At its best his style was crisp, strong in color, and sometimes very bold in composition. Mr. C. P. Cranch, who was associated with Cropsey in Italy, and who is well known as a how strikingly it exemplifies one of the leading traits of a national school in the entire originality and individuality with which each of our prominent landscapists of this period interprets nature, even when he has studied more or less in Europe. Whatever may be the general defect of refinement rather than strength, and other weaknesses characteristic of our school of landscape art, it must be admitted that its representative artists have been always sturdily independent, and that their merits are entirely their own. What difference there is between the carefully finished but rich, massive foliage of David

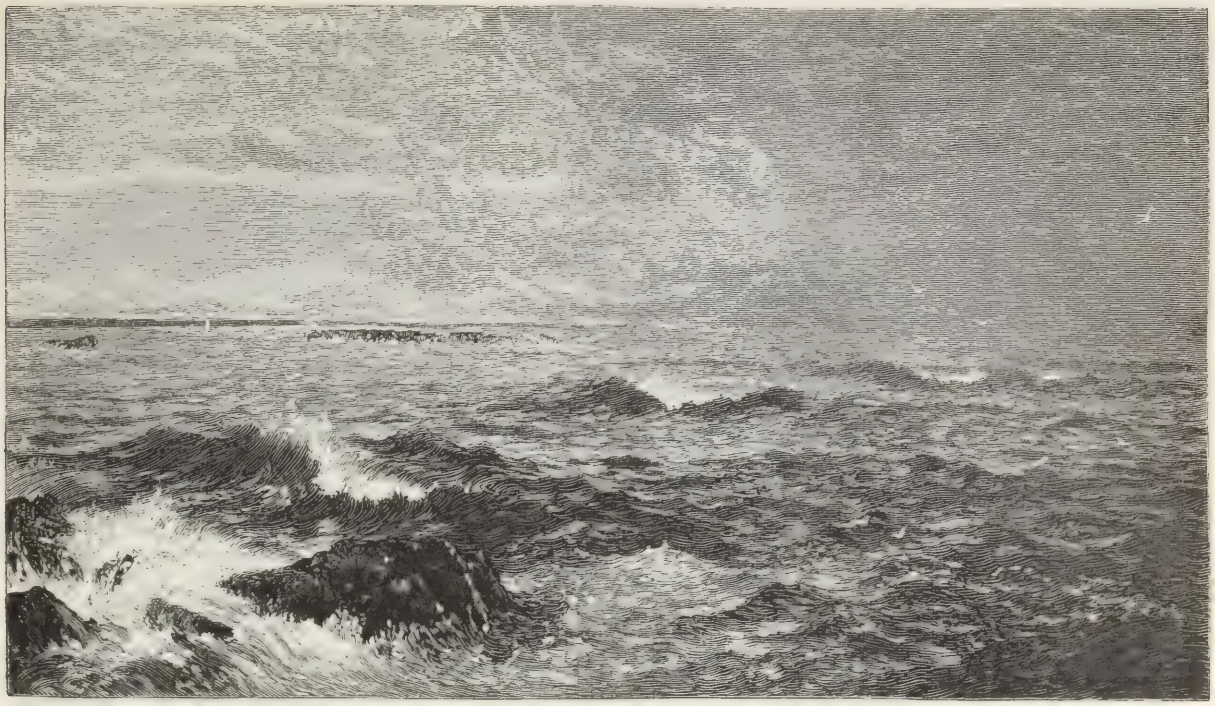


"HIGH TORN, ROCKLAND LAKE."—[JASPER F. CROPSEY.]

Johnson, suggesting the strength of the old English masters of landscape, and the dreamy, mellow, pastoral meadow lands, craggy uplands, and dimpling lakes of our Green Mountains, veiled by a luminous haze and steeped in repose, which are so delicately portrayed by the brush of J. B. Bristol! What points of divergence there are, again, between the landscapes of W. L. Sonntag and A. F. Bellows!—the one adopting a scheme of color and a tone apparently out of the focus of nature, yet so using it in rendering ideal compositions as to achieve results which place him by the side of our leading poets of nature. To him landscape painting seems to be but a means to represent the ideals of his fancy. Bellows, on the other hand, both in oil and aquarelle, has attempted minute transcripts of nature, and while sometimes suggesting the impression of labor rather more than is consistent with breadth of effect, has faithfully and charmingly interpreted the idyllic side of our rural life. Early study at the school of Antwerp, and the pursuit of genre for some years, have enabled Mr. Bellows skillfully to diversify his attractive village pictures and representations of our noble New England elms with groups of figures. He is justly entitled to be called the American Birket Foster.

The landscapes of William and James Hart represent still another phase of our art. Both began life as apprentices to a coach painter, but gradually identified themselves with the great throng of all ages who have become the votaries of nature. There is great cleverness and dexterity in their work, a fine perception of the external beauty of the slopes and vales and woods of our land; but it is sometimes marred by a certain hardness, and lack of warmth of feeling; in other words, it is too exclusively objective. James Hart has of late years added cattle to his landscapes with excellent success, and holds a respectable position among the very few good painters of animal life whom the American art of this period can justly claim.

Mr. Horace Robbins, successful in seizing certain aspects of mountain scenery, and Mr. Arthur Parton, who very pleasingly renders trees, and some of the sober effects of our gray November days, although among our younger painters, justly belong to this period, as do also Messrs. James and George Smillie, who have been equally happy in water and oil colors. The former is another of our many landscape painters who began as engravers on steel. The later style of these talented brothers has been evidently modified with advantage by foreign technique, although they have studied wholly in this country, and they now display an attractive vigor and freshness in their landscape pieces.



"THE VASTY DEEP."—[WILLIAM T. RICHARDS.]

The style of each of the artists we have mentioned can be distinguished at once; individuality of expression is stamped upon the canvas of all, but among them there is no one more thoroughly original than Sandford R. Gifford, who, if he had lived in Persia or Peru two thousand years ago, might well have been an enthusiastic fire-worshipper, or daily welcomed the rising sun with reverent adoration. To him landscape painting, whether of scenes in our own Far West, or on the legendary Hudson, or in the gorgeous East, has been alike the occasion for giving expression to his feeling for glowing atmospheric effects, for lyrics which on canvas reproduce the splendor of the sunset sky. But it would be a mistake to suppose that Mr. Gifford's poetic sense has been confined to the contemplation of serene and glowing atmospheres; he has also successfully rendered the lazy mist, the trailing vapor of morning enmeshed in dusky woodlands by the silent lake. His style combines to a remarkable degree deliberation and inspiration.



"SUNSET ON THE HUDSON."—[SANDFORD R. GIFFORD.]



"THE PARSONAGE."—[A. F. BELLOWS.]

The objective school of American landscape painting found its culminating excellence, as it seems to us, in the art of Frederick E. Church. In his art life are demonstrated the tendencies and aims of the chief national school we have produced during the last half century. In his works the technical weaknesses of this school are apparent, and at the same time its noble sympathy with nature, and its love for the grander aspects of the external world; it also represents the restless, unsatisfied genius of our people during this period, ever reaching out and beyond, and yearning, Venice-like, to draw to itself the spoils, the riches, the splendors, of the whole round globe. To our art the paintings of Mr. Church are what the geographic cantos of "Childe Harold" have been to the poesy of England, or the burning descriptions of St. Pierre and Châteaubriand to the literature of France. If such a topic is permissible in letters, may it not also be allowed sometimes in painting? Whether the one is as lofty as epic poetry, or the other as great as historical painting or subjective landscape, is a question which we do not need here to analyze. It is sufficient that each holds an important position, and to carry off the palm in either can only be the result of consummate genius. Yes, what "Childe Harold" did for the scenery of the Old World, the art of Church has done for that of the New. The vastness and the glory of this continent were yet unrevealed to us. With the enthusiasm of a Raleigh or a Balboa he has explored land and sea, combining the elements of the explorer and the artist. A pupil of Cole, he has carried to its full fruition the aspirations of his master, first gaining inspiration along the magical shores of the Hudson, and amid the ideally beautiful ranges of the legendary Catskills. Our civilization needed exactly this form of art expression at this period, and the artist appeared who taught the people to love beauty, and to find it among the regions which first rang with the axe of our pioneers.

But although dealing not so much with nature, as such, as with some of her little known and more remarkable and startling effects, there is a very noteworthy absence of sensationalism or staginess in the paintings of Church; while, on the other hand, the somewhat too careful reproduction of details has not prevented them from possessing a grand massing of effect and a thrilling beauty and sublimity. "Cotopaxi," the "Heart of the Andes," "Niagara," may transgress many rules laid down by certain schools, but the magnificent ability with which they are represented disarms criticism. Church's

first painting of Niagara occupies the culminating point in the objective art of this period of our history, executed by an artist who up to that time had never crossed the Atlantic, and whose merits and defects were entirely his own.

of the mighty waters that rushed over those tremendous cliffs ages before this continent was trodden by man, and symbolize the endless, remorseless, and irresistible sweep of time. The green flood pouring evermore into the appalling abyss



LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE.—[JAMES HART.]

Mr. Church's "Niagara" is doubtless familiar to many through the fine chromo-lithographic copy made from it; but those who have not seen the original have only an incomplete idea of the grandeur of this great painting. It grows on acquaintance somewhat as does the cataract itself, until we seem to hear even the roar

veiled by mist wreathing up from the surging vortex below, the distant shore lined with foliage touched by the burning tints of October, the rosy gray sky overarching the scene, and the ethereal bow uniting heaven and earth with its elusive band of colors, all are there, and rendered with matchless art.

The subjects of Mr. Church's more recent works have been taken from the glorious shores of the Mediterranean. We perceive in them no sign of failing power, but more breadth and less opulence of detail. The artist has treated the splendors of classic lands with the dignified reserve of matured strength and a higher sense of the ideal. The melancholy grandeur of the Parthenon in ruins has been represented with a stately reticence in consonance with the character of the subject, and the magnificent ideal composition called the "Ægean" may well hold its own by the side of some of the superb Italian canvases of Turner.



"SHIP OF 'THE ANCIENT MARINER.'"—[JAMES HAMILTON.]

The American marine art of this period has been represented by a number of artists, although they have been by no means so numerous or capable as the maritime character of our people would have led us to expect. William Bradford, by origin a Quaker, has made to himself a name for his enterprise in going repeatedly to Labrador to study icebergs, and has painted some effective compositions, which have won him fame at home and abroad. Some of his coast scenes are also spirited, although open to the charge of technical errors. Charles Temple Dix, who unfortunately died young, executed some dashing, imaginative, and promising compositions; and Harry Brown, of Portland, has successfully rendered certain coast effects. But our ablest marine painter of this period seems to have been James Hamilton, of Philadelphia, who was beyond question an artist of genius. His color was sometimes crude, but he handled pigments with mastery, and composed with the virile imagination of an improvisatore. Errors can doubtless be found in his ships, or the forms of his waves; but he was inspired by a genuine enthusiasm for the sea, and rendered the wildest and grandest effects of old ocean with breadth, massiveness, and power. We have had no marine painter about whose works there is more of the raciness and flavor of blue water.

When we turn to the department of animal painting, we discover what has been hitherto the weakest feature of American art, both in the number and quality of the artists who have pursued this branch of the profession. Hinckley at one time promised well in painting cattle and game, but his efforts never went beyond giving us Denner-like representations of stuffed foxes with glass eyes. The hairs were all there, the color was well enough, although perhaps a lit-



"WHOO!"—[WILLIAM H. BEARD.]

tle foxy, if one may be permitted the term in this connection; but there was no life, no characterization, there. William Hayes showed decided ability in his representations of bisons and prairie-dogs and other dogs. Weak in color, he yet succeeded in giving spirit and character to the groups he painted, and holds among our animal painters a position not dissimilar to that of Mount in genre.

Walter M. Brackett, who has been able rarely well to enjoy the triple pleasure of catching, painting, and eating the same fish on a summer's morning by the limpid brooks of New Hampshire, has justly won a reputation as an artistic Walton. If he would but paint his rocks and trees as cleverly as he renders the speckled monarch of the stream, his compositions would leave little to be desired. Henry C. Bispham has given us some spirited but sometimes badly drawn paintings of cattle and horses; and Colonel T. B. Thorpe, in such semi-humorous satires as "A Border Inquest," representing wolves sitting on the carcass of a buffalo, at one time promised to work up successfully a vein peculiarly American in its humor, and carried to a high degree of excellence by William H. Beard, whose brother, James Beard, can also be justly ranked as an animal painter of respectable attainments. Mr. Beard, although remarkably versatile, has made a specialty, if it may be so termed, of exposing the failings and foibles of our sinful humanity by the medium of animal genre. Monkeys, bears, goats, owls, and rabbits are in turn impressed into the benevolent service of taking us off, and repeating for us the old Spartan tale of the slave made drunk by his master as a warning to his son. Of the skill which Mr. Beard has exhibited in this novel line there can be no question. The "Dance of Silenus," the pertinacious, iterative, pragmatic ape called "The Bore," and "Bears on a Bender" are masterly bits of characterization. There is also a deal of comic satire in "The Bulls and Bears of Mammon's Fierce Zoology," which, with a multitude of struggling figures, takes off the eccentricities of the stock exchange. Beard can justly be called the American Æsop. It is asserted by many that this is not art. The fact is that it is exceedingly difficult to draw the line, and to prescribe what subjects an artist shall choose. *Finis coronat*

opus. But this certainly seems as legitimate a subject for the brush of the artist as the graphic pictorial satires of Hogarth, or the mildly comical genres of Erskine Nicol.

In a previous paper we alluded to some of the figure, historical, and genre painters of this period. The genius of William Mount was the precursor of a number of genre artists of more or less ability, among whom may be mentioned Thomas Hicks, a pupil of Couture, and one of the first of our painters who studied at Paris. In this admirable school Mr. Hicks became an excellent colorist, although of late his art has appeared to lose some of this quality. He painted landscape and genre, meeting with respectable success in the latter, but portraiture has chiefly occupied his attention. His portrait of General Meade is a striking and satisfactory work. Then there was Richard Caton Woodville, who followed Whittredge to Düsseldorf, and promised much in genre. His paintings show very decided traces of German influence, but behind it all was a strong individuality that seemed destined to assert itself, and to place him among our foremost painters. But he died young, and (shall we not say?) happily for him, since little fame and less appreciation are destined to the artists who come ere the people are ripe for their art. George B. Flagg at one time promised well for our genre art, but his abilities were too precocious, and unfortunately the splendid opportunities he enjoyed as a pupil of Allston, and as a long resident in London, do not seem to have been sufficient to give permanence to his talents.

About this time our frontier life was coming more prominently into view, and that picturesque border line between civilization and barbarism was becoming a subject for the pen of our leading writers. Irving, Cooper, and Kennedy, Street, Whittier, and Longfellow, were tuning the first efforts of their Muse to celebrate Indian life and border warfare in prose and verse, while the majestic measures of Bryant's "Prairies" seemed a prophetic prelude to the march of mankind toward the lands of the setting sun. "Evangeline," the most splendid result of our poetic literature, attracted not less for its magnificent generalizations of the scenery of the West than for the constancy of the heroine, and the artistic mind responded in turn to the unknown mystery and romance of that vast region, and gave us graphic pictures of the rude humanity which lent interest and sentiment to its unexplored solitudes. It is greatly to be regretted that the work of these pioneers in Western genre was not of more artistic value; from a historical point of view, too much importance can not be attached to the enterprise and courage of men like Catlin, Deas, and Ranney, who, imbued with the spirit of adventure, identified themselves with Indian and border life, and rescued it from oblivion by their art enthusiasm, which, had it been guided by previous training, would have been of even greater value. As it is, they have with the pencil done a service for the subjects they portrayed similar to what Bret Harte has accomplished in giving immortality with the pen to the wild, picturesque, but evanescent mining scenes of the Pacific slope. In this connection the fact is worth recording that the important mutual life-insurance association called the Artists' Funding Society took its origin in a successful effort to contribute to the support of the family of Ranney after his death.

It is to an artist of German extraction, Emmanuel Leutze, that we owe our best historical art previous to 1860. Although born abroad, Leutze may be justly claimed as an American painter, for he was taken to Philadelphia in childhood, and remained in this country until thoroughly imbued with a patriotic love for the land and its history and the spirit of its institutions; and although he subsequently passed a number of years at Düsseldorf, whither he went at twenty-seven, the last ten years of his life were here, here he died, and the subjects of his art were almost entirely inspired by American scenes, and have become incorporated with the growth of our civilization.

Leutze was a man who was cast in a large mould, capable of a grand enthusiasm, and aspiring to grasp soaring ideals. Although his art was often at fault, it makes us feel, notwithstanding, that in contemplating his works we are in the presence of a colossal mind that, under healthier influences, would have better achieved what he aspired to win. He drew from wells of seemingly inexhaustible inspiration. He was Byronic in the impetus of his genius, the rugged incompleteness of his style, the magnificent fervor and rush of his fancy, the epic grand-

eur and energy, dash and daring, of his creations. It is easy to say that he was steeped in German conventionalism, that he pictured the impossible, that he was sometimes crude and harsh in his color and technique; and so he was at times, but, with it all, he left the impression of vast intellectual resources.



"LAFAYETTE IN PRISON."—[E. LEUTZE.]

We would not be understood as saying that all the works of Leutze are worthy of unqualified acceptance; we refer rather to their general character. His art was very prolific, and as a pupil of Lessing and Schadow it bore the unmistakable stamp of Düsseldorf. Much of his work was rather of a semi-decorative character, like the "Landing of the Norsemen," which represents two fresh, sturdy Scandinavian rovers stepping out of an impossible ship, bearing aloft a noble princess, and in the very act of landing plucking the grapes "hanging wanton to be plucked." It is full of fire and spirit, but the manifest absurdity of the composition as a representation of reality requires us to accept it as decorative in design. "Godiva" is a somewhat coarse but characteristic work of Leutze, and the "Iconoclast" one of his most interesting and artistic paintings. In America, Leutze will be remembered longest by his large and magnificent painting of "Washington at Princeton," his "Emigration to the West" (a decorative composition in one of the panels of the stairway of the Capitol at Washington), and his "Washington crossing the Delaware." The latter was executed at Düsseldorf, and the ice was painted from an unusual mass of broken ice floating down the Rhine on the breaking up of winter. It is another illustration of the apparent caprice with which man is treated by destiny, that scarcely had Leutze closed his eyes in his last sleep, at the early age of fifty-one, when a letter arrived from Germany bringing official tidings that he had just been elected to succeed Lessing as the president of the Düsseldorf Academy of Art.

While we find in Leutze the qualities we have described, it can not be said that he sought out any new methods of expression, or that he undertook to suggest the deeper and more subtle traits of human nature; he was content to work after the manner of the school in which he studied. It is to another painter (referred to in a previous paper), of great intellectual resource and a thoroughly American discontent with the actual, that we turn for aspirations after a higher form of art. William Page, a native of Albany, who studied law, and for a time also theology, at Andover Seminary, was from the first biassed in favor of art. His mind is a combination of the speculative and the



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.—[WILLIAM PAGE.]

practical, and it is the union of these antithetical qualities which has alternately aided or hindered the success of Page's efforts and experiments. He is deliberate rather than inspirational, guided by an exquisite feeling for color and an admirable sense of form, but too often unduly controlled by the logical and analytical faculty. Had his fancy only been more child-like, and been left more to the guidance of its own natural and correct instincts, Mr. Page's works would have oftener moved us by their beauty rather than the dexterity of the technique. Still, it is by the aid of a few such questioning minds that art makes its advances, and



"THE REFUGE."—[ELIHU VEDDER.]

conquers the secrets of nature. As a portrait painter Page has placed himself among the first artists of the age. We can see in his portraits a dignity and repose, a grasp of character, and a harmonious richness of color that are wonderfully impressive.

While Page was in his prime, our literature was already distinguished by several writers of thoroughly original and mystically creative imagination, native to the soil, and drawing sustenance from native inspiration; they were Charles Brockden Brown, Judd, Hawthorne, and Poe. In point of originality and power in conceiving of scenes thoroughly imaginative and weird, these writers have had no superiors in this century. With a style essentially original, they dealt with the great problems of destiny, and analyzed the workings of the human heart. Their genius was cosmopolitan, and for all ages. Our pictorial art began soon after to be prompted by a similar purpose.

Most prominent among these artists whose faltering efforts have most distinctly articulated the language of the soul are Elihu Vedder and John Lafarge. It can not be said that either of these artists has yet accomplished with complete success the end he has sought, but their efforts have been in the right direction, and, as such, are highly interesting and suggestive.

Mr. Vedder's early genre and landscape compositions are full of deep suggestions and weird attempts at psychology in color. Outward nature with him is but a means for more effectively conveying the impressions of humanity, and his faces are full of vague, mystic, far-off searching after the infinite, and the why and the wherefore of this existence below. Since Mr. Vedder took up his residence permanently in Italy he has improved in technique, as witnessed by his remarkable painting called a "Venetian Dancing Girl," but he has not in recent years produced any thing so marvellous as his "Lair of the Sea-Serpent," or so grand and desolate as his "Death of Abel."

Lafarge is by nature a colorist; to color, the emotional element of art, his sensitive nature vibrates as to well-attuned harmonies of music. For form he has less feeling; his drawing is often very defective, and the lines are hesitating, uncertain, and feeble. But we have had no artist since Stuart who has shown such a natural sympathy for the shades and modulations of chromatic effects. But while his drawing is open to criticism, this artist is inspired by the general meaning of form, and has sometimes produced some very



CARTOON SKETCH: CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.—[JOHN LAFARGE.]

startling and weird compositions entirely in black and white, or camaieu. But whether it be form or color, the various elements of art are regarded by Lafarge not so much for what they are as for what they suggest; he is less concerned with the external than with the hidden meaning it has for the soul. It is because of his subtle way of regarding the beauty of this world that he has given us such thoughtful landscapes as "Paradise at Newport," and such exquisitely painted flowers, rendered with such a tender harmony of color as to thrill us like a lyric of Keats or of Tennyson. It is this metaphysical turn which has given a religious hue to his art, and has enabled him to succeed so well in the most ambitious attempt at decorative painting yet undertaken in this country—the frescoes of Trinity Church, in Boston, in which, it should be added, he was ably assisted by Mr. Lathrop. In these compositions we see the results of a highly ideal and reverent nature, nourished by the most abundant art opportunities the age could afford.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—We are indebted to Messrs. J. W. Casilear, T. B. Clarke, Daniel Huntington, R. E. Moore, Samuel Colman, James S. Martin, and Dr. F. N. Otis, for their courtesy in allowing copies to be made of pictures in their possession.]

IT is a pity that no spectator of the pageants of a former century remains to tattle to our own.

But though the actors and audience have alike departed, the little theatre of Newport remains, with a great deal of stage furniture which assisted in the representation of the tragedy and comedy of the past. From these costumes and properties—a faded hanging, a carved side-board with glitter of crystal and glint of silver, a quizzing-glass, a broken fan, a silver pouncet-box, a pair of dancing pumps, a spinet with yellow keys and jingling wires, a miniature of a lovely girl in the dress of the Empire, and, best of all, a packet of genuine old letters—an artist like Fortuny, Escosura, or Madrazo would give us an exquisite historical painting, fastidiously correct in detail, and breathing with the sentiment of the time. A man of imaginative fancy could do more. He would touch with gentle finger-tips the keys of the spinet, and straightway we should hear echoes of old songs like "The Mistletoe Bough" and the ballads of Tom Moore. Shadowy forms would draw on the pumps, and the click of French heels would be heard footing it on the polished floor. The tall Champagne glasses would kiss rims, toasting again the girl in the miniature, and the quizzing-glass and the fan would stroll out upon the veranda for a sly flirtation.



MINIATURE BY MALBONE.

Society in Newport during the Revolution was gayer, more liberal, and more cosmopolitan than in either New York or Boston. Cast out from orthodox Boston at first as a company of heretics, the Quakers formed their colony on the widest platform of freethinking, welcoming to their number other spiritual outcasts of different creeds, or rather of nonconformists to varying systems of belief. Deplorable though it may be, it is still a fact that a society of radical thinkers in religious matters is often found to contain more men of brain, in proportion to its numbers, than a society of the elect. Newport gathered to itself many witty and original-minded men; and while Boston, "ever unfriendly to the truth," as one of the Quaker writers of the last century expressed it, remained tight-laced and prim, its children with a fagot of birch in one hand and the catechism in the other, Newport lapsed more and more from the few religious forms with which she had set out, and became every day more liberal, more worldly perhaps, and more charming.

The French officers—Rochambeau, Vio-

menil de Segur, De Lauzun, Destouches, De l'Estrapade, the Counts De Barras and Noailles, the Marquis de St. Simon, the unfortunate Chevalier de Zernay, and others—preferred Newport to any of their garrison towns in America. Rochambeau, coddling his arms to the elbows in a large fur muff, must have made a ridiculous figure to our winter-seasoned veterans. He was proud of his English. One of his letters, preserved among the state papers, is a fine specimen of the triumph of politeness in its conflict with the English grammar.



ROCHAMBEAU'S MUFF.

"PROVIDENCE, 4 *Dec.*, 1780.

"*To Governor William Greene:*

"SIR,—I received at New London in a little journey I made there, a letter from Genl. Washington of the 27th of November, in which he sent me orders for Col. Greene to march with his regiment for West Point; as I have given them to the French cutter that was to go to Newport, and that I fear the wind has hindered him to arrive, I have the honor to send you the extract of General Washington." (A copy of General Washington's letter follows.) "My plan was to have the honor to see your Excellency at Greenwich, but—I was afraid to be to you some trouble for the lodgings, and I took my way through this place. I intend to be tomorrow evening at Newport.

"I beg your Excellency will present my respects to Mistress Greene, and be assured that I have the honor to be, with great esteem, your Excellency's most humble and most obedient servant,

"LE COMPTE DE ROCHAMBEAU."

Probably no society tournament since held in any of the elegant satin-hung ballrooms of Newport has attained the fame of that given in the spring of 1781 at the simple hall known as Mrs. Cowley's Assembly-Room. The decorations were intrusted to Dezoteux, one of the aides of the Baron de Viomenil. Washington, who had come to confer with Rochambeau, opened the ball with Miss Champlin, at that time the reigning belle of Newport society. Rochambeau and his suite took the instruments from the musicians and played the air, "A successful Campaign." Other popular dances of the day, some of which were footed on this occasion, were "Stony Point" (named for General Wayne), "Merrick's Graces," "Lord



WASHINGTON OPENING THE BALL.

Eath's Gate," "Innocent Maid," "Flowers of Edinburgh," "Hay-Making," "College Hornpipe," "Faithful Shepherd," "Love and Opportunity," "Lady Hancock," "Miss M'Donald's Reel," "A Trip to Carlisle," "Freemason's Jig," and "I'll be Married in my Old Clothes."

Dancing was an art in those days. A celebrated expert of the time was Master John Trotter, who is described as having acquired "great fame as a man of knowledge and experience in his profession. He is about fifty years of age, a small, genteel, well-proportioned man, every limb and joint proclaiming that he is formed for his profession, and the ease and grace with which he moves on the floor evince that he has lost none of his agility by age. Under the tuition of such a master," the writer goes on to hope, "we flat-

ter ourselves that in due time we shall be able to figure in a ball-room." That many of the ladies who "figured" at the ball just referred to were able to converse with their foreign partners is to be inferred from the advertisement of a Monsieur Bonnemot. (*Query:* Trotter and Bonnemot!—had the masters of that day a tendency to punning, and a desire of making their *noms de plume* walking advertisements of their profession?) This gentleman announces that he has been a teacher of the French language two years and a half in the town and college of Providence. He presents his compliments to the inhabitants of Newport, and offers himself to teach French.

Of the coiffures worn on this occasion we can gain some idea from the advertisement of Benoni Peckham, who "informs his customers that he has furnished himself with a new supply of Hair, and is now ready to furnish ladies with braids, commodes, cushions, and curls in the newest fashion. Also cues and coverings for the head for those gentlemen who have lost their hair."

"Laylack silks and calimancoes" are mentioned among the varied wares of an honest shop-keeper, who announces "Kitchen and Flower Garden Seeds just imported from London by ship, and have every appearance of being genuine." Some of our florists would do well to copy this example of conscientious caution—a caution emulated by the keeper of the Blue Bull, who advertises "a *Tollable* assortment of India goods." The category of other wares sold by the honest seedsman gives such an amusing list of articles in demand at that time, and whose juxtaposition on the same shelves was not considered incongruous, that further mention of a few of them may not be uninteresting.

"Shears, rasors, spectacles, candlesticks, gimblets, locks, knitting and sewing needles, pewter and tin ware, shot, flints, sho and knee buckles, quart and pint mugs, tea-pots, wine glasses, vinegar crewets, cinnimon, wool cards, loaf powdered and brown sugar, molasses raisins and currents, copperas allum, brimstone, rosin, indigo, nut galls, logwood, Bibles, psalm-books, psalters, primers, Young man's best companion, Seaman's daily assistant, Almanacks, women's cloth shoes, very neat, Likewise redwood figs, excellent snuff, with sundry other articles."

"The finer flavors of fashion" were not reserved for days when Newport was a garrison town alone. Society flirted and gossiped and enjoyed itself even when the presence of the commander-in-chief of the army was wanting to give *éclat* to its levees, and there were no French officers to call for a display of the accomplishments of the fair pupils of Masters Bonnemot and Trotter. Mrs. Abigail Stummum, of the King's Arms, gave notice that at her "Dancing Rooms any civil and polite persons could dance from 6 to 9, except on Thursday, Assembly nights. Mead 6 pence per bottle, 1*s*. per doz. for cakes."

In 1795 the Boston Company of Comedians came to Newport, their opening play *Inkle and Jarico*, with the farce of *The Village Doctor*. On the 19th of August they gave *The School for Scandal*, and *Seeing is Believing*. On September 2, *The Road to Ruin*, and *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*. On the 9th of the same month, *The Gamester*, and *All in Good Humor*. On the 20th, *The Jew* was performed "by request," with *The Miss in her Teens* as an afterpiece. A week later the opera of *The Mountaineers*, announced as having been performed to overflowing houses in Boston for six nights—an astonishing run—was given in Newport, with a "Moorish march and chorus of goat-herds," together with a fandango dance by Mrs. Collins, and a Grand Finale by the company. This was not the farewell evening, however, for on October 6 *George Barnwell* was played, with the comic song "Bow-wow-wow" by Mr. Hipworth, ending with the farce of *The Village Doctor*.

A variety performance was given on July 14, 1796, which is announced as a new historical pantomime in two parts —*Robinson Crusoe on his Island, and his Return to Europe with Friday*. In the first part dances by savages; in the second, French dances and songs, together with a negro dance (was this the origin of the Minstrels?) and a Spanish dance, followed by *The Harlequin's Ramble*. These were not the first dramatic representations given in Newport, for the first theatrical company ever in America visited the town in 1761. And in an old love-letter, dated January, 1793, we find the following allusion to the local drama:

"A company of Stage Players have arrived in this place, who intend performing in a few nights, and it is supposed if they meet encouragement they will continue in Town the remaining part of the winter. As it is an amusement I am very fond of, I promise myself much entertainment. Could I have your company, it would be an additional pleasure."

The stately manners of the period may be inferred from the coy dignity of the closing phrase of this letter:

"Adieu—and believe me, with the sincerity of an increasing friendship, Yours, —— ——."

That the entertainments of the day were not all of a frivolous character is proved by the report, on December 10, 1775, of a scientific lecture by Signor Falconi, who gave a series of philosophical experiments, some of them performed by a small automaton, others by electricity. These experiments are enumerated as "The Penetrating Spy-Glass," "The Mysterious Candle," "The Electrical and Perpetual Lamp," the whole concluding with the appearance of a shade which danced a hornpipe.

Notwithstanding the varied resources of establishments such as the one already referred to, where dry-goods, drugs, hardware, books, groceries, and various other commodities were to be obtained, and one or two others that advertise "Silk Muffatees" and "Colored Women's Silk Mitts," Newport ladies, then as now, occasionally sent to New York for their shopping. A New York lady, who had been intrusted with commissions by a friend in Newport, writes as follows:



SHOPPING IN THE LAST CENTURY.

"New York *July* 19 1791

"Dear Madam,—Your Favour & memorandum per Capt Cahoons of the 11th Inst. I have received

& send by him the articles you request. I hope they may meet your approbation: the silver Fringe I have not been able to procure as it has been all sold except 3 yards. I can not find any other under 2 dollars per yd. I have been the town over to look for it. As this Tambour Muslin I send is a yard short of your Order in case it falls short I have sent a remnant which you can have for 20c or return it and the owner will take it again. In my absence Mrs Saltonstall will execute your commands, who joins me in compliments to yourself and family—and am Madam

"Your very humble servant
"GRACE B——."

What a picture this little note, in spite of its vague grammar and general uncertainty as to capitals and punctuation, gives of an obliging girl, unselfishly sacrificing her own comfort to secure the pomps and vanities of this world for a friend! Many such martyrs to provincial friendships of our own day, who have returned home jaded after unsuccessful expeditions to "match samples" at Stewart's, Macy's, and perhaps twenty other emporiums, will send a sigh of sympathy back through the century to the obliging Grace B——.

We can guess that the silver fringe and tambour muslin were to be used in household decoration, for in a letter written by Grace B——'s correspondent we read:

"The girls are all equipt for the summer and very cleverly. Peggy wants an appartment to herself which must at least be in a decent stile. Believe me dear madam your ever affectionate
"DEBBY."

A housekeeper's troubles are hinted at in the following sentence penned by the same hand:

"Nothing but my old grievances that of servants vexes me."

The wife of a Congressman writes letters brimming with piquant humor to her husband at Philadelphia:

"Do recollect to get me two dozen of small punch tumblers. As it will be quite too early in the season for fashions I had rather wait until the spring ships arrive before I purchase me a Hat or Bonnet.

"I have this morning been told that Abraham [Redwood] has seriously offered himself to Miss Burr of New York and has been as seriously—refused, that she is engaged to a Mr. Alston of Carolina.

"The dear little children are nearly recovered of the Kine Pox.

"I hope you will not devote all your time and attention to politics and politicians. I beg the Ladies may have some part. I shall expect to hear you have been dancing at the assembly with some Bell or sipping Tea with a party of females. Be careful of your health. Evince your regard for the woman you love by preserving a life that is dear to her."

We could give many more characteristic extracts from the packet of old letters before us, the tracery in a delicate, womanly hand, the contents a fascinating mixture of spicy gossip, elevated sentiment, with stray sentences here and there that illuminate the text like cabinet pictures of the time, reproducing the interiors, the costume, the manners, with an indescribable charm; the very paper, yellowed by age to the tint of pressed rose leaves, breathes the same musty, musky perfume, holds with an enchantment of which the printed page of the Magazine is incapable.

Nor are there lacking real pictures of the time: Stuart, Allston, and Malbone have perpetuated in portrait and in miniature the antique brocades, laces, and furbelows, and the lovely faces of the ladies who wore them. Mr. George C. Mason, of Newport, to whom the writer is greatly indebted in the preparation of this article, will soon publish a life of Gilbert Stuart, with a list of his portraits.

The same gentleman published not long since an account of the Malbone miniatures, with others by Miss Goodrich, Trot, Copley, and Robertson, now preserved in Newport. The list comprises many of the noted belles of Revolutionary times, whose histories, like those of nearly all beautiful women, are bits of romance. If Sheridan had lived in Newport and had known the originals of these charming portraits, none of us could blame him as Swift did in his epigram:

"You are as faithless as a Carthaginian,
To love at once Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha, Jenny, Anne."

There are miniatures of men high in office: aides-de-camp of Washington, Senators in the first years of Congress, sea-captains and army officers, the last Mayor of Philadelphia under the crown, and one of Washington. There are miniatures with delicate gold rims, or heavily set as lockets, guarding, like reliquaries, a lock of hair from some saintly head; miniatures on the covers of jewel boxes; miniatures framed with a double row of pearls, with garnets, or brilliants; miniatures so arranged as to be worn as bracelets, delicately wreathed with leaves in green and berries in red enamel. Newport is now particularly rich in this department of art, as also in old portraits which testify that the talent of artistic society of her early days was unsurpassed

by that of either New York or Boston. We wonder if it was the fashion then to make the rounds of the studios, and whether the artistic sky-parlor was as attractive a place then as now? Were the corners dim with folds of faded tapestry, or brightened with some curious bit of *Chinoiserie*, or a gourd-shaped flask holding a bouquet of vibrant metallic-tinted peacock feathers? Were the craze for artistic decorations and the porcelain mania epidemics among the ladies and the artists? Precious heirlooms of great-grandmothers' china seem to hint an affirmative answer. Certainly communication with the Oriental countries was not infrequent. I draw from my packet of old letters one dated Calcutta, 1785.

"On board the *Hydra* is a parcel for you containing Shawls and Muslin. I know not if any duty is paid for these things in North America."

If India muslins and Cashmere shawls were imported at that time, why not also Persian and Turkish rugs and hangings? We know that the sea-captains brought home porcelain from Japan and China, and Addison, in the *Spectator* for April 12, 1711, gives a description of the library of a woman of fashion in England, which shows that the decorative possibilities of gay porcelain in a sombre library are no new discovery of our own age.

"At the end of the folios," says Addison, "were great jars of china. The quartos were separated from the octavos by smaller dishes. The octavos were bounded by tea dishes of all shapes, colors, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes." Scattered about the library were "a thousand other odd figures in china-ware. In the midst of the room was a little Japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box." If ladies in England so well understood the requirements of art decoration, we may be sure that their sisters in America, and, above all, that American artists, were not behind them in matters of taste. Any one who has had the privilege of calling on Miss Stuart at her jewel box of a cottage in Newport, can from it allow his fancy to build her father's studio.

The atelier of the portrait painter Samuel King must have been a favorite haunt of the ladies, on account of the presence of his two talented students, the young Southerner Washington Allston, who had come from his early home in Charleston, and was studying art with his friend Malbone. There is something very touching in the friendship of these two young men as related by Mr. Mason. Allston was wealthy, and left Newport, after a season, to pursue a classical education at Harvard College. Malbone, who was rich only in talent, worked on at his miniatures until Allston, having finished his studies, carried him off to his Carolina home, where he procured so many patrons for him that Malbone was able in a short time to join his friend in a trip to Europe. The two young men were welcomed and introduced in London by West. Malbone, on his return, divided his time between Newport and the South, spending his winters in Charleston, until his death at Savannah, on his way North, in May, 1807.

Music in Newport seems hardly to have held the same prominence as its sister art. The opera has been mentioned, and the organist of Trinity Church in 1774 advertises in the *Mercury* for scholars upon the violin, flute, and harpsichord.

We have spoken of the prevailing gayety of the town. Nowhere in the colonies—not even among the Cavalier settlements of Virginia—were people so light of heart: Quaker primness of exterior thawed with the warmth from within. Many who called themselves Friends conformed to the dress of the "world's people," and there are portraits extant of Quaker gentlemen in curled and powdered wigs, ruffled shirt fronts, velvet coats trimmed with gold-lace, and brocade waistcoats all ablaze with the pomps and vanities of this fleeting world. The venerable John Griffith—a Quaker preacher of sainted memory, who visited Newport in 1765—lamented that "the young are mostly gone into the air with undue liberties, and that those more advanced are gone into the earth with having so much to do in government affairs—many of them got into the affairs, friendships, and parties, as well as into the profit, of this world."

There was, however, a soberer side to society, and demure Quakeresses, who, having abjured pink satin bonnet linings which would throw an additional flush upon their round cheeks, only lined the mouse-colored bonnets with white, and

tied them with white satin ribbons, instead of using the same color throughout. The young girls wore white. Pretty Polly Leiton, who belonged to the strictest sect, is thus described by her admirer, the Comte de Segur: "My first interview with her father would have been our last, had not the door of the drawing-room suddenly opened, and a being who resembled a nymph rather than a woman entered the apartment. So much beauty, so much simplicity, so much elegance, and so much modesty were, perhaps, never combined in the same person. Her gown was white, while her ample muslin neckerchief, and the envious muslin of her cap, which scarcely allowed me to see her light-colored hair, seemed vainly to endeavor to conceal the most graceful figure imaginable. Her eyes appeared to reflect as in a mirror the meekness and purity of her mind. The use of the familiar word 'thou' gave to our acquaintance the appearance of an old friendship. Certain it is that if I had not been married and happy, I should, whilst coming to defend the liberty of the Americans, have lost my own at the feet of Polly Leiton."



COMTE DE SEGUR AND POLLY LEITON.

The Portuguese Jews of Newport merit an article to themselves. They were solid business men, living quiet and respectable lives, somewhat apart from their neighbors, but rather from their own clannishness than from social ostracism. They left the city when its trade and fortune departed, shortly after the Revolution. The more prominent among their number were Abraham Touro, the Newport Rothschild, whose money erected their synagogue; Moses Lopez, who offered his services gratuitously to the State in the translation of Spanish documents, and who owned twenty-seven square-rigged vessels; the learned rabbi Isaac Carigal; Moses Hays, Jacob Rodriguez, Aaron Lopez, and Moses Sexias, commercial men.

The preachers of Newport also deserve special mention—Dean Berkeley, of Trinity Church, afterward Lord Bishop of Cloyne; Dr. Samuel Hopkins, pastor of the First Congregational Church, and Dr. Ezra Styles, of the Second; with the Rev. William Channing, of later days.

After religion, patriotism; and nowhere were there more earnest patriots than at Newport. We must not forget that, in spite of its Tory Chief Magistrate, Governor Wanton, Rhode Island actually cast off its allegiance to the British crown before this was done by the united action of the colonies, and deserves to celebrate her Fourth of July in the spring.

Living in Newport a hundred years ago was not, however, exactly like living in the Millennium. It had its bad as well as its good society—its liquor-dealers, its privateers and pirates, and, worse still, its slavers. One of its slave-traders, who had met with great family affliction in Newport, left the town, and established himself until his death at Goree, Africa.

Our article would not be complete without a reference to the society of the dead, and a mention of some of the quaint epitaphs; but these have been entertainingly treated in an article entitled "The Graves of Newport," in *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1869. These epitaphs have a certain straightforward truthfulness as refreshing as it is unexpected. When men had no particular spiritual graces to praise, they were commended for what they did possess. One Gibbs, a merchant, is spoken of as "persevering in industry, judicious in enterprise, and faithful in engagements," and surely this is praise enough. Of another, who was possibly only a rollicking, jolly dog, unscrupulous in his ways of obtaining money, and lavish in its expenditure, it is said that "he ate not his bread alone." Can this have been the *bon-vivant* who left orders to have his coffin fashioned from the mahogany dining table on which he had feasted his guests?

No one has written more delightfully of Newport than Colonel Higginson, or has preserved more faithfully the subtle essence of the past. The town will always be Oldport to every lover of his essays, filled as they are with tender thought, quaint fancies, and delicate humor, expressed in vigorous English, and flavored with a *soupçon* of satire, which bears the same relation to downright sarcasm that sugared lime juice does to sulphuric acid.

We have been wandering for an hour like children at recess in an old garden where

> "ancient ladies, quaintly dight,
> In its pink blossoms took delight.
> Long have been dead those ladies gay—
> Their very heirs have passed away;
> And their old portraits, prim and tall,
> Are mouldering in the mouldering hall;
> The terrace and the balustrade
> Lie broken, weedy, and decayed."

Turn the hour-glass—our hour among the roses is passed; but our hearts can not fail to be tenderer and our thoughts sweeter for the memory of youthful Newport, gay and luxurious, but sweetly innocent—a lily among the thorns of her Puritan sisterhood.



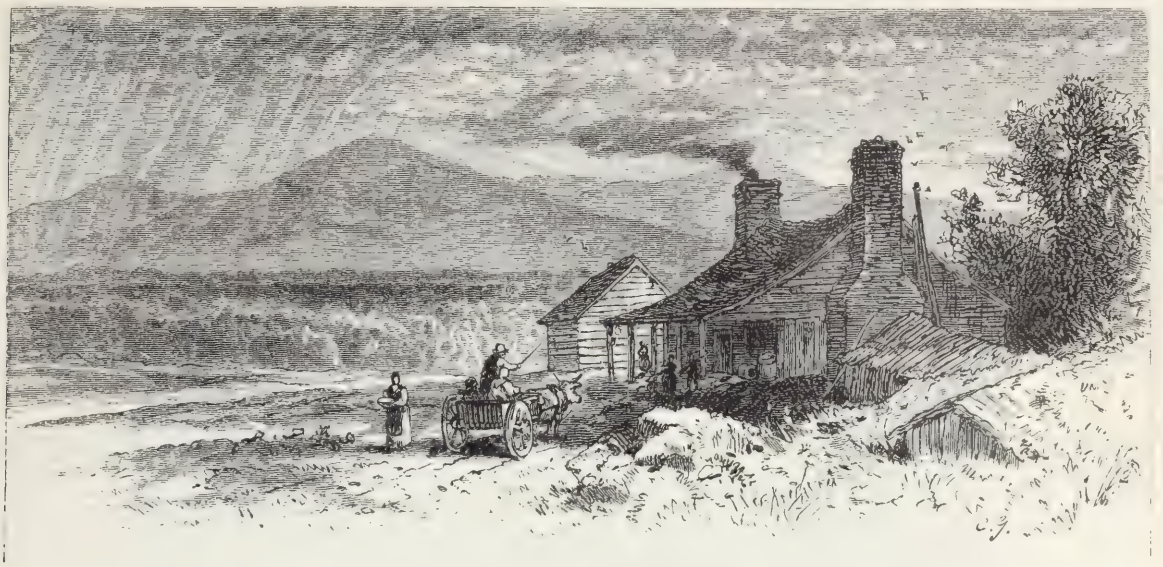


MOUNTAIN SHAD.

DAHLONEGA—that was the name of the place, and we were sure of it, but where it lay was a mystery. Close scrutiny of maps yielded nothing, and railway guides were equally unproductive. Finally we narrowed the matter down to Lumpkin County, and ascertained that Gainesville was the nearest railway point. Thither we proceeded, and went for dinner to a big summer hotel kept by General Longstreet, of the late Confederate army. At that dinner we were introduced to what was subsequently to be the *pièce de résistance* of every Georgia meal —chicken. We had chicken soup, stewed chicken, chicken fried, chicken in cold slices; in addition to this, there were eggs in abundance. It is doubtful if any where in the United States is the hen-coop so utilized as in Northern Georgia. While we went from course to course of chicken, we gathered information. Dahlonega was a little town twenty-five miles inland, which we must reach on horseback, and it was the centre of the great gold region. Horses, then, were in order, and in due time were mounted. They were tough, wiry nags—a brown, a dappled, and a gray—with so much *go* in them that we thought it wrong to restrain their enthusiasm, and so shook the dust of wondering Gainesville from our clattering hoofs at a rate which astonished not only the natives, but, to tell the truth, ourselves also. The roads were firm and smooth, the sun shone brightly, and the air was laden with the odor of peach blossoms. Near by were pleasant farms and meadows; in the distance, wooded hills and masses of forest. All was new and brilliant and zestful. No wonder the horses tore along at a speed which augured ill both for their endurance and the comfort of our backs and knees at the end of the trip.

By the time this exuberance was somewhat calmed, the scene had become wilder, the hills more steep and barren, houses farther apart and more primitive in appearance. Six miles out we forded the Chattahoochee—a broad, yellow stream that wetted our saddle girths—and climbed the long hill on the other side. At the top was a dilapidated little hut, with the word "Bar" over the door, and on a log near by sat a corporal's guard of Georgians. Some were whittling, some were lounging on an elbow blinking at the sun, some were squirting tobacco juice at a mark, but all were listless and lazy as the brown lizards that sunned themselves on the road-side fence. The beat of our horses' hoofs broke this indolent quiet, promptly straightening the loungers. They rose with alacrity, and ranged themselves in a row before the door, fully awake now, for here was hope of an invitation to drink. It seemed cruel to ride by with only the dry comfort of a "Good-morning," but we were amused by the ludicrous expression of disappointment when the realization came to them with full force that another opportunity was lost forever, and they must go back to their log and loafing.

Incidents were few, but our spirits were high, and the red earth swept past us rapidly. We forded another swift stream—the Chestatee—and from the summit of its further slope caught a vista of far-away mountains, carved in pale even blue, hardly a line marking the separate slopes, but the serrated definition of their summits cut sharply against the bright sky. At their feet the foot-hills were packed in thick ranks, clothed with apparently unbroken forest, while the foreground of the picture was a pleasant valley, with orchards and fields of green wheat, patches of brown ploughed land, and yellow quadrangles of stubble. Here and there stood one of the quaint farm-houses of the region, with its huge exterior chimney, and its long sloping porch in front, the roof of which extended straight up to the ridge. But to the background of mountains lifting their blue heights far above the whole wide landscape, standing solid and strong and ma-



VALLEY OF THE CHESTATEE

jestic, with no effort to catch attention by aught that was pretty or artificial, but relying wholly on their vast and distant greatness, it was that our eyes turned constantly and longest, and their magnificent contour remains indelible in our memories, while many a picturesque detail of nearer view is forgotten.

One of the pleasures of riding through these mountains, in a region where some special interest like the gold-mining invites outside capital, is the happy surprise of meeting refined and cultivated people hidden away for a time in this seclusion. How glad they, too, are to see a stranger who can give them a new glimpse of civilization and metropolitan news! They get newspapers and magazines, keep up their correspondence, and are by no means totally cut off from every body; yet practically it is a burial, for their mining and household duties, their work in the morning and weariness at night, isolate them completely. Yet there are compensations. What bright eyes and ruddy cheeks! what manly, muscular forms! what elastic feet, and sharp appetites, and ringing, hearty laughter! Elixir permeates every cubic foot of this mountain air, and each pine-fragrant breath inhaled is so much clear health gained. There are mineral springs in the region, and invalids go to drink their medicinal waters; but the mere open-air life which the dweller among these rough hills must lead is the chief agent in recovering and preserving that all but perpetual vigor which characterizes all the inhabitants.

At one of the best houses along the road we stopped to get a drink of water—a never-failing excuse for making the acquaintance of the country people. It was a large two-storied house, with an outside brick chimney at each end, and a generally substantial appearance, supported by the blooming orchard and well-cultivated fields adjoining. Connected with the end of the house by a roof and flooring was the wash-house, forming the first of that series of log buildings always attached to a Georgia country home. In this pleasant open passage, where the vines that make its verdant walls and shady screen in midsummer were just growing green with bursting buds, sat an elderly woman in a calico dress, wearing large silver-bowed spectacles and a close white head-dress like a night-cap. She looked jolly and well fed, but the two or three other women on the porch with their babies were thin and pale and slatternly. In front of the house was a great covered well, with windlass and bucket, and we stopped our horses opposite this fountain, with a salutation :

"How do you do?"

"Well, I'm right peart this mornin'."

"Can we have a drink of water?"

"Certain. Take the gourd to the well, and draw some fresh."

As the bucket rattled down, we remarked that the farm looked well.

"Yes," answered the old lady; "we raise right smart of craps."

"Where do you take them to market?"

"Well, we don't reckon to sell much. Us mountain folks is powerful eaters; we eat all we kin raise."

As evening approached, our horses

stumbled and splashed through the stony beds of a dozen creeks that crossed the road within a mile—or perhaps it was one and the same creek forded a dozen times—and climbed the last of the red hills, at the summit of which we came in view of the ruins of the old United States Mint, looking very romantic in the sunset glow. But our unaccustomed spines had grown too painful in the long ride to allow a proper mood for picturesque effects, and we galloped on to the village clustered about its once imposing but now half-ruined court-house, and gladly resigning our steeds to the stable-boys, limped into the house, thankful for any accommodation, and ravenously hungry. Another traveller arrived about that time even more lame than we.

"Landlord, I want some whiskey," were his first words. We confess we listened with interest for Mr. Besser's reply.

"I haf got no whiskey. Dar ish no liquor allowed wit'in dree miles of tiss town. Dat ish de law."

"Oh, now, that won't do; you've got a bottle hidden away somewhere. Bring it out."

The old German lifted himself up, and looked as severe as his perpetual good nature allowed. "I haf no whiskey nor no beer. I am a trushtee of de college, und I can gif you noddings to drink."

Supper over and pipes lighted, sitting with new friends around the huge fireplace with its crackling fire in this quaint old hotel, prodigal of room and prolific of porch, we learned the interesting history of these hills and dells since the disclosure of their precious contents. Colonel N. H. Hand, of Cleveland, Ohio, owner and operator of the most remunerative property here, was the kindly historian of the occasion, and we owe him a thousand thanks for constant help and politeness during our whole stay.

The "gold belt," of which the most productive portion lies at this point, consists of a strip of land running somewhat irregularly nearly due northeast and southwest across the northern end of the State. It averages about ten miles in width, and has been traced 200 miles in length, parallel with the Blue Ridge. White, Lumpkin, and Habersham counties embrace the richest deposits, so far as now known, but the limits of mining are gradually widening. The presence of gold here has been known from the earliest times. Cherokee Indians were the occupants of the territory when white settlement first began, and they were accustomed to seek the gold for ornamental purposes, and to dispose of it in barter to less fortunate tribes. Evidences of their mining still remain, but are insignificant. The methods adopted by the first white settlers, and in vogue until recent years, were very rude, consisting merely of washing out the gravel of the beds of the streams by running it through sluice-boxes and splint baskets into a "gum rocker," which was nothing but a split and hollowed out log a dozen or so feet in



DAHLONEGA.

length. While the water from the sluice-box passed through this trough from end to end, the rocker was kept in constant motion, and the heavy gold, permitted to sink to the bottom through the constantly agitated silt, was caught by transverse cleats, with or without the aid of mercury. It is said that the first piece of gold ever taken in the United States belonged to this deposit, and was picked up in 1799 by Conrad Reed, a boy who lived in Cabarrus County, North Carolina. It was as large as a smoothing-iron, but was sold to a silversmith for $3 50. Afterward much larger lumps were found: one weighed twenty-eight pounds, according to tradition. This excited so much attention that exploration was begun, and the gold traced southward, until the borders of the Cherokee territory in Northern Georgia were reached, and prospectors began to encroach upon the reservation. Protests from the Indians naturally followed, and Georgia sent a large police force to keep back the invaders, but it was of little avail. The rush to the mines was much like the stampede to the Pacific coast in 1849, and reckless, dissipated men from all quarters of the country flocked in, prowled about the woods, set up log-huts and shanty groceries on all the streams, and paid no respect to the rights of the Indian, or any one else unable to defend them. Even United States troops were powerless to keep the lawless hordes west of the Chestatee, and here as elsewhere the discovery of gold was the end of Indian possession and aboriginal simplicity and charm.



THE YAHOOLA RIVER.

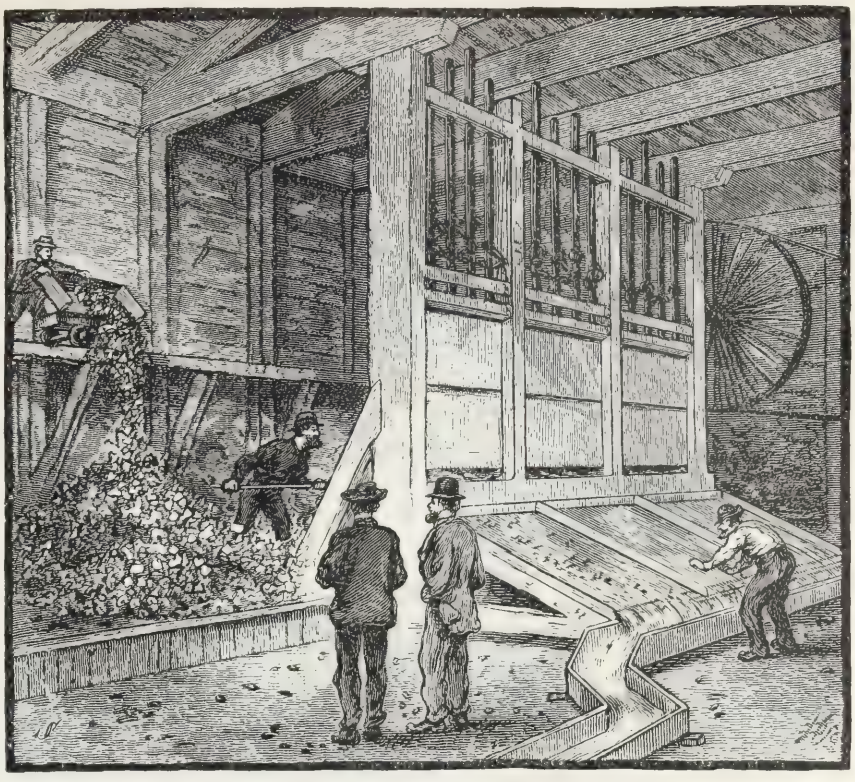
These days are known as the period of "the Intrusion"—one of the two dates from which the mountain men reckon all

events; the other being "the late war." Finding that no protection of the Indians by police measures was feasible, the State in 1830 adopted the Indians, territory and all, and constituted the region a county called Cherokee, out of which several small counties have since been made. Then the mineral lands were divided up into forty-acre lots, and put up at lottery by the State. One of these lots, on the Yahoola River—No. 1052—now a part of the Hand Company's property, had already become celebrated. It was within the reservation, but men used to creep across to it at night, and carry home a meal-bag full of dirt, out of which they would pan from twenty to forty dollars next day. The instant it was ascertained that an old farmer down in the central part of the State had drawn this prize, shrewd speculators set off post-haste to buy it from him.

It soon came to be found here, as elsewhere, that gold was not to be picked up in twenty-eight-pound lumps every day, nor did every bushel of soil pan out a double eagle. The worthless, lazy, and dissolute majority of the early horde of invaders gradually drifted away, while only the small minority of new-comers, whose accession was of real value to the community, staid. The population, like the dirt, was slowly panned out, and the current of events carried the dross away. At present the mines are largely owned by corporations, or by private capitalists who are not residents of the district. Only two of the companies, however, are represented in the New York Mining Board, if I am rightly informed. It was found that as the gold occurred neither in extensive placers, like those of California, nor in indestructible quartz lodes, the methods of mining in vogue elsewhere would not answer here if the best results were to be obtained. The inventive genius and practical knowledge of those interested were therefore set to work to devise the best means of meeting the case, and it was speedily found that the talisman which alone would open the riches of the hills to human use was *water*. So far as this mere fact is concerned, it could hardly be called a "discovery;" but the utilization of the idea, and the practical methods by which the enormous power of this natural agent has been put under the miner's control, are the work of Colonel Hand, to whom, more than to any one else, no doubt, belongs the credit of the splendid development of this industry during late years, and the glowing prospects it now holds out.

Of water there was plenty. The Etowah, the Yahoola, and the Chestatee were all rivers of respectable size and swift currents. Each had numberless tributaries, all of which were available at almost any point to turn the wheels of any mill likely to be built in their narrow gorges. The use of steam was therefore unnecessary, and the hundred thousand dollars or more which one company expended to erect an engine and elaborate ore-crushing and refining works was a total waste of capital. This much assured, the next question was how most cheaply to bring the ore to the mills. The experience of all the previous years showed that the gold was pretty evenly distributed throughout the slates, clays, and decomposed sandstones which constituted the lofty masses of the hills. Throughout all of this seemingly worthless soil and slate were intercalated seams and strata and little lens-shaped beds of quartz in which the yellow grains are scattered, and out of which seams (and others like them) they have been distributed through the whole formation since the old chaotic days when the mountains were first piled up and the streams began their early searching for outlets. It was found that the average rock of the region was not rich enough to make it profitable to work over, if sorting were exercised, since the expense would more than equal the income, but that *all* the rock *did* contain more or less gold. If a very large quantity of rock, therefore, could be manipulated at very small cost, profits would accrue. To effect this combination of large operations and small cost, it was at once perceived that hydraulic force must be employed, and the advantages in favor at Dahlonega were the general looseness and friability of the soil, and the unusual altitude of the stream heads. Going seven or eight miles up the Yahoola River, a dam was built where the stream rushes through a picturesque gorge, whence a ditch six feet wide and six feet deep was led along the side-hill, in and out of all the curves, sometimes through a short tunnel, then across an aqueduct, here and there, wherever its level led it, at a grade of four and a half feet to the mile, twenty miles down to the mines. This is the main big ditch. It has two or three large branches, and there are

other lesser ditches throughout the region, supplying separate isolated mines, but none have so elevated a head or carry so great a volume of water as this, and it is the best type of them all. When first constructed there were many flumes and trestles along its line. Some of the trestles were over a hundred feet high, of great length, and a constant expense to keep in repair. At one spot an attempt was made to cross the bed of the Yahoola where the height of the trestle would be 250 feet, and its length nearly half a mile. By a lavish expenditure of money the structure was carried to the height of 150 feet, when it was found that the lower timbers had already rotted out. The scheme was therefore abandoned, and the vast erection demolished, entailing a loss of almost $200,000. Engineers say that, with all the appliances and force which could be brought to bear there, it would be impossible to build a high trestle as fast as it would decay at the foundations.



THE STAMP-MILL.

In place of this, iron pipes were substituted, and an inverted siphon made. The descent from the top of the hill is at an angle of forty-five degrees, and is 215 feet in length; the pipes then cross the bed of the stream upon wooden supports a distance of 167 feet, and ascend the opposite bank 209 feet. The pipes are made of heavy boiler plating, and are thirty-six inches in inside diameter. Through them the water rushes with a pressure of nearly 100 pounds to the square inch at the bottom, and that is sufficient to overcome the friction and lift the column of water on the other side to within six feet (and perhaps nearer) of the level of the starting-point. It was found not long ago that some men had been accustomed for a long time to shoot through these pipes sticks of cord-wood, cutting them on the mountain opposite their home. Finally they got to running whole logs through; but one was too long, and got stuck, which led to the detection of this labor-saving fraud. At other points subterranean wooden tubes of equal calibre, similarly arranged, conduct the stream across the valleys. One of these tubes is 1500 feet in length.

Having got this tremendous "head" of water at their disposal by the completion of the ditch, stamp-mills were built far below in the valleys, at points suitable to the best diggings, and they were ready to begin operations upon the new system. The cutting having been opened at the brow of the hill, a reservoir is constructed, in which the water from the ditch is allowed to accumulate to the amount of thousands of gallons, whence a side ditch, controlled by flood-gates, leads to the upper edge of the cutting. From the mine downward a channel is arranged, as precipitous as possible, leading directly to the stamp-mill, where a room is open to its entrance. If now a torrent should suddenly be poured into the cutting, away up there on the edge of the mountain, which seems almost to overhang you, it is evident that all the loose material would be swept out and sent headlong downward to the bottom of the hill. What a natural freshet would accomplish by accident is precisely what the miners do by artifice. They dig away all day at the loose soil and easily disintegrated rock, break up the larger fragments into small pieces,

and strew every thing, good, bad, and indifferent, in a careless pile on the floor of the cut. Then at sundown they gather up their tools, climb out of the diggings,



FLOATING DOWN THE ORE.

and open the gates of the reservoir. A torrent sweeps through the mine, cleans out every loose rock and fragment of dust, and hurls it down into the mill, where a rack catches all the coarse material and lets the water drain through into the much-tortured Yahoola. The whole product of the day's excavation has been deposited on the floor of the mill, half a mile away, ready to be shovelled under the stamps, which chew on it all night, and it has not cost a penny for transportation.

This operation is called "flooding" the mine, and one evening we rode out to the Findley Mine to see it. There the cut runs straight up and down the side of a hill 500 feet high, and is in the form of a deep, irregular, vertical trench, much of the way half hidden underneath the edge of the "wall rock." The mining was being done near the top of the hill. Looking up from below, it could not be seen; but knowing that the flood would first appear over the front of the ledge upon which the men were at work, we climbed to the summit of a high knoll jutting up by the line of the cut, and waited.

In a moment an ominous "grumble and rumble and roar" was heard, which, beginning faint and far aloft, gradually grew more threatening, until there was a sudden volley of sound, and at the head of the narrow trench a mighty mass of red-brown waters came leaping over the ledge. It piled itself high in its confined channel, reared aloft in dismay at the great leap which so unexpectedly confronted it, and then sprang headlong into the chasm, only to burst up and out again, and rush on, crashing against the jutting points, roaring through the half-submerged channel, crowding far up the sides, and overleaping them in places, pitching and sweeping in an instant half way from top to bottom, in another instant athwart the smooth face of steep slate just beside us, and in a third through the lower channel into the mill. But it was not all water, nor even mud. Tons upon tons of broken rocks were coming down through this terrible flume, rolling over and over, rattling among their fellows, grinding along the walls, bounding out of the narrow crevice, leaping high above the red spray, and falling in ringing rain upon the stony floor. The noise was a hoarse, crushing, terrific roar. The force was prodigious. At a point just beside us the flood boiled higher than its channel's walls, and shot down a smooth face of stratified slate. The edges of the upturned strata faced the terrific onslaught, and at them the flood hurled its whole weight of angular débris and resistless rush of water. The effect was visible instantly. Broad slabs of slate started from their fastenings, where they had been laid down so many ages ago, and swept headlong, rolling over and over like the shields and helmets of the slain in the famous Trojan river, until swiftly crushed into splinters and dust—a grand illustration of how soil is made.

The reader may be sure we had some grand rides on horseback in these mountains, and if he takes our advice he will

go and do likewise. Where one goes it little matters; all is beautiful. From the top of some of these high points very extended views are possible. One man thought he could gaze "nigh down to the sea," but he was farther-sighted in imagination than in fact. Another old fellow, who owned 640 acres of land, and brought up his family in a cabin with only one room in it, "reckoned" that from the summit of Blood Mountain he could see "jist as far as the nateral eye would let ye." To the southward the heights break away, and a very distant but level horizon is presented. In other directions ranges of hills, and lofty, isolated summits like Waukah and Yonah and Stone Mountain, and the nameless peaks of the Blue Ridge, limit the vision. All these heights and every valley are clothed in interminable woods. Once out of sight of Dahlonega, not a sign of civilization greets the eye as it wanders over the black wilderness, save a small farm in the valley just at your feet, or the scarcely noticeable scar on the opposite slope where a mine has been opened. Place yourself where these are not in view—usually the effort is to find them—and the landscape is as primeval and utterly unreclaimed as any I have ever seen in the remotest parts of Colorado and Montana. Wonderfully fine studies in color are presented by these wide pictures, where your eye sweeps range after range, group beyond group, of lofty, rugged, sharp-featured hills, crowding in picturesque confusion, and dressed in an ever-changing and perpetually new garment of forest.

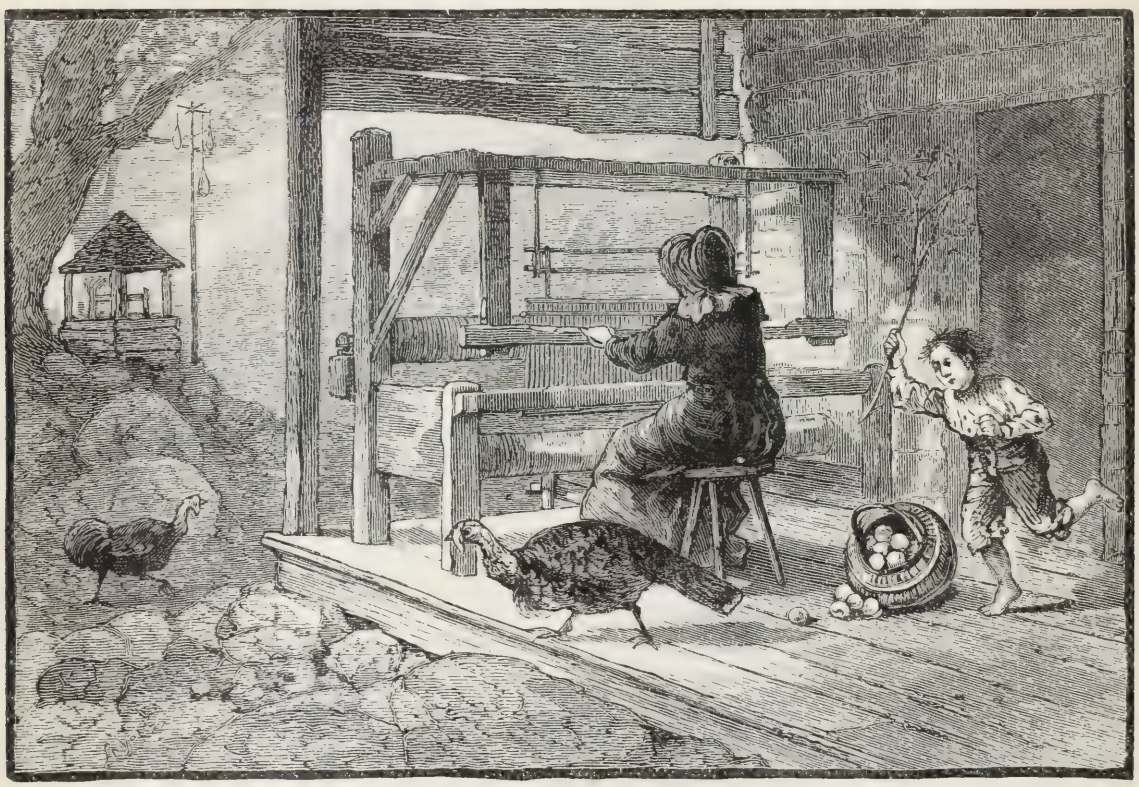
Yet wild as it looks from a distance, when one travels through the region on horseback he sees abundant evidences of human occupation, although few of them are of a kind to disturb the harmonious effect the different features of an untouched landscape combine to produce. The large trees are cut down, but the second growth and bushes hide the marks of the axe. The rivers are chocolate-tinted with the detritus of the milling, but purling brooks toss their tiny currents down the lichened rocks, and feed the ferns with



THE BIG PIPE.—[SEE PAGE 511.]

wavelets as crystal as when the Cherokee leaped them lightly, and the deer paused to sip their cool and limpid rill. Even the mining, in many cases, does not mar the picture.

The people are as primitive and slow as the country is uncultivated. They raise little or nothing more than is needed for their own sustenance, and work only so much as is necessary. Their lazy, vacant minds and poor food give them a lean, hungry look and a hangdog air. Their complexions are light and mealy, their eyes blue and expressionless, their hair long and unkempt, and their beards usually trimmed (if trimmed at all) to a pointed tuft on the end of the chin, and a scant mustache. Their clothing is rarely better than the butternut-dyed homespun which the "ole ooman" weaves upon her rude loom under the home porch, their hats are broad and slouching, and their shoes (when any are worn) nothing better than army brogans. Hardly one person in a dozen can read or write, and it is only the exception that any of the elder ones express any desire for travel or information beyond the neighborhood gossip. Even ordinary curiosity is absent from their minds. It is impossible to rouse their interest in any thing new, and though the trains of the Piedmont Air Line pass almost within sound of their cabins, many of these people never saw a locomotive. Of course these remarks do not apply to the village and town people, but to the farmers who live in the mountains. Dahlonega, for instance, has a college with some hundreds of students of both sexes, and a military service in charge of an officer of the United States army. One of our pleasantest amusements was to take our field-glasses and watch the young men drilling on the hill-side. Not a school-house did we see in all our jaunts.



A MOUNTAIN WEAVER.

Churches, nevertheless, are not infrequent, and are almost invariably built upon a hill-top. Rare services are held in them by "circuit riders" and by resident preachers, who work five (and perhaps six) days in the week in the fields or mines. All these churches are in the last stages of dilapidation, and the most completely tumble-down public buildings I ever saw.

Riding one Sunday afternoon up toward Porter's Springs—a resort of invalids who are supposed to profit by drinking the mineral waters—we came upon several men, clad in homespun jeans, sitting on the top rail of the fence, and watching an expert break two yokes of little steers which were attached to a rude wagon. Horses are rarely used in Georgia as

draught animals, except in the towns. The countryman saves his horse for riding, and draws his rickety, canvas-roofed wagon with a yoke of oxen, or often with a single ox. In the former case he yokes them to a pole much as do Northern farmers; then he ties a rope to the outer horn of each ox, and so guides them, as though they were a span of horses. If he harnesses only a single ox, his cart is likely to be only a two-wheeled affair, the shafts being fastened to a bar of wood, which (as part of the yoke) lies across the ox's neck. In this case the driver has but one string, which is fastened to the base of the horn, and seems to serve little more purpose than to keep up a friendly sort of interest and connection between the drowsy beast and his listless master. With this mode of progression the native is entirely contented. He does not even ask a seat, but rides in the bottom of the wagon box stretched out at full length, or doubled up like a jackknife, with his chin between his knees, and his big hat pulled down over his face.



NATIVE PROGRESSION.

But to return to the breaking of the steers. Usually it is a sufficiently engrossing and diverting occupation to consume all of Sunday; but here the amusement was neglected, and through the open door of the comfortless old log-house we saw many women and children, all of whom were quiet, and the older of whom appeared to be silently weeping. One of our party detected the heavy spirit in the air, and thought he divined the cause.

"Are you to have preaching here to-day?"

"No, Sir," answered a little man, whose teeth were black as the plug tobacco that had worn them nearly to the gum—"no, Sir; but we are having a sort of assemblage to-day. The neighbors are coming over to bid me good-by. I've sold outen here, and I'm goin' to Kansas. I've got a big family"—we glanced corroboratively at a gaping dozen or two of tow-heads, ranging in size from five feet downward, like the quills in a darky's pipe of Pan, and believed him—"and I want room for 'em to grow up, and get a better eddication and start than they can have here in the mountains. But it seems powerful hard to break up. I'm givin' possession to-day, and the wimmin-folks and the kids don't feel right peart over it."



"I'M GOIN' TO KANSAS."

Back in these mountains live the moonshiners, they who make whiskey surreptitiously—by moonlight, as it were. That we were suspected to be United States revenue officers no doubt explained the fact that we saw few men in the hills, while the bobbing sun-bonnets of women and children often greeted our eyes and startled our mettlesome steeds. Thrilling are the stories told of these makers of crooked whiskey, and very ingeniously is its manufacture concealed. It is perfectly natu-

ral that this species of fraud should exist here, and there is little probability of ever eradicating it. The whole region is isolated, and almost impenetrable. Born in the backwoods, and never leaving them, the people fail to understand either the bigness or necessity of the great outside world which centres at Washington, or the right of the government to put a tax of ninety cents a gallon on so common and innocent an article of manufacture as home-made whiskey. They would resent as strongly a tax on hominy. There are scattered all through these Blue Ridge heights a series of exceedingly fertile elevated valleys, surrounded on all sides by precipitous cliffs, and far removed from any large town or railway connection. There is no market, therefore, for any surplusage of crops in these valleys over the farmer's home consumption unless his corn can be converted into whiskey, and that is the destination for which most of it is intended, and which it finally reaches. All the natives are in each other's confidence, and when the corn is ready, each man knows where to sell it safely, and is pretty sure not to tell who bought. Back in secluded ravines, far from any travelled road, reached only by a blind trail, and hidden in a thicket of dense holly bushes and brambles, the moonshiners erect their rude stills and make the illicit drink.



WHISKEY-STILL IN RAVINE.

One afternoon we rode down to Auraria—which is also known by the suggestive name of Knucklesville—to see another method of employing hydraulic power. The mine is situated in a bluff upon Battle Branch, a tributary of the Chestatee. The name is derived from a bit of gold history. At the time of "the Intrusion" a party of men from Tennessee



HYDRAULIC MINING.

"located" on this stream, and began gold-digging. Some Georgians had a real or fancied right to the spot, and collecting all the friends of each side, a short but bloody battle was fought, resulting in the defeat of the Tennesseeans, who went back to their State, or dispersed through other parts of the diggings.

We had loitered so long in hospitable sitting-rooms and at pleasant tea tables that the sun had set when we mounted, and we followed our guide along the edge of the gurgling stream, whose broken dams and ruined bridge piers bore witness to the excitement which it had witnessed forty years ago. By the time the entrance to the excavation was reached it was quite dark, and the night-hawk was rending the air with his hoarse cry as he hawked for insects above the river. We could hear the water sliding down the sluices, and the melodious, never-ceasing pounding of the stamps crushing the quartz under their iron heels. Dismounting and following the little tramway that led back through the darkness to the upper end of the cut, we found men still at work by the light of a great fire of pitch-pine, whose red and smoky glare and whose flambeaux of murky smoke blinded our eyes to all else except the muscular forms swinging pick and sledge within the circle, and the jagged masses of rock, whose angular outlines stood strongly out as the breeze threw the flame toward our side, or relapsed into the invisible realm of darkness as the blaze waved its light toward the opposite.

As we came up, Captain Inboden gave some instructions, the men ceased work and carried their tools away, and the boys piled pine knots on the fire until it illumined all the dark corners of the earthen and rocky wall, and brought out every jagged feature of the black stratification. Meanwhile a nozzle of very strong iron, working in a universal joint, was attached to a great iron tube which brought water from a lofty reservoir, and the work of clearing out the débris of the day's mining and tearing to pieces the looser portions of the exposed face of the rock was ready to begin. A long pole attached to the Little Giant nozzle permits its stream to be aimed and controlled as one handles a garden hose, and a man took his place at this steering pole, while an invisible fiend in this weird scene opened the water-gate. Instantly, through the lurid half-darkness, the shadow, the flickering red light, and the dust which filled the pit, shot a pure white beam of rigid water, propelled with terrific force straight from this hydraulic cannon against the wall of soft rock, and a broad, fan-shaped sheet of snowy spray burst into the air, and hid



"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING."

all behind it from view, transforming the background from utter blackness to vivid white. In a flash the fan had closed and glanced aside in a steady feather-shaped spout of water, brown with the mud dug up by the piercing shaft; then a slight change in the Little Giant's aim filled the foreground with spray, rose-tinted by the pine-light which penetrated the crystal mist, or it buried the whole stream in an eruption of earth and fragments of rocks and thick mud as the great beam of water plunged at short range straight into the mass of loose material on the floor. The whole place was speedily gurgling and dripping with water. Little streams coursed down all the rocky slopes, spouted from every crack and interstice, trickled among the fragments, and poured in sheets over the shelf-like ledges, each and all hurrying to swell the precious flood that crowded and tore its turbid way down through the crooked channel, and shot along the steep sluice-boxes toward the quartz mill—streams

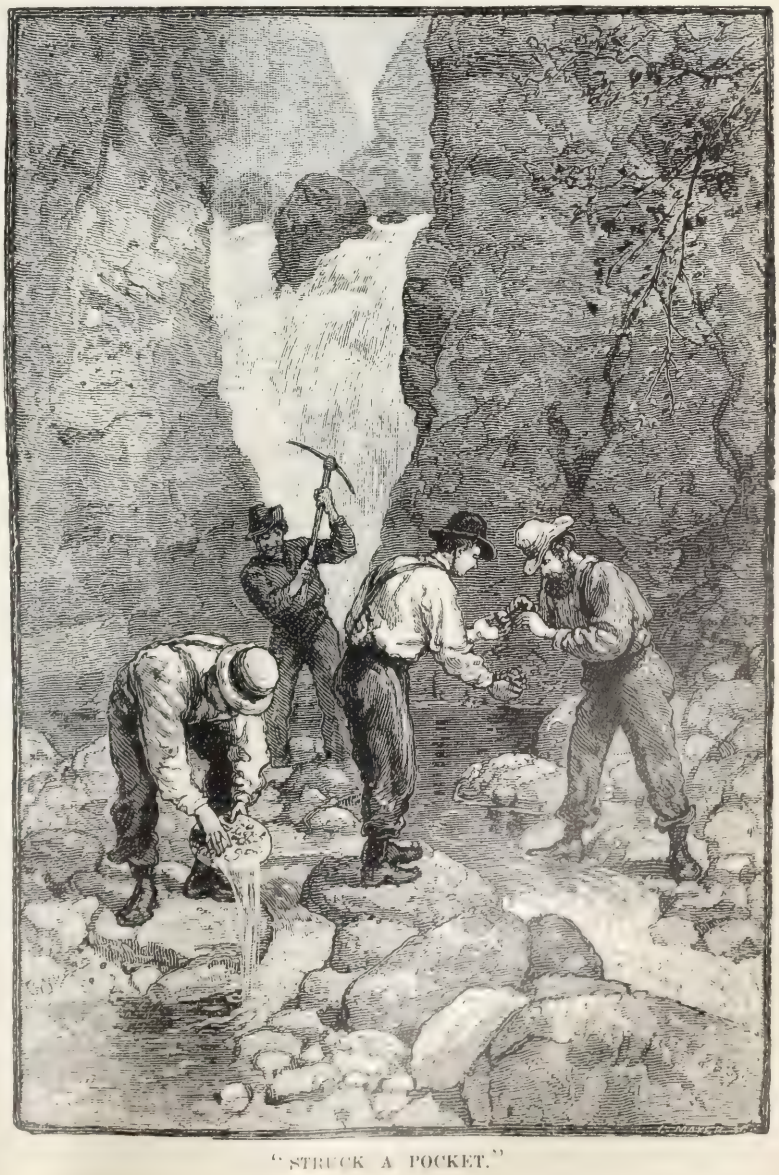
> "Whose foam is amber,
> And their gravel gold."

These tall, broad-shouldered, big-boned mountain men make splendid miners, and work with the greatest industry and willingness, enjoying it better than farming. In summer twelve and fourteen hours are not unusual for a day's work. The wages every where are from seventy-five cents to a dollar a day, only the foremen receiving as much as a dollar. Many of the workmen live five or six miles from their labor, yet walk home every night; and a few who live back in the Blue Ridge will do a full day's labor on Saturday, and then trudge home twenty miles for a Sunday's recreation with their families. Much of the time the digging must be done in water, sometimes waist-deep, yet they endure it day after day, at all seasons of the year, without apparent harm or inconvenience.

But this tale of the mountains of moonshine and gold quartz, of crazy gallops and quiet saunters, of rough scrambles up the ledges and quiet strolling down the valleys, of serene evenings on the veranda and impromptu merry-makings in the light of the great sitting-room fire-place, of "sweet girl graduates with golden hair" out for a vacation, who lent us needles and thread, and the jolly landlord who breathlessly chased out the gaunt Georgia pigs that were always creeping into the house by crawling sideways under the door—all this must come to an end, and our last experience of the mines approached. The picture it left upon our memories was typical, and our personal share in it highly satisfactory, so that it was a fine thing with which to finish our visit.

I doubt whether we could go there

again from Dahlonega, but after intricate following of trails well known to our guide, we rounded a spur of the mountain, and came suddenly upon a new scene of operations. The hill was well wooded, and sloped at a steep angle. From an invisible source half way between the top and our stand-point (which was by no means near the bottom) came an artificial cataract, supplied by the ditch, foaming and roaring as cataracts do, into the shallow "cut" where the ore was being dislodged. A group of brawny, long-haired, broad-hatted men were at work, standing up to their knees in the turbulent pools at the foot of the water-fall. As we came over the brow of the hill two men were standing on a high jutting point, intent upon examination of a piece of ore which one held, while others leaned about on their picks waiting for the verdict upon the specimen. There was no motion we could see, nor a sound we could hear, save the rush of the tumbling water that stood out so white against the blood-red background of cliff. The tableau was a perfect picture of a Georgia gold scene, and no studied pose could have shown it to so good advantage. Our arrival was at an important moment. They had just struck a "pocket," that is, a spot in the bed of ore extraordinarily rich in gold. The reddish honeycombed quartz showed threads and grains of pure gold in great abundance, and there was much more in each bit of rock that we could not see. Our artist was seized with a desire to become a gold-digger at once, and taking a pan, scooped up a shovelful of earth from the bed of the torrent which led to the flume. It is not so easy a matter to pan out gold-dust as it looks. The large awkward utensil must be held just right, and shaken in such a way, by a half-rotary, half-rocking motion, that the water it contains (which must be frequently replenished) shall drift away all the loose, worthless stuff, and let the gold stay behind. The trick is to agitate the whole panful of dirt so as to allow the heavy treasure to sink through, and always to keep the bottom of the pan lower than its rim. The enthusiastic man of the crayon persevered nobly, and accepted tutelage with good grace. If consciousness of virtue had been his only reward, he might still have felt well satisfied, so faithfully did he try; but his maiden attempt at gold-digging was under a lucky star, and when all the débris had been disposed of, and the last panful of water carefully poured away, there remained in the bottom a spoonful of black iron sand, and as much gold-dust as you could hold on the end of a penknife blade, and in addition an irregular fragment of almost pure gold as big as a quarter-dollar. He had been rather slow at his unaccustomed work, and we had got tired of looking at him, but when his good luck was reported, we rushed up to congratulate him.



"STRUCK A POCKET."

THE LAST REVEL IN PRINTZ HALL.

IN the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eleven, upon the upper extreme of the low green island of Tinicum, lying in the Delaware River some distance below the city of Philadelphia, and not far above the borough—now the town—of Chester, there stood a quaint, old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed house, ponderous and massive in its structure, black with age and decay, silent, and deserted. The rotten shingle roof was covered with brilliant green patches of moss, the door-stoop of heavy flags was sunken at one side into the ground, and through the gaps left between each step grew flourishing and lusty clumps of groundsel and burdocks. Behind and to one side of the mansion stood a number of grizzly, gnarled, and stunted fruit trees, long past the vigorous age of fruit-bearing, but annually dropping to the ground a few hard and tasteless apples, as in plea for or excuse of their continued existence. Two great locusts (acacias) grew upon either side of the spacious doorway, through whose branches stole dappling sunbeams that played upon but could not brighten into cheerfulness the deserted house.

Yet it had in its day been accounted a handsome as well as stately mansion, having been the Gubernatorial residence of Johan Printz, Governor-General of his Swedish Majesty's possessions in North America, and named in his honor Printz Hall, since corrupted into Prince's Place by the dwellers in the vicinity. There in his time the Governor—a hard, cruel man, if report belied him not, unforgiving and relentless to whoso opposed his will—had held the state befitting his position as a royal representative. There had his fair daughter Armagad, brilliant in beauty, and gorgeous in the latest court fashions of Europe, wedded the gallant Johan Poppiogoia, and there had high revel been held in honor of the wedded pair.

Now the house was sinking to decay; the spacious, wainscoted rooms were mouldy and dark with streaks of weather stains. Here and there rotten rafters projected through the gaping roof. Part of the great chimney at the north gable had fallen in, the loose bricks remaining recalled to the mind through some crooked way of fancy the almost toothless jaws of an octogenarian, while through all the great, silent house clung that peculiar, earthy, vault-like smell which betokens the damp decay of utter uselessness.

There were folk even in those days, when the skepticism of modern times had small place, who did disbelieve in ghosts, and in those strange, inexplicable things that inhabit the border-land between the province of common life and the mystical beyond, and that speak of things man knows not of. Such there were; but even they shunned the old mansion and its mysteries, for people had heard there strange sounds, vague noises at night, mysterious sighs and whisperings, the measured tread of heavy footfalls, and even inarticulate words and hollow, wailing laughter echoing through the gloomy corridors. And so the old house was left to time and its own ghosts of the past to finish the work of destruction already far advanced.

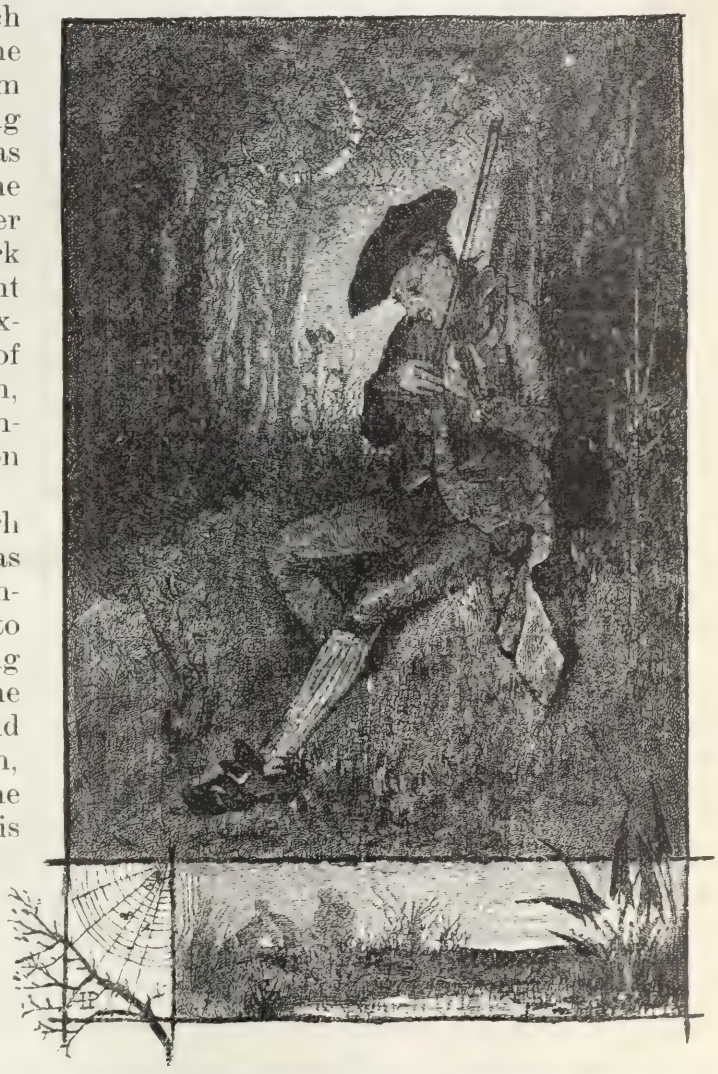
Printz Hall had descended, through a due course of successive owners and a somewhat noted lawsuit, to the possession of one Jonathan Quidd, a rich Quaker and land-owner of the vicinity, so strong in his testimony against the vain fashions of the world that he wore his coat fastened with hooks and eyes, thus eschewing the carnal vanity of metal buttons. Jonathan had once persuaded a Quaker family from Rhode Island, newly arrived, and strangers to the neighborhood, to occupy the house, offering as an inducement very low rent. A few days later the Quaker family from Rhode Island appeared at the Chester wharf in a goodly sized boat, with all their goods and chattels and half a dozen white-haired children, and plainly declared that were Jonathan to offer them even three dollars a week they would not occupy the house another day longer. So in the year of grace 1811 the old mansion stood lonely and deserted, fast crumbling into an unsightly ruin.

Not far from Chester lived Gideon Matthews, the miller, a well-to-do man, as the world runs, whom the soft hand of worldly prosperity had smoothed into a sleek rotundity. He worked an old-fashioned flour mill on Chester Creek, built, it was reputed, by William Penn himself, at a short distance from which stood his house—a comfortable little place, whitewash-

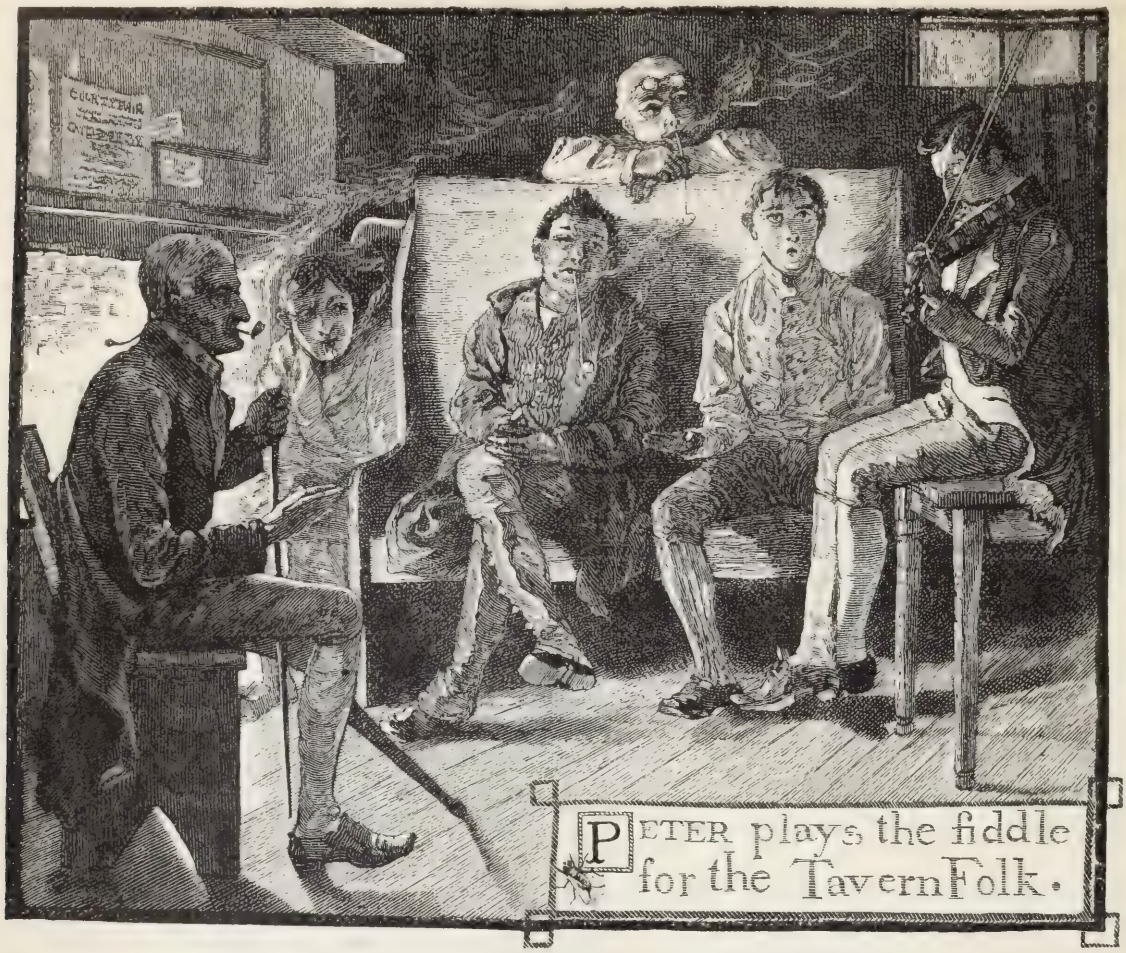
ed, vine-covered, and cozy. Every thing seemed both prosperous and propitious in Gideon's life. Alas! why is it that our life is like a shoe that, otherwise fitting pleasantly, has somewhere an irritating peg that destroys the comfort of the whole? Gideon Matthews had a peg, and a particularly irritating one—a son, a good-looking, long-legged youth, good-natured, and happy-go-lucky; looked on with much favor by the girls of the neighborhood, and with not so much favor by their parents. He was the idol of the boys about him, for whom he contrived new and ever-varying sports, and of such urchins there was generally a delegation around the mill any moment in which Peter Matthews could steal from his work and evade his father's ever-vigilant eye. All this could have been excused, perhaps, but Peter, in spite of paternal admonition, exhortation, and reproof, persisted in the crowning folly and fault of playing upon the violin.

Now Gideon Matthews, although living in a Quaker neighborhood, was not himself a Quaker, neither in himself had he any personal objection to his son's playing the fiddle, so long as he played so far away that the squeaking of the instrument should not disturb his father's tympanum, and only in odd moments when the duties of the mill did not demand his attention; but this turn for music in the youth brushed the moral hairs of the Quaker folk among whom he lived the wrong way—for the Quakers have ever been an orderly people, and firmly set against the vanities and follies of the world, in music and every thing else—and this was what annoyed old Gideon, until, in deference to the opinion of his most respectable and wealthy neighbors, which had considerable weight in his worldly mind, he set his face as a flint against such cultivation of Peter's musical faculties, although, as I have said, the youth might, without touching his father's conscience, have played upon any thing, from that small instrument known as the Jew's-harp to the lyre of Apollo.

However, the desire was too strong in Peter to be checked entirely by paternal disapprobation, which, indeed, rather increased the desire, just as a small rivulet gathers the greater force by being obstructed. So Peter during the day labored about the mill in a gawky, absent-minded manner, that at times tempted his father to box his ears roundly; but after supper, of a long spring or summer evening, he would sneak out of the house, his fiddle tucked underneath his coat to avoid the watchful eye of old Gideon, and then in some out-of-the-way place, far from all human communications, laying the old violin tenderly beneath his chin, he would play away through the gathering dusk, the little frogs in the lowland marshes piping a merry accompaniment, or the whip-poor-will responding hurriedly from the tangled wilderness of distant clearings. Sometimes, in such a night, a passer-by along the highway would pause and listen as the notes of Peter's violin stole like a zephyr through the silent night from some dark and misty woodland where he was communing with his old sweet-heart.



"LAYING THE OLD VIOLIN TENDERLY BENEATH HIS CHIN."



PETER plays the fiddle for the Tavern Folk.

But during the autumn and winter, when the weather became too cold for such solitary communions, Peter used to betake himself to the old Bull's Head Tavern—a country way-side inn, where the Philadelphia stage used to stop. Here in the cozy bar-room, where a fire crackled in the great open fire-place against the glowing back-log, gleaming on the tall andirons, and casting a dozen twinkling little lights on the glasses, bottles, and decanters that stood behind the bar, Peter was always sure of an admiring audience. To be sure, they liked "Yankee Doodle," or "Jogging Along," or "Lillibullero" (to which they kept time with hands and feet), better than a more pretentious performance, and when he did play either of these three, he was always sure of ready and vehement applause. Even a chance Quaker guest, although firmly discountenancing such worldliness, had a sort of sneaking liking for having his ears tickled with such good music.

But Peter had another sweetheart besides his old violin, which, after all, was but half responsive, speaking but when he chose to command. Tacy Kelp was the prettiest girl in Chester in those good old times. She was a plump, buxom little Quaker damsel, with cheeks like peaches, and hair like brown silk. The side glance of her eye had committed havoc in a many hearts in and around Chester, and Peter Matthews was among the list of those victims to her charms. It is bootless to attempt to describe her. One should have seen her as she tripped to the store for butter or eggs or cottage cheese for tea on a bright spring afternoon, her dimpled rosy face shadowed by her quaint Quaker bonnet, her round arms covered with gray silk mitts reaching to the elbow, her short-waisted calimanco dress held up from the dust so as to show a pretty foot clad in the neatest of low shoes. Ah me! how many more pretty girls there were when I was young than now! How many more graces they possessed when I viewed them with mine own eyes, instead of through a pair of silver-bowed spectacles!

I rather think Peter was always the favored suitor with Tacy; for although the old folks might shake their heads at the old Adam in him, there can be no real doubt that a blue coat with brass buttons, such as Peter wore when he came a-wooing, was more taking to the eye than the

drab coats and wooden buttons of the Quaker youths: girls are vain things, and like fine show. Then, besides, Peter was an interesting sinner, and Tacy struggled hard to bring him to a sense of his errors.

Tacy's mother, Martha Kelp, did not, however, view Peter's attentions to her daughter with the same favor as the damsel. Martha was the relict of John Kelp, one of those unfortunate men who seem to make a failure of every thing they undertake in life, who, dying, had left his widow a little less than nothing in worldly gear, whereupon she, being of an energetic turn of mind, had set up a store in a little dark, steep-roofed habitation on Market Street, in Chester, not far from the river-front. Here in the window was displayed her little stock of glass jars of hoarhound, sassafras, and nut candies, sour-balls, Barlow knives, fishing-tackle with red and blue and green bob-corks, gingerbread horses, and the like, such as might best tempt the stray pennies and "fips" (fivepenny bits) of juvenile Chester into her till. Martha drove quite a thriving trade with these urchins, who, in penniless seasons, flattened their noses into small round cakes upon her window-panes, gazing, Tantalus-like, upon the unattainable luxuries within.

Sometimes Tacy stood behind the counter, mostly of an afternoon while her mother took a nap, and I am not sure but that more money found its way into the widow's till from the pockets of the youths who, in such seasons, devised unnecessary wants for the chance of exchanging a few words with her pretty daughter across the counter than from those of her more juvenile customers.

Peter Matthews used to find his way into the cozy sitting-room of an evening —a proceeding which Martha Kelp viewed with strong disapproval. For a space she would keep a watchful eye upon her daughter and the youth, but the heat of the tin-plate stove, and the regular and deliberate "tick tock" of the old eight-day clock that stood in the corner, were soporifics that would overcome her watchfulness; her head would nid-nod, the spectacles slide downward on her nose, the ball of yarn roll from her lap across the floor beneath the stove, and gurgling respirations, broken now and then by a rattling of the epiglottis, would betoken the inadvertent slumbers of the good dame.

Then would Peter softly shift his chair nearer to that of Tacy, she sitting demure as the cat behind the stove, a dimple just showing in her round cheek as she bent over her knitting. They talked in very low tones for fear of interrupting Martha's



TACY KELP.

slumbers, which was kind and considerate. Sometimes Peter would hold the skein of yarn for Tacy, she winding rapidly. When the yarn tangled, as it often did, she would lean closer to see the knot, their heads coming near together; then, as Peter spoke, she would look up, their eyes would meet, and Peter's heart would give a thump against his ribs. On such occasions Tacy would sometimes exhort Peter upon his wrong-doings, and he would reply very penitently, and plainly say that he wished he had Tacy always at hand to keep him straight, though in fact he still played his fiddle and visited the Bull's Head Tavern the same as usual.

So things continued until one fine

evening in autumn, when Peter gathered courage to "speak," and Tacy, having no objections, referred him to mother, as was customary in the filial good old times, and even pleaded for him with the dame. But Martha was decided, and told Peter that although she liked him well enough, there were two reasons that prevented her from giving her consent: firstly, he played the fiddle; secondly, he was not a member of meeting; and if Tacy should marry him, she would herself be expelled.

Peter walked home very rapidly, as though trying to walk away from his own thoughts; and going straight to his room, took his fiddle, and started for the Bull's Head Tavern, there to smother his troubles, if possible, in good company.



Representing the Master of Peter's Courtship.

Among the guests that evening was Jonathan Quidd, the Quaker, who owned Prince's Place, on Tinicum Island. He had dropped in to collect his rent, for among his other property Jonathan reckoned the Bull's Head Tavern. While there he had no objection to taking a glass of mulled cider, then fresh and titillating with the first touch of "hardness." Jonathan was the magnate of Chester; and as he sat there in the cozy curtained bar-room, with his sour visage, and straight drab coat fastened close to the chin with hooks and eyes, he was the centre of deferential glances from all sides.

Upon this scene entered Peter. Upon any other occasion he would have discreetly hidden his fiddle behind the nearest settle; but now he was sore and angry with every thing in general, and Quakers in particular; so, in a barefaced way, he deliberately drew his fiddle out of the bag, and, tuning up, began to play in the very teeth, as it were, of Jonathan—yes, Jon-

athan Quidd, the richest man in Chester, and an overseer of the meeting.

For a space Jonathan's amazement and indignation deprived him of the ability to speak. Peter, backed against one corner of the fire-place, with his eyes fixed upon the good Friend, and a malicious grin upon his face, played the most rollicking jig he could think of. Jonathan, on his part, slowly put the glass of mulled cider away from him, glaring stonily upon Peter as he did so.

"Peter!" said he at last, in tones of dry sternness, regaining a slippery hold, as it were, upon his speech once more.

"Well?" said Peter, coolly continuing to play, in a subdued tone.

"Peter Matthews, does thee know what thee is doing?"

"Playin' ye the best Irish jig in Chester," said Peter.

"How dare thee do such a sinful, carnal thing in my presence?"

"Don't see any thing special sinful or special carnal in it. I only



JONATHAN QUIDD.

have courage enough to use the gifts the Lord gave me; that's all."

"Courage! thee has only the courage of the wicked; thee has the courage of the sinful man and the bad one. Thee has the courage of the greatest of all cowards, the blasphemer."

Peter's blood began to rise. "Coward?" cried he, stopping in his music—"coward?"

Jonathan nodded.

"Tell ye what it is, Mr. Quidd, you're mighty mistaken. I allow you're no judge. A man that's afraid to sleep in his own house, as you er in Prince's Place, a man 'ts afraid o' ghosts an' bogies, hasn't no right to call me a coward; mind that!"

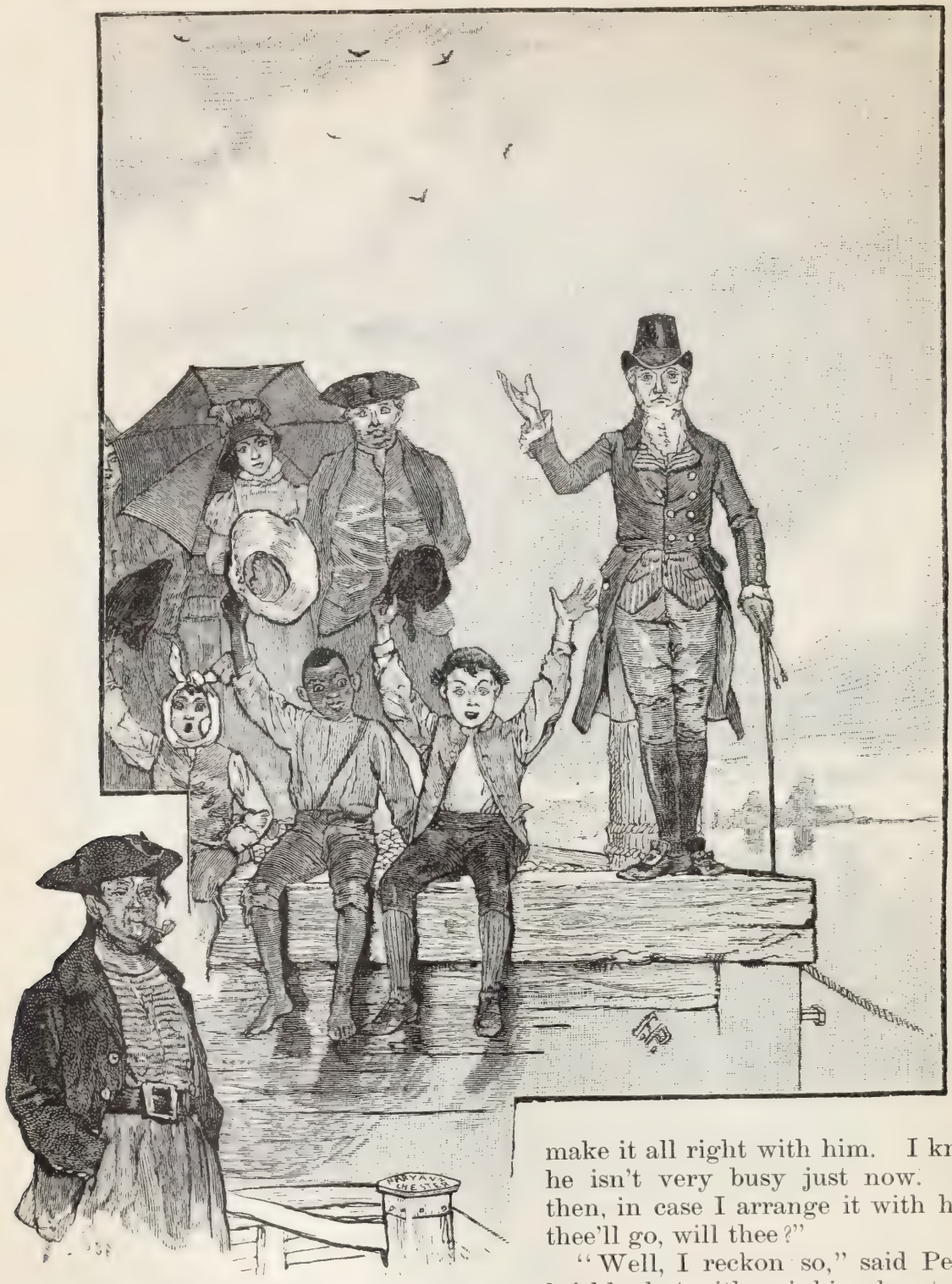
"So thee isn't afraid of ghosts?"

"No, not I."

As Peter said this, Jonathan's eyes twinkled. He leaned back in his chair, and resuming his glass of cider, spoke in tones as different as might be from the high-pitched key of indignation he at first used.

"Peter," said he, in a quiet tone, "thee's the very man I've been looking for for the last month. I am expecting a family that may occupy the old house soon, and, as thee says, there is a foolish talk about ghosts there that might drive them off. Now I think I'll get thee to occupy the place for—well, a week, say, and put it in some order for them. I'll give thee five dollars" (a considerable sum in those days) "if thee'll stay there a week."

Peter found himself fairly caught in a trap. He would not have slept in Printz Hall for one night for a small fortune; but if he refused now, he would have the



"THE LITTLE BOYS CHEERED VIGOROUSLY AS HE PUSHED OFF."

whole of Chester in broad grin at his expense, and then to be outfaced by Jonathan Quidd, too! He hesitated for a moment, while the guests winked and nudged each other in the ribs with their elbows.

"Oh," said Peter, with assumed indifference, "I'm perfectly willing. It's pretty chilly there at night, but I wouldn't mind that much; but the fact is, I don't think father would let me go."

"I'll see to that," said Jonathan; "I'll make it all right with him. I know he isn't very busy just now. So, then, in case I arrange it with him, thee'll go, will thee?"

"Well, I reckon so," said Peter, briskly, but with a sinking heart.

He did not feel much like playing the fiddle after that, but sat down rather quietly. He hoped sincerely, but with many misgivings, that Jonathan would forget all about it by the next morning. He passed an uncomfortable night, lying awake and thinking alternately of Tacy Kelp and Jonathan Quidd; and whether he felt most uncomfortable about Tacy or the ghosts, it is hard to tell.

The next morning his heart misgave him when he saw Jonathan talking with his father, who he knew looked with su-

preme contempt upon all such old-women's tales as the ghosts of Prince's Place.

"Peter!" called Jonathan. Peter approached the two old men slowly and ruefully. "Peter," said the Quaker, looking at the youth fixedly, and with a grim twinkle in his eye—"Peter, didn't thee tell me last night when I met thee—well, no matter where—that thee would like to watch Printz Hall for a week if I gave thee five dollars?"

Jonathan shrewdly suspected that old Gideon did not know of Peter's frequenting the Bull's Head Tavern, and also that the youth would not, on any account, have his father to know.

Peter dug a little hole in the ground with his toe, and sullenly answered: "Yes, I reckon so."

"Well, Peter," said old Gideon, "I am glad to see you turn over a new leaf. At your age I should have been glad enough to earn five dollars so easily. Still, if you don't want to go—"

"Oh, Peter will go. He isn't afraid of ghosts. Thee told me so, Peter, didn't thee?"

"Yes, I reckon so," said Peter again.

"Then you want to go?" said Gideon.

"Thee *does* want to go, doesn't thee?" interposed Jonathan.

"I reckon so," said Peter, hesitatingly.

All Chester knew that Peter was going to Prince's Place, for it did not take long for news to spread even in those days, and Peter found himself quite the person of importance. Half the good folk in the vicinity came down to the wharf to see him off. His father was there, and helped him to lay in a supply of necessaries—a mattress, a couple of blankets, crackers, sausage, tallow candles, and some bottles of ginger-beer. Besides these, Peter had slyly put away in the bows of the boat his beloved violin, and a little Dutch courage in the shape of a bottle of good rye whiskey. The little boys sitting along the edge of the wharf cheered vigorously as he pushed off, and even Colonel Dahlgren, in all the conscious dignity of frilled shirt front, silk stockings, and bottle-green coat with real English crowns for buttons, waved his hand patronizingly.

It was dark when Peter arrived at his destination; and having transferred his goods safely to the house, he proceeded to enter into immediate possession. During the afternoon the weather had changed, and now gave promise of one of those sudden storms incident to the season. Gloomy clouds were hurrying up from the south, bringing every now and then a sudden dash of fine rain. The great locusts on each side the door-stoop bowed and tussled with the wind, snapping and groaning as they swayed wildly to and fro. The ill-hung shutters creaked dolorously on their rusty hinges, and the crazy sashes rattled like castanets. Altogether there was an ominous gloom in Peter's reception. He shivered as he stuffed an old cocked hat, which he found in one of the many musty cupboards, into a broken pane where the rain came dashing in every now and then. Then turning to his bottle, he took a long pull at it, which, unused as he was to such potent liquor, warmed his lagging courage into some vitality. He then lighted a candle, sticking it into an empty bottle by way of candlestick, made his slender preparations for the night in some haste, ate his frugal meal of crackers and sausage, and then, drawing his violin from its green baize bag, he tuned up and began to play, awaking the long-silent echoes of the dreary house into strange, uncertain responses.

Still the evening dragged but slowly along, and in spite of several applications to his bottled courage, a dread loneliness crept over Peter apace. Even the violin seemed imbued with the spirit of the place; its music sounded damp and flat, and in spite of the musician would drop to a melancholy minor key. All manner of rambling, uncanny thoughts filled his brain, until at last, when he ceased playing, he fancied—yes, he could almost have sworn—that he heard the last few bars of the tune he had just been playing repeated weirdly in some far-off room of the vacant house. He listened breathlessly for a space, the goose-flesh creeping up and down his spine, and started violently as a loosened piece of plaster fell rattling behind the wainscot.

"It must be nine o'clock," muttered poor Peter to himself. "Ugh, how cold it is!" and he took another deep pull at the bottle. He carefully secured the door by shooting the rusty bolt into the staple, snuffed his candle to make it burn the brighter and with a more cheery glow, then kicking off his shoes, and rolling himself in his blanket, he sought to bury his loneliness and uncertain fears in the kindly oblivion of sleep.

How long Peter slept he never could

say; but starting up suddenly wide-awake, he found the candle guttered into a consolidated mass of tallow caked upon the side, the flame burning around the toppling wick with a feeble, sickly gleam scarce strong enough to pierce the shadows that clung around the further corners of the room. The storm was high outside, the wind bellowing down the great chimneys, seeming to sway the house to its very foundations, the poor old locusts tapping sharply against the window with their boughs, as though beseeching admission from the tempest without, the shutter screeching wildly as it swayed back and forth before the buffets of the wind.

Peter raised himself up, gathered the clothes about him, and peered anxiously around, that feeling of bewilderment common to a sudden awakening in a strange place momentarily giving place to a lonely dread. While he sat thus, the nameless horror gathering over him like a pall, there came a sudden lull in the tempest without, such as sometimes occurs in an equinoctial storm, as though the tempest were pausing to take fresh breath. Peter felt that the pause was to precede some supernatural coming. His heart beat with heavy and leaden strokes as he bent his head to one side to listen; and certainly he heard through the hollow silence of the house the ringing of a bell—a rusty, dismal bell in some far-off chamber of the deserted mansion—a ringing that grew ever more clear, distinct, agitated, and then suddenly ceased. A door slammed in the basement; and then came the sound of a heavy footstep ascending the stair, accompanied by a clank as of a sword in a loose scabbard. On they came, directly to Peter's door, who, trembling as in an ague, his hair bristling upon his scalp, kept his eyes intently fixed upon the rusty old bolt. He saw the bolt slide back of itself with a dull, grating noise, and the door swing slowly open, and then, with the same solemn tread, a dark, mysterious, uncertain figure of a man, wrapped in a long cloak, stalked into the room. Poor Peter felt the last remnant of courage slipping away from beneath him like a bank of undermined earth. The dim flicker of the candle leaped high aloft with a bright, transient gleam, the door flew to behind the figure with a bang, and with a roar the storm outside burst forth in redoubled fury.

The figure standing motionlessly against the door, the dull light of the candle barely revealing it, was that of a man of great stature, its head surmounted by a tall steeple-crowned hat, from which dangled a long black cock's feather. Beneath the folds of the heavy cloak Peter's eye caught the dusky gleam of a steel breastplate, and the hilt of a ponderous broadsword. A broad collar, huge jack-boots, and baggy trousers completed the costume of this strange being. The features, such of them as Peter could see, seemed those of a man about sixty years of age, aquiline, haggard, and ashy. From under the combined shadow of the hat brim and shaggy eyebrows a pair of eyes gleamed with a dull blue phosphorescent light, like those of a dead mackerel in the dark, or as though illuminated by some sulphurous flame from within.

For a space the figure stood looking fixedly at Peter, while he, trembling with dread, looked again at the figure. Then it spoke, in a hollow, resonant voice, like the sound of words spoken into an empty barrel.

"Peter Matthews! Peter Matthews! Peter Matthews!" it said, in solemn accents, and at each repetition of his name Peter's very bowels quaked. He tried to speak, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. "Speak not, but listen to me," said the figure. "Hast thy fiddle?"

Peter nodded.

"'Tis well. Keep silence, and follow him who speaketh unto thee, and all will be well with thee; but recollect that an unruly tongue bringeth misfortune unto its owner: so speak no word, whatever thou mayst see. Every autumnal equinox cometh Peter Printz and his household, and also other congenial spirits, to revel it bravely again in Printz Hall. For nigh two hundred years have we come back, and yet no merry-making; for why? —that we have no fiddler. At last! at last! at last one hath come! So keep thou a discreet silence, for our day of rest hath come with thee: thou art the man."

All this somewhat lengthy speech was spoken in a monotonous, melancholy tone, with a hollow resonance through it, as though the voice echoed through the mouth of the figure from some depth beyond. And as it finished speaking of this merry-making it pointed its long bony finger at Peter, who felt in no mood for such himself. Peter Matthews said after-

ward he wondered at the good English tongue in which the ghost spoke, but that he supposed he must have learned it whence he came, which, like enough, was not heaven. But whatever his thoughts were, they were interrupted by the spirit, which spoke once more, saying, "Come!" and it beckoned with a shadowy movement.

impenetrable blackness below. Here it turned, and, fixing the youth with its fishy eyes, said, "Knowest thou who I am?"

Peter shook his head.

"I am no one: I was Johan Printz;" and as it turned again it flung one arm aloft with a wild movement.

This was not re-assuring, and Peter



"HERE IT TURNED, AND SAID, 'KNOWEST THOU WHO I AM?'"

Peter might not of his own free-will have obeyed the summons, but he felt himself impelled by some irresistible yet unknown power to follow his ghostly conductor; accordingly he arose, taking the fiddle, which he had replaced in its bag, under one arm, the bottle of whiskey under the other, and the candle in his hand, and followed the figure, which, the door opening to it as before, stalked out into the corridor. Peter could scarcely distinguish its outlines in the surrounding gloom, as it stopped at the head of the great staircase that gaped blackly into the

took a deep draught from the bottle ere he prepared to follow his ghostly conductor down the stairway.

On the right-hand side of the lower hall was a great gloomy, wainscoted room, entered upon by two wide folding-doors, which was in former times the Gubernatorial state reception-room, and toward this the apparition directed its way, its heavy tread echoing even through the noise of the tempest without. The doors opened slowly and solemnly before the figure, and Peter entered closely at its heels. As he passed the doorway, the

blackness within burst forth into a light of exceeding brightness, and at the same moment a Babel of voices, combined with the noise and confusion of the moving of many people, broke upon his ear.

For a minute he blinked and winked in the brightness like an owl suddenly transferred from the gloom of its own retreat into the regions of day. Then he took another pull at the bottle, at which a scream of laughter arose about him, ending in a wail so weird and desolate that it chilled the very marrow in his bones. By this time his eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the surrounding brightness, and he could distinguish the scene before him.

Around Peter, and looking at him intently with dull, unwinking eyes, with lips that moved not, though sound proceeded from them, stood a crowd of figures—and what a motley crowd! The women were richly clad in silk gowns with low necks and loose sleeves, with hanging lace. Many of them were very fair, with patches on their cheeks, and rich ringlets of hair hanging across their foreheads. Some of the men were clad in antique costumes of short jackets, baggy breeches, silk stockings, heavy square-toed shoes with rosettes, and long ringlets falling over their broad lace collars. But others were of later date, among whom was a short burly figure with a red face and huge black beard, clad in the sailor rig of a century before, with a broad belt buckled around his waist, from which dangled a hanger. (Black Beard, the legendary pirate of the Delaware, is probably meant by this description.)

What most astonished Peter was that he distinguished amid the strange faces some that were familiar to him, and that he remembered as having died within his ken. There was John Todd, a backsliding Quaker, whose face Peter could just remember; and Hans Grout, a drunken Dutchman, who had been found dead after a wild debauch on a rainy night—drowned in six inches of water, into which he had fallen face downward; and Jacob Rhides, a miserly old Swede, whose figure still kept one hand clutched upon its breeches pocket, as though fearing something might be stolen from it by the wild company by which it was surrounded; and Becky Johnston, the herb doctress, old, wrinkled, and ugly, as Peter had seen her in life; and Thomas Dodson, the shipwright; and Sally Champ, who had led a scandalous life; and Black Murdoch, the sailor—all folk of blackened reputations, now, as most people supposed, comfortable in their narrow beds of earth.

The mouldering, sagging floor of the dilapidated room which Peter had seen a few hours before, was now firm and of polished brightness, reflecting the figures above it; the walls were no longer stained with damp and mould, but decorated with stiff-looking portraits hung against the higher panels of the wainscot; heavy upright chairs stood around the walls, and a fire burned in the great open fireplace with a bluish lustre. How the rooms were lighted Peter could not tell, but a brightness hung over every thing, and a phosphorescence seemed to glimmer on the edges of the furniture and the outlines of the figures.

Then, above the noise of voices and laughter from the motionless lips of the figures, arose the deep tones of the being which called itself Johan Printz: "Play, fiddler, play! Give us a spicy tune that shall make us skip like black beetles on a hot plate. Play!"

With trembling and uncertain fingers Peter untied his fiddle bag, and drawing forth the instrument, began to tune up. At the first long-drawn note a dead silence fell around him, and then, for the third time during this awful experience, he took another deep draught from his bottle. Once more a shriek of wailing laughter arose that made Peter tremble in spite of the strength of the whiskey, that was beginning to make his head to buzz and his heart to warm to the very cockles thereof. Then he began to play.

"Faster! faster!" cried the voice of Johan Printz; "faster! faster!" And at every repetition of the command it seemed to Peter as though new life entered his elbow. Wilder and wilder grew the music, wilder and wilder the revels of the ghostly company. They whirled around Peter in circles, until his already bedizzied head span like a teetotum; but even in their dancing there was something as fantastic and unlifelike as the whirling of dead and withered autumn leaves in the November blast.

The violin shrieked and wailed like an echo of the demoniac laughter that Peter had heard, as though possessed of an impish spirit of its own, while it played a jig that Peter could never have performed of

himself. How long he continued playing he could not tell; it might have been minutes, it might have been hours: time seemed blotted out for him, until at length—

"Stop!" suddenly sounded the deep tones of Johan Printz, and Peter's arm fell nerveless at his side, and the music ceased. "Well hast thou played, fiddler," quoth the ghost, "and well shalt thou be paid. Ho, there! bring forth the chest."

Peter had often heard that gold had been buried at Prince's Place by old Johan Printz, when he sailed for Europe, expecting to return to the Americas again—gold that had never been found since then. He had never believed the story before; but now he saw two strangely dressed negroes, with brass rings in their ears, come forth tugging at an old mouldering iron-bound box, about two feet square, and apparently very heavy. This Peter's ghostly patron unlocked with a key suspended from his neck, and the youth's eyes were dazzled by the gleam of gold pieces that brimmed the chest.

"Hold thy fiddle bag, fiddler," quoth the grim figure; and as Peter obeyed, it thrust its hands into the gold, drawing them forth full of broad pieces, which it poured in a tinkling, flashing cataract into the gaping mouth of the fiddle bag.

Peter gasped for breath.

Another double handful, making the bag bulge like the paunch of William Todd, the innkeeper.

Peter's eyes almost started from their sockets.

Another double handful weighted the bag so that he could scarcely hold it.

Peter could contain himself no longer. He forgot the ghostly injunction to silence; he forgot every thing in the ecstasy of his newly acquired wealth.

"Lord Harry! here's luck!" he exclaimed aloud.

A peal of wild laughter, utter blackness, and Peter knew no more.

The next morning some friends of Peter's from the Bull's Head Tavern—led by curiosity, no doubt—had determined to visit him in his new quarters. After they had landed they hesitated about entering the house, until a one-legged Revolutionary soldier—Ebenezer Black by name—undertook to act as a scouting party of one. He opened the front door, stuck in his head, and called, "Peter! Peter!" but no answer was returned. After this he fell back upon the others, who were awaiting him in the boat. After some consultation they determined to enter the house in a body, which they did, placing Ebenezer Black in the front. Crossing the hall with dubious footsteps, and finding one of the folding-doors open that led to the great room, they peeped in. There lay Peter face downward on the floor. The first thought was that he was dead, but seeing the whiskey bottle beside him, the second thought was that he was drunk. They turned him over. "Yes, he's drunk," quoth Ebenezer Black; and with that they shook Peter. The youth opened his eyes at last, gazed round the room which had been the scene of the ghostly revel, now restored to its accustomed state of mouldering ruin, and then upon the faces which his dulled senses recognized at last as those of his familiar cronies. Near by lay the empty bottle, and the violin, cracked and split into a thousand pieces.

"Where's the money?" gasped Peter, as soon as he could regain his voice.

"The money?" queried his friends, looking at each other with lifted brows.

"Yes, the money—the fiddle bag."

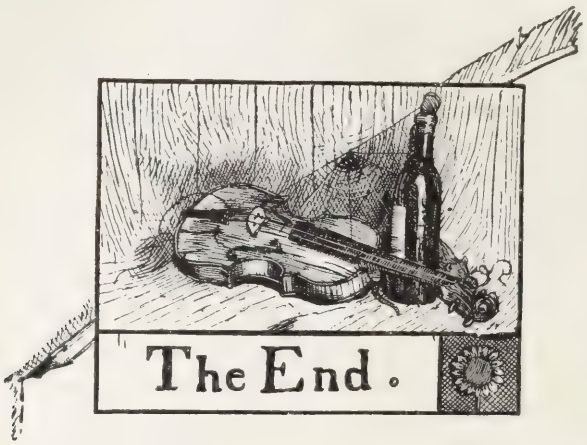
"Here's the fiddle bag, but there's nothin' in it."

Peter seized it eagerly, turned it inside out finally, but found in it not so much as a brass farthing.

Sitting on the floor, Peter then recounted the adventures of the preceding night, amid the awe-stricken attention of his auditors, who felt the terror of the place creeping over them in spite of its being broad daylight. The truth of the ghostly recital was proved beyond doubt, for there was the broken fiddle, also the bump on Peter's forehead, undoubtedly received when the ghost had knocked him down.

The account of Peter Matthews's encounter with the ghosts spread far and wide, and was a seven days' wonder in Chester, although on the eighth a few skeptical people began to shake their heads, and say that Peter's imagination bred more ghosts than ever Printz Hall did. But the next day after Peter's return to Chester, news came to town that Prince's Place was burned to the ground, and few could doubt that the ghosts alone had destroyed it.

I would say, in conclusion to this valuable and truthful narration, that in spite of the weak objections of carping skeptics, the facts herein set forth are, in my humble opinion, incontrovertible. Peter Matthews did become a Quaker, did marry Tacy Kelp, and did regain the respect of his sober neighbors; but there is surely no reason why scoffers should accuse him of endeavoring to cover up a drunken spree with a trumped-up tale of ghosts. Neither had he any necessity for using that story as an excuse for giving up fiddle-playing and jolly company. And I have heard him repeatedly declare, with the truest seriousness, that the worst enemy a man hath is his tongue, for not only doth it misrepresent him in nine cases out of ten, but it getteth him more cracks than pence.



THE KING COLLECTION OF ENGRAVED GEMS.

AN expression used by the Rev. C. W. King, the most distinguished English collector, in regard to engraved antique gems, is a most happy one. Mr. King calls engraved gems "little monuments of antiquity." This term "little" is to be understood simply as a limit of size, for though the heads, the full-length figures and their surroundings, may be cut and carved on a stone no larger than a pea, yet the effects produced are as grand, impressive, as large, as if worked on a frieze or painted on the widest spreading canvas. Here the perfect judgment of the Greek is visible. These old lovers of art scorned the immense. Quantity with them never took the place of quality. A Colossus of Rhodes might serve as a light-house, but the masterpieces of Greek work as they have come down to us, with the exception of the statues which were raised on an elevation, rarely exceed the proportions of the actual human form. To-day we, too, know and feel that in a Meissonier of but ten inches square there can be just as much force of drawing and breadth of color as in a panoramic picture by a Hans Makart. Engraved gems, then, when not archaic, but conceived in the best periods of art, are invariably of small size. One very distinguishing trait of true old glyptic art is that the work always covers the ground. By this is meant that if a subject is chosen—take, for instance, Nos. 4 and 8 of the illustrations, the figure with the amphora, and the sculptor in the act of modelling a bust—the subjects occupy the entire field. The Greek and Roman artists seemed to have a horror of wide margins. The blank framing of a work, the vague space of nothingness around a head or a subject, they would not allow. It was certainly the thing itself which, having had lavished on it all that art could give, was to be made good enough to bear the whole brunt of observation. They directly courted concentration of the perceptive powers.

As all true old intaglios at the time they were made were intended for signets and not for ornaments, stones of large size, being inconvenient when placed on the finger, were never used. Large intaglios are, then, to be regarded with positive suspicion. Cameos, which might have been worn for personal adornment, were of a certain size. The character of the stone, the shape of the back, often determine the authenticity of the engraved gem. Something like the palimpsests, which have first borne Egyptian hieroglyphs, and

later, Greek letters, a rounded stone, with an exquisite Greek subject on the one side, may show on its back the traces of the older Egyptian scarab. A scratch on the back of a stone may be all that is left of the hole which was once threaded by an Egyptian when he wore it as a scarab around his wrist or neck, like an amulet. It might have thus belonged first to a period 2000 years before the birth of Christ,



No. 1.—Phœnician gem.

and then received a higher impress of art, due to a Greek artist, some 1800 years afterward.

We must remain as yet some little in doubt as to the methods employed by the old artists to perfect these miracles of taste. We have, however, the absolute certainty that these ancient masters were familiar with the diamond, and that their best work was made by using this, the hardest of all substances, as a tool. A splintered fragment of the diamond served as a scraping tool, and they were well acquainted with the drill. Prehistoric man worked a drill at the very commencement of his existence. The No. 1—a Phœnician gem, a lion attacking a bull—shows how the drill was used. A number of circular depressions are found in the gem, which mark the extremities of the figures. This was done not only for the sake of effect, but to show the artist the limit of his work as to depth. After the holes were sunk, the artist united the various portions of his work by scratching. The crosscutting on the mane of the lion shows this method of treatment. Now the use of the diamond point or splinter, fixed in a style or iron socket, allowed a certain flexibility of handling, which our modern processes of gem-engraving do not permit. To-day the work is done by means of a minute rotating disk of copper, which is whetted with oil and diamond dust. On the least application of the substance to be cut to the disk, it is the disk which bites into the stone. The difference in manipulation is, then, that to-day it is the stone which goes to the tool, and not, as in olden times, the tool to the stone. It is more convenient, then, in 1879, to bring the cart to the horse. It can now be readily understood why in modern work, time and labor being spared (the art conception not entering for the present into the subject)—why this work of to-day is inferior to the art which is past. It is purely a mechanical process now, for a rotating disk will no more draw lines which have feeling than will photographing processes paint pictures. It has been stated that we are not entirely acquainted with the methods employed by the old glyptic artists. This becomes quite evident from this fact, that their best work seems to have been both cut and polished at one and the same time. To-day we have no tool, no substance, which will accomplish this double feat. Mr. King, dwelling on the diamond point, says "its



No. 2.—Capaneus.

extensive use is the great distinction between the antique and modern work." The Romans called the glyptic art *scalpere*, which signifies to scratch, while the Greek γλάφειν has the same meaning. Here two curious questions arise of a somewhat different character. From whence did the diamonds come used in gem-engraving? In such archæological researches as have been made, when the habits of prehistoric man have been carefully studied, it has become more and more evident that the primitive man wandered over a wider expanse of country than was first thought. There must have been, too, an interchange of natural products. The Lacustrine people used implements of jade.

Now to-day between Switzerland and China the distance is immense, yet only beyond the Ural Mountains is found the country where jade is discoverable. We know that Alexander penetrated into the East, but even before his time there must have been an interchange of diamonds,



No. 3.—Boy and dog.

which could only have come from the Indies. The other question which presents some points of interest is whether in engraving gems the Greeks and Romans made use of a magnifying-glass. This subject has offered a wide field for disputants. Now, strangely enough, because lenses might not be necessary for the cutting of gems, it has been argued that, as such helps to vision were not used, the ancients were quite ignorant of magnifying-glasses. The more we study the origin of glass, and its adaptation to human wants, the older we find it to be. It would be curious if we made some day an intermediate age, as the stone, the bronze, the glass periods. It is quite impossible to imagine that the old Greek or Roman, having the manipulation of glass at his finger-ends, did not know how to construct a lens. The first drop of dew, which scorched the leaf it magnified when the sun shone through it, would have taught man the double physical power of a lens. He could cut stones harder than glass, could give them a most lustrous polish; he could even do more, for he melted the sands and made false gems, which from their purity of color and brilliancy are so perfect today as to be considered by us as almost among the lost arts. It seems to be more and more probable that the recent method of toughening glass was perfectly well known to the Romans. Lenses may not, it is true, have been called upon as helps in cutting gems. It is the sense of touch in engraving hard stones, in polishing diamonds, which serves for eyesight. The old Greek artist must have worked in the various stages of engraving hard stones precisely as does the mechanic of to-day. He felt his way on the stone, taking from time to time an impression in wax. Yet so absolutely correct is this ancient work, that in the careful examination of these gems included in the King Collection, the general effects, though appreciable in all their beauty by the naked eye, are even enhanced when a glass is used. The perfection, the precision, of the work stands this powerful test. Instead of an enlarged field exaggerating faults, the strength and harmony of the pictures are absolutely augmented. That this increase in size does not in the least deteriorate from the exquisite character of the work is quite noticeable in the illustrations, which have been enlarged in some cases to twice the size of the gems. This amplification in the wood-cuts was necessary for this reason—that no graving tool, no matter how cunning was the hand of the artist, could ever be ground as sharp, clean, or fine as that splinter of diamond which, in the supple fingers of the Greek artist, cut these stones two or three thousands of years ago.

The materials the old gem-engravers used were of many kinds. The sard, chalcedony, onyx, jasper, garnet, jacinth, emerald, beryl, sapphire, ruby, topaz, turquoise, aventurine, and obsidian were all fashioned. It was in working on sard, which is nothing more than a very good kind of carnelian, that the old artist most delighted. The reasons for preferring this material are quite evident: a



No. 4.—Modelling an amphora.

sard had beauty of color, exceeding toughness, and would take a high polish. We may congratulate ourselves on the practical knowledge evinced by these old artists, for such sards as have come down to us are still absolutely perfect. After the sard, the onyx, sardonyx, the nicolo, and agate are the next favorites, all being varieties of the same stone. The onyx, from its offering a variety of colors,

sometimes being banded with three layers, was esteemed a very choice stone. Plasma, a chalcedony into which a salt of copper had been naturally filtered, was also a stone of choice during the later period of the Roman Empire. In jasper, the greenish shades were fairly regarded; but there was some mysterious source of jasper, vermilion-colored, used by the ancients, which can not be found to-day. Intaglios which are brownish, or rather dusky red, are not uncommon, but when found of pure vermilion are of exceeding rarity. The jacinth, a porous stone, must have presented some difficulty in working, as it was prone to splinter. Ancient work on jacinths has not stood the test of time's erosive tooth, and mostly appears in bad condition. The question as to whether the emerald existed in the times prior to the discovery of America is completely solved by the King Collection,



No. 5.—Africa.

which contains an engraved emerald of the later Roman period. When the brittle character of this stone is understood, one is amazed at the technical skill of the old artist. The beryl (aquamarine) was not often used by the ancients, though a most brilliant example (the No. 6), engraved in a beautiful aquamarine, forms the chiefest ornament of the King Collection. The sapphire, our lapis lazuli, was in common use; but the true sapphire, the hyacinthus of the ancients, when engraved, is among the rarest of stones, as only some half dozen have come down to us. It is not so much the rarity of the stone, but its exceeding hardness, which made it difficult to work. It is worth mentioning that the most famous of all gems cut on a sapphire, a stone an inch in diameter, a grand head of Jupiter, with the inscription ΠΥ, possibly the signature of the artist Pyragoles, was found imbedded in the pommel of a Turkish dagger, with the engraved surface set downward and concealed. It might not be unwise, then, for persons having antique Oriental arms to examine some of the stones, especially if they are cut in "cabochon." It has often occurred in Algerian arms thus decorated that fine Phœnician engraved gems have been



No. 6.—Head of Pallas.

brought to light. In rubies, intaglios are rare. Any gems offered for sale, said to be antique, when cut on sapphires or rubies, should be carefully examined, as they are mostly of modern work. The ancients, though caring for color and durability in the stone, were little inclined to waste their time and labor in overcoming obstacles which were only remarkable as evincing toil and patience. The play was not worth the candle. They preferred the sard, because it combined within itself so many advantages. The topaz, though brilliant and handsome, had the misfortune of being soft, and was rarely used.

In describing the tools and materials used by the old stone-engravers, a reply has been given in a certain measure to those questions so frequently asked of the expert, "How shall I determine what is an antique from an imitation of it?" "How shall I know what is true or what is false?"

Here comes in another phase of the subject, very much more difficult to explain. So far we have had to do only with the materialism of the subject, which has restricted laws. To distinguish what is the work of antiquity from that of recent date will always require a thorough knowledge of art in its highest conception. The musician who sees a violin made by one of the great makers of the seventeenth century may be pleased with the graceful form, the careful workmanship, though the material be but wood; but when the tone is brought out, it is his prac-

ticed ear which at once appreciates the purity, the volume, and sweetness of the sound. Ask him to explain what are the peculiarities of that sound, and though he be ever so eloquent, words are so vague that he can never express his ideas. With a perfect gem one feels at once that it is a work inspired by genius. It would be a grave mistake to declare that all old intaglios are good. There must have been many poor engravers of gems 300 years before the birth of Christ, with a few illustrious ones. There never has been nor will there ever be a communism of talent. Some gems are archaic in character, and are certainly more quaint than beautiful. It should be remembered, too, that on the finding of gems, accident has exercised no sorting process.

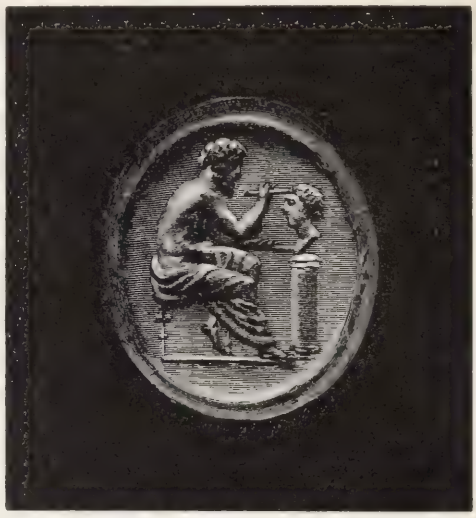
It is, then, a perfect familiarity with ancient art which alone allows the collector to distinguish what is ancient from modern work. The study of numismatics leads up in a certain measure to a good knowledge of the old glyptic art, but even ancient coins, superb and massive in style,



No. 7.—A Titan.

are wanting in the manifestations of those higher and loftier impulses which the engraved gem alone possesses.

Here are, then, some practical rules which may help the collector, the æsthetic considerations being put aside for the present. Antique intaglios are never of large size. In the illustrations the actual size of the No. 10 is barely half of an inch in its greater diameter. The work always covers the stone, and there is no margin. True antique intaglios are mostly irregular in shape, as close as possible to the original fragment of stone, or to the scarab which has been converted into an engraved gem. There is no great attempt made to polish the back. It is shaped up, possibly, by a rough process of grinding, and moderately lustrous. There is no ap-



No. 8.—Sculptor modelling a bust.

pearance of modern scamping, however, on the back, but it was on the front of the stone that the artist applied all his powers. Excessive polish on the face of the gem is sufficient to awaken doubts as to authenticity. Mr. King says "a high degree of polish on the face of the gem, although in itself a suspicious circumstance, does not infallibly stamp an intaglio as a work of modern times, for it has been the unfortunate practice with jewellers to repolish the surface of a good antique intaglio in order to remove the scratches and traces of friction which true antiques usually present." Many a fine antique, then, like a good old picture, has been cleaned out of existence. Even a roughly worn surface may be a trick of the modern gem-forger. There is a cunning game played by Italians on innocent strangers who hunger for antiques. A brand-new engraved stone is procured for a few scudi, and this is crammed down a turkey's craw. Now the gizzards of birds have a surprising muscular force, with powers of attrition increased by the gravel they swallow. The gem leaves the bird with a peculiar antique-looking surface. Another method is to take a true antique of little merit and to retouch it. A careful scrutiny with a glass will show incongruity of handling. On the same stone will be the honest work of by-gone centuries with the jobbery of to-day.

It used to be thought that antique gems

were always lustrous in their internal polish, but this is not the case. Very careful examination of an engraved gem by means of a glass will show a certain dim haziness on the face of the stone, which no trick will imitate. It is the delicate touch of that great smoother of all things, time. A wavy scratchiness in the figure shows after a little study how the diamond splinter was used. In an intaglio of merit, lofty conception and accurate work go hand in hand. So uniform, so suave, is the conception, so careful the labor, that the hard stone seems as if it had been fused, and hardly scraped at all. One single ornamental adjunct helps to give an idea of period. When a filleted border surrounds the gem it generally stamps it as belonging to the Etruscan period, as in the No. 8, which is of the eighth century before Christ.

With all these data, as has been before stated, it is the design which alone can



No. 9.—Apollo.



No. 10.—Brutus the younger.

give facts as to the authenticity of the gem. There is a decadence in the glyptic art which is, of course, appreciable. All art springs from one source, though it diverges through innumerable channels. Whenever the fountain-head, then, becomes turbid, all the tributaries must run foul. This decadence, however, in engraved gems, is not so appreciable as in old coins. It was about the time of Alexander, or shortly subsequent to it, that the glyptic art was at its climax. For centuries afterward it struggled successfully against false departures. The reasons for its continued excellence are not difficult to explain. The finest designs on gems were mostly copies, with very slight variations, of renowned statues. Thus divine forms were perpetuated. As the glyptic artist was only employed by rich and powerful people, he was not obliged to make poor or cheap work, and thus the glorious traditions of his craft were retained. A good Greek style survived among the Romans even in the time of Augustus.

In the subjects depicted the sequence seems to have been about as follows: the Etruscans, or Græco-Italians, engraved animals, such as the ox, the stag, and lion. The art conception is not very high, but the cutting is good. Then followed the human figure in his various pursuits; next came the heroes, the Pelagic and Hellenic deities, still somewhat imbued with archaic feeling. Then this conventionalism disappeared about the Alexandrian age, and glyptic art arose in all its greatness, for kings allowed their august features to be cut on stones. Something most important to remember is this, that in the composition of subjects, save in the very earliest of intaglios, there is always something placid and serious in the artistic conception. Distortions of the body and violence of action are eschewed. There must be simplicity with repose. There never is meretricious art. Contemporary or actual history has no place on antique gems. One might suppose that the Latin poets would have furnished many a theme for an engraver on stone, but none such exist.

It can now be understood that an acquaintance with antique engraved gems, so that a person may become an expert, requires a great deal of study. As to the

appreciation of such gems, that sensation of delight which only a beautiful object can give is immediate. The same intense pleasure is experienced in studying the



No. 11.—Julia Titi.

No. 6, a head of Pallas, in the King Collection, as strikes even the most indifferent in looking at the Venus of Milo in the Louvre.

From the fall of Rome to the Italian Renaissance gem-engraving in Europe was a lost art. It was at the close of the fifteenth century that a love for the antique was born, which became almost a human passion; then the glyptic art had a new birth. It is wonderful how rapidly the art revived, and what excellent work was done by such Italian masters as Giovanni delle Carniole, Pietro Maria, Matteo dei Benedetti, Maretti, Tagliacarne, and others. This was the best period of modern work. It might have been supposed that in a century afterward, with better tools, the work would have improved, but such was not the case. During the fifteenth and part of the sixteenth centuries gem-engravers were saturated with true Greek sentiment, and originated work conceived within the limits of that high school of art. After them, engravers seem to have had but one end in view, and that was to palm off their work as Greek or Roman. Sham art must always be an abject failure, for it has no aspiration beyond that of money-making. No true artist ever worked only for the market. The more lucrative became the trade, the meaner it was. These modern works were fitted for *petit maîtres*, and were ornaments worthy only of decorating the charms of a Pompadour, or to clatter on the fob-ribbon of a red-heeled marquis. The style is loose and soft. It is inclined to sprawl, and is generally sensuous. Compared with old work, it is Watteau in juxtaposition with Michael Angelo. It is no more high art than is glass-tumbler-cutting. This wretched work, which flooded Europe, has been a curse to the glyptic art. It has taken half a century to weed out this trash, these masquerade stones, from the nobler gems in many a cabinet.

During the course of some years the writer, while examining many small collections of engraved gems in the United States, has found a preponderance of forgeries in proportion to those of classic origin. Still, hidden among the trash, were a number of intaglios of surprising beauty and merit, most of them purchased forty or fifty years ago.

The engravings which serve to illustrate one of the noblest chapters of ancient art have been taken from the gems in the King Collection, which has been exhibited for the last two months in New York by M. Gaston L. Feuardent. This collection was made by the Rev. C. W. King, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and is the result of some forty years of study. It was to Mr. King that General Di Cesnola confided the examination of the engraved gems found in the treasure of Curium, and the admirable article on "The Rings and Gems in the Treasure of Curium" in Cesnola's *Cyprus* is due to Mr. King. The



No. 12.—Minerva (Dea Roma).

King Collection consists of 331 pieces, and covers the whole ground of the glyptic art. As types of the collection, some sixteen gems have been taken, commencing at a period one thousand years before Christ, and ending with an engraved gem of the sixteenth century.

The No. 1 is Phœnician, tenth century before Christ, and its greatest diameter is

0.69 of an inch. The subject is a bull attacked by a lion. It is archaic in style, but shows strength and power. The use of the drill is evident, and the crosscutting in the mane of the lion is peculiar. Chalcedony.

No. 2.—Very old Greek or Etruscan, with a filleted border. Capaneus struck by Jove's thunder-bolt. Very powerful in conception, rather partaking of more violence of action than was in favor in a later period; a perfect example of early condensation of art, in opposition to the transition period; very perfect in all the details of arms. Colored agate, blanched by fire. Greater diameter, 0.59.

No. 3.—Little boy and dog; Greek work. This is a charming idea—the big hound



No. 13.—A GRYLLUS.

with his head on the boy, the child fondling it. The drawing of the dog is absolutely faultless, and his points would make him a favorite at any bench show. The pose of the child is perfect. The stone has been originally a scarabeus. On a ruby-colored sard. Sixth century before Christ. Greater diameter, 0.66. In holding this stone to the light, it becomes evident that the old artist desired to produce new effects by transmitted light.

No. 4.—Greek work of the best class; possibly repolished later in some parts, but not enough to harm it: a figure of a potter at work on an amphora. Admirable in drawing and in its absolute thoroughness. Fine yellow sard. Fifth century before Christ. Greater diameter, 0.65. Art in its state of transition.

No. 5.—Africa. "The finest known of its class, an intaglio of extraordinary merit" (King). This head with the adornment is a type used on certain coins of the Ptolemies, and later by the Alexandrine mintage. Its depth is surprising. The elephant ears, the surmounting small trunk and tusks, indicate the emblems of "the Dark Continent." The mouth, the cheeks, the whole contour of the face, are perfect. On a curious sard, in which filaments of iron are visible. Greek. Fourth century before Christ. Greater diameter, 0.70.



No. 14.—THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

No. 6.—Head of Pallas, with classic helmet. This is one of the most exquisite conceptions of antiquity. Nothing can exceed the freshness of the outlines of this beautiful face. It may be worth recording that in executing the very admirable copy of this head, as seen in the illustration, the artist declared that the calm beauty of this profile would ever elude the graver of the most proficient. It was so fine that neither steel nor wood could ever give that delicacy which only the diamond point could impart to a stone. This head bears near the flowing tresses the inscription, ΡΕΓΑ. On an aquamarine. Fourth century before Christ. Greater diameter, 0.61. The purity of the stone may be considered as typical of the virgin goddess.

No. 7.—A Titan, double serpent-legged. He brandishes a sword in one hand, and in the other displays a lion's skin. Italo-Greek, on a large sard, which has been blanched by fire. It is an example of the large size of engraved gems. Third century before Christ. Greater diameter, 0.85.

No. 8.—A sculptor modelling a bust in wax, a perfect specimen of a large subject on a small ground. With a glass the great precision of the work is even increased. A brown sard. Greek work. Third century before Christ. Greater diameter, 0.55. In every line the close attention of the sculptor to his work is evident.

No. 9.—Apollo, in a most graceful position, one hand resting on his lyre, the other on the head of a small figure. This gem shows particularly what is meant by classic repose. The upper part of the body of the god is nude, and the flesh is wonderfully modelled. A gem almost

identical with this one is found in the *châsse* in Troyes Cathedral, probably brought to France after the sack of Constantinople by the Franks. Sard of unusual size. Greek, or perhaps Roman. Two centuries before Christ. Greater diameter, 0.84. Rather affected style of art, peculiar to that period.

No. 10.—Brutus the younger: certainly an authentic portrait. The peculiarity of Roman work is visible, the beard on the side of the head being noticeable. This gem has been slightly chipped. Sard of very fine shade. Roman. First century before Christ. Greater diameter, 0.50.

No. 11.—There can be little doubt but that this gem perpetuates the features of Julia Titi, who appears deified as Juno, with a peacock head-dress. Julia received a stinging epigram from Martial when she once aped Venus. The work is faithful enough, but it shows a decline from the higher inspirations of art. On very fine amber-colored sard, advantage having been taken of a flush of red on the stone, which appears on the cheek. Roman work. First century after Christ. Greater diameter, 0.69.

No. 12.—Minerva as Dea Roma, seated on a pile of armor, spear in hand. Manner of treatment showing repose after subjugation of the enemies of Rome. This figure must be well known to those who remember the old English pennies with the Britannia. Cut on lapis lazuli. Roman. First century after Christ. Greater diameter, 0.85.



No. 15.—Christian martyr.

No. 13.—This example has been taken to show the gryllus, and the eccentricity rather than the comicality of the Romans. It was quite a favorite idea with them to combine in an ingenious way half a dozen incongruous forms, and to arrange them into the semblance of some well-known thing. This gryllus is made up of a wolf, a boar, and a lizard, and so fused together they form a helmet. We jumble up to-day different things in the same way, and, as human tastes, like fashions, repeat



No. 16.—Psyché and the box of beauty.

themselves, quite lately advertising cards have been made with the same idea. Sometimes a hidden meaning was concealed in these grylli. In this case the gryllus is compounded of elements sacred to Minerva, Mars, and Mercury. A fine sard. Roman work of the second century after Christ. Greater diameter, 0.60.

No. 14 is of the greatest interest, as it is the earliest specimen of engraved stonework conveying the modern idea of Deity. It shows the Good Shepherd carrying the lost lamb on his shoulders. In the field sun and moon are conjoined. The letters IAH—N mean, perhaps, Nomen JAH—"In the name of the Lord." It should be remembered that the symbol of the shepherd carrying an animal is perfectly pagan, and that Christians changed the ram of the Greek to a lamb. The work is executed on a fine red jasper; is rather stiff as to the limbs, drapery, and animals, though the head is fairly good. Roman work. Third century after Christ. Greater diameter, 0.59.

No. 15.—This is undoubtedly Christian work, and is the touching souvenir of a martyrdom. Before the monogram of Christ kneels a female figure, and a naked swordsman, armed with a razor-shaped sword, is in the act of decapitating the woman. A dove with an olive branch—badge of her sacred calling—is at her feet. Both figures stand on a palm branch. Under this runs the legend ANFT, "which," says Mr. King, "represents the customary formula, Annum Novum Faustam Tibi," which indicates the purpose of the gem as a New-Year's gift. The work on

this gem is elaborate, and the grouping fairly well conceived. It is cut in red jasper, is Roman work, and of the third century after Christ. Greater diameter, 0.55.

No. 16.—This engraved gem has been purposely chosen with the idea of showing a very good specimen of modern work, as it is of the latter part of the sixteenth century, perhaps of the seventeenth. It represents a Psyche opening the box of beauty which Proserpine entreated her to carry to Venus. This Psyche shows the decadence of art by comparison with the other gems. The Psyche sprawls, and to a hypercritical taste is something like a *ballet danseuse.* The gossamer wings and floating scarf belong too much to the theatrical *mise en scène.* It is pretty and frothy. The inscription, ΓNAIOK, is, says Mr. King, the catch signature of the engraver. It is worth recalling that, as to signatures on these Greek gems, the letters run irregularly, and are never placed ostentatiously. The Greek sign-painter or letterer, if he existed, was a singularly modest man. This particular gem was once in the Poniatowsky collections. It is cut on amethyst of very fine color; is Italian—possibly French. Greater diameter, 1.27.

In this brief article the early Assyrian glyptic art has not been mentioned. Its characteristics, as shown on cylinders and on flat stones, are too manifest and striking to require an explanation. The artistic merits in such work, though it has boldness and high finish, scarcely assert themselves to modern eyes.

In concluding this slight study on engraved gems, the exceeding faithfulness and artistic excellence of the illustrations may be asserted, for it is quite certain that the beauty of the glyptic art has never been before so thoroughly understood and interpreted. For most valuable information on engraved gems great indebtedness is acknowledged to the Rev. C. W. King, whose manuscript notes accompanying this unique collection were confided to the writer.

THE NAVESINK HIGHLANDS.

TWENTY miles southward on a clear day may be seen from the Narrows the most eastern curve in a chain of hills known as the Highlands of Navesink, forming a bold headland apparently jutting out into the sea. A nearer approach, however, reveals a shining river guarding the dark bluffs, and a long, low, narrow strip of sand separating both from the Atlantic Ocean.

This beautiful region—part of the eastern border of Monmouth County, New Jersey—although known as early as 1609, settled more than two centuries ago, and almost within sound of Trinity bells, is to-day as primitively lovely as if it were a hundred years and a hundred miles away. The great magician Improvement waving his wand northward and southward, scores of airy structures have sprung up, the blaze of their many windows lighting up the beaches and bluffs every where from Coney Island to Cape May, save here. "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther," murmured the genius of repose, brooding over these sunny hills, and the bright enchanter fled along the outmost strand, leaving only the faint lines of a railway and the trailing smoke of a locomotive to mark his flight.

Thither, then, to the "bonny Highlands," we were bound on the *Sea-Bird* one bright afternoon in middle June. Constituting myself "guide, philosopher, and friend" of our party as we steamed down the bay, I related the sad fate of the gallant young Hamilton Haliburton and his twelve comrades, who perished off the low coast of Sandy Hook by shipwreck, the Countess Dowager of Morton erecting a monument to their "dear memory" in the little Sandy Hook grave-yard, where they were buried. A tablet commemorating the sad event may be seen in St. Paul's Church, New York. I also did not forget, as we floated past Horseshoe Harbor, to dwell on the astonishment of the Neve-sinck Indians as they saw the "mighty canoe of the Great Spirit" gliding in from the watery world beyond, and dropping anchor in its quiet waters.

Entering the placid Shrewsbury, with its high bluffs on the right and its low sandy beach on the left, the old-fashioned draw of the long bridge swung lazily back, and passing through, we stopped at the wooden pier beyond.

A short walk brought us to the foot of a finely wooded slope, on the side of which, on a green plateau surrounded by trees,



MOONRISE ON THE SEA.

stood an "old-time" country hotel and two small cottages, with lofty hills and the light-houses in the background, and a foreground of blue river, sandy beach, and ocean. Mounting flights of vine-shadowed stairs leading up terraces, we gained the pretty porch of our summer home, and found ourselves shut in from the busy world completely; every where the eternal waves, the everlasting hills, and over all a dreamful silence, broken only by the faint beating of the distant surf and the ripple of the nearer river.

We had planned for an Arcadian summer; so our broad hats and alpenstocks were soon unpacked, the ship chairs installed on the lawn, the hammocks swung, and every thing prepared for pleasurable activity or sweet idleness. We were to take our meals at delightful, unconventional old Thompson's, so that no household cares should interfere with our rambling, rowing, or dreaming.

After supper we hailed a boatman for a row to the beach. Midway over the river, looking far down stream, I could see dimly a gray monastic-looking pile, with many windows, and lights flitting to and fro. Sounds of distant music, like the notes of a great organ, floated faintly over the water.

"What is that?" I asked, in surprise.

"Them lights to the south'ard?" laughed our boatman. "Why, that's the Bellevue, an' that 'ere noise is the band. Ah! that's a rouser, is that hotel; it has more'n a hundred rooms, all furnished beautiful from top to toe. The old Ocean House used to stand there, but, consarn it! it burned down. But, as I was a-sayin', this 'ere hotel has jes got the loveliest kitchen—more like a pictur' than a bony-fidy kitchen—an' a brass-band, an' all the modern conveniences. But, look 'ee, when a nor'easter comes some of those fine winter nights, I wouldn't like to be the man in charge of her; you may bet your boots on that! You see, it's built on the sand, like the house in the Scriptur'—a bit too nigh the water, an' low like, to my thinkin'. Orter hev been built on the mountain', fur instance, like Thompson's—sensible. But, Lord 'a massy! 'tain't none of my fault if folks won't take advice, an' the holy Scriptur' right afore their eyes, an' likewise the ocean!" grumbled our Charon, drawing up to the boat-landing.

We strolled along the beach, enjoying the faint salty breeze, and listening to the rhythmic chant of the waves. We sat on the sands, and waiting, saw the moon rising, orbed like the sun, large, round, and ruddy, from the eastern sea, drawing a second moon from out the deep; and lo! a thousand little waves ran out to meet her, flushing rosily, crowding one upon another, lifting silver crests to greet her.

From a point a quarter of a mile below the boat-landing the view of the Highlands is exquisite, especially by moonlight. Looking over the river, one sees them rising, massive and darkly beautiful, from its waters, lifting one above another, sweeping west and northward, here and there a twinkle of cottage lamps on the nearer slopes, and higher beyond, like crosses of white fire, the

twin lights of Navesink. So little has the hand of man interfered with their primal aspect, these beautiful hills present about the same picture that greeted Hendrick Hudson two hundred and seventy years ago, when he moored the *Half-Moon* in Horseshoe Harbor. The whole Navesink region, then famous as a hunting and fishing ground (the name Neve-sinck meaning fishing-place), was inhabited by a simple-minded, gentle race of Indians—the Neve-sincks—a branch of the Delawares.

Apropos of the Indians and their treatment by the settlers of East Jersey, Shawuskuhkung, a chief of the Delawares, said, in an address to the New Jersey Legislature: "Not a drop of our blood have you spilled in battle; not an acre of our ground have you taken but by our own consent. Nothing but benisons can fall upon New Jersey from the lips of a Lenni-Lennappé."

The next morning some friends from the Pavilion joined us in our trip to the light-house: one a young lady artist, the other a student, looking exceedingly picturesque in his broad sombrero, and a long linen duster, cut in a quaint, Capuchin fashion, but sensible withal.

We reached the top of the hill, after a long climb, on the southern side of the light-house.

Entering the room next to the northern tower, noting the huge vessels of lard-oil, we followed our guide, the keep-



HIGHLANDS FROM THE BEACH.

er, up a narrow iron stairway winding up to the second landing. Here we paused a moment to look at the paraphernalia of the light-house.

On the green in front of the keeper's quarters, the light-house children, rosy and chubby as a group of Albani's Loves, were playing around an old cannon that



SANDY HOOK FROM LIGHT-HOUSE.

The Highland lights are both Fresnel fixed white lights of the first order, burning from two to four gallons apiece nightly, and showing as far as the curvature of the earth admits, the apparatus costing about $53,000.

The light-houses—one an octagon, and the other a square tower—flank a long, low, battlemented building containing the keeper's quarters, and are built of the new red sandstone of the liassic period, in Anglo-Norman style; they stand about 250 feet above the level of the sea, and occupy the site of the old round towers of President Adams's time.

The views from the outer gallery around the lamp are lovely beyond description. Twenty miles northward, through an atmosphere thin, pure, and clear as crystal, may be seen the waters of the Narrows—a glint of silver between the dark bluffs of Staten Island and Fort Hamilton; to the northeast, the white glimmer of Coney Island and Rockaway beaches; and nearer, yellow Sandy Hook, its bay and harbor; westward, stretching away in sunshine, in gentle undulations, like an emerald sea, the forest-clad Highlands; below, wooded banks sloping to the Shrewsbury and the white bridge spanning it; beyond a strip of sand, a fringe of foamy breakers; and bounded by the eastern horizon, sweeping north, east, and south, with here and there a sun-lit sail, the broad Atlantic Ocean.

Descending from our airy height, and passing around to the front of the light-house, we were greeted by a charming picture, which we at once named "Peace and War," our artist friend imploring us to silence, that she might make a drawing of the scene.

lay half buried in flowers and grasses; astride of it sat a wee golden-haired lassie, laughing merrily as she pelted her companions with daisies, the grim cannon throwing out her rounded limbs and bare white feet in bright relief.

"That old field-piece was cast in Spain, and used by the colonists as a signal-gun," whispered a voice close beside me.

"Hush!" said I; and we watched and waited, the sketch progressing rapidly, till suddenly we were startled by a shrill voice from the keeper's quarters.

"Loretta! Loretta! dinner's ready!" it cried; and in an instant, with a twinkling of bare feet, the pretty Loves took wings to the light-house.

The next day we hired one of the old-fashioned stages peculiar to the region—long, high, open on all sides, mounted on good springs, and capacious—Kate, the Doctor, the child Dora, Lucy, our artist friend, the student, myself, and the lunch basket finding ample room on its cushioned seats.

Rolling pleasantly along the fine hard road to Navesink, the Highlands rising steeply on our right hand, lovely orchards and sunny fields on our left, we passed here and there a quaint villa embowered in trees, through whose branches we caught glimpses of blue ocean and glints of shining river.

Our driver—Pompey, an intelligent black—commending the view from Minturn's Point, we drove in, and approaching the pretty untenanted villa beyond the shadowing trees, found a view of sea and rivers reminding one of the lagoons of Venice and its Lido. Before us the two rivers, separated by a fork of yellow land fringed with reeds and grasses; eastward,



PEACE AND WAR.

the long narrow beach between the Shrewsbury and the ocean, with Bellevue, and southeastward the clustering cabins of Seabright on its foam-fringed border; southward, fairy islands gemming its sheeny breast, the blue Navesink.

Taking the road again, as we entered a magnificent wood of red oaks, tulip, hickory, and chestnut trees, Pompey informed us, with a smiling importance, that we were on the Hartshorne property, adding, with a chuckle: "Sakes alive! dunno where you wouldn't be in dese heah parts."

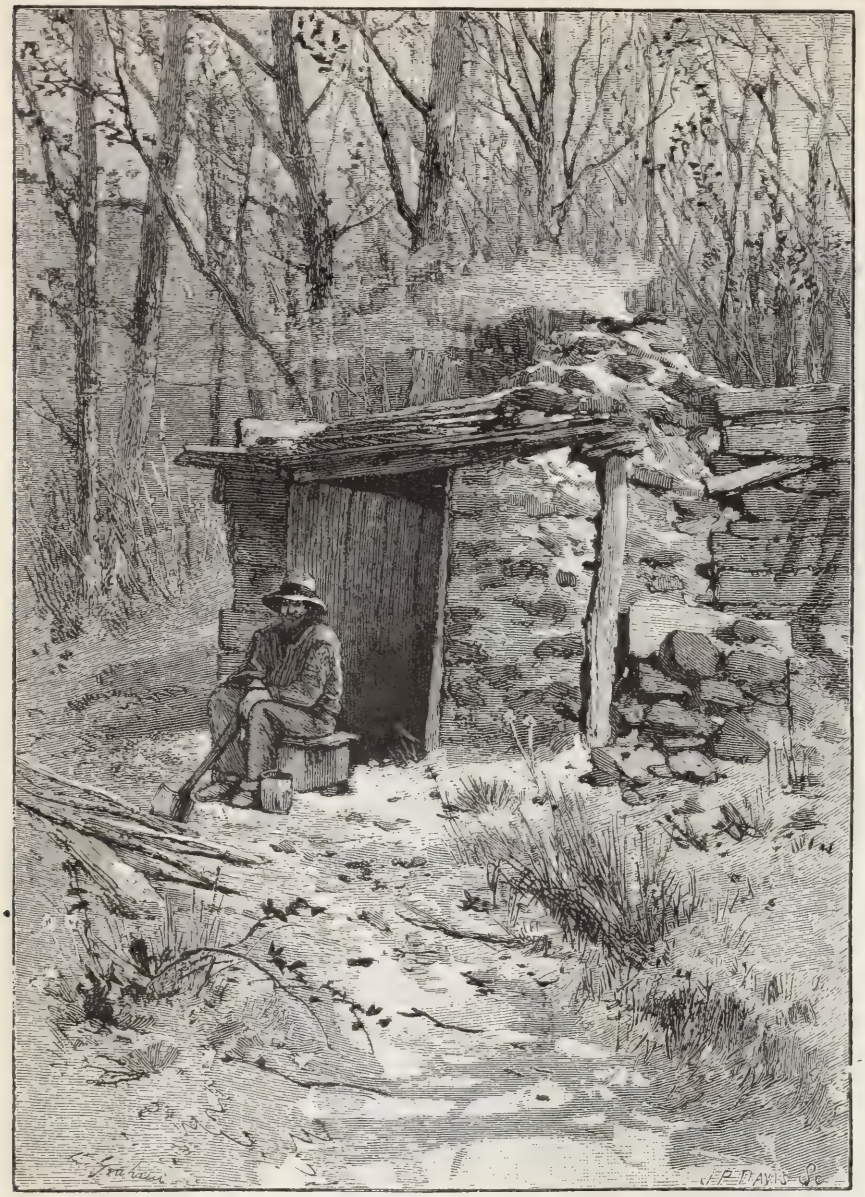
Hartshorne is one of the oldest names in the Highlands. The first member of the family, Richard, came over from London in 1666, settling what is still called Portland Point. He belonged to the Society of Friends, was a man of excellent character, and held important offices under the Provincial Governors. Hugh Hartshorne figured later in Colonial times as one of the twelve Proprietors of East Jersey, in connection with William Penn.

With the characteristic spirit of the good old Jersey families, the Hartshornes have preserved their broad acres almost intact, steadily resisting so-called improvement, thanks to which spirit one can behold the Highlands wrapped to-day in the sylvan beauty of their primal morn.

"There's an ole gen'leman libbin' up in de woods yonder; mebbe yous all would like to see him. Folks call him Uncle Sammy the hermit," exclaimed Pompey, suddenly reining up his horses.

"Certainly," said we; and alighting, we had not penetrated far up the wooded slope when we discerned a faint line of smoke curling up among the trees from a rude chimney at the corner of the hermit's cabin. Sending the Doctor ahead, as the most discreet member of our party, to reconnoitre, we stole quietly up and seated ourselves on the trunk of a fallen tree to await events.

Standing in front of the tiny cabin, his broad tall form towering above the roof, and eclipsing the humble doorway, the Doctor knocked gently. Meeting no response, he called, softly, "Uncle Sammy!" once, twice, thrice. Still no sound but the crackle of dry twigs, as Dora, with solemn eyes, drew softly near him. "Uncle Sammy!" piped a child-voice, low and clear. And yet no answer. Whereupon the Doctor, growing impatient, stooped down, applying first his eye and then his ear to the latch-hole, making a



THE HERMIT OF NAVESINK.

most absurd personification of curiosity, that sent us all off in peals of laughter. Presently we saw a small thin old man trudging toward us through the trees, carrying an axe over his shoulder, and walking with a firm, vigorous tread, and an air of proprietorship that was highly amusing.

"Did ees want to see Uncle Sammy?" inquired the old man, laying down his axe before the cabin-door.

"Yes, we came to ask if you were getting on comfortably," I replied.

"I'm comfortable enough, thank'ee," said the old man, not without a touch of pride in his manner, adding, with a merry twinkle of his blue eyes, "I'm sort o' used to being alone, an' no one to bother me; been alone twenty or thirty year, an' I shall turn ninety come January. Lor' bless ye! when I wor young, I was a reg'lar blade, an' full of the de'il as the next one; but, you see, I got marrit, an' sobered down. Long as the old woman lived I had a home, but when the boys got wives o' their own an' young uns, an' my old woman went, it was, 'Daddy, hold the baby,' 'Daddy, mind the child,' till I was that worrit I was nigh crazy. Sez I to myself, 'Sammy, it is no place for you;' no more it was; so I just pulled up stakes, built myself a bit of a house, an' here I am. Seems to me I've a kind of a right here, seein' my own father sarved in the Revolution seven year for this country. I wanted to jine in the last rebellion myself, but they wouldn't have me, cos I was too old, consarn them!"

"May we see your house inside?" ventured Dora, timidly.

"Oh yes, an' welcome," answered the old man, cheerily.

One by one, bowing our heads, we passed into the smoky interior, surveying the hermit's small possessions. In one corner sparkled a bright fire of logs; opposite the chimney-place a rude pallet of straw stretched on a frame-work of oars served as bed; while a rough box, doing duty as table and chair, some pieces of cracked and broken delf, a rusty flint-lock, and the axe, formed the sum total of his wealth.

"Are you warm enough in winter?" inquired Dora, sympathetically, as the old man stirred the fire, making the sparks fly up the chimney.

"Lor' bless the child!—yes. Why, I was foolish enough to live in a big house one o' the naburs would have me take care of last winter; why, I like to hev froze to death. Ah, there's nothin' like your own home!"

"Come," cried the Doctor, impatiently,

"uncle wants to cook his dinner, and it's high time we were off."

"Oh, no, no, never mind me," interposed the old man, hastily hanging his pot over the fire, and coming to the door again, adding, wistfully, as he stroked Dora's bright hair: "A nice little gal. Come again, dearie."

Leaving the old philosopher shading his eyes with one thin brown old hand, and peering after us from his doorway, we resumed our drive, further on taking a side road, and entering a long, low, shadowy lane, roofed in by red dogwoods and hickories, whose spreading boughs were so thickly interwoven that only here and there a golden dust of sunlight sifted down, thickets of laurel and tall sumacs, garlanded by mountain woodbine and starry clematis, walling us in from the sylvan world beyond, a

> "world so hushed,
> The stilly murmur of the distant sea
> Told us of silence."

Emerging once more into sunshine, we felt the fresh breeze on our faces, and found the road curving steeply hillward to an upper level bordered by thin woods, from which we were still separated by a dense underbrush. The silence here was broken by the cheerful tinkle of a hidden brook. Presently we caught a flash of its bright waters. Alighting, we pushed aside the dusky alders and found it —a tiny thing, brown and clear as topaz, dimpling and rippling over its bed of pure white pebbles overhung by giant ferns. Near this spot we found the ruins of an old mill.



RUINS OF OLD MILL.

Cook's *Geology of New Jersey* accounts for the presence of the sea-pebbles above alluded to, and the drifts of fine quartzose sand accompanying them, on the Highlands, by supposing this region to have "formerly been the bed of an ancient ocean suddenly elevated," and afterward "swept over by masses of ice, wearing and tearing it" into the hills and valleys of the present period.

Further on a pleasant surprise awaited us, a turn in the road bringing us in sight of an exquisite little English Gothic church, looking as if some genii had borne it over the sea and dropped it on the sunny side of the hill, built of the warm-tinted breccia or pudding-stone of the Highlands, trimmed with red sandstone, its mullioned windows half concealed by a rich growth of ivy that mantled the walls to the very top of the tiny tower. A chapel or school stood on the left, near the road, and on the right, further up the hill, a quaint little rectory, hidden in vines and surrounded by flowers. The interior of the little church, with its oaken pews, carved font and balustrade, the simple altar within the chancel, dimly lighted by richly colored glass, was in perfect keeping with the exterior. A tablet in the south wall informed us that John and



CHURCH NEAR NAVESINK.

Lydia Stevens presented the church to the parish. We also learned it was planned by Upjohn, the architect, and built in 1869.

Climbing to the crest of a hill beyond, we were rewarded for our trouble by the beauty of the views in every direction. Far below, winding like ribbons of silver, lay the Shrewsbury and Navesink rivers. Southward, at the foot of the hills, nestled the white hamlet of Navesink; northward, the dark bluffs of the Highlands were girt about by shining waters.

The next morning, taking the road skirting Beacon Hill, we started for Mount Mitchell and Parkerstown, the small fishing village down by the river-side. Strolling leisurely to the little settlement on the northern slope of the Highlands, we ventured to peep in at the pretty school-house, where as many as threescore little sunburned boys and girls were earnestly engaged in study. Discovering our presence, an instant hush fell upon the babbling throng, some hiding their faces in their aprons, and others fixing upon us that bright but timid gaze reminding one of startled hares. A short walk brought us to the scene of Cooper's romantic story of the *Water-Witch*. A tottering chimney, some ruined walls, and a smoke-house in fair preservation are all that remain of the "Rust in Lust," where "La Belle Barberie" and her worthy uncle resided. The pretty Dutch villa, with its fantastic chimneys and picturesque little gables, was renovated and used as a country hotel till within the last three years, when it unfortunately burned down.

The cove where the *Water-Witch* sheltered, and the wood where the "Skimmer of the Seas" stole up to the burgher's house with his bales of silks and furs, are still pointed out by the country folk. Smuggling was frequent and profitable along this coast in the days of Queen Anne, the Dutch not being overburdened with loyalty to her Gracious Majesty. We also passed Gravelly Point, where the British troops embarked for Sandy Hook after the battle of Monmouth, taking "fourteen miles of baggage with them," if we may believe a German historian of the time.

A mile or so northward the road began to ascend again, thickets of mountain ash and silver birches making their appearance, interspersed with masses of tall rhododendrons, flushing the woods into sudden splendor with their rosy blossoms.

Further on, turning from the highway, we entered a dusky woodland path, emerging from which, we came upon a broad

road that, bordered by straggling trees and bushes, and set with bowlders, led up to the rude observatory on the crest of the mountain; gaining which, we mounted its rickety stairs to an upper platform, and found ourselves the centre of a lovely panorama of green hills and sapphire waters: eastward, aglitter in the sun, the broad Atlantic, and nearer, the Shrewsbury River, pouring its swift current into Sandy Hook Bay, and the bay flowing seaward; northward, the Jersey shore and the islands of New York Harbor, and nearer, a fleet of wind-bound vessels mirrored in the still waters of Horseshoe Harbor; and southward, the Navesink Highlands, with the light-houses on Beacon Hill.



RUINS OF "RUST IN LUST."

Northwest of Mount Mitchell begins the great plastic clay region, stretching over and joining the famous marl beds of Monmouth County, both sweeping thence to the Delaware River, the marl beds being, as it were, vast cemeteries filled with the remains of animals of the cretaceous period. These marls possess remarkable fertilizing properties, thousands of tons being annually dug, applied to the Jersey lands, or sold out of the State, the trade being a feature of this portion of East Jersey.

The day was far advanced when we found ourselves once more on the highway, marching homeward, laden with the lovely spoil of the country—ferns, flow-



PARKERSTOWN, MOUNT MITCHELL IN THE DISTANCE.

ers, and feathery grasses — plucked to please a passing fancy. Leaving the road about two miles south of Mount Mitchell, we clambered down a wooded declivity. Before us lay a marshy plain, gay with meadow grasses, and dotted over by bay bushes and a few gnarled, storm-twisted cedars. Beyond, on the left, a rambling street, lined on either side by weather-beaten cottages and old ice-houses, and paved with shells, ran down to the river; these, with a few cabins standing back or grouped along shore, and a small brown church, comprised the fishing village of Parkerstown. As we strolled through the quiet street to the beach, groups of sun-burned, yellow-haired women gazed curiously at us from the doorways, and a score of tow-headed youngsters scurried away, hiding themselves behind the fences, whence they peered forth cautiously. Finding we were harmless, they followed us to the beach, looking more like kelpies than human beings, with their bleached locks and nut-brown faces.

We seated ourselves on some upturned boats. Behind us were the shabby little houses, the women, children, and shells; and near us, some fishing nets spread on the fences to dry. Looking up and down the beach, we saw only drowsy signs of life —a group of cows knee-deep in the water; three small boys crabbing; a bevy of ducks floating idly by; and far overhead in the blue ether a fish-hawk circling on lazy wing. Strolling homeward we added to our treasures from the mountain great bunches of the fragile-looking yet hardy sea-lavender, that gives its purple coloring to the patches of meadow fringing the Shrewsbury River; and made quite a collection of beach agates, showing under water exquisite tints of blue, gray, pink, yellow, and carnelian, some in bands or clouds, and others milky white or translucent as crystal.

The evening being propitious for the sport, we rowed down to the little village to see the eel-fishing. A faint wind from the south, smelling of rain, scarcely ruffled the dark waters as we glided smoothly down stream under a starless sky.

As we approached Parkerstown, lo! the drowsy little hamlet of the afternoon seemed fully awake; lights flashed from the windows, flitted along the beach, and flared on the river.

Before us lay anchored a fleet of boats, each with either a pole and blazing light, or a low lamp fixed to its bow. The dusky figures of the fishermen bending forward to spear the fish, or haul it in, their eager, earnest faces lighted by the yellow glare of the smoky lamps, and the wavering reflections on the dark water, presenting a wild, fantastic picture.

We shall have no trip to-day, thought I, looking forth from our porch the next morning; for during the night a heavy fog had crept in from the south, over the sea and river, up the hill to our very doors, so that the world seemed to end where we stood. Around and above only the white fog and the trees stretching their arms like lonely wraiths, a bit of lawn around the cottage, and silence every where. In less than half an hour the wind, veering to the northeast, condensed the fog into a leaden curtain of rain, past which we saw a gray river and a grayer ocean. We were just about to resign ourselves to this state of affairs when, presto! there came another change: the strong wind and the rain ceased, the trees on the hill and lawn twinkled with a million gems, and the sun

"Furrowed all the ocean into gold."

We were to take our trip to Red Bank, after all; so, packing our luncheon and gathering our wraps, we set off for the twelve-o'clock boat, the Doctor going ahead with our pretty neighbor from the next cottage on one arm, and a huge basket on the other, the rest of us following after, a tall Highland darky and a huge water-melon bringing up the rear.

A faint breeze ruffled the water as we steamed down the Shrewsbury, rounded the bend, and entered the pretty Navesink River, sailing inland in a westerly direction: on our left, wooded banks rising abruptly from the water, crowned by charming villas; on our right, a sandy peninsula bright with meadow grasses stretched away in sunshine between the two rivers.

Curving once more, the Navesink takes a southerly course, passing Oceanic on its eastern bank—an unromantic, flat-looking village, commanding, however, a fine view of the hilly shores opposite.

Near Rocky Point, close down by the river, stands the old "Neptune Club-House," whose white walls have been



CLAM WAREHOUSE, PARKERSTOWN.

mirrored in these quiet waters for thirty years. All the watering-places from Seabright twenty miles southward have sprung into existence and attained their popularity in that space of time. Red Bank, from a tiny village of twenty or thirty houses, has become the metropolis of the county, while such old towns as Chapel Hill and Middletown have sunk into comparative obscurity.

Steaming down past Fair Haven, lunching and chatting as merrily as we might



VIEW ON THE NAVESINK, NEPTUNE CLUB HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE.



TINTON FALLS.

under the various stares of a score of passengers, we came in sight of Red Bank, built back from the water, and approached by a road winding up a hill past fields and straggling houses.

Less than fifty years ago only two houses—a small cottage and a tavern by the water-side—stood on the present site of Red Bank. Now its flourishing Main Street is adorned by rows of fine shops, academies, churches, cottages, and elegant villas; several sporting clubs have their head-quarters there, and an annual regatta is held.

The oyster trade and the candy trade seem to flourish equally, judging by the shops one sees at every turn, to say nothing of the genuine "country store," in which, according to the vernacular of the region, one may purchase not only "penny busters" and "jaw-breakers" by the dozen, but dolls, postage-stamps, toys, brooms, and the "latest novel out." Red Bank boasts a number of factories, and is also proud in the possession of a fine public-school building, on whose front is carved in letters of stone the appropriate words: "Dixit Deus sit lux." Red Bank, historically, is not interesting, its short existence precluding that; so we soon saw every thing there was to be seen. Procuring carriages for a drive to Monmouth Beach and Atlanticville, we chose the Rumson turnpike, overlooking the Navesink, and bordered by pretty farms. Old Shrewsbury takes the palm for antiquity in this region, over two hundred years ago extensive iron-works being in operation there. Tinton Falls, a little southeast of Shrewsbury, is the most picturesque feature of Monmouth County; it is formed by a branch of the Navesink, which collects itself into a lake, and then leaps thirty feet down over



FISHERMEN LAUNCHING BOATS THROUGH THE SURF.

a sandstone rock into a romantic dell, through which it winds and sparkles under overhanging trees. Hundreds of acres in the vicinity of the falls are devoted to fruit farms and vineyards, the scene in spring being enchanting with millions of snowy blossoms.

We stopped on our way at the little village of Rumson, to look at its graperies, nurseries, and greenhouses. Here we were greeted by the delicious odors of myriads of flowers, whose brilliant hues dazzled till we were glad to rest our eyes on the softer greens of the nurseries. We were told by one of the gardeners that their young trees and flowers were shipped to all parts of the Union. Following the turnpike over a level fertile country, crossing South Shrewsbury Bridge, we drove through Seabright—a picturesque fishing village by the sea, in striking contrast to the drowsy sister village by the river. Pausing a while, we watched a group of bronzed fishermen pushing a large boat laden with nets down the beach. In it was seated one young man holding his ready oars; just in time for a retreating breaker, another jumped in, and down they rode, and were lost to sight, re-appearing far out in smoother water. Others were engaged in hauling up boat-loads of fish, and all were busy.

Our road now followed a narrow strip of land between river and sea, along which, like beads, were strung cottages of every form and color, growing larger and more pretentious as we neared the Monmouth Beaches. We soon arrived at Atlanticville, the goal of our pleasant journey, stopping before the "Sea-shore Cottage"—a long, low, picturesque building surrounded by shrubbery, and mantled with clustering vines. A neat servant ushered us into a parlor whose quiet elegance could not fail to strike one pleasantly.

The lady superintendent received us kindly, explaining the objects of the "Sea-shore Cottage," adding that although it was originally established in order that the "young needle-women of New York" might spend a week or two by the sea-side at a cost within their means, numbers of worthy young women of other professions and small means had been admitted, the house being full from the beginning to the end of the season.

Returning to Seabright, we gave ourselves up to a delicious idleness, boating, bathing, fishing, or dreaming away the golden hours, as the fancy seized us. One evening we floated on the river, another we "tripped it on the light fantastic toe" to the merry band at the Pavilion. One day we tumbled and frolicked in the ocean surf; another we swam in the stiller waters of the river. One week we banqueted on blue-fish broiled on shingles by the beach-side; another we yachted it down the Shrewsbury, eating oysters at Pleasure Bay. We lived in Lotos-land, and watching the rainbows on the sun-lit surf, forgot our country, till one day, when the leaves began to "redden to their fall," we turned our faces homeward.



MY MARINER.

Oh, he goes away, singing,
  Singing over the sea!
Oh, he comes again, bringing
  Joy and himself to me!
Down through the rosemary hollow
  And up the wet beach I ran,
My heart in a flutter to follow
  The flight of my sailor-man.

Fie on a husband sitting
  Still in the house at home!
Give me a mariner, flitting
  And flashing over the foam!
Give me a voice resounding
  The songs of the breezy main!
Give me a free heart bounding
  Evermore hither again!

Coming is better than going;
But never was queen so grand
As I, while I watch him blowing
Away from the lazy land.
I have wedded an ocean-rover,
And with him I own the sea;
Yet over the waves come over,
And anchor, my lad, by me.

Hark to his billowy laughter,
Blithe on the homeward tide!
Hark to it, heart! up and after;
Off to the harbor-side;
Down through the rosemary hollow
And over the sand-hills, light
And swift as a sea-bird, follow;
And ho! for a sail in sight!

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.



CHAPTER V.

A BRAVE CAREER.

BUT when we got on deck the next morning we forgot all about the detestable person who was about to break in upon our peace (there was small chance that our faithful Angus Sutherland might encounter the snake in this summer paradise, and trample on him, and pitch him out; for this easy way of getting rid of disagreeable folk is not permitted in the Highlands nowadays), as we looked on the beautiful bay shining all around us.

"Dear me!" said Denny-mains, "if Tom Galbraith could only see that now! It is a great peety he has never been to this coast. I'm thinking I must write to him."

The Laird did not remember that we had an artist on board—one who, if she was not so great an artist as Mr. Galbraith, had at least exhibited one or two small landscapes in oil at the Royal Academy. But then the Academicians, though they might dread the contrast between their own work and that of Tom Galbraith, could have no fear of Mary Avon.

And even Mr. Galbraith himself might have been puzzled to find among his pigments any equivalent for the rare and clear colors of this morning scene as now we sailed away from Bunessan with a light top-sail breeze. How blue the day was—blue skies, blue seas, a faint transparent blue along the cliffs of Bourg and Gribun, a darker blue where the far Ru-Treshanish ran out into the sea, a shadow of blue to mark where the caves of Staffa retreated from the surface of the sun-brown rocks. And here, nearer at hand, the warmer colors of the shore—the soft, velvety olive-greens of the moss and breckan; the splashes of lilac where the rocks were bare of herbage; the tender sunny reds where the granite promontories ran out to the sea; the beautiful cream-whites of the sandy bays! Here, too, are the islands again as we get out into the open—Gometra, with its one white house at the point; and Inch-Kenneth, where the seals show their shining black heads among the shallows; and Erisgeir and Colonsay, where the skarts alight to dry their wings on the rocks; and Staffa, and Lunga, and the Dutchman, lying peaceful enough now on the calm blue seas. We have time to look at them, for the wind is slight, and the broad-beamed *White Dove* is not a quick sailer in a light breeze. The best part of the forenoon is over before we find ourselves opposite to the gleaming white sands of the northern bays of Iona.

"But surely both of us together will be able to make him stay longer than ten days," says the elder of the two women to the younger—and you may be sure she was not speaking of East Wind.

Mary Avon looks up with a start; then looks down again—perhaps with the least touch of color in her face—as she says, hurriedly, "Oh, I think you will. He is your friend. As for me—you see—I—I scarcely know him."

"Oh, Mary!" says the other, reproachfully. "You have been meeting him constantly all these two months: you must know him better than any of us. I am sure I wish he was on board now—he could tell us all about the geology of the islands, and what not. It will be delightful to have somebody on board who knows something."

Such is the gratitude of women!—and the Laird had just been describing to her some further points of the famous heresy case.

"And then he knows Gaelic!" says the elder woman. "He will tell us what all the names of the islands mean."

"Oh yes," says the younger one, "he understands Gaelic very well, though he can not speak much of it."

"And I think he is very fond of boats," remarks our hostess.

"Oh, exceedingly—exceedingly!" says the other, who, if she does not know Angus Sutherland, seems to have picked up some information about him somehow. "You can not imagine how he has been looking forward to sailing with you; he has scarcely had any holiday for years."

"Then he must stay longer than ten days," says the elder woman; adding, with a smile, "you know, Mary, it is not the number of his patients that will hurry him back to London."

"Oh, but I assure you," says Miss Avon, seriously, "that he is not at all anxious to have many patients—as yet. Oh no—I never knew any one who was so indifferent about money. I know he would live on bread and water—if that were necessary—to go on with his researches. He told me himself that all the time he was at Leipsic his expenses were never more than £1 a week."

She seemed to know a good deal about the circumstances of this young F.R.S.

"Look at what he has done with those anæsthetics," continues Miss Avon. "Isn't it better to find out something that does good to the whole world than give yourself up to making money by wheedling a lot of old women?"

This estimate of the physician's art was not flattering.

"But," she says, warmly, "if the government had any sense, that is just the sort of man they would put in a position to go on with his invaluable work. And Oxford and Cambridge, with all their wealth, they scarcely even recognize the noblest profession that a man can devote himself to—when even the poor Scotch universities and the universities all over Europe have always had their medical and scientific chairs. I think it is perfectly disgraceful."

Since when had she become so strenuous an advocate of the endowment of research?

"Why, look at Dr. Sutherland—when he is burning to get on with his own proper work, when his name is beginning to be known all over Europe—he has to fritter away his time in editing a scientific magazine and in those hospital lectures. And that, I suppose, is barely enough to live on. But I know," she says, with decision, "that in spite of every thing—I know that before he is five-and-thirty, he will be President of the British Association."

Here, indeed, is a brave career for the Scotch student: can not one complete the sketch as it roughly exists in the minds of those two women?

At twenty-one, B.M. of Edinburgh.

At twenty-six, F.R.S.

At thirty, Professor of Biology at Oxford: the chair founded through the intercession of the women of Great Britain.

At thirty-five, President of the British Association.

At forty, a baronetcy, for further discoveries in the region of anæsthetics.

At forty-five, consulting physician to half the gouty gentlemen of England, and amassing an immense fortune.

At fifty—

Well, at fifty, is it not time that "the poor Scotch student," now become great and famous and wealthy, should look around for some beautiful princess to share his high estate with him? He has not had time before to think of such matters. But what is this now? Is it that microscopes and test-tubes have dimmed his eyes? Is it that honors and responsibilities have silvered his hair? Or is the drinking deep of the Pactolus stream a deadly poison? There is no beautiful princess awaiting him any where. He is alone among his honors. There was once a beautiful princess—beautiful-souled and

tender-eyed, if not otherwise too lovely—awaiting him among the western seas; but that time is over and gone many a year ago. The opportunity has passed. Ambition called him away, and he left her; and the last he saw of her was when he bade good-by to the *White Dove*.

What have we to do with these idle dreams? We are getting within sight of Iona village now; and the sun is shining on the green shores, and on the ruins of the old cathedral, and on that white house just above the corn field.* And as there is no good anchorage about the island, we have to make in for a little creek on the Mull side of the Sound, called Polterriv, or the Bull-hole; and this creek is narrow, tortuous, and shallow; and a yacht drawing eight feet of water has to be guided with some circumspection, especially if you go up to the inner harbor above the rock called the Little Bull. And so we make inquiries of John of Skye, who has not been with us here before. It is even hinted that if he is not quite sure of the channel, we might send the gig over to Iona for John Macdonald, who is an excellent pilot.

"John Macdonald!" exclaims John of Skye, whose professional pride has been wounded. "Will John Macdonald be doing any thing more than I wass do myself in the Bull-hole—ay, last year—last year I will tek my own smack out of the Bull-hole at the norse end, and ferry near low water too; and her deep-loaded. Oh yes, I will be knowing the Bull-hole this many a year."

And John of Skye is as good as his word. Favored by a flood-tide, we steal gently into the unfrequented creek, behind the great rocks of red granite; and so extraordinarily clear is the water that, standing upright on the deck, we can see the white sand of the bottom, with shoals of young saithe darting this way and that. And then just as we get opposite an opening in the rocks, through which we can descry the northern shores of Iona, and above those the blue peak of the Dutchman, away goes the anchor with a short, quick rush; her head swings round to meet the tide; the *White Dove* is safe from all the winds that blow. Now lower away the gig, boys, and bear us over the blue waters of the Sound!

"I am really afraid to begin," Mary Avon says, as we remonstrate with her for not having touched a color-tube since she started. "Besides, you know, I scarcely look on it that we have really set out yet. This is only a sort of shaking ourselves into our places; I am only getting accustomed to the ways of our cabin now. I shall scarcely consider that we have started on our real voyaging until—"

Oh yes, we know very well. Until we have got Angus Sutherland on board. But what she really said was, after slight hesitation:

"—until we set out for the Northern Hebrides."

"Ay, it's a good thing to feel nervous about beginning," says the Laird, as the long sweep of the four oars brings us nearer and nearer to the Iona shores. "I have often heard Tom Galbraith say that to the younger men. He says if a young man is overconfident he'll come to nothing. But there was a good one I once heard Galbraith tell about a young man that was pentin at Tarbert—that's Tarbert on Loch Fyne, Miss Avon. Ay, well, he was pentin away, and he was putting in the young lass of the house as a fisher-lass; and he asked her if she could not get a creel to strap on her back—as a background for her head, ye know. Well, says she—"

Here the fierce humor of the story began to bubble up in the Laird's blue-gray eyes. We were all half laughing already. It was impossible to resist the glow of delight on the Laird's face.

"Says she—just as pat as ninepence—says she, 'It's your ain head that wants a creel!'"

The explosion was inevitable. The roar of laughter at this good one was so infectious that a subdued smile played over the rugged features of John of Skye. "*It's your ain head that wants a creel.*" The Laird laughed, and laughed again, until the last desperately suppressed sounds were something like *kee! kee! kee!* Even Mary Avon pretended to understand.

"There was a real good one," says he, obviously overjoyed to have so appreciative an audience, "that I mind of reading in the Dean's *Reminiscences*. It was about an old leddy in Edinburgh who met in a shop a young officer she had seen before. He was a tall young man, and she eyed

* How do you do, captain? And is the deck-house still in the garden, and do you sleep on board when you sleep ashore? And the charming young hostess, too: has she got a spirit license yet from the Duke? We wave a handkerchief to you!

him from head to heel, and says she—ha! ha!—says she, '*Od, ye're a lang lad: God gie ye grace.*' Dry, very dry, wasn't it? There was real humor in that—a pawky humor that people in the South can not understand at all. '*Od,*' says she, '*ye're a lang lad: God grant ye grace.*' There was a great dale of character in that."

We were sure of it; but still we preferred the Laird's stories about Homesh. We invariably liked best the stories at which the Laird laughed most, whether we quite understood their pawky humor or not.

"Dr. Sutherland has a great many stories about the Highlanders," says Miss Avon, timidly: "they are very amusing."

"As far as I have observed," remarked the Laird—for how could he relish the notion of having a rival anecdote-monger on board?—"as far as I have observed, the Highland character is entirely without humor. Ay, I have heard Tom Galbraith say that very often, and he has been every where in the Highlands."

"Well, then," says Mary Avon, with a quick warmth of indignation in her face—how rapidly those soft dark eyes could change their expression!—"I hope Mr. Galbraith knows more about painting than he knows about the Highlanders! I thought that any body who knows any thing knows that the Celtic nature is full of imagination, and humor, and pathos, and poetry; and the Saxon—the Saxon!—it is his business to plod over ploughed fields, and be as dull and commonplace as the other animals he sees there!"

Gracious goodness!—here was a tempest! The Laird was speechless; for, indeed, at this moment we bumped against the sacred shores—that is to say, the landing-slip of Iona—and had to scramble on to the big stones. Then we walked up and past the cottages, and through the potato field, and past the white inn, and so to the hallowed shrine and its graves of the kings. We spent the whole of the afternoon there.

When we got back to the yacht and to dinner, we discovered that a friend had visited us in our absence, and had left of his largesse behind him—nasturtiums and yellow-and-white pansies, and what not—to say nothing of fresh milk and crisp, delightful lettuce. We drank his health.

Was it the fear of some one breaking in on our domestic peace that made that last evening among the Western Islands so lovely to us? We went out in the gig after dinner; the Laird put forth his engines of destruction to encompass the innocent lythe; we heard him humming the "Haughs o' Cromdale" in the silence. The wonderful glory of that evening!—Iona become an intense olive-green against the gold and crimson of the sunset, the warm light shining along the red granite of western Mull. Then the yellow moon rose in the south—into the calm violet-hued vault of the heavens; and there was a golden fire on the ripples and on the wet blades of the oars as we rowed back with laughter and singing.

"Sing tántara! sing tántara!
Sing tántara! sing tántara!
Said he, the Highland army rues
That ere they came to Cromdale!"

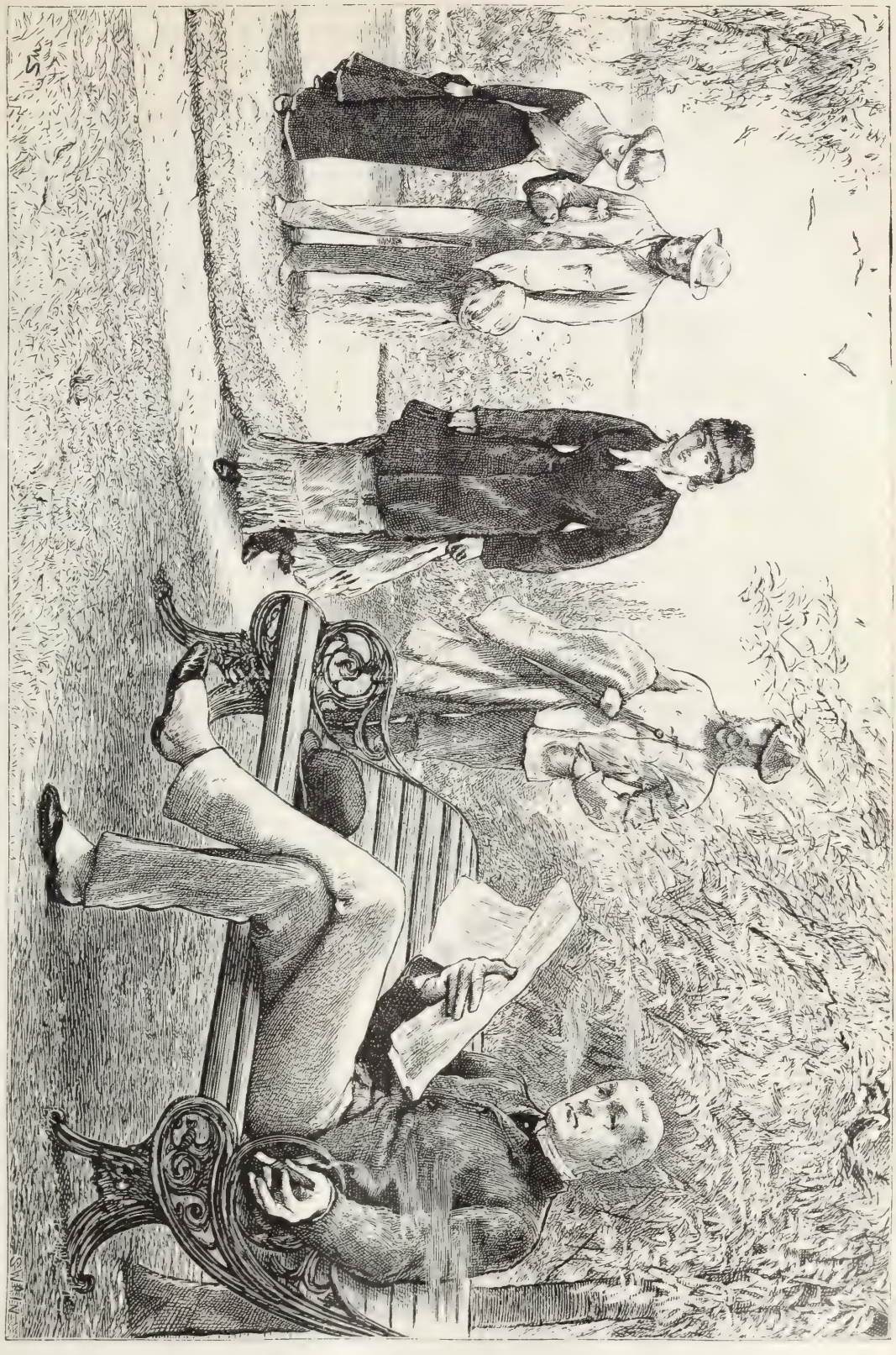
And then, next morning, we were up at five o'clock. If we were going to have a tooth pulled, why not have the little interview over at once? East Wind would be waiting for us at Castle Osprey.

Blow, soft westerly breeze, then, and bear us down by Fion-phort, and round the granite Ross—shining all a pale red in the early dawn. And here is Ardalanish Point; and there, as the morning goes by, are the Carsaig arches, and then Loch Buy, and finally the blue Firth of Lorn. Northward, now, and still northward, until, far away, the white house shining amidst the firs, and the flag fluttering in the summer air. Have they descried us, then? Or is the bunting hoisted in honor of guests? The pale cheek of Mary Avon tells a tale as she descries that far signal; but that is no business of ours. Perhaps it is only of her uncle that she is thinking.

CHAPTER VI.

BROSE.

BEHOLD, now! this beautiful garden of Castle Osprey all ablaze in the sun; the roses, pansies, poppies, and what not bewildering our eyes after the long looking at the blue water; and in the midst of the brilliant paradise—just as we had feared—the snake! He did not scurry away at our approach, as snakes are wont to do, or raise his horrent head and hiss. The fact is, we found him comfortably seated under a drooping ash, smoking. He rose and explained that he had strolled up from the shore to await our coming. He



"WE FOUND HIM COMFORTABLY SEATED UNDER A DROOPING ASH, SMOKING."

did not seem to notice that Mary Avon, as she came along, had to walk slowly, and was leaning on the arm of the Laird.

Certainly nature had not been bountiful to this tall, spare person who had now come among us. At first sight he looked almost like an albino—his yellow-white, closely cropped head, a certain raw appearance of the face, as if perpetual east winds had chafed the skin, and weak gray eyes that seemed to fear the light. But the albino look had nothing to do with the pugilist's jaw, and the broken nose, and the general hangdog scowl about the mouth. For the rest, Mr. Smethurst seemed desirous of making up for those unpleasant features which nature had bestowed upon him by a studied air of self-possession, and by an extreme precision of dress. Alack and welladay! these

laudable efforts were of little avail. Nature was too strong for him. The assumption of a languid and indifferent air was not quite in consonance with the ferrety gray eyes; the precision of his costume only gave him the look of a well-dressed groom, or a butler gone on the turf. There was not much grateful to the sight about Mr. Frederick Smethurst.

But were we to hate the man for being ugly? Despite his raw face, he might have the white soul of an angel. And in fact we knew absolutely nothing against his private character or private reputation, except that he had been blackballed at a London club in by-gone days; and even of that little circumstance our women-folk were not aware. However, there was no doubt at all that a certain coldness—apparent to us who knew her well—characterized the manner of this small lady who now went up and shook hands with him, and declared—unblushingly—that she was so glad he had run up to the Highlands.

"And you know," said she, with that charming politeness which she would show to the archfiend himself if he were properly introduced to her—"you know, Mr. Smethurst, that yachting is such an uncertain thing, one never knows when one may get back; but if you could spare a few days to take a run with us, you would see what a capital mariner Mary has become, and I am sure it would be a great pleasure to us."

These were actually her words. She uttered them without the least tremor of hesitation. She looked him straight in the face with those clear, innocent, confiding eyes of hers. How could the man tell that she was wishing him at Jericho?

And it was in silence that we waited to hear our doom pronounced. A yachting trip with this intolerable Jonah on board! The sunlight went out of the day; the blue went out of the sky and the seas; the world was filled with gloom, and chaos, and East Wind.

Imagine, then, the sudden joy with which we heard of our deliverance! Surely it was not the raucous voice of Frederick Smethurst, but a sound of summer bells.

"Oh, thank you," he said, in his affectedly indifferent way. "But the fact is, I have run up to see Mary only on a little matter of business, and I must get back at once. Indeed, I purpose leaving by the Dalmally coach in the afternoon. Thank you very much, though; perhaps some other time I may be more fortunate."

How we had wronged this poor man! We hated him no longer. On the contrary, great grief was expressed over his departure; and he was begged at least to stay that one evening. No doubt he had heard of Dr. Angus Sutherland, who had made such discoveries in the use of anæsthetics? Dr. Sutherland was coming by the afternoon steamer. Would not he stay and meet him at dinner?

Our tears broke out afresh—metaphorically—when East Wind persisted in his intention of departure; but of course compulsion was out of the question. And so we allowed him to go into the house to have that business interview with his niece.

"A poor crayture!" remarked the Laird, confidently, forgetting that he was talking of a friend of ours. "Why does he not speak out like a man, instead of drawling and dawdling? His accent is jist insufferable."

"And what business can he have with Mary?" says our sovereign lady, sharply—just as if a man with a raw skin and yellow-white hair must necessarily be a pickpocket. "He was the trustee of that little fortune of hers, I know; but that is all over. She got the money when she came of age. What can he want to see her about now?"

We concerned ourselves not with that. It was enough for us that the snake was about to retreat from our summer paradise of his own free-will and pleasure. And Angus Sutherland was coming, and the provisioning of the yacht had to be seen to; for to-morrow—to-morrow we spread our white wings again, and take flight to the far north.

Never was parting guest so warmly speeded. We concealed our tears as the coach rolled away. We waved a hand to him. And then, when it was suggested that the wagonette that had brought Mary Avon down from Castle Osprey might just as well go along to the quay—for the steamer bringing Angus Sutherland would be in shortly—and when we actually did set out in that direction, there was so little grief on our faces that you could not have told we had been bidding farewell to a valued friend and relative.

Now if our good-hearted Laird had

had a grain of jealousy in his nature, he might well have resented the manner in which these two women spoke of the approaching guest. In their talk the word "he" meant only one person. "He" was sure to come by this steamer. "He" was so punctual in his engagements. Would he bring a gun or a rod; or would the sailing be enough amusement for him? What a capital thing it was for him to be able to take an interest in some such out-of-door exercise, as a distraction to the mind! And so forth, and so forth. The Laird heard all this, and his expectations were no doubt rising and rising. Forgetful of his disappointment on first seeing Mary Avon, he was in all likelihood creating an imaginary figure of Angus Sutherland—and, of course, this marvel of erudition and intellectual power must be a tall, wan, pale person, with the travail of thinking written in lines across the spacious brow. The Laird was not aware that for many a day after we first made the acquaintance of the young Scotch student he was generally referred to in our private conversation as "Brose."

And, indeed, the Laird did stare considerably when he saw—elbowing his way through the crowd, and making for us with a laugh of welcome on the fresh-colored face—a stout-set, muscular, blue-eyed, sandy-haired, good-humored-looking, youngish man, who, instead of having any thing Celtic about his appearance, might have been taken for the son of a south-country farmer. "Brose" was carrying his own portmanteau, and sturdily shoving his way through the porters who would fain have seized it.

"I am glad to see you, Angus," said our queen-regent, holding out her hand; and there was no ceremonial politeness in that reception—but you should have seen the look in her eyes.

Then he went on to the wagonette.

"How do you do, Miss Avon?" said he, quite timidly, like a school-boy. He scarcely glanced up at her face, which was regarding him with a very pleasant welcome; he seemed relieved when he had to turn and seize his portmanteau again. Knowing that he was rather fond of driving, our mistress and admiral-in-chief offered him the reins, but he declined the honor; Mary Avon was sitting in front. "Oh no, thank you," said he, quite hastily, and with something uncommonly like a blush. The Laird, if he had been entertaining any feeling of jealousy, must have been re-assured. "Brose" was no formidable rival. He spoke very little—he only listened—as we drove away to Castle Osprey. Mary Avon was chatting briskly and cheerfully, and it was to the Laird that she addressed that running fire of nonsense and merry laughter.

But the young doctor was greatly concerned when, on our arrival at Castle Osprey, he saw Mary Avon helped down with much care, and heard the story of the sprain.

"Who bandages your ankle?" said he at once, and without any shyness now.

"I do it myself," said she, cheerfully. "I can do it well enough."

"Oh no, you can not!" said he, abruptly; "a person stooping can not. The bandage should be as tight and as smooth as the skin of a drum. You must let some one else do that for you."

And he was disposed to resent this walking about in the garden before dinner. What business had she to trifle with such a serious matter as a sprain; and a sprain which was the recall of an older sprain? "Did she wish to be lame for life?" he asked, sharply.

Mary Avon laughed, and said that worse things than that had befallen people. He asked her whether she found any pleasure in voluntary martyrdom. She blushed a little, and turned to the Laird.

The Laird was at this moment laying before us the details of a most gigantic scheme. It appeared that the inhabitants of Strathgovan, not content with a steam fire-engine, were talking about having a public park—actually proposing to have a public park, with beds of flowers, and iron seats; and, to crown all, a gymnasium, where the youths of the neighborhood might twirl themselves on the gay trapeze to their hearts' content. And where the subscriptions were to come from, and what were the hardiest plants for borders, and whether the gymnasium should be furnished with ropes or with chains—these matters were weighing heavily on the mind of our good friend of Denny-mains. Angus Sutherland relapsed into silence, and gazed absently at a tree-fuchsia that stood by.

"It is a beautiful plant, is it not?" said a voice beside him—that of our empress and liege lady.

He started.

"Oh yes," he said, cheerfully. "I was thinking I should like to live the life of a tree like that, dying in the winter, you know, and being quite impervious to frost and snow and hard weather; and then, as soon as the fine warm spring and summer came round, coming to life again and spreading yourself out to feel all the sunlight and the warm winds. That must be a capital life."

"But do you really think they can feel that? Why, you must believe that those trees and flowers are alive!"

"Does any body doubt it?" said he, quite simply. "They are certainly alive. Why—"

And here he bethought himself for a moment.

"If I only had a good microscope now," said he, eagerly, "I would show you the life of a plant directly—in every cell of it: did you never see the constant life in each cell, the motion of the chlorophyll granules circling and circling night and day? Did no one ever show you that?"

Well, no one had ever shown us that. We may now and again have entertained angels unawares, but we were not always stumbling against Fellows of the Royal Society.

"Then I must borrow one somewhere," said he, decisively, "and show you the secret life of even the humblest plant that exists. And then look what a long life it is, in the case of the perennial plants. Did you ever think of that? Those great trees in the Yosemite Valley—they were alive and feeling the warm sunlight and the winds about them when Alfred was hiding in the marshes; and they were living the same undisturbed life when Charles the First had his head chopped off; and they were living—in peace and quietness—when all Europe had to wake up to stamp out the Napoleonic pest; and they are alive now and quite careless of the little creatures that come to span out their circumference, and ticket them, and give them ridiculous names. Had any of the patriarchs a life as long as that?"

The Laird eyed this young man askance. There was something uncanny about him. What might not he say when—in the northern solitudes to which we were going—the great Semple heresy case was brought on for discussion?

But at dinner the Laird got on very well with our new guest; for the latter listened most respectfully when Dennymains was demonstrating the exceeding purity, and strength, and fitness of the speech used in the south of Scotland. And indeed the Laird was generous. He admitted that there were blemishes. He deprecated the introduction of French words, and gave us a much longer list of those aliens than usually appears in books. What about *conjee*, and *que-vee*, and *fracaw* as used by Scotch children and old wives?

Then after dinner—at nine o'clock the wonderful glow of the summer evening was still filling the drawing-room—the Laird must needs have Mary Avon sing to him. It was not a custom of hers. She rarely would sing a song of set purpose. The linnet sings all day—when you do not watch her; but she will not sing if you go and ask.

However, on this occasion, her hostess went to the piano, and sat down to play the accompaniment; and Mary Avon stood beside her, and sang, in rather a low voice—but it was tender enough—some modern version of the old ballad of the Queen's Maries. What were the words? These were of them, anyway:

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries;
This night she'll hae but three:
There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me."

But, indeed, if you had seen that graceful slim figure—clad all in black velvet, with the broad band of gold fringe round the neck—and the small, shapely, smoothly brushed head above the soft swathes of white muslin; and if you had caught a glimpse of the black eyelashes drooping outward from the curve of the pale cheek; and if you had heard the tender, low voice of Mary Avon—you might have forgotten about the Queen's Maries altogether.

And then Angus Sutherland: the Laird was determined—in true Scotch fashion—that every body who could not sing should be goaded to sing.

"Oh, well," said the young man, with a laugh, "you know a student in Germany must sing whether he can or not. And I learned there to smash out something like an accompaniment also."

And he went to the piano without more ado, and did smash out an accompaniment. And if his voice was rather harsh—well, we should have called it raucous in the case of East Wind, but we only called it manly and strenuous when it

was Angus Sutherland who sang. And it was a manly song, too—a fitting song for our last night on shore, the words hailing from the green woods of Fuinary, the air an air that had many a time been heard among the western seas. It was the song of the Biorlinn* that he sang to us; we could hear the brave chorus and the splash of the long oars:

"Send the biorlinn on careering!
Cheerily and all together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!

"Give her way and show her wake,
'Mid showering spray and curling eddies—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

Do we not hear now the measured stroke in the darkness of the morning? The water springs from her bows; one by one the headlands are passed. But lo! the day is breaking; the dawn will surely bring a breeze with it; and then the sail of the gallant craft will bear her over the seas.

"Another cheer, our Isle appears!
Our biorlinn bears her on the faster—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!

"Ahead she goes! the land she knows!
Behold! the snowy shores of Canna—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

A long, strong pull together, indeed: who could resist joining in the thunder of the chorus? And we were bound for Canna, too: this was our last night on shore.

Our last night on shore. In such circumstances one naturally has a glance round at the people with whom one is to be brought into such close contact for many and many a day. But in this particular case what was the use of speculating, or grumbling, or remonstrating? There is a certain household that is ruled with a rod of iron. And if the mistress of that household chose to select as her summer companions a "shilpit bit thing," and a hard-headed, ambitious Scotch student, and a parochial magnate haunted by a heresy case, how dared one object? There is such a thing as peace and quietness.

But however unpromising the outlook might be, do we not know the remark that is usually made by that hard-worked officer, the chief mate, when on the eve of a voyage he finds himself confronted by an unusually mongrel crew? He regards those loafers and outcasts, from the Bowery, and Ratcliffe Highway, and the Broomielaw—Greeks, niggers, and Mexicans—with a critical and perhaps scornful air, and forthwith proceeds to address them in the following highly polished manner:

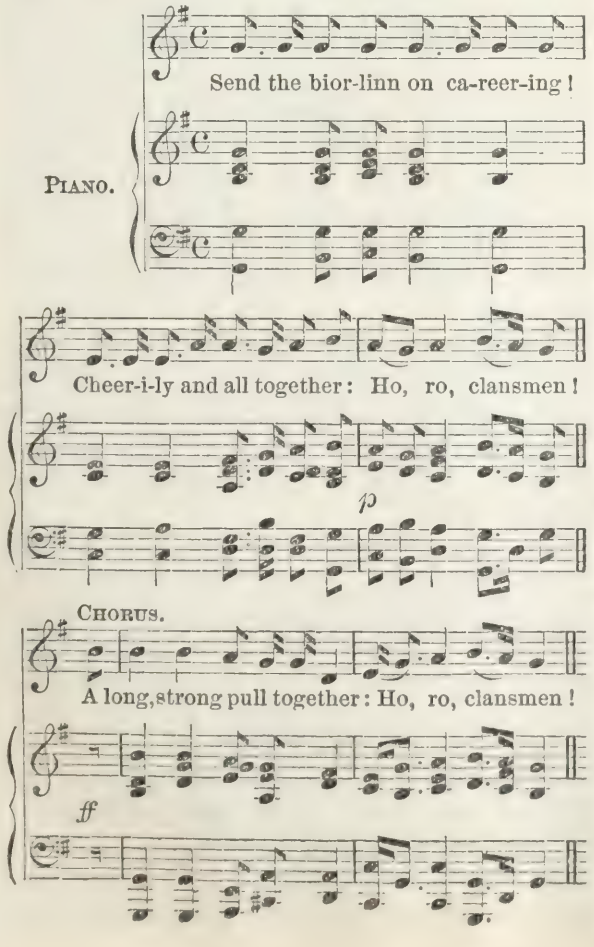
"By etcetera-etcetera, you are an etceteraed rum-looking lot; but etcetera-etcetera me *if I don't lick you into shape before we get to Rio.*"

And so—good-night!—and let all good people pray for fair skies and a favoring breeze! And if there is any song to be heard in our dreams, let it be the song of the Queen's Maries—in the low, tender voice of Mary Avon:

"There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me."

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* *Biorlinn*, that is, a rowing-boat. The word is pronounced *byurlen*. The song, which in a measure imitates the rhythm peculiar to Highland poetry—consisting in a certain repetition of the same vowel sounds—is the production of Dr. Macleod, of Morven. And here, for the benefit of any one who minds such things, is a rough draft of the air, arranged by a most charming young lady, who, however, says she would rather die than have her name mentioned:



CHAPTER VII.

NORTHWARD.

We have bidden good-by to the land; the woods and the green hills have become pale in the haze of the summer light; we are out here, alone, on the shining blue plain. And if Angus Sutherland betrays a tendency to keep forward, conversing with John of Skye about blocks, and tackle, and winches; and if the Laird—whose parental care and regard for Mary Avon is becoming beautiful to see—should have quite a monopoly of the young lady, and be more bent than ever on amusing her with his "good ones;" and if our queen and governor should spend a large portion of her time below, in decorating cabins with flowers, in overhauling napery, and in earnest consultation with Master Fred about certain culinary mysteries—notwithstanding all these divergences of place and occupation, our little kingdom afloat is compact enough. There is, always, for example, a re-assembling at meals. There is an instant community of interest when a sudden cry calls all hands on deck to regard some new thing—the spouting of a whale, or the silvery splashing of a shoal of mackerel. But now—but now—if only some cloud-compelling Jove would break this insufferably fine weather, and give us a rattling good gale!

It is a strange little kingdom. It has no postal service. Shilling telegrams are unknown in it; there is no newspaper at breakfast. Serene, independent, self-centred, it minds its own affairs: if the whole of Europe were roaring for war, not even an echo of the cry would reach us. We only hear the soft calling of the sea-birds as we sit and read, or talk, or smoke, from time to time watching the shadows move on the blistering hot decks, or guessing at the names of the great mountains that rise above Loch Etive and Lochaber. But oh! for the swift gale to tear this calm to pieces! Is there no one of you giants secretly brewing a storm for us, far up there among the lonely chasms, to spring down on these glassy seas?

"They prayed for rain in the churches last Sunday—so Captain John says," Mary Avon remarks, when we assemble together at lunch.

"The distilleries are stopped: that's very serious," continues the Laird.

"Well," says our liege lady, "people talk about the rain in the West Highlands. It must be true, as every body says it is true. But now—excepting the year we went to America with Sylvia Balfour—we have been here for five years running; and each year we made up our mind for a deluge, thinking we had deserved it, you know. Well, it never came. Look at this now."

And the fact was that we were lying motionless on the smooth bosom of the Atlantic, with the sun so hot on the decks that we were glad to get below.

"Very strange—very strange indeed," remarked the Laird, with a profound air. "Now what value are we to put on any historical evidence if we find such a conflict of testimony about what is at our own doors? How should there be two opeenions about the weather in the West Highlands? It is a matter of common experience—dear me! I never heard the like."

"Oh, but I think we might try to reconcile those diverse opinions," said Angus Sutherland, with an absolute gravity. "You hear mostly the complaints of London people, who make much of a passing shower. Then the tourist and holiday folk, especially from the South, come in the autumn, when the fine summer weather has broken. And then," he added, addressing himself with a frank smile to the small creature who had been expressing her wonder over the fine weather, "perhaps, if you are pleased with your holiday on the whole, you are not anxious to remember the wet days; and then you are not afraid of a shower, I know; and besides that, when one is yachting, one is more anxious for wind than for fine weather."

"Oh, I am sure that is it!" called out Mary Avon, quite eagerly. She did not care how she destroyed the Laird's convictions about the value of historical evidence. "That is an explanation of the whole thing."

At this, Angus Sutherland—who had been professing to treat this matter seriously merely as a joke—quickly lowered his eyes. He scarcely ever looked Mary Avon in the face when she spoke to him, or when he had to speak to her. And a little bit of shy embarrassment in his manner toward her—perceivable only at times—was all the more singular in a man who was shrewd and hard-headed enough, who had knocked about the world, and seen many persons and things, and who

had a fair amount of unassuming self-confidence, mingled with a vein of sly and reticent humor. He talked freely enough when he was addressing our admiral-in-chief. He was not afraid to meet *her* eyes. Indeed, they were so familiar friends that she called him by his Christian name—a practice which in general she detested. But she would as soon have thought of applying "Mr." to one of her own boys at Epsom College as to Angus Sutherland.

"Well, you know, Angus," says she, pleasantly, "you have definitely promised to go up to the Outer Hebrides with us, and back. The longer the calms last, the longer we shall have you. So we shall gladly put up with the fine weather."

"It is very kind of you to say so; but I have already had such a long holiday—"

"Oh!" said Mary Avon, with her eyes full of wonder and indignation. She was too surprised to say any more. She only stared at him. She knew he had been working night and day in Edinburgh.

"I mean," said he, hastily, and looking down, "I have been away so long from London. Indeed, I was getting rather anxious about my next month's number; but luckily, just before I left Edinburgh, a kind friend sent me a most valuable paper, so I am quite at ease again. Would you like to read it, Sir? It is set up in type."

He took the sheets from his pocket, and handed them to the Laird. Denny-mains looked at the title. It was "On the Radiolarians of the Coal Measures," and it was the production of a well-known professor. The Laird handed back the paper without opening it.

"No, thank you," said he, with some dignity. "If I wished to be instructed, I would like a safer guide than that man."

We looked with dismay on this dangerous thing that had been brought on board: might it not explode and blow up the ship?

"Why," said our doctor, in unaffected wonder, and entirely mistaking the Laird's exclamation, "he is a perfect master of his subject."

"There is a great deal too much speculation nowadays on these matters, and parteecularly among the younger men," remarked the Laird, severely. And he looked at Angus Sutherland. "I suppose now ye are well acquainted with the *Vestiges of Creation*?"

"I have heard of the book," said Brose, regretfully confessing his ignorance, "but I never happened to see it."

The Laird's countenance lightened.

"So much the better—so much the better. A most mischievous and unsettling book. But all the harm it can do is counteracted by a noble work, a conclusive work, that leaves nothing to be said. Ye have read the *Testimony of the Rocks*, no doubt?"

"Oh yes, certainly," our doctor was glad to be able to say; "but—but it was a long time ago—when I was a boy, in fact."

"Boy or man, you'll get no better book on the history of the earth. I tell ye, Sir, I never read a book that placed such firm conviction in my mind. Will ye get any of the new men they are talking about as keen an observer and as skillful in arguing as Hugh Miller? No, no; not one of them dares to try to upset the *Testimony of the Rocks*."

Angus Sutherland appealed against this sentence of finality only in a very humble way.

"Of course, Sir," said he, meekly, "you know that science is still moving forward—"

"Science?" repeated the Laird. "Science may be moving forward or moving backward; but can it upset the facts of the earth? Science may say what it likes; but the facts remain the same."

Now this point was so conclusive that we unanimously hailed the Laird as victor. Our doctor submitted with an excellent good humor. He even promised to post that paper on the Radiolarians at the very first office we might reach: we did not want any such explosive compounds on board.

That night we only got as far as Fishnish Bay—a solitary little harbor probably down on but few maps; and that we had to reach by getting out the gig for a tow. There was a strange bronze-red in the northern skies, long after the sun had set; but in here the shadow of the great mountains was on the water. We could scarcely see the gig; but Angus Sutherland had joined the men, and was pulling stroke; and along with the measured splash of the oars, we heard something about "*Ho, ro, clansmen!*" Then, in the cool night air, there was a slight fragrance of peat smoke; we knew we were getting near the shore.

"He's a fine fellow, that," says the

Laird, generously, of his defeated antagonist. "A fine fellow. His knowledge of different things is just remarkable; and he's as modest as a girl. Ay, and he can row, too; a while ago, when it was lighter, I could see him put his shoulders into it. Ay, he's a fine good-natured fellow, and I am glad he has not been led astray by that mischievous book, the *Vestiges of Creation.*"

Come on board, now, boys, and swing up the gig to the davits. Twelve fathoms of chain?—away with her, then!—and there is a roar in the silence of the lonely little bay. And thereafter silence; and the sweet fragrance of the peat in the night air, and the appearance, above the black hills, of a clear, shining, golden planet that sends a quivering line of light across the water to us. And, once more, good-night and pleasant dreams!

But what is this in the morning? There have been no pleasant dreams for John of Skye and his merry men during the last night; for here we are already between Mingary Bay and Ru-na-Gaul Lighthouse; and before us is the open Atlantic, blue under the fair skies of the morning. And here is Dr. Sutherland, at the tiller, with a suspiciously negligent look about his hair and shirt collar.

"I have been up since four," says he, with a laugh. "I heard them getting under way, and did not wish to miss any thing. You know these places are not so familiar to me as they are to you."

"Is there going to be any wind to-day, John?"

"No mich," says John of Skye, looking at the cloudless blue vault above and the glassy sweeps of the sea.

Nevertheless, as the morning goes by, we get as much of a breeze as enables us to draw away from the main-land—round Ardnamurchan ("the headland of the great sea") and out into the open—with Muick Island, and the sharp Scuir of Eigg, and the peaks of Rum lying over there on the still Atlantic, and far away in the north the vast and spectral mountains of Skye.

And now the work of the day begins. Mary Avon, for mere shame's sake, is at last compelled to produce one of her blank canvases, and open her box of tubes. And now it would appear that Angus Sutherland—though deprived of the authority of the sick-room—is beginning to lose his fear of the English young lady. He makes himself useful—not with the elaborate and patronizing courtesy of the Laird, but in a sort of submissive, matter-of-fact, shifty fashion. He sheathes the spikes of her easel with cork, so that they shall not mark the deck. He rigs up, to counterbalance that lack of stability, a piece of cord with a heavy weight. Then, with the easel fixed, he fetches her a deck chair to sit in, and a deck stool for her colors, and these and her he places under the lee of the foresail, to be out of the glare of the sun. Thus our artist is started; she is going to make a sketch of the after-part of the yacht with Hector of Moidart at the tiller; beyond, the calm blue seas, and a faint promontory of land.

Then the Laird—having confidentially remarked to Miss Avon that Tom Galbraith, than whom there is no greater authority living, invariably moistens the fresh canvas with megilp before beginning work—has turned to the last report of the Semple case.

"No, no," says he to our sovereign lady, who is engaged in some mysterious work in wool, "it does not look well for the Presbytery to go over every one of the charges in the major proposeetion—supported by the averments in the minor—only to find them irrelevant, and then bring home to him the part of the libel that deals with tendency. No, no; that shows a lamentable want of purpose. In view of the great danger to be apprehended from these secret assaults on the inspiration of the Scriptures, they should have stuck to each charge with tenahcity. Now I will just show ye where Dr. Carnegie, in defending *Secundo*—illustrated as it was with the extracts and averments in the minor—let the whole thing slip through his fingers."

But if any one were disposed to be absolutely idle on this calm, shining, beautiful day—far away from the cares and labors of the land? Out on the taffrail, under shadow of the mizzen, there is a seat that is gratefully cool. The glare of the sea no longer bewilders the eyes; one can watch with a lazy enjoyment the teeming life of the open Atlantic. The great skarts go whizzing by, long-necked, rapid of flight. The gannets poise in the air, and then there is a sudden dart downward, and a spout of water flashes up where the bird has dived. The guillemots fill the silence with their soft kurrooing—and here they are on all sides of us—

Kurroo! Kurroo!—dipping their bills in the water, hastening away from the vessel, and then rising on the surface to flap their wings. But this is a strange thing: they are all in pairs—obviously mother and child—and the mother calls *Kurroo! Kurroo!*—and the young one, unable as yet to dive or swim, answers *Pe-yoo-it! Pe-yoo-it!* and flutters and paddles after her. But where is the father? And has the guillemot only one of a family? Over that one, at all events, she exercises a valiant protection. Even though the stem of the yacht seems likely to run both of them down, she will neither dive nor fly until she has piloted the young one out of danger.

Then a sudden cry startles the Laird from his heresy case, and Mary Avon from her canvas. A sound far away has turned all eyes to the north, though there is nothing visible there, over the shining calm of the sea, but a small cloud of white spray that slowly sinks. In a second or two, however, we see another jet of white water arise; and then a great brown mass heave slowly over; and then we hear the spouting of the whale.

"What a huge animal!" cries one. "A hundred feet!"

"Eighty, anyway!"

The whale is sheering off to the north: there is less and less chance of our forming any correct estimate.

"Oh, I am sure it was a hundred! Don't you think so, Angus?" says our admiral.

"Well," says the doctor, slowly—pretending to be very anxious about keeping the sails full (when there was no wind)—"you know there is a great difference between 'yacht measurement' and 'registered tonnage.' A vessel of fifty registered tons may become eighty or ninety by yacht measurement. And I have often noticed," continues this graceless young man, who takes no thought how he is bringing contempt on his elders, "that objects seen from the deck of a yacht are naturally subject to 'yacht measurement.' I don't know what the size of that whale may be. Its registered tonnage, I suppose, would be the number of Jonahs it could carry. But I should think that if the apparent 'yacht measurement' was a hundred feet, the whale was probably about twenty feet long."

It was thus he tried to diminish the marvels of the deep. But, however he might crush us otherwise, we were his masters on one point. The Semple heresy case was too deep even for him. What could he make of "*the first alternative of the general major?*"

And see now, on this beautiful summer evening, we pass between Muick and Eigg, and the sea is like a plain of gold. As we draw near the sombre mass of Rum the sunset deepens, and a strange lurid mist hangs around this remote and mountainous island rising sheer from the Atlantic. Gloomy and mysterious are the vast peaks of Haleval and Haskeval; we creep under them—favored by a flood tide—and the silence of the desolate shores seems to spread out from them and to encompass us.

Mary Avon has long ago put away her canvas; she sits and watches; and her soft black eyes are full of dreaming as she gazes up at those thunder-dark mountains against the rosy haze of the west.

"Haleval and Haskeval?" Angus Sutherland repeats, in reply to his hostess; but he starts all the same, for he has been covertly regarding the dark and wistful eyes of the girl sitting there. "Oh, these are Norse names. Scuir na Gillean, on the other hand, is Gaelic—it is *the peak of the young men.* Perhaps the Norsemen had the north of the island, and the Celts the south."

Whether they were named by Scandinavian or by Celt, Haleval and Haskeval seemed to overshadow us with their sultry gloom as we slowly glided into the lonely loch lying at their base. We were the only vessel there; and we could make out no sign of life on shore, until the glass revealed to us one or two half-ruined cottages. The Northern twilight shone in the sky far into the night; but neither that clear metallic glow, nor any radiance from moon, or planet, or stars, seemed to affect the thunder-darkness of Haskeval and Haleval's silent peaks.

There was another tale to tell below: the big saloon all lit up; the white tablecover with its centre piece of roses, nasturtiums, and ferns; the delayed dinner, or supper, or whatever it might be called, all artistically arranged; Angus Sutherland most humbly solicitous that Mary Avon should be comfortably seated, and, in fact, quite usurping the office of the Laird in that respect; and then a sudden sound in the galley, a hissing as of a thousand squibs, telling us that Master

Fred had once more, and ineffectually, tried to suppress the released genie of the bottle by jamming down the cork. And now the Laird, with his old-fashioned ways, must needs propose a health, which is that of our most sovereign mistress and lady; and this he does with an elaborate and gracious and sonorous courtesy. And surely there is no reason why Mary Avon should not for once break her habit and join in that simple ceremony; especially when it is a real live doctor—and not only a doctor, but an encyclopedia of scientific and all other knowledge—who would fain fill her glass? Angus Sutherland modestly but seriously pleads; and he does not plead in vain; and you would think from his look that she had conferred an extraordinary favor on him. Then we—we propose a health too—the health of the FOUR WINDS!—and we do not care which of them it is who is coming to-morrow, so long as he or she comes in force. Blow, breezes, blow!—from the Coolins of Skye, or the shores of Coll, or the glens of Arisaig and Moidart—for to-morrow morning we shake out once more the white wings of the *White Dove!*

AN INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY AND ITS WORK.

DURING the discussion in the Reichstag of the Anti-socialist Bill, Mr. Jean Dolfus, the member from Mülhausen, Alsace, made a speech which had a certain influence, but should have had much more. Mr. Dolfus is well known as a leading manufacturer, and took a prominent part during the recent Exposition at Paris in the meetings of the Peace Congress, he having presided at several of them. In his speech in the Reichstag he gave his experience, and that of his fellow-manufacturers in Mülhausen, in their attempt to prevent the advent of Socialism, rather than to trust to stamping it out after it had become a power. He spoke of the various institutions which had been created for increasing the comfort of the workers, lessening the sufferings of the poor, and showed how far even the most fortunate of us are from the happy sense of security which the whole race should possess, and the necessity of securing by a sympathetic study of the situation the knowledge necessary for continuing the work of improvement.

The result of this course of action, he said, had been to effectually prevent, up to this time, any threatening discontent among the large industrial population of Mülhausen and the other manufacturing towns of Alsace; and he promised to distribute among his colleagues of the Reichstag, a copy to each, a detailed report, to be soon published, of what had been done in this direction in Alsace.

The report is published by the *Société Industrielle* of Mülhausen, which is composed of manufacturers, those in Mülhausen paying yearly dues of sixty francs, and those distant more than seven kilometers fifty francs. A candidate for admission to the society must be presented by a member, and members receive gratuitously the regular Bulletin published by the society, together with copies of every thing else it publishes. This report was made by the committee of public utility belonging to the Industrial Society, and consists of a decennial census of the institutions inaugurated by private means for the purpose of improving the material and moral condition of the population of Upper Alsace. An extract from its preface will give an adequate idea of the spirit which has directed its labors:

"Without entering here into a discussion as to whether riches and poverty are inherent necessities of human nature, and leaving such question to the philosophers, great and small, we will, without further preliminaries, enter upon the practical side of the great question of aid. One thing is certain for all of us, and that is, that if our civilization can not suppress these inequalities, it can and it should soften them, by preventing and lessening their injurious consequences, and this is precisely the object and the aim of some of the institutions we shall mention. Administrative and official interference, which has itself arisen within modern times, and under the empire of the humanitarian ideas and sentiments of our epoch, would be far from being able to prevent all the excesses produced by a fatal necessity, or to alleviate all the sufferings which come from it, should not a more ardent, more active, and more universal charity spontaneously assume this duty; should not numerous hands be continually ready to more abundantly dispense the aid of every kind needed by the sufferings of all sorts. It can be said to the honor of our epoch that never has the interesting situation of our laboring and suffering population aroused a deeper sympathy than in our day; never before have we associated ourselves more intimately with their uneasiness and their sufferings; never have we advanced so far in the study of the causes which engender

poverty, or in the search for the most suitable remedies to relieve it. To discover these remedies, to aid and increase their judicious application, are the purposes of this search, the results of which are contained in this report.

"One thought has ruled throughout this whole research—a thought which has dictated and should inspire all the various works initiated by individuals; and this is the solidarity of all classes of society, accomplishing, according to the will of Providence and in conformity with the true principles of morality, the sacred duty of mutual and fraternal assistance.

"This movement of the society of to-day in favor of the disinherited classes has a new character which should be noticed. Well-doing is exercised to-day with more intelligence —it may be said with more art—than in the past. We are no longer satisfied with the multiplication of material aid; we join with this another kind, unknown to the well-doing of antiquity—intellectual and moral aid, instruction and education.

"The infant, yet unborn, is protected by charity while in his mother's womb; she watches over his birth, receives him in swaddling-clothes made ready beforehand by beneficence. This is the work of societies of maternity for the aid of child-bearing women. Then come the associations for the cradles, those for asylums and other works, which surround the first years of the child with their vigilance and tender care. Nor does youth excite less devotion than infancy. Schools of various kinds are founded, and individual initiative steps in to complete administrative action and that of the laws regulating this matter. The societies of apprenticeship go still further; they add to the education which moralizes and to the instruction which enlightens, the professional training which supports. They have their workshops and their schools, and conduct the young man or young woman to the point where they can provide for themselves, and fly with their own wings. Charity has created societies which seek out the necessitous, directing, heightening, and sweetening the benefits. Nor is old age forgotten. It also has its asylums. The bed of death even allows the spirit of association to manifest itself, and the burial societies assure a decent funeral to the poor who leave the earth.

"But though the aim is thus to every where reach after whatever there is to aid, to enlighten, to moralize, or physical or moral maladies to cure, yet it must not be forgotten that to prevent is better than to cure. It is from this just and true thought that have arisen the numerous societies and institutions of education, instruction, foresight, insurance, saving, etc., which often diffuse their benefits to all classes of society, and augment the well-being of the entire population. May the study of all these institutions, while showing us the extent and diversity of the questions that thrust themselves upon our attention and examination, contribute to stimulate the efforts to be made for their solution, and may we be soon able to say, There is in our country not an infirmity, not a grief, not a suffering, for which there is not a well-organized institution ready to render the service needed for whoso requires aid and assistance. Yet let us frankly confess, however, there still remains much to be done."

The experience gathered by the Industrial Society of Mülhausen through its work undertaken with such a spirit can not fail to be of both interest and value to many a community throughout this country, either just beginning an industrial career or already somewhat advanced in it. Within the past year or two, in both New York and Philadelphia, the necessity has become so plain for introducing some order and method of organization in the dispensation of their charities that both these cities have made attempts to compass this end. It would have been much better for them had they from the beginning foreseen this necessity; the result would have been the saving of much that has been worse than wasted in money and in sympathy.

In rapidly glancing through the numerous works mentioned in this report, the aim will be to avoid such as are already well known here, and to call attention to such as may contain suggestions of importance.

In 1864 Mr. Jean Dolfus acquainted the Industrial Society with the results he had gathered by having for several years provided at the expense of his manufactory midwives for the female operatives in the employ of the house, while at the same time continuing the full wages of the mother at her own home until she had entirely recovered her activity. This treatment had had so marked a result in lessening the average mortality of the children of the operatives that the society became interested in the matter; and under their auspices a careful study of the subject made by Dr. Penot, the results of which were embodied in a report to the society, showed conclusively "that in the cities devoted to industry, more than in the other portions of the country, mothers, driven by necessity, continue their work in the manufactories as long as possible, even almost up to their delivery, and that they return to work in so few days after it that the saddest results obtain, the sickness and

the mortality of both the mothers and the children being greatly increased." In the discussion which arose concerning the best method for affording the aid required, opinions were divided as to whether the manufacturers should give the entire amount necessary, or whether they should give an amount equal to that contributed by the women employed, each of them being taxed upon their wages for a certain small fee to be used as a fund for the benefit of them all. Both systems have been practiced. In 1866 the first set of rules for an association formed between seven manufacturing firms made the following provisions: It embraced all the women working in the establishments aged between eighteen and forty-five years, who paid every fortnight three cents, the firms paying the same sum for each woman in their employ, to form a fund for providing physicians, midwives, and nurses for those of the women who needed them. A woman, to be entitled to this assistance, must have been in the employ of the firm at least ten consecutive months, and have paid her monthly dues. A fit of sickness did not deprive her of her right, if it was certified to by a physician. Every woman giving birth to a child is paid a sum of 54 francs ($11), payable in three equal payments a fortnight apart, counting from the day of the birth, with the understanding that she abstains from work for six weeks, and devotes herself to the care of her child. Other establishments which have not joined this association bear themselves the expenses of the physician, the midwife, the nurse, and the full wages of the mother for four weeks from the time of birth.

Besides this, in 1863 a society of maternity was formed in Mülhausen by a number of ladies, to afford further aid to women in childbirth. This society depends for its funds upon what it gathers by solicitation, and assists any woman who needs aid. The average cases which come under its care are nearly two hundred a year. The association has made two reports—one in 1871 and the other in 1875—of its work, and from these it appears that the deaths of the children born into it during the first year of their lives have been reduced from 28 per cent. to 21 per cent., while the births from August 15, 1876, to August 15, 1877, were 276, to the mothers of whom 14,719 francs were paid (nearly $3000).

The Crèche—a place where the young infant can be left for the day by the mother who has to work—has been successfully established in Mülhausen, and has now been opened in New York. As the charge made for properly taking care of the child must necessarily be very low, a properly furnished crèche can hardly be maintained unless it has a fund to fall back upon. One established at Mülhausen January 1, 1869, and continued until March 31, 1874, received from a charitable lottery 17,400 francs, and at its discontinuance had 4000 francs unused, having opened accounts for 20,363 days, the total daily expense for keeping a child—washing, dressing, and feeding it—averaging nearly twenty-five cents a day, including rent, attendance, apparel, etc.

For the children who can speak and walk, being from two to three years old, Mülhausen is so well supplied with schools that, to quote the report, "They have so become a part of the customs of the people that it would be difficult to imagine the city without them. They are a city establishment, since they are supported by the city's funds; but their direction is left to private initiative, in so far as a committee of women, with a lady president, looks after their administration. This method of organization can not be too much approved, for, in fact, it creates a most desirable bond between the devoted women who attend to them and the children of the workers, and also of the poor who frequent them." There are thirteen such schools in Mülhausen, receiving about 2500 children, from two and a half to six years old, who have been vaccinated, and have no contagious diseases. The children are given a moral and practical education by means of occupations appropriate to their ages and intelligence. Care is also taken that they shall be occupied only in such matters as can be useful for their physical development. The entire expense of these schools for the year 1876–77 was a little over $4000, of which nearly $500 was spent in thread, cloth, and other material for the children to use. Of the 2500 children about one-third are admitted free, another third pay a portion of the charge, and the remaining third pay the entire charge. In this way the children pay nearly one-half of the expense, the city paying the balance of the $4000.

For the children from the age of six the primary schools are prepared. Here education is legally obligatory, and has been

made practically so. Upon this point the report says: "Obligatory instruction has been introduced in Mülhausen easier than would have been supposed. It is, after all, a question of money, and the municipal administration has considered it an imperious duty to vote the necessary funds despite the financial difficulties of the moment. On the legislative side, it is the government which had applied the general German law, by which every child is as rigorously held to attend school as the young man is forced to do military duty." In 1876 the numbers attending the primary schools were—boys, 2425; girls, 2959. For these there were sixty-four men teachers and sixty-seven women teachers, the course of instruction lasting for the boys from six to fourteen, and for the girls from six to thirteen. The charge for the schools is two francs a month for the first three classes, and three francs a month for the four upper classes; but the city makes it free to those who can not afford it, and grades the price according to ability to pay, so that in December, 1876, 518 children paid the full charge, 56 eight-tenths of it, 115 seven-tenths, 99 six-tenths, 947 five-tenths, 83 four-tenths, 1598 three-tenths, 940 two-tenths, 179 one-tenth, 601 paid only for the material furnished them, and 55 paid nothing.

For continuing and specializing public education in the autumn of 1876 a special school for boys was opened at Mülhausen, "to furnish the inhabitants the means for preparing their children to fill in industry or in the inferior administrative institutions of the government useful and advantageous positions." The scheme of preparation embraced three preparatory and seven regular years, thus taking the boy from the age of six to sixteen. At the opening of the school in 1876, 409 pupils presented themselves, who were classified in the lower classes. The charge for the first four classes is 50 francs ($10) a year, and for the upper ones 62½ francs ($12 50). The total expenses for 1877 were 58,000 francs, of which the pupils paid 20,000, the state 5000, and the town 33,000. A special school for girls was established in 1854, and in 1873 enlarged, made independent of the Primary School, and in 1876 still further raised by joining with it the two classes of the Normal School, so that the pupils are fitted to become either teachers or mistresses in the public or private schools. The pupils enter at the age of six, and receive "an education as complete in its sphere and as appropriate for their future needs as that received by young men in college," says the report. There are about 450 pupils, the cost for the lowest classes being 75 francs a year ($15), and rising for the highest to 125 francs ($25). The entire expense of the school for the last year was 53,106.55 francs ($10,621 31), of which the pupils paid 35,239.62 francs, the state 5000, the city 12,116.93, and 750 was given as a special gift for the garden.

The communal college of Mülhausen was founded in 1813, and has been improved until, since 1849, it has been made in all points an establishment of the second class, its literary instruction conferring a degree of bachelor in letters, and to its mathematical pupils a degree of bachelor in science. In 1877 there were 260 students in the classes; the expenses for 1877 were 57,987.50 francs ($11,597 50), of which the students paid 21,250 francs, and the state and the city paid each one-half of the balance of 36,737.50 francs. The professional school of Mülhausen was founded in 1854, and has in its career shown its efficiency. It has three classes, the last two being industrial and commercial. An average of an hour a day is spent by each pupil at work in the workshops. The number of pupils in 1877 was 275. The cost for that year was 117,544.50 francs ($23,508 90), of which the pupils paid 55,322.50 francs, and the state and city 62,222 francs.

The school of mechanical spinning and weaving was formed in 1869 by the union, under the same direction and in the same building, of the school of mechanical weaving, which was founded in 1861, and that of spinning, which was founded in 1865. Pupils are admitted to this school when by an examination they have shown that they have the necessary knowledge to follow the various courses of instruction. These comprise the theory of all the machines used in spinning and weaving, the practical management of the numerous machines of all kinds which the school possesses, the decomposition of tissues, design, the preparation of plans and specifications for spinning and weaving establishments, and the study of all the accessory matters which it is necessary to know in order to conduct an industrial establishment. The course of instruction occupies two years, a year be-

ing devoted to spinning, and another to weaving. In rare cases pupils of exceptional ability and industry may pass through both courses in a single year. A powerful steam-engine operates the numerous machines of the school, and in turn they are managed by the pupils. The school was built by the subscriptions of the various industrial establishments of the region, and during and since the late war has been supported by further subscriptions, until it can again come to be self-supporting. The number of pupils in 1877 was thirty-two.

The Industrial Society of Mülhausen designs also to re-establish the higher school of commerce, which was founded in 1866 by Messrs. Jules and John Siegfried by a contribution of 100,000 francs, and continued in successful operation until 1872, when at the cession of Alsace all of the professors and almost all the students sought refuge in France.

The school of design was founded in 1829; and in 1853, by means of contributions from the Industrial Society and individual manufacturers, it was remodelled, and provided with new and spacious quarters. The instruction is free, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Haeffely, who yearly contributes enough to meet any deficiency in the receipts, and has done so for the past ten years. The instruction comprehends the design of figures and ornaments, together with lineal design. There are eight professors, and three hundred students.

The superior municipal school of industrial chemistry is also aided by the Industrial Society. The pupils are from sixteen to eighteen, and forty hours a week are devoted to their studies. The course, which lasts two years, comprises a course of general chemistry, mineral and organic; a course of industrial chemistry; a course of analytical chemistry; and a course of applied physics. For the first year the practical work consists of graduated exercises in qualitative and quantitative analysis, and the preparation of chemical products in connection with the subject taught in the course, and especially of the products derived from coal-tar. The second year is an initiation to an industrial career; the subjects taught treat of all the applications of chemistry —chemical products, metallurgy, ceramics and glass-making, combustibles and materials for making light, paper-making, starch-making, manufacture of sugar and alcohol, coloring matters, and the methods of using them. The exercises of each pupil are chosen with reference to the specialty he intends making his business. The fourth term of three months is exclusively devoted to the practice of industrial processes. In the hall designed for this there is a special set of implements, with which, on a small scale, the pupils try bleaching, dyeing, and printing, passing in review all the kinds of colors. They learn also to decompose and determine the colors of printed and stamped tissues. This practical course is completed by visits to the chief industrial establishments of the vicinity. At the end of each week the pupils undergo a practical examination, oral and written, from which the council of supervision judges of their aptitude and progress, and at the end of the course those who have passed the examinations with success receive a certificate to that effect.

In addition to the aid of all kinds which the Industrial Society has given to the schools of Mülhausen, it has also furthered public education by the founding of museums. That of natural history contains a good and constantly increasing collection of animals, a fine botanical collection, another in geology and mineralogy, and a good beginning of an ethnological collection. The museum is open for all the seven days of the week. Under the auspices of the Industrial Society a subscription was started for a historical museum, which was successfully carried out, and the museum was opened in 1874. It has a list of three hundred and fifty subscribers, and publishes periodically a Bulletin. A museum of industrial design and another of painting owe their origin also to the initiative steps taken by the Industrial Society. In 1876 the occasion of an exhibition of pictures by native artists to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the society was taken advantage of to form another society—the Society of Arts —under the patronage of the Industrial Society. The purpose of this society is to hold a public exhibition at least once every three years, and the method it uses can most profitably be copied. It has two classes of members, the first ordinary, who pay yearly dues of ten francs; the other class—foundation members—place each yearly in the hands of the society at least one hundred francs, which shall be

returned to him as soon as the exhibition is opened, on the condition that he shall use it for the purchase of works of art. The society has about one hundred members of each class, and its first exhibition takes place in 1879.

Nor is it only in the matter of public education that the Industrial Society of Mülhausen has been of such service to the town. It has been equally instrumental in suggesting and organizing institutions for the social culture of the people. The chief of these is the people's club, or, as it is really named, the Cercle Mulhousien. In 1868 Mr. Jules Siegfried gave to the Industrial Society a hundred thousand francs, to be used as a fund for the foundation, under the management of the society, of a people's club, which should furnish the inhabitants of the city—chiefly the workmen, mechanics, and employés—with a place of meeting, where during their leisure time they could meet for recreation and instruction. The building was ready to be opened in 1870, when the war between Prussia and France broke out, and its inauguration was delayed until August, 1872. The organization of this people's club is so simple, and it is so effective in the best results, that to extend a knowledge of it can not fail to be advantageous. A committee of administration, consisting of fifteen persons, elected by the Industrial Society, is charged with the organization and direction of the club. This committee of administration is aided in its functions by twenty-four commissioners, who are nominated each year in a general meeting, and elected by the members of the club. These commissioners divide themselves into different committees, who attend to the special interests, such as the library, the concerts, the grounds, the gymnasium, the games, the funds, etc. The yearly fee is six francs for each member, with an extra charge of two francs for a family use of the summer garden, and one franc by a bachelor. The membership is about two thousand. The members of the club among themselves form vocal and instrumental societies, dramatic, gymnastic groups, and so on; and the excellent effects of the club in organizing and stimulating the social and fraternal culture of the members have led to the inauguration of similar bodies in many of the other neighboring towns.

One of the institutions mentioned by the report we can appreciate the need of to-day better than we could have done ten years ago. It is the inn for the poor, and is thus described: "Poor workmen, without work, travelling in search of it, are often from want of money cruelly embarrassed. Not knowing where to pass the night, they are very unhappy, and are sometimes tempted to seek refuge in culpable actions. With the intention of offering them a refuge, and at the same time aiding them to find some employer who will engage them, Mr. Jean Dolfus in 1859 founded an inn for the travelling poor." There are two large halls—one for men and the other for women. The guests are given a supper of soup, and as much bread as they wish. When they leave, they are allowed to carry some bread with them. Each one is furnished a mattress with a woolen covering, but without sheets. Up to 1873 each one departing was given four cents, but so numerous were the guests that this, slight as the sum seems, had to be given up as too onerous, the average yearly number entertained being about five thousand. The hospitality is offered only one night, and they can not come again within six weeks, though exceptions are sometimes made to this rule. From its foundation to the end of 1876 it had lodged 85,000 persons. As fully as possible information of what demand for work there is in the town or in the vicinity is given the lodgers. The cost of this most needed charity has been yearly 4000 to 4500 francs.

The Industrial Society, interesting itself in considering the too generally sad condition of the wage-worker when the season of his activity has passed, saw that it can hardly be expected that during his working season he could make, without assistance, adequate provision for his age, since the amount he could possibly save from his wages was inadequate, and, besides, the wage-worker has seldom the opportunity to become an expert in the technicalities of investment. As a result of their investigations, in 1851 an association, which now consists of nine firms, was formed to meet the difficulty. Their rules are as follows: The workmen from the age of eighteen and the work-women from the age of sixteen are given the opportunity to deposit three per cent. of their wages with the state treasury, and at the same time the employers, for the purpose of encouraging this saving, and to increase

the amount deposited, agree to contribute also three per cent. of the wages paid the workers of both sexes in their employ who have reached the age of eighteen and sixteen. Two-thirds of this last sum are to be added to that deposited by the workmen, the other third being used as a fund for paying the expenses of the accounts, to be distributed for the assistance of aged or infirm employés, and finally for increasing the pensions, which were too small to support their recipients. To further the objects of this association, from funds collected by a subscription a large building has been erected to serve as an asylum for aged and invalid workmen, and it now shelters 256 such—men and women. The funds thus raised, invested, and on hand to invest amount to very nearly 200,000 francs, and the manufacturers have reduced their contribution to one per cent. upon the amount of wages paid by them. The principle has, however, been so thoroughly introduced into the industry of Alsace that it is almost a rule without exception that the large industrial enterprises of that country consider it a duty they owe their operatives to provide for and to assist them by some such plan. In some cases, where the fund invested is large enough, the pensions are paid without requiring the operatives to continue their contribution, thus enabling them to make immediate use of all their wages.

The co-operative movement for consumption has had in Mülhausen an experience resembling that elsewhere. There have been numerous beginnings, a large portion of which have failed from want of experience, want of economy, want of business talent, and from other causes; there have also been some brilliant successes; and the practical experience of business affairs necessarily diffused by co-operation has been a most valuable education in self-reliance to the population.

In discussing and introducing the practice of giving to the workers a certain participation in the profits of the industry, the Industrial Society has been most actively engaged during the past four years, and has given medals to the establishments that have introduced it practically. Its committee of public utility, to whom the subject was referred, reported unanimously that they considered the institution of a fund for insurance against disability from sickness or age should be regarded as a permanent charge to the establishment, and they recommend its institution in any event, whether the business results in a loss or a gain. The report states that experience has shown these guarantees can be securely made at a cost of not over five per cent. of the wages paid, and continues:

"Doubtless no legislation can impose this expense upon the chiefs of any establishment, but it is to be hoped that they would all consider it a duty to assure the permanence of the fund in any case, whatever might be the returns from their industry. This in itself is a participation in the profits, for it is certain that it is only from the profits that the expense of such insurance for the future could be taken, and on this point the Industrial Society is unanimous in recommending this form of participation. It is equally unanimous in admitting that when every thing that a wise foresight can demand has been organized, it will be reasonable to think of supplementary combinations for creating the individual and direct participation of the worker in the profits, when this can be made a useful element in the business.

"Thus there is no question that in such a business as house-painting, where the worker can not be overlooked, and the material is of small value, it would be an immense advantage to interest him personally, and reserve for him a large portion of the profits he made. The point upon which there is a lack of agreement is upon the *possible* assimilation of the great industries to the more elementary ones, whether, after having made the sacrifices necessitated by the insurance fund, it would be *possible* to further take from the profits an amount sufficient to procure for the workers benefits that are appreciable or appreciated by them.

"The ideal of the system of participation is certainly the co-operative society, that is to say, the association in which all the members, capitalists or laborers, partake of the gains and the losses."

From the several instances given by the report we will take only one or two of the most striking. The foremen and the workmen in a manufactory of chemical products, who have been at least a year in the establishment, participate each year for ten per cent. of the net profits by the balance-sheet. The division is proportionate to the yearly wages, and increases, according to the length of the service of each, by the following scale: Those who have worked from 1 to 5 years in the establishment have 3 per cent. of the amount; those from 6 to 10, have 4; those from 11 to 15, have 5; those from

16 to 20, have 6; those from 21 to 25, have 7; those from 26 to 30, have 8; those from 31 to 35, have 9; those from 36 to 40, have 10. So that, for example, two workmen having the same wages, and one being three years in the house and the other thirty-two, if the share of the first would be fifty francs, the share of the second would be one hundred and fifty francs. Should an employé die, his heirs have a right to his share for that year. The portion coming to each workman is placed to his credit upon a special book, and draws five per cent. interest, and can not be withdrawn before the end of three years, except in the following cases: if he should die, or leave the establishment, or if the direction should see that it was necessary or advantageous that he should draw it. This arrangement has been in force five years, and the establishment employs 335 workmen, and during the past three years the majority of them have had over fifty francs entered yearly to their credit.

In another concern, where the system has prevailed three years, the details are as follows: All the workmen do not participate, but only the best, and those who have been at least three years in the establishment, and are twenty-five years old. The portion of the profits to be divided is not fixed in advance, but it is left to the judgment of the direction of the house; and besides this amount, which varies with that of the profits really realized, a fixed sum of 7500 francs is passed each year to the credit of the fund, even in those years when there is no profit. The total sum to divide is then portioned off according to the wages received by the participants, without any thought of the length of their service. The amount coming to each is then divided into thirds. The first third is paid in cash. The second is entered to his credit in a special book, and draws five per cent. interest; it is payable when the owner becomes sixty years of age, or when, being at least forty-five, he has been in the employment of the house for twenty years, or in case he becomes incapacitated for work, or dies. The third portion is placed to his credit, and draws five per cent. interest, and can be drawn only the next year if he remain in the service of the house. The intention of this division is to gratify the desire for the immediate enjoyment of the money, to stimulate the habit of saving, and also, by throwing obstacles in the way of an unthinking change of place, to inculcate settled habits. From the yearly accounts it appears that by paying the sum of two per cent. on the amount of wages it has been possible to secure the interest of the employés, and their number increases every year, having risen in these three years from 112 to 201, that is, from twelve to twenty per cent. of the entire force employed. These participants have received in cash 16,426.54 francs, or three and a half per cent. increase of their wages, and their account-books show a total of 15,296.85 francs to their credit, or another increase of three and a half per cent. of their wages. The amount placed also conditionally to their credit represents an average of thirty-two to thirty-five francs a head, so that he who leaves the establishment for any serious reason will lose only about a fortnight's pay. The accounts also show that the workmen understand the interest they have to remain, for during the second year only six left, out of 112 participants, or five per cent.; the third year only two left, out of 150 participants, or one and one-third per cent. The time that this system has been in force is not long enough to enable the firm to decide absolutely concerning its value, but no trouble has yet arisen from it, and the firm see clearly a decided amelioration already in the conduct of the participants, and their opinion is that the establishments which have introduced this institution will in a few years have a decided advantage over those which have not, since they will have attracted the good workmen to themselves, and will not, on the whole, have a much greater amount to pay for so doing.

The Industrial Society was also instrumental in originating the plan of building small houses for workmen, and selling them at cost in small installments. So successful has this method been that in the past twenty-four years the workmen of Mülhausen have bought houses and land costing 3,319,789.90 francs. The money for the construction is generally raised by subscription, or advanced outright by the capitalist. Doing the work of construction on a sufficiently large scale, the opportunity is offered to take advantage of the wholesale discounts on all the material, and also of securing all the economy of organizing the work to be done. Besides this, the plan of the

houses can be more carefully considered; time enough can be given to a hundred houses, but could not be given to one. The drainage, the ventilation, the water supply, and the heating are carefully studied out; and that the conception of life has been raised for the whole population is shown conclusively in the improvement in the dress, the food, the amusements, and the wages of the working population.

In closing their report to the Industrial Society the committee say: "From our examination this fact appears, which in 1867 was also shown by our colleague Dr. Penot, that the great majority of institutions created for the benefit of the working population can not sustain themselves long, nor prosper, if they do not have other resources than those which the modest economies of labor can afford from its wages. The intervention of employers, of the leaders of industry, of those who possess, becomes a necessity at the same time that it is a sacred duty."

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

CHAPTER IX.

A "FLAT" at a Richerden terrace, furnished after the true Richerden style, not tawdry, certainly, but very solid: solid and ugly. Large-patterned flowery carpets, and curtains to match, or rather not to match, there being just that slight difference in shade which some people think "of no consequence," but which to others is a daily torment, setting their teeth on edge like an untidy room, or a piano out of tune, or any other of those small avoidable miseries which make all the difference between real and sham refinement. But the sense of harmony in color and form—a thing quite independent of riches, and often attainable in comparative poverty—was mostly unknown to, and disregarded by, the wealthy inhabitants of this excellent town. No blame to them: only a little painful to those who happened to be differently constituted.

"When I look round this room, I feel exactly like a cat with its back rubbed up the wrong way," said Roderick, trying to make a joke of his annoyance at finding the sort of "home" to which he had brought his wife, so very different from what he had desired, or even expected. They had been travelling a month abroad, and had begun to weary of hotels, and look forward eagerly to the settled life of dual solitude, which to all people who are truly "one and one"—without need of that "shadowy third," which marks, alas! the sad imperfectness of married union—is, and ought to be, the most entire felicity.

And felicity it was—even though theirs had been a sad home-coming—not a soul waiting there to welcome the bride. It was now two days since they had arrived, yet not a visit, not a card, not a letter, came to show that any body remembered there were such people in the world as Roderick Jardine and his young wife.

"We might as well be in the desert of Sahara, only then it wouldn't rain, as it seems always to do here," continued he. "What a change! We left spring, we have come back to winter."

"I don't mind it. And I like the merry crackle of the open fire," said Silence, who was kneeling before it, the blaze brightening her sweet face, upon which had already come the mysterious look which even a week of marriage seems to bring, the deep, contented calm of a girl who has passed into a woman, whose lot is settled, whose life is filled. For good or ill, God knows! but it is filled; and all uncertainty is ended. "Do not vex yourself, dear," she said. "Though, I allow, it might be a prettier salon, or parlor. Is not parlor the word?"

"Drawing-room: parlor is not half genteel enough for Richerden," said Roderick, laughing.

"Well, whatever it is, it is very comfortable. I am quite happy in it—with you. And I like our being here, all alone, with no 'receptions.' We shall not need to have any, I suppose?"

"No 'at home,' you mean?—to receive our wedding callers? Apparently, we shall have none to receive. Oh, there is the door-bell!"

The quick, sharp stroke of a Richerden hall bell—Roderick had started at the long familiar sound, and even changed color a little. But it was no visitors; only the post.

"Just business—Mr. Maclagan, our lawyer. He might have written sooner, if only to apologize for finding us such a

wretched 'flat,' instead of the furnished house I ordered." And Roderick, looking first disappointed, then vexed, was going apparently to tear up the letter; but meeting Silence's eyes, he stopped, and passed it over to her to read. "It is such a comfort to me that I can tell you every thing," he said, tenderly. "You are sure never to be vexed, or cross, or hurt—oh, my darling!" If she had been either of the three, that last word, and the tone of it, would have healed all.

Yet the letter, read aloud, was a little hard to bear, for both.

"'Dear Sir' (he used to call me dear Mr. Roderick; he has been our man of business these forty years). 'Perhaps you were not aware that the furnished house you wished me to hire would have swallowed up half your income in mere rent, so I took the liberty of getting something more advisable, which I hope will please you, during the time that Blackhall is being finished. I forwarded the address, as desired, to your three sisters here, and to Mrs. Jardine in England. My wife will do herself the honor of calling on young Mrs. Jardine. I wonder how the old lady will approve of that?'"

"Of my being called Mrs. Jardine, or of Mrs. Maclagan visiting me, does he mean?" said Silence, with her smile of grave simplicity. "It is a pity for the lady to come, if she fears to displease your mother," added she, with a slight sigh, which went to her husband's very heart.

"The 'lady,' indeed!" said he, bitterly. "Oh, my mother does not know her. She does not belong to our set at all. Her calling upon my wife is quite unnecessary, rather a liberty."

"But she means it kindly; and Mr. Maclagan took a deal of trouble for us. If this—'flat,' do you call it?—is not very pretty, it is very convenient; and that is a nice bright little 'bonne' he has found for us. She can quite understand me, and I can almost understand her."

"A mere 'flat,' and one servant! What would the girls say?" muttered Roderick. "Yet you are happy, my sweet!"

"Quite happy." And her face showed this; a tell-tale face, at least to those who loved her, and loving, learned to read it.

Yet it was slightly flushed and nervous when, a few hours after, her first visitor came; the "first foot" in the new home, as that lady rather too ostentatiously pointed out. For it was Mrs. Maclagan, dressed in her very best, loud-voiced, voluble, with a shrill Richerden accent, meaning to be most cordial and most kind, and yet succeeding in making Roderick, who received her with grave politeness, and talked to her as much as possible, so as to shield his wife, wince at every sentence she uttered.

When she was gone, he threw himself in a chair.

"I hope that woman will not come again. She would drive me wild. Better have not a friend in the world than such friends as these."

"Had you many friends here? Is it I who have lost you them?" asked Silence, mournfully, and then looked sorry she had said it. "My husband, I did not mean to regret; and it is too late to suffer you to regret. We can not alter any thing now."

"We would not if we could," cried Roderick, passionately. "We know, if no other human creature does, how happy we are, how entirely we belong to one another."

"Thank God!"

There were tears in the young wife's eyes; but she smiled still. And during the somewhat trying two weeks that followed, when it rained every day, and they were shut up together in-doors, with nothing particular to do—a most severe trial even to honey-moon lovers—though she did not always smile, she never once gloomed.

"I know now I have found that blessing which my father said was the greatest any man could get, a sweet-tempered wife," cried Roderick, fondly, as they stood together at the window, watching the rain sweep down.

"Mamma was that. And papa loved her. I mean, not exactly as you love me, because he had loved some one else in his youth; she told me that herself one day. Still, he entirely respected and trusted her; they were very happy in their way. But, oh!" She suddenly turned to her husband with such a look in her eyes—a look that none but he had ever seen or would ever see. "My first love! my last love! God is good to have let me marry *you*."

"My darling!" Then, with an attempt to touch lightly upon the unspoken soreness between them: "It is well you like my company still, for apparently you

will have no other. The weather keeps us in, for I can give you no carriage, and I hate cabs. I have never been used to them; besides, only fancy my wife in a common street cab! But weather need not have hindered all our 'carriage friends,' as my sisters call them, or my sisters either, from paying you the respect of a visit."

He spoke irritably, as he sometimes did, though never to her. A meaner nature—and there are such, men who esteem even their wives according as the world admires them—might have visited upon Silence this entire and cruel ignoring of her. But upon Roderick it acted in precisely the opposite way. No princess quitting her own people to be received in equal honor by her husband's kith and kin could have been treated by him with more tender reverence, more watchful love, than was that poor lonely girl, who had no other refuge or defense than himself in the wide world. Still, he was not quite perfect, and by this time she had of course found it out. But perhaps the very tenderest bit of a woman's heart comes out toward the man she loves when she first discovers she has something to pardon in him—and pardons.

"I am very cross to-day, Silence, and I know it."

"Yes, so do I," she said, and smiled. "But if you know it, it is half conquered. Go and take a good walk, and walk it off, as in the days when you were in love, you know."

"As if those days had ended, or ever would end!" answered Roderick, parting her hair and looking passionately down into her eyes. "My good angel! But don't you see how much of the devil I have in me still? How do you mean to make me good?"

"I mean us to make one another good," she answered. "My mother used to say"—it was strange and touching this way she had now of speaking of her mother, as if not dead, but only absent somewhere, and still mixed up with all their daily life—"my mother said, it is better to use one's feet or hands than one's tongue when one is vexed about any thing. Therefore, go."

Roderick went, and his wife stood watching him down the rainy street with eyes he saw not, and a heart that in its deepest depths was, even to him, not wholly known—or shown.

"I think, though you had never been mine," she murmured, "so long as you were yourself, I would have loved you just the same. But, since you are mine—oh, my love! my love!"

And the tears, which he seldom or never saw, broke out unrepressed—tears, not of grief, but joy. Soon she dried them, and looking round for something to do, began putting away his gloves that he had left on the table, and an old coat which she had made him change for a warmer one. As she did so she kissed them both, saying over again, with a tender murmur—"My love! my love!"

A foolish girl, maybe. And she had been only married six weeks. But, as she said, it would be just the same, did he remain the same, even after they had been married fifty years. A happy love, a happy life! In which, being fitted each for each, either grows more and more into the other, through youth, middle age, old age—realizing the rare but not impossible married union, of being "not two, but one flesh."

Roderick came back in quite a cheerful mood. "My walk has done me good, spite of the rain. And I have actually found a friend—Tom Grierson, lately married too. He and his wife are going to the coast the day after to-morrow, but they insist upon 'making up a party' (that is the phrase, love) for us to-morrow. She will call first, and invite you with due ceremony. And you shall wear your wedding dress, and the diamonds Cousin Silence left to my future wife. Little she thought it would be another Silence Jardine! You will look so charming, and I shall be so proud. We must go."

"Must we?"

With the quick intuition, the instinctive thought-reading, learned by those who deeply love, and only those, Roderick detected at once the slight hesitation.

"Is it this?" he said, with a glance at her black dress. "Do you very much dislike going?"

"I dislike nothing, if you like it, and it seems pleasant and good to you."

"Thank you, my darling. Yes, this will be pleasant, I think; and good also. The Griersons are among what my family" (he rarely named his mother now) "call 'the best people in the place.' Excellent people too: intelligent, cultivated. I like them, and so will you; old Mrs. Grierson especially."

"Do they know any thing? About me, I mean."

"I can not tell; I did not ask. You see, I could not ask," added Roderick, clouding over. But immediately he drew his wife close and kissed her fondly. "It does not matter either way. Never mind, love. We will go—and for the rest take our chance. We have done the deed, we are married. 'Let come what come may,' as Tennyson says. No human being can ever part us more."

Still, with a curious foreboding of what might come, after the note of invitation and apology which, to Silence's evident relief, arrived next day, instead of Mrs. Grierson herself, Roderick helped his wife to choose her "braws" for this first appearance in the world—such a different world from the innocent *monde* of Neuchâtel!—then he left her to her toilet, and sat reading, or trying to read, till she appeared.

Not exactly the angelic vision of her marriage morning; "a spirit, yet a woman too." Very womanly, if not very fashionable, for the white dress was high round her throat, and the round soft arms gleamed under a semi-transparent cloud instead of being obtrusively bare.

"I don't know exactly what is the difference," said Roderick, examining her; "you look scarcely like the Richerden brides whom I used to meet, but you look so sweet! I once said to—to them all at home that you were not beautiful; but I am afraid, my wife, I told what we call here 'a lee.'"

Silence laughed, the happy laugh of one who, being admired by the only person she cares to please, is childishly content and satisfied.

She belonged to that class of beauties who, owing all their charm to expression, only look well when they are happy. A disappointed life might have made her quite an ordinary girl all her days; but now, when leaning on her young husband's arm, she entered the Griersons' drawing-room, there was such a light in her eyes, such a tender glow in her cheeks, and about her whole bearing that quiet dignity, ease, and grace which, to natures like hers, only comes with the consciousness of being loved, that very few, regarding her, would have hesitated to exclaim: "What a sweet-looking woman!"

Roderick saw the impression she made—saw, indeed, for the first few delightful minutes nothing else; until, turning suddenly, he perceived sitting close by, splendidly dressed, and surrounded by quite a little court, his sister Bella, Mrs. Alexander Thomson.

It was a position half painful, half ludicrous, and yet so extremely difficult, and involving so much, not only as to the present but the future, that he felt actually sick and giddy. One glance, however, at the sweet unconscious face beside him, and another at the very different face opposite, and his mind was made up.

With a bow to his sister, a mere formal bow, as to any other lady, he drew his wife's arm through his, and they passed on to the other end of the room.

Nobody noticed; it is curious how little people do notice, or trouble themselves about their neighbors' affairs, if their too egotistical neighbors could only believe so! Dinner was announced, the host came forward to take down the bride, Roderick had to go through the same politeness toward Mrs. Grierson, every body went in to dinner, and soon the waves of society flowed smoothly over this little domestic tragedy, unknown to all, apparently, except the brother and sister, who sat within a few yards of each other, yet never interchanged a word.

It was a regular Richerden dinner, such as both had been familiar with from their youth upward, but Roderick felt like a ghost revisiting the well-known scenes. A not unhappy ghost, certainly, in spite of Bella sitting there. Through all the dazzle of lights and clatter of voices (how loud every body talked, and how sharp and shrill the Richerden accent sounded!) his eager ear listened for the occasional low-toned words spoken with a slight foreign intonation, and his eye rested tenderly on the fair calm face of his wife. She was evidently neither shy nor strange, but perfectly dignified and self-possessed. He wondered if Bella saw her.

"My husband seems charmed with your wife: I shall be quite jealous directly," said his hostess. "Where did you find her? She looks different from our Richerden girls. Is she Scotch?"

"Of Scotch family, but Swiss born. We were married in Switzerland. Her father was my father's second cousin, and her name was Silence Jardine.—You must have heard it before, Mrs. Grierson?"

And Roderick turned to a gentle-looking old lady on his other hand, aunt to the young couple, whom he had told Silence she would be sure to like.

"I remember your father's cousin, Miss Jardine. And your wife is her namesake? What a curious coincidence! But I understood— However, one never hears quite the truth about love affairs; so no matter," added the old lady, stopping herself. "All's well that ends well. Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing."

"Ours was fully six months a-doing," said Roderick, smiling. "We waited as long as possible, on account of her mother's death, and for other reasons; and then we married. A right, and wise, and prudent marriage, as I think a true-love marriage always is," he added, pointedly, for he felt his sister was listening to every word he said. And he knew that old Mrs. Grierson was one to whom every body told every thing, though even scandal, passing through the alembic of her sweet nature, came out harmless; she was noted for never having been heard to say an ill word of any body.

"You are right," she answered; and her eyes, placid with long and patiently borne sorrow—she was a childless widow—rested kindly on the young bride. "By her face, I should say that Mrs. Jardine was one of those rare women who are in the world, but not of it."

"How well you read her!—I thought you would," cried Roderick, warmly. "If ever there was a saintly creature born— But I am her husband, and ought not to speak."

"Who is to speak for us if not our husbands, I should like to know?" said young Mrs. Grierson. "And when there are actually three brides present. By-the-bye, Mrs. Thomson, I did not know till a few minutes ago that it was your own sister-in-law I was inviting you to meet; but I shall learn the ins and outs of Richerden people in time. You and your brother must have married within a few weeks of one another."

"No, some months," said Roderick, with his eyes firmly fixed on his plate. Bella, with some smiling word or two, turned back again to her next neighbor, with whom she had been gayly conversing all dinner-time. So the difficulty passed, seemingly unnoticed by every body.

How much did "every body" know? was the question that haunted Roderick. What did his sister mean by coming here, well aware whom she should meet? Was it to blind the eyes of Richerden as to their family quarrels? He knew his mother and sisters would make any sacrifice for the decent, the decorous, the expedient. Or had she come—this resplendent Mrs. Alexander Thomson, who yet wore a dissatisfied expression quite new to the good-tempered, rosy face of Bella Jardine—come, out of curiosity, defiance, indifference, to meet the brother she had forsaken, and the sister-in-law she ignored?

When the ladies rose, and he was forced to let Silence pass him without a warning or explanatory word, catching only the bright smile which showed she was at ease and happy—because underneath this outside show was the sweet inner reality that they two were every thing to one another—Roderick vexed himself with conjectures as to what was happening in the drawing-room, and blamed himself for what now seemed the moral cowardice of letting his young wife drop ignorantly into the very midst of her foes. So absorbed was he with these thoughts that he quite started when a slap on the back roused him to the consciousness of his new brother-in-law, Mr. Alexander Thomson.

"Didn't see you till this minute. Very odd—my wife never told me we should meet you here. And was that your wife?—the uncommon nice girl that sat beside Grierson? Phew!"—with a slight whistle. Then, confidentially: "The women are always fools, we know. Old lady cuts up rough still? Never mind; what's the odds, so long as you're happy? Glad to meet you again, my boy. When are you coming to see us?"

Had it been possible to frame a speech more calculated than another to set every nerve tingling in Roderick's frame, or touch to the quick his pride, his sensitiveness, his strong family feeling, these words of Mr. Thomson would have accomplished it. He had forcibly to say to himself that they were well meant, and to shut his eyes in an agony of brotherly pity to the rapidly reddening face, thickening speech, and always coarse manners of the person—you could not say gentleman—whom Bella had chosen to marry, before he could trust himself to reply. Even then it was as briefly as possible.

"Thank you. We have only just arrived at Richerden, and are going on to Blackhall as soon as possible."

"But we shall see you before you go? Bella will be delighted; and if she isn't, I shall; and I hope I'm master in my own house. Depend upon it"—dropping his hand heavily on the table, and looking round with a triumphant gleam in his fishy eyes—"the one thing a husband should try for from the very first is to be master in his own house."

"If he can be, he will be, without need to say a word about it; and if he can't be, why, it's no good trying."

The laugh went round at this naïve remark of young Grierson's; but Roderick never said a word. And when the gentlemen fell into gentlemen's talk, politics and so on, though he liked it, having been long enough absent from England to feel an interest in all that was going on there, his mind continually wandered not only to the wife whose happiness he knew he made, and felt it was in his power to make, but to the sister who had thrown away her own happiness, and over whose lot, be it good or ill, he had no longer the smallest influence.

"Poor Bell!" he said to himself, and all his wrath against her died out; he remembered only the days when they two used to play together, merry, innocent brother and sister, sufficient to each other, without thinking of either husbands or wives.

For his wife, when Roderick, at the first excuse possible, joined the ladies, he saw her sitting in a corner, contentedly talking with old Mrs. Grierson. In the further room Mrs. Alexander Thomson, with a group of ladies round her, was holding great state, as lively and laughing as if she had not a care in the world. Evidently the sisters-in-law had not met or spoken—nor had any body noticed the fact; or else, which was much more likely, every body was quite aware of the fact, but was too civil, or too indifferent, to make remarks about it.

To get quietly away, that was the young husband's first thought, especially as, though she looked and smiled so sweetly, he detected a shade of weariness in the dear face he knew so well. If he could only carry her safely off before the admiring circle round Bella broke up, and before Mr. Alexander Thomson appeared in the drawing-room—as he was sure to do in a condition euphemistically termed "merry!" But Mrs. Grierson had first to be spoken to a little, and she sat close beside his sister, who, in passing, he felt catch his hand.

"Rody!"

Was there ever a man, old or young, who hearing himself called by a familiar voice the pet name of his childhood, could stonily turn away? Poor Roderick, any thing but stony-hearted, certainly could not.

"What do you want with me?" he whispered, pretending to turn over a large volume of photographs which his sister held.

"She—I came here on purpose to look at her—she is much nicer than I expected."

"Thank you. Is that all? Then I will pass on. I was going to say good-night to Mrs. Grierson."

The tone, studiously polite, was exactly what he would have used to any stranger lady. It seemed to cut his sister to the heart.

"Roderick, what can I do? I dare not vex mamma. She holds all my pin-money; and he is, oh, so stingy! so— If I had but known!"

"You did know; I told you myself," said Roderick, sternly. "But it is useless talking. As one makes one's bed, one must lie on it."

"I know that. And you?"

"There is no need to speak—we had better not speak—either of me or mine."

The brother and sister looked one another full in the face. Both were changed, both had taken that momentous step which sometimes breaks the fraternal relation forever, but so often draws it nearer, making separation, not division. Perhaps there is no tie more close and tender than that of a brother and sister happily married, and each taking a sympathetic interest in the other's concerns. But here—

"Stop one moment," Bella said. "Does she know I am here? Would you like me to speak to her?"

"Certainly not."

"Why not?"

"Because my wife is myself, and every rudeness, every unkindness, shown to her, is the same as to myself, or more than myself. I can not resent it, seeing it comes from my own flesh and blood, but I can escape it. And I will. There is not the slightest necessity for you to speak to Mrs. Jardine."

"Mrs. Jardine!—how strange! But every thing is strange," muttered Bella, almost with tears in her eyes. "However, you will come and see me—just you yourself?"

"What! without my wife? No; not even if my mother asked it. Good-night, and—good-by."

For he saw Silence's eyes watching him—those innocent eyes, which he knew followed him wherever he went, with the unexactingness of perfect love. "Once," she had said to him after they were married—"once I might have been jealous; but now—you may talk, flirt—is not that your English word?—with any woman you please. You are *mine*. You love *me*. All else is only an outside thing."

"I must go, Bella; my wife is waiting. Again—good-by."

"Oh, Rody!" and under shadow of the table she again caught his hand.

At this instant the gentlemen were heard coming up; and one of them, approaching, tapped her on the shoulder, with a jovial, "Well, my dear!"

A shiver of repugnance—almost of fear—passed over poor Bella from head to foot. Well might the sapient Mr. Alexander Thomson observe that "women are fools;" but the greatest of all fools is the woman that marries a fool for his money.

"Jardine! here still? Do introduce us—my wife and me—to our charming sister-in-law. Or, rather, introduce her to us, if Bella thinks it more proper."

"Yes, yes! bring her here. I beg you will, and quickly. Don't you see every body is looking at us?" said Bella, hurriedly.

"Let them look; it is nothing to me," said Roderick, and was walking away, when he felt a little hand slip under his arm.

"I came not to hurry you, dear, but to tell you that Mrs. Grierson offers to take us home in her carriage. She is so kind. I like her so much."

"I knew you would, my darling."

Bella heard the words, saw the look, and the look which answered it. A sudden spasm, almost like despair, passed across her face—the despair which a woman, any woman, can not but feel on catching a glimpse of the heaven she has lost or thrown away. But she righted herself speedily; and having much of her mother's cleverness, slipped out of the difficult position by coming and taking Silence's two hands with an air of frank pleasure.

"You would not carry off my brother this very minute, when I am so delighted to see both him and you? I am Bella. Of course you have heard of Bella? Nay, you must let me kiss you, my dear."

The tone, if a little patronizing, was kind; and though the soft cheek turned scarlet, it did not shrink from the kiss. Silence stood, neither shy, nor afraid, nor ashamed, to receive the greeting of her husband's sister. But when Bella's husband came forward, with rough exuberance, to take his share in the salute, she drew back.

"It is not our custom in Switzerland," she said in French to her husband; and as she extended the tips of her fingers, it would have taken a bolder man than Mr. Alexander Thomson to offer a kiss to young Mrs. Jardine.

All this little scene passed within half a minute, attracting no attention except from the Griersons, who stood by.

"We are detaining you, and making our family relations needlessly public," said Roderick; "but the fact is, my wife and sister have never met before. They will meet again shortly, I hope."

"I hope so too," responded Mrs. Grierson, in a tone which showed that the gentle old lady was fully cognizant of the Jardine history, as no doubt, in some form or other, was every body present, or would be within ten minutes. Indeed, as Roderick took his wife from the room, he felt that, like the celebrated wit in the anecdote, they "left their characters behind them."

What matter? What did any thing matter, so long as he held fast that tender hand, which, in the friendly dusk of the carriage, he had taken, for he felt it trembling much. But neither they nor Mrs. Grierson made any save the most ordinary remarks on the way home—that commonplace, ugly "home," which yet was so sweet.

Arrived there, Silence threw her arms round her husband's neck.

"I am so glad—so glad!"

"Glad of what?"

"Of—every thing, I think. But most of all to get home."

"What a little home-bird you will grow to! Exactly suited for a poor man's wife. Suppose, now, I had married a fashionable young lady, who wanted to have, every



"'IT IS NOT OUR CUSTOM IN SWITZERLAND,' SHE SAID."

day, a dinner party like the one we have left! But you did enjoy it?"

"Oh yes. Only— And that was your sister? Did you know she was to be there?"

Silence spoke with hesitation, even with a slight constraint.

"I did not know, or I should not have gone," said Roderick, decidedly. "But perhaps it is as well. Poor Bella! Did you notice her husband?"

"Yes."

Neither said any thing more. Comments and questionings were alike avoided

by both, as indeed was their habit on this painful subject. Already they had learned one of the best lessons of married life—that there is a time to talk, a time to be silent. No existence, least of all the double existence which was now theirs, is so entirely without difficulties—no heart so free from weak points and sore places—as not to recognize this truth. A "fidgety" man, a "worrying" woman, even though both may be good sort of folk, is often more trying to live with than an actual ill-doer. And I have known households, overshadowed with endless sorrows from outside, who yet carried within them a perpetual sunshine of cheerfulness and peace.

This peace was in both their faces—the young husband and wife—as they sat down together in their little parlor, nestling into one another's arms, with the sweet and sacred caresses which even a brief separation of "doing the polite" to other folk seemed to make all the sweeter and more sacred. Neither spoke, until at last Roderick rather sighed than said, "Poor Bella!"

"Was she—was she always like that, and not like you?" asked Silence, after a long pause.

"We were never very much alike, but—"

"But you are brother and sister. I am very glad you met. And, if they wish it, you will go?"

"With you—not otherwise. But no need to talk about that. Let us talk about the dinner—a regular grand Richerden dinner, and some of the best of Richerden folk at it—the little leaven which leavens the whole lump. I like the Griersons. And you?"

"Yes; they are your friends, and this is your country; I wish to love it, and them. But I am afraid you will never make a grand lady of me, like—like your sister."

Heaven forbid! Roderick was on the point of saying, but he did not. In his tender heart there was a pitiful sense of apologizing for his own people. He knew all their faults; but they had belonged to him all his days. Kissing his wife, he said, with a smile, "Sisters are sisters, and wives, wives; I am quite satisfied with mine."

Then they began comparing notes about their evening's experience, and making great fun together, like a couple of children.

"I am so glad," he said, "to be married to somebody who can laugh."

"And I to somebody who will let me laugh. I am afraid I am in some things very unlike what old Mrs. Grierson told me you Scotch people approve of: I do not enjoy being miserable."

"My darling, God forbid that I or any one should ever try to make you miserable!"

And the duty of the husband—as needful as the so much talked-of "obedience" of the wife—to love and to cherish, "even as his own flesh," the woman he has married, she who, out of mere womanhood, is certain to have in her lot much that is very hard—this solemn duty forced itself upon the young man. He resolved to bear any thing, every thing, himself rather than allow a hair of his wife's head to suffer. A boy in love, and a man who loves as perhaps only a man can love, and certainly can only love one woman—he now saw what a world of difference there is between. And as day by day his old, solitary, selfish life drifted fast away, till he almost forgot he had ever been "a bachelor," he thanked Heaven for making him, not only a happier, but, he believed, a better man, and infinitely more of a man, in the truest and highest sense, for having a woman to take care of.

"It never rains but it pours," said he, two days after, throwing over to Silence a heap of letters which had succeeded a whole pack of cards, left luckily during a day's absence, when he had been showing her some Scotch mountains, and apologizing for their not being Alps. "Here are invitations enough. The way of the world! Once met at the Griersons', all Richerden is satisfied and delighted to visit us. Even my sister: did you notice these?"

The cards of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Thomson, and a formal dinner invitation, sufficiently proved Bella's sisterly feelings.

"We shall go?" Silence was still feeble in those auxiliary verbs, which to a native can take such delicate shades of meaning. Her husband could hardly tell whether or not she wished to go. But he knew she ought to go, even if at some slight sacrifice to both; therefore he merely assented, without opening any discussion pro or con. She tacitly accepted his "Yes," and he went on explaining or criticising the other invitations.

"After all, the world is exceedingly like a flock of sheep. Let one jump the ditch, the others are sure to follow. And this was a very wide ditch to jump, truly," added he, looking round the room. "We ought certainly to take a house, if only for the sake of our friends. What agony it must have cost some of them to stop their carriages in front of a flat!"

Silence laughed merrily. "And yet we are happy in it! It is ugly, I know that; but I think I have never been so happy in all my life; and as for all this visiting, is it quite, quite necessary?"

Roderick was but a man, and a proud man. All the prouder, perhaps, from a slight consciousness of having sunk in the world—if people chose so to consider it—sunk from wealth and idleness to a small income and what some would call the disgrace, some the dignity, of labor.

He hesitated a little; then said, gently, "Yes, my wife, if you do not dislike it very much, I think it is quite necessary."

"That is enough; we will go."

"Out of mere obedience, my darling?"

"No," she said, answering his smile with a sweet gravity: "I do not think it is in me blindly to obey any one, not even you. But I honor you so much in all things I can understand, that in things I do not quite understand I trust you. That is the only true and safe obedience."

So they went to dinner after dinner. At Richerden the only idea of "society" consists in dining. One invitation followed another rapidly, for it was near the end of the season, and most families were beginning to think of the periodical "going to the coast." Yet Roderick liked it; she too, after a fashion. "It makes one feel," she said once when they had come back, "in the sma' hours," to their quiet flat, "like sitting safe in a sheltered hut, with the rain pelting outside."

Roderick laughed. "This place rather resembles a hut, certainly; but would Richerden be flattered by your likening its splendid hospitalities to 'an evendown pour'?"

Silence colored. "I don't mean that. You know what I mean. Visiting is pleasant. I am glad to feel you are not ashamed of me, and oh, I am so proud of you! But still, that is only our outside life. The real life is this."

She crept close to him. She felt the beating of the strong true heart that she knew was wholly her own. Then lifting up her face, all wet with peaceful tears, she looked earnestly at her husband.

"I am so sorry, I never can tell how sorry, for the women who are *not* happy."

Whether Mrs. Alexander Thomson, with whom they had just been dining, was a happy woman or not, neither of these two discussed, nor did the lady herself betray. Either by her own will, or her husband's, Bella showed the young couple every civil attention, though more as an acquaintance than a sister-in-law. Whenever she invited them there was always a party—those large parties which are such safeguards against dangerously confidential intercourse; and she set them down to banquet upon every delicacy of the season. But, but—

There is a proverb—Roderick sometimes thought of it nowadays, and felt that he could almost understand it—"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a house full of sacrifices with strife."

Their "dinner of herbs" was growing nearer than they thought.

Roderick one day came in from a call on Mr. Maclagan, whose hospitalities they had also shared, and Silence, with her sweet nature and wide power of sympathy, had persisted that even Mrs. Maclagan was, when you came to know her, not so black as she was painted. Mr. Maclagan, Roderick allowed, was always liked and likable—till now. She saw immediately that something had gone seriously wrong.

"What is it? Your mother?"

"No, dear; not my mother this time. She is well and happy in England. I may safely forget her, as she does me. It is only— Oh, Silence! did you ever know what it was to owe a lot of money and not have a halfpenny to pay it with? At least, I don't mean we are at our last halfpenny, but we—that is, I—have been spending a good deal more than I ought, and Maclagan has just told me so, and— But this is childish; you must not heed it, darling," said he, trying to hide his extreme perturbation.

For a minute or two she let him hide it, or think he did—going on with her needle-work as if nothing was the matter, while he took up his writing-case and went off to the other end of the room. This could not last. She crept behind his chair, and soon he felt her arms round his neck. He caught them there, and

imprisoning the two little hands, kissed them many times.

"I don't know how it is; I ought not to trouble you; and yet I have got into such a habit of telling you every thing—"

"Is that wrong?"

"Only on your account. You are so young, my darling. I ought to bear my own burdens, and yours too. Yet now I seem too weak for either. What in the world shall I do?"

He leaned his head on his hands in deep depression. Silence came and knelt beside him. She was very young, very childish, or child-like, in many things, and hitherto her husband had treated her like a child; an idol, certainly, but still a child. Now their positions seemed reversed. He looked up at her for a moment, then laid his head on her shoulder with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, it would be such a comfort to tell you every thing!"

"Do so, then."



"SILENCE CAME AND KNELT BESIDE HIM."

The "every thing" was not very serious, but it seemed so to him, who had never in all his life known what it was to want any thing he wished for.

"I am an idiot, I know I am, to feel so keenly the lack of a few pounds; but I never was used to this sort of thing. Maclagan asked me to show him my 'ac-

counts.' Why, I never kept accounts in all my days! My mother allowed me so much a year, or half year. I spent it, and when it was done I came to her for more. Not that I was ever extravagant; she knew that— But, oh, Silence! money seems to slip through my fingers in the most marvellous way. As Maclagan told me, and I could not deny it, I no more know how to make the best of a small income than if I were a baby. Do you?"

He looked up in such a piteously helpless fashion that she could have smiled, had she not felt so infinitely tender over him. But it was the tenderness which is born of utmost reverence. Without any arguing, she answered, simply, "Suppose I try," and began looking over the mass of papers before him, and which he himself regarded with an expression almost of despair. Poor fellow! he had got into what women call "a regular muddle," like many another man who, neglecting or despising the small economies which result in large comforts, and regardless of the proportion of things, and the proper balance of expenditure, drifts away into endless worries, anxieties, sometimes into absolute ruin, and all for want of the clear head, the firm, careful hand, and, above all, the infinite power of taking trouble, which is essentially feminine.

Roderick watched his wife slowly untying the Gordian knot, which he, manlike, would have liked to dash his sword through.

"What patience you have!" he said. "Do throw it all aside. You must be very tired."

"Oh no; it is my business; I ought to have undertaken it before. My mother used to say it was the man's part to earn the money, the woman's to use it. I can, a little. Mamma let me keep house ever since I was seventeen. I managed all her affairs. Perhaps, if you would let me try—"

"To manage mine, and me?"

"No!" a little indignantly. "I am afraid I should despise the man I 'managed.' But I would like to take my fair half of the work of life. Yours is outside, mine inside. Will that do? Is it a bargain?"

"My love! Yes."

"Now"—with a pretty imperiousness—"you must give me all the money you have, and all the bills you owe, and tell me exactly how much you have a year. Then take a book and read. No"—passing her hand over his forehead, which was burning hot—"go and lie down for an hour. When you wake up you shall find all right."

Poor Roderick! he could not resist; he was quite worn out with the irritations of the day, and that morbid anxiety peculiar to temperaments like his own, but from which he had hitherto been shielded by kindly Fate. Now Fate had turned round, and left him unshielded, except by his naturally brave heart, and that other—only a woman's. But a woman's heart, with love at its core, is not exactly the weakest thing in the world.

He slept an hour, and then saw his wife standing beside him with her grave little face, and a "memorandum" in her hand, wherein their incomings and outgoings were set down with scrupulous neatness and as much accuracy as was attainable under the circumstances.

"How clever you are!" Roderick cried, enthusiastically, until he discovered the sad deficit, which must be met somehow. How? "Perhaps the people would wait; Richerden tradesmen often do."

"If they could, we could not," Silence answered, gravely. "They must be paid."

"How? Not by asking my mother; it is impossible," added he, abruptly. "And otherwise, what can I do? 'I can not dig; to beg I am ashamed.'"

Roderick spoke with great bitterness. His wife made no answer, but went into her bedroom and brought out a large jeweller's case—necklet, bracelet, brooch.

"It was very good of you, dear, to give me these. I know what they cost, for I have found the receipted bill; still, if we had, not jewels, but the money—"

Roderick drew himself up with exceeding pride. "Am I come to such a pass that I require to sell my wife's ornaments? It is a little hard." Then bursting out hotly, as she had never before seen him do—"No, Silence, you are only a girl; you don't understand the world, or you would never have suggested such a thing. Not that; any thing but that."

"There is nothing but that, so far as I see," she answered, gently but firmly. "It is true, I am a girl; but I am not quite ignorant of the world—at least of its troubles. Mamma and I were often very poor—so poor that we did not always have enough to eat; but we held our heads high, because we owed no one

any thing. She used to say, 'My child, what we can not pay for, we will go without.' I always obeyed her. I must do so still. You must never ask me to wear these jewels."

He was so astonished that his sudden wrath melted away in a moment. The gentle creature whom he could have ruled with a word! Yet by the way she quietly put the ornaments back, and laid the case aside, he knew she meant what she said, and that nothing would ever move her to act against her conscience.

"Do you not care for them, the gifts I gave you?" said Roderick, tenderly.

"Care for them? do I not? But I care for you still more. I would rather never wear jewels to the day of my death than see my husband look as he has looked this day."

"But to sell your ornaments, even if I can do it, which I doubt. My poor child! what would Richerden people say?"

"Would Richerden think it more discreditable that you should sell my ornaments than that your trades-people should go without their money? Then I think the sooner we leave Richerden the better."

"Have we quarrelled?"

"I don't know," said she, half smiling.

Roderick paused a minute, and then held out his arms.

"You are right; I will do it."

"Not you, dear; these things are so much easier to women than to men. Let me go to the jeweller, and say—"

"That you do not like them?"

"No; for that would not be true. I like them very much—as I like all pretty things. But I like other things better—honor, peace, and a quiet mind. We will set ourselves right now, and after that we will be careful—very careful. You must earn the money, and, like Macbeth, 'leave all the rest to me;' then this will never happen again, I being so 'clever,' as you say."

The laugh in her voice, but the tears in her eyes—who could withstand either? Not Roderick, certainly. Besides, he had the sense to see, what not all men can see, that there are things which a woman can do better than a man, in which a woman is often wise and a man foolish. It is not a question of superiority or inferiority, but merely difference.

"I perceive," he said, "I must give you the reins, and sink into my right place in the household chariot. Well, perhaps it is best; far better than turning into a domestic Phaeton and setting the world on fire. Seriously, my darling, this shall *not* happen again, if you will help me."

So ended their first quarrel, which Silence persisted was not a quarrel, but only a slight variety in opinion. And she did help him from that time forward, in many things that might otherwise have been very painful to a proud man, very wearisome to a busy man. But she had a way of doing them all, even the most humiliating, which took the sting out of them entirely. And when the money was obtained, every body paid, and the preparations completed for their next day's journey to Blackhall, young Mrs. Jardine sat on her boxes, which she had packed with her own hands, looking pale and tired, certainly, but with the cheerfulest of countenances. Her husband, too, went about whistling, "O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?" in which song, sung under his instruction as to accent, she had created quite a *furor* at several dinner parties.

"Evidently you do not 'sigh to leave the flaunting town,' and are any thing but disgusted with the 'lowly cot and russet gown,' to which I am dooming you," said he, laughing. "So, give me the song; even though our piano is gone, and our parlor looks any thing but that 'bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,' to which you are so often calling my attention. Sing, my bird."

She sat down and sang, clear as a bell and gay as a lark, the lovely old ditty. Her voice was her one perfectly beautiful possession, "except," as Roderick sometimes said—"except her soul," of which it was the exponent. He listened to it with all his heart in his eyes.

"Do you remember, Silence, that first night at the Reyniers', when you sang 'My Queen?' And again—no, you could not remember that—the first Sunday when I heard you singing behind me, unseen, in Neuchâtel Cathedral? It sounded like the voice of an angel—my good angel. And now I have her in my home, my own home, forever. And she is—only a woman, and has got no wings."

"Nor has mine either. He is—only a man; and I find out a new—shall I call it peculiarity?—in him every day. And, worse, he can not sing at all; he can only whistle; but—"

And then, being a weak-minded wom-

an at best, and also exceedingly tired, she stopped laughing, and began crying, clinging passionately to her husband's breast.

"Oh, take care of me, and I will take care of you as well as I can. We are very young, very foolish; but we may help one another. Only love me, and then— No, whether you love me or not, I shall always love you."

"My darling!"

"But"—with the sun breaking brightly through the summer shower—"since you do love me, all will go well. We will fight the world together, and not be afraid. No"—tossing back her light curls (they were terribly unfashionable, and she had been urged to abolish them, but Roderick objected, and they remained)—"no!"—and a gleam that might have come from some Highland ancestress of both, fearless till death, and faithful till death, shone in Silence's eyes—"I am afraid of nothing, so long as I have you."

HOW THAT CUP SLIPPED.

"There's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip."

IN Chicago. But who would ever think of locating a romance in Chicago? and not only using that prosaic city, but selecting for its hero a quiet (except when in a "corner") coal merchant? My plea is this: romances locate themselves, and heroes are like murder—you never know when or where to prepare for them. So it was in Chicago that the cup was lifted, and quiet, bashful Mr. Strong, who knew far more about the different kinds of coal than he did about women, whose unsteady hand let it fall.

Mr. Strong, at a date prior to the beginning of his romance, belonged to that army of middle-aged young men seldom visible to a lady save at the theatre, or occasionally on Madison Street, or going up the steps of some boarding-house. At the theatre they troop by twos and threes to their reserved seats in all the joyous freedom of ungloved hands, listen to the play, unless perchance they are distracted by the sight of some former companion who is detected stealing guiltily in with a pretty smiling girl, upon whom he lavishes bonbons and attentions, and never once glances in the direction of his forsaken friends. They always hurry out between acts, not so much, I am convinced, for the sake of getting a drink, as to escape into the open air, and chuckle over the capture of Brown. Or (presuming my reader to be a lady) you are at another time indebted to one of this band for a seat in a crowded stage in crossing from one side of the city to the other. He cheerfully resigns his place, you are made comfortable, and he hangs on to a strap and bumps his expensive beaver against the stage roof. Or, as I said before, you may see him mounting the steps of his boarding-house.

It was in the latter case that Miss Jessie Bloomer first saw Mr. Strong. She had arrived in Chicago one summer day by an afternoon train, had taken a warm bath and a refreshing nap, had tossed her waving brown hair into an artistic mass, robed herself in a pale blue muslin, the delicate shade of which brought out every rose and lily of her pretty dimpled face, and at last had floated airily down stairs, and was standing at one of the parlor windows just as Mr. Strong, fanning himself with an evening paper, put his foot upon the lower step of his boarding-house. Some young fellows were lounging on the upper one, and a word from them caused him to look up. As he did so, the picture framed by the open window with its shadowy lace drapery was so dazzling that it caught his eyes at once, and he was overcome with embarrassment, and shuffled clumsily up, to the suppressed amusement of the fellows at the top, who remarked that "Strong seemed struck."

Now it may naturally be asked how Miss Bloomer came to invade the home of these commercial gentlemen. The answer is easily given. She was a young sister of Mrs. Jack Morin, who, with her husband, also boarded at No. 10. Now all the fellows in the house knew Mrs. Morin very well indeed, but then she was forty years old, had a double chin and easy manners, and it had not taken any courage to make her acquaintance. But it was a very different thing to have a dainty bud of a girl suddenly settle down in one of the rather worn easy-chairs of their parlor, and as she had come without warning, she was such a surprising apparition that she caused each one of the boarders to scuttle back from the parlor door, when he would have entered, and converse in unusually low tones on the front steps.

In the mean time Mr. Strong paused not to listen to the gibes of his companions, but hurried up to his room to re-arrange his dusty garb; for he was late, and the fumes of the dinner were already mounting the basement stairs in an overheated manner, and mingling with the still warm air of late afternoon.

When he re-appeared the scene had changed, and the household was assembled around the dinner table. As he entered the dining-room, Gordon, the wit of the house, had, with Jenkins and Smith, the other boarders, been introduced, and was giving the new arrival a humorous catalogue of the sights which Chicago offered, and which she must make a point of seeing.

Miss Bloomer was thinking, just as Mr. Strong took his seat, that it must be very funny indeed to drive under a river instead of over it, and she was thinking, too, that a tunnel must be rather a frightful place, especially at night, which gave Gordon a chance to get off one of his *mots* (not altogether new to his fellow-boarders), to the effect that although it was a good place for lurking robbers, they could hardly be called *highway*men, at which Miss Bloomer laughed sweetly, with her big eyes as well as her pretty lips.

Somehow Mr. Strong felt irritated with Gordon and his old jokes, and when he in his turn had been introduced to the young lady, he chose to turn the conversation into a grave, even a gloomy, channel. But fortunately gayety was restored by the timely entrance of belated Jack Morin, who greeted his charming sister-in-law in a boisterous and brotherly fashion, giving her a hearty kiss and hug when she sprang from her chair to meet him—a proceeding which was watched with envious eyes by the boarders, and when he pulled one of the long curls which hung in her neck, and told her that after himself she was the beauty of the family, every fork was silenced in rapt attention.

But I must not linger too long over this part of my story, since it is only the preface.

Not many days passed before Miss Jessie was adored by the four bachelors. Not one would have owned that he was doing more for her than he would cheerfully do for any lady visiting the city for the first time, when each vied with the other in making her visit agreeable. But, oh, Messrs. Gordon, Strong, Jenkins, and Smith, did you do as much for quiet, plain Miss Wyman when she, only twelve short months before, visited her cousin, your landlady, in this very house? Where then was this lavish display of hospitality on your part? Did she not broadly hint that she would like to go out to the "crib," and also see the interior of the shot-tower? And did she not say plainly that she was not afraid of horses, when you, Mr. Gordon, made a sham show of regret that your swift trotters were not safe for a lady to drive behind? And did not you, Mr. Jenkins, trump up a business visit to St. Louis rather than wait upon the ladies to the opera? And as for Smith, he ought to blush to his dying day when he recalls the falsehood he concocted about the perils of a trip out to the crib. And when did you, Mr. Strong, ever lay aside your evening paper and banter Miss Wyman to beat you at a game of chess? Shame, shame upon you all! You know very well that you allowed that poor young lady to have a dismal visit in the city you are now making so lively for this rosy girl, with her bewitching smile and eyes.

But to resume my chronicle. For the first few evenings Mr. Strong was, to all outward seeming, true to his paper, but a close observer might often have caught him looking over the top at the central figure of the group around the card table. Especially was he *distrait* when a light, happy laugh called him away from politics and current prices, and a pretty white hand reached out with a childish petulance after a lost "trick." And he gave up all semblance to reading when a girlish figure perched itself upon the piano stool, and waited patiently while that forward Jenkins tortured the strings of his violin, and prepared to squeak out a villainous accompaniment.

Then came an evening when he stood back of Miss Bloomer's chair and gave her some useful hints on euchre-playing, which were most gratefully received. After that he was often one of the four around the ever-present euchre table.

About this time a certain world-renowned prima donna began an engagement at M'Vicker's, and one evening Smith came home unusually early, and spent an unusually long time over his toilet. A little later, a gorgeous and expensive bouquet arrived, and was sent up to his room. At dinner, Miss Bloomer, always prettily

dressed, had added several festive touches to her dress, which, taken with the symptoms in Smith's case, threw the other three bachelors into a high state of excitement, and they anxiously awaited further developments. They were not kept long in suspense, for soon after dinner a carriage drew up before the door, and the driver announced that he had called for Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith was notified, and was soon waiting, in rather a nervous manner, in the hall. Presently Miss Jessie Bloomer tripped lightly down stairs, wrapped in a fleecy opera cloak, and carrying the mysterious bouquet in her hand, and together the forsaken trio of bachelors gloomily watched Smith hand her into the carriage, and drive away to the opera. They all resented what they felt to be shabby, underhanded behavior on his part, and had they been Englishmen, they would have joined in voting him "a cad." But being merely good citizens of Chicago, they contented themselves with the remark that Smith was sometimes a little tricky on 'Change, which fact really had no bearing upon the case in hand, as his present behavior was certainly straightforward and above-board. He had asked Miss Bloomer that morning if he might have the pleasure of her company to the opera; she had readily accepted; and it had never once crossed his mind that it was a duty he owed to his fellow-boarders to acquaint them with his intentions. But it was tacitly agreed that Smith's conduct was such that it could not be overlooked nor meekly borne. If *he* could whisk Miss Bloomer away to the opera, why, so could *they*, and then and there each to himself vowed a vow, the carrying out of which rolled gold—or rather good greenbacks—into the coffers of that prima donna, and into the pockets of florists and hackmen. And never before did a little village maiden have such a feast of opera, or accumulate bouquets and librettos at such a rate. This opera business was but the beginning of her dissipations. There were drives out to Lincoln Park; Gordon's skittish beasts flew along "the Boulevard" with the brave little belle sitting beside their owner; an excursion was arranged offhand for herself, Mrs. Morin, and one of her admirers out to Hyde Park, when she was heard to express a wish to go there and gather fringed gentians; and as for bonbons, they filed up to her room in a perfect procession of costly satin, gilt, and inlaid boxes. So altogether Miss Bloomer was having, as she wrote to a friend at home, "a perfectly lovely time."

But in the natural course of events there came a time when she had to cease revolving in this round of gayety. One soft autumn evening, as she was driving beside Mr. Strong along the lake shore, there came a lull in the conversation, and they silently watched the full moon as it began to burnish the tranquil waters of Lake Michigan. The carriage rolled softly along, and the horses stepped evenly over the damp drive, and every thing combined to enhance the quiet of the hour. Finally Miss Bloomer spoke, and there was a tone of regret in her voice which her statement scarcely seemed to warrant. She said:

"I had a letter from mamma to-day."

Mr. Strong was puzzled by the woe of her manner, but hoped her mamma was well.

"Yes, thank you, she is quite well; but—"

"Your papa is not ill, I hope?"

"No, papa is very well too; but—"

"Yes?"

"I have to go home."

"Go home! Oh no. Why, you've only just come."

"Oh, Mr. Strong, I've been here ten weeks next Saturday."

"Ten weeks! It doesn't seem that many days."

"And I've had such a perfectly lovely time. I only wish I *had* just come; then I'd still have my visit to make."

"But why need you go home? Write and ask your mother to let you stay all winter."

"It would be of no use; and what is worse, I don't expect ever to see dear, lovely Chicago again. You know Jack is going to live in St. Louis after this;" and there was the suggestion of a sob in Miss Jessie's voice as she finished her sentence.

Mr. Strong mused, and at last said, "That's too bad."

It was some time before either spoke again, and during the interval the gentleman was feeling sincere regret that the lively little girl was going away. He would probably never know another as well; indeed, he never would have known her if she had not walked right into his home, and, as it were, forced him to make her acquaintance. Never before had he

asked a lady to drive with him or go to the opera, and although he had found it a pleasant experience, he had not the faintest idea that he would ever repeat it, for, as I hinted before, he was a bashful man, and he trembled at the thought of presenting himself before any lady through the usual avenues of society. The result of all this retrospection was merely a repetition of his first avowal, that it was too bad.

"Do you mean it is too bad for you, or for me?"

"Why, for—for me, of course." Mr. Strong had really up to that instant not known which side his sympathies were on.

"Oh, now, Mr. Strong, don't tell fibs; you know you don't care in the least whether I go or stay; you'll forget that I ever existed after I am gone a month;" and the big eyes looked a merry reproach up into his.

"You are too hard upon a fellow, Miss Jessie—indeed you are;" and after Mr. Strong had commenced his protest it was easy to go on. "You can't guess how much we'll miss you—all of us—and especially, you may be sure, *I'll* be lonely enough when you are gone."

"You are very kind to say so."

"Kind! How could a fellow help missing such a—a—" (Be careful, Mr. Strong; Miss Jessie looks very sweet in the moonlight, as she sits waiting for you to finish your sentence.)

"'Such a—a—' what?" asked a saucy, mocking voice.

"Such a lovable little thing as you are;" and before he realized what he was doing, he had bent down and taken a kiss from the smiling lips.

"Oh, Mr. Strong!" drawing back.

"You are not angry, are you, Miss Jessie? Please forgive me. Indeed I couldn't help it."

"I am very, *very* angry, and you *could* have helped it if you had wanted to."

"Perhaps I could, if I *had* wanted to."

The young lady preserved a severe and silent demeanor, and the culprit grew uneasy.

"You will forgive me, won't you, Miss Jessie? If we *have* to part, let us part friends," in a very contrite tone.

No answer. What was he to say to make his peace? What would Gordon probably have said under similar circumstances?

A sob from Miss Jessie. "I'm just as unhappy as I can be, Mr. Strong, and I'm very sorry I told you I was going away. I never thought it would make—make you kiss me."

This was encouraging, and her companion's spirits grew lighter, and he became fluent in expressions of regret for his conduct and its remote cause. He at last succeeded in gaining forgiveness for the first, and in assuaging her grief at leaving "dear, darling Chicago;" for so perfect was the reconciliation that when their drive was ended, Miss Bloomer was the promised wife of Mr. Strong.

Now a well-conducted romance ought to have gone on smoothly from this point; but, instead, this one sought out the roughest paths through which to wander. In the first place, Mr. Strong found awaiting him a telegram which called him to Pennsylvania, and while he was away the father of Miss Bloomer made an unexpected appearance in Chicago; got very homesick, after the manner of old gentlemen unaccustomed to leaving home, and spirited that young person away to the farthest corner of Minnesota, only the day before her lover returned. Had she known of his nearness, she might have persuaded her father to wait twenty-four hours; but I am forced to confess with shame that my hero had never once written to his little *fiancée* during the ten days of their separation. He would gladly have done so, and had even dated numerous sheets of paper, but after the date was once written he was at a loss how to continue. The address was the stumbling-block; if he could have settled that to his satisfaction he might have gone on, but he could not. Since Miss Jessie was not present, his engagement became so vague a thing that he was only half certain that he had not dreamed it that night in the sleeping-car. When he had started upon that eventful drive, no idea that he would return from it her promised husband had ever crossed his mind. Then, in less than two hours after, he had said a hurried farewell in the hall, had stolen a couple of kisses when they were out of range of the open parlor—wherein reigned an ominous silence—had promised to be back the moment business was over, and had taken his valise and rushed away to catch the night train going east. So after the many vain attempts I have noted the letter was given up, and he depended upon forgive-

ness, when he should reach Chicago, by eloquently and truthfully stating the case.

But a letter might have prevented all that followed. For if a letter had come, it is more than likely that in the course of time it would have been shown to Mrs. Morin, who would straightway have told her husband and father, and the engagement would have been talked about in the family. Indeed, Miss Jessie had depended upon the coming of a letter to divulge her secret to her sister. But when none came it was but human that indignation should settle down upon her heart, and silence upon her lips.

So she departed, leaving but a brief note, which was to give her neglectful lover her Minnesota address, "should he desire to make use of it."

This note called forth a prompt, awkward apology from the erring Strong, which was received and pardoned—both the conduct and letter—in a graceful and lengthy epistle from Miss Bloomer. Indeed, it was such a pretty letter that it inspired the recipient with a glow of pride in being able to claim the charming writer as his own. He carried it in his breast pocket, and read it many times, and on the following Sunday retired to his room immediately after breakfast, and wrestled with an answer during the greater part of the day. He began by informing her that her "favor of last Monday was received, and contents duly noted." Then he was glad to learn that she had reached home safely, and that she had found all well there; he was also glad that she had not mentioned their engagement to her sister before leaving Chicago, as the fellows would all have had their remarks to make, and it would be just as well to give them a good surprise one of these days; and should he write to her father? He supposed she knew the great news about Jack and Gordon going into a partnership and setting up in St. Louis the next week. He would try to get off some time near Christmas and visit her. In the mean time she must tell him what kind of a ring she would like. Business was beginning to hurry him, and she must not always wait to *answer* letters, but write to him often, and he remained respectfully hers, etc., etc.

As an ordinary letter it was a study, but as a love-letter not a success. Still, Miss Jessie understood his difficulties, read the most readable passages to her dear friend and confidante, and proceeded to make a hero of her future husband, and did as he desired about writing often.

Almost any reasonably good fellow can be idealized into a hero by simply setting himself upon a pedestal in the heart of an imaginative, affectionate young girl, and then leaving her. First of all he will be a hero because it is necessary for her to have one to worship; then he is hers, has given himself to her in preference to any of the thousand other women he has seen, and by that act alone has shown himself superior to the thousand other men whom she has seen. He may be a trifle dull in conversation, and more than a trifle dull in his letters, and withal somewhat neglectful of her; but then he is absorbed in the affairs of the world, and what would become of these same worldly affairs if he took no interest in them? so she cheerfully accepts him as he is, and stands just a little in awe of him, because he understands matters into which she can not enter. He may be rather taciturn, but in that case he has the veritable *grand seigneur* style, and is all the more admirable for it. Under any and all circumstances her common clay turns to finest marble, and she worships her idol, and commands all her friends to kneel before the shrine.

Now even on the slight acquaintance my readers have with Mr. Strong, I'm sure they will agree with me in the verdict that he was not of the stuff from which heroes are usually made. He was not built of very fine clay, nor of sounding brass; he was more—judging him impartially—like a bass-wood image than any thing in the idol line; but such as he was, Miss Jessie had not been parted from him a month before she had him enthroned, with innumerable tapers glimmering through the clouds of incense constantly burning before him.

How sad to think that he was so soon to cast himself down from that pedestal! Or did fate do the deed? I'm more than half inclined to think he was only a tool in the hands of inexorable destiny, for years after, when he told me the whole story, he came as near weeping as a Chicago coal merchant could. He twisted his hands together, and turned about on the little finger of his left hand a magnificent diamond ring (which was bought for a much fairer hand); he groaned aloud, and swore that a greater blockhead than

he never lived, and in every way showed the liveliest remorse. To justify him as much as possible with my readers, I'm going to let him finish the story for himself, and they will be convinced of his sincerity.

"I arranged my business so as to get away for a couple of weeks about Christmas. I wrote her I was coming, but did not say just when, as I was so uncertain. I was going a little beyond her home, too, before I returned, to visit some of my mother's relatives. I wanted to see poor little Jessie very much; indeed I did; but I dreaded to meet the old folks, and all her girl friends, and the whole village; so when I got on the train to start, and met a friend who was going hunting in my uncle's neighborhood, I decided to go right on with him, make my visit there first, and then visit Jessie on my way back to Chicago. I thought I'd gather courage in the mean time to meet her folks.

"I found my friends very glad to see me, and the first week of my vacation slipped away without my realizing it. Then I thought I'd send a line and fix a day for starting. I didn't get a chance to write that day; and the next, when I sat down and began, I found it rather awkward to tell her that I had come right past her station to see other friends first, so I concluded not to write, but just step in the next day when she wasn't expecting to see me. That very night a terrific snow-storm came, and there wasn't a train to be seen for forty-eight hours. The last one that went through brought me a letter from my partner in Chicago, urging me back as soon as possible, as we were likely to meet with a heavy loss. The letter decided me to take the first train that came, and get to Chicago as soon as possible. I fully intended to dispatch my business there, and the moment I could get away, to take three days and visit that poor little girl. Of course I *couldn't* write and tell her how I'd been loafing within a hundred miles of her for nearly two weeks.

"When I got to Chicago I found affairs badly mixed up, and it was two weeks more before they were straightened. I was so harassed all that time that writing was quite out of the question with me. I never was much of a letter-writer anyway, and least of all in the line of friendly correspondence. But I had thought of my behavior every day, and many times each day, and I can assure you I didn't respect myself any the more for my convictions.

"The very night that my business was completed I received this letter from Miss Bloomer;" and he handed me a little missive from out his note-book. It ran thus:

"MR. STRONG,—After receiving your last letter, nearly a month ago, I expected you daily. But I need scarcely say, now that I have learned *from a true friend* that you passed through Forestville *twice* last month, that I do not expect you *at all.*

"Your conduct has been very singular, to say the least, and I do not understand it. Do not, please, imagine that I am breaking my heart over the matter, for I am not. I only congratulate myself upon my happy escape from a man who has so little regard for his word.

"Trusting that your ways will be more straightforward in the future, *for your own good*,

"I am, respectfully, yours, JESSIE BLOOMER."

"Pretty severe, isn't it?" he asked, as I finished. "But I deserved it."

"Yes, you deserved it," I replied, handing it back. "What did you do to clear yourself?"

"I wrote and told her the whole thing, but received my letter back, along with the others I had written, and a little slip of paper, upon which she merely said that a poor excuse was better than none, but I must pardon her if she declined to accept it."

"And did you ever learn how she found out about that unlucky trip?"

"Yes: it seems that White—the friend I met on the train—saw Morin in St. Louis, and told him about our jolly hunting party; Morin mentioned it to his wife, and she wrote it to Jessie."

"And you've never heard of her since?"

"Y-e-s, I—had a—that is, not a letter, but—her wedding cards, about six months after."

"Ah! Whom did she marry?"

"Gordon."

"Oh!"

"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

On the romantic shore of Lake Lucerne,
Beneath my window are some garden walks,
Where now the autumnal frosts the foliage burn,
And hardy dahlias blacken on their stalks;
But, many-leaved and fresh and fragrant, blows
One solitary flower—a perfect Rose.

This, full of crimson life as if it had
No thought of death, I've watched, day after day,
While deep in snows the Rigi-Kulm was clad,
And deep the snows in clefts of Pilate lay—
Grim mount! above the clouds whose sharp-drawn peaks
Have long presaged the storm—and now it breaks.

Like ships at sea, St. Gothard's summits strain,
And toward Tell's chapel all the storied scene
Is dashed with slanted streaks of misty rain;
There's not a spot of color or of sheen
In the dull landscape save that lonely Rose—
Leaden the sky, and gray the very snows!

With all of blushes and all fragrance rife,
Love's fragile banner to the gale unfurled,
Bloom bravely on! Yea, live thy little life,
O Rose! I would not pluck thee for the world.
'Twere sentimental folly that would shed
Thy sentient leaves to strew yon sodden bed.

"I am the type of the true poet's thought;
I am the type of the true lover's heart"—
These words, in melody of perfumes wrought,
Like notes of music did the flower impart—
"In gray-haired age my youth is fresh; I bloom
Up to the 'ice and blackness' of the tomb.

"Thou in the flesh, and in my petals I,
Are shadows; but a Soul is thine and mine.
I am a Vision, and a Prophecy!
And that which makes the poet's thought divine,
And love a subtler revelation still,
Is far more real than yon rock-ribbed hill.

"A few short days, or hours, and I am gone.
But, lingering here, last of a happy race,
Into my bosom all thou lookest on
I gather up—but clothed in summer's grace;
And I shall hang forever in thy mind,
A mystic Rose, immortally refined.

"Yea, these my perfumes shed shall hit thy sense
With spiritual power when I am dust.
Perchance the last survivor, æons hence,
Of men shall be a Poet, and his trust,
The perfect flower of Manhood, shall resign,
As I the perfect Rose, to Love Divine."

MARY ANERLEY.

CHAPTER IV.

DISQUIETUDE.

THE ladies of Scargate Hall were uneasy, although the weather was so fine, upon this day of early August, in the year now current. It was a remarkable fact, that in spite of the distance they slept asunder, which could not be less than five-and-thirty yards, both had been visited by a dream, which appeared to be quite the same dream until examined narrowly, and being examined, grew more surprising in its points of difference. They were much above paying any heed to dreams, though instructed by the patriarchs to do so; and they seemed to be quite getting over the effects, when the lesson and the punishment astonished them.

Lately it had been established (although many leading people went against it, and threatened to prosecute the man for trespass) that here in these quiet and reputable places, where no spy could be needed, a man should come twice every week with letters, and in the name of the king be paid for them. Such things were required in towns, perhaps, as corporations and gutters were; but to bring them where people could mind their own business, and charge them two groats for some fool who knew their names, was like putting a tax upon their christening. So it was the hope of many, as well as every one's belief, that the postman, being of Lancastrian race, would very soon be bogged, or famished, or get lost in a fog, or swept off by a flood, or go and break his own neck from a precipice.

The postman, however, was a wiry fellow, and as tough as any native, and he rode a pony even tougher than himself, whose cradle was a marsh, and whose mother a mountain, his first breath a fog, and his weaning meat wire-grass, and his form a combination of sole-leather and corundum. He wore no shoes for fear of not making sparks at night, to know the road by, and although his bit had been a blacksmith's rasp, he would yield to it only when it suited him. The postman, whose name was George King (which confounded him with King George, in the money to pay), carried a sword and blunderbuss, and would use them sooner than argue.

Now this man and horse had come slowly along, without meaning any mischief, to deliver a large sealed packet, with sixteen pence to pay put upon it, "to Mistress Philippa Yordas, etc., her own hands, and speed, speed, speed;" which they carried out duly by stop, stop, stop, whensoever they were hungry, or saw any thing to look at. None the less for that, though with certainty much later, they arrived in good trim, by the middle of the day, and ready for the comfort which they both deserved.

As yet it was not considered safe to trust any tidings of importance to the post in such a world as this was; and even were it safe, it would be bad manners from a man of business. Therefore Mr. Jellicorse had sealed up little, except his respectful consideration and request to be allowed to wait upon his honored clients, concerning a matter of great mo-

ment, upon the afternoon of Thursday then next ensuing. And the post had gone so far, to give good distance for the money, that the Thursday of the future came to be that very day.

The present century opened with a chilly and dark year, following three bad seasons of severity and scarcity. And in the northwest of Yorkshire, though the summer was now so far advanced, there had been very little sunshine. For the last day or two, the sun had labored to sweep up the mist and cloud, and was beginning to prevail so far that the mists drew their skirts up and retired into haze, while the clouds fell away to the ring of the sky, and there lay down to abide their time. Wherefore it happened that "Yordas House" (as the ancient building was in old time called) had a clearer view than usual of the valley, and the river that ran away, and the road that tried to run up to it. Now this was considered a wonderful road, and in fair truth it was wonderful, withstanding all efforts of even the Royal Mail pony to knock it to pieces. In its rapidity down hill it surpassed altogether the river, which galloped along by the side of it, and it stood out so boldly with stones of no shame that even by moonlight nobody could lose it, until it abruptly lost itself. But it never did that, until the house it came from was two miles away, and no other to be seen; and so why should it go any further?

At the head of this road stood the old gray house, facing toward the south of east, to claim whatever might come up the valley, sun, or storm, or columned fog. In the days of the past it had claimed much more—goods, and cattle, and tribute of the traffic going northward—as the loop-holed quadrangle for impounded stock, and the deeply embrasured tower, showed. At the back of the house rose a mountain spine, blocking out the westering sun, but cut with one deep portal where a pass ran into Westmoreland—the scaur-gate whence the house was named; and through this gate of mountain often, when the day was waning, a bar of slanting sunset entered, like a plume of golden dust, and hovered on a broad black patch of weather-beaten fir-trees. The day was waning now, and every steep ascent looked steeper, while down the valley light and shade made longer cast of shuttle, and the margin of the west began to glow with a deep wine-color, as the sun came down—the tinge of many mountains and the distant sea—until the sun himself settled quietly into it, and there grew richer and more ripe (as old bottled wine is fed by the crust), and bowed his rubicund farewell, through the postern of the scaur-gate, to the old Hall, and the valley, and the face of Mr. Jellicorse.

That gentleman's countenance did not, however, reply with its usual brightness to the mellow salute of evening. Wearied and shaken by the long, rough ride, and depressed by the heavy solitude, he hated and almost feared the task which every step brought nearer. As the house rose higher and higher against the red sky, and grew darker, and as the sullen roar of blood-hounds (terrors of the neighborhood) roused the slow echoes of the crags, the lawyer was almost fain to turn his horse's head, and face the risks of wandering over the moor by night. But the hoisting of a flag, the well-known token (confirmed by large letters on a rock) that strangers might safely approach, inasmuch as the savage dogs were kennelled—this, and the thought of such an entry for his day-book, kept Mr. Jellicorse from ignominious flight. He was in for it now, and must carry it through.

In a deep embayed window of leaded glass Mistress Yordas and her widowed sister sat for an hour, without many words, watching the zigzag of shale and rock which formed their chief communication with the peopled world. They did not care to improve their access, or increase their traffic; not through cold morosity, or even proud indifference, but because they had been so brought up, and so confirmed by circumstance. For the Yordas blood, however hot and wild and savage in the gentlemen, was generally calm and good, though steadfast, in the weaker vessels. For the main part, however, a family takes it character more from the sword than the spindle; and their sword hand had been like Esau's.

Little as they meddled with the doings of the world, of one thing at least these stately Madams—as the baffled squires of the Riding called them—were by no means heedless. They dressed themselves according to their rank, or perhaps above it. Many a nobleman's wife in Yorkshire had not such apparel; and even of those so richly gifted, few could

have come up to the purpose better. Nobody, unless of their own sex, thought of their dresses when looking at them.

"He rides very badly," Philippa said; "the people from the lowlands always do. He may not have courage to go home to-night. But he ought to have thought of that before."

"Poor man! We must offer him a bed, of course," Mrs. Carnaby answered; "but he should have come earlier in the day. What shall we do with him, when he has done his business?"

"It is not our place to amuse our lawyer. He might go and smoke in the Justice-room, and then Welldrum could play bagatelle with him."

"Philippa, you forget that the Jellicorses are of a good old county stock. His wife is a stupid, pretentious thing; but we need not treat him as we must treat her. And it may be as well to make much of him, perhaps, if there really is any trouble coming."

"You are thinking of Pet. By-the-bye, are you certain that Pet can not get at Saracen? You know how he let him loose last Easter, when the flag was flying, and the poor man has been in his bed ever since."

"Jordas will see to that. He can be trusted to mind the dogs well, ever since you fined him in a fortnight's wages. That was an excellent thought of yours."

Jordas might have been called the keeper, or the hind, or the henchman, or the ranger, or the porter, or the bailiff, or the reeve, or some other of some fifty names of office, in a place of more civilization, so many and so various were his tasks. But here his professional name was the "dogman;" and he held that office according to an ancient custom of the Scargate race, whence also his surname (if such it were) arose. For of old time and in outlandish parts a finer humanity prevailed, and a richer practical wisdom upon certain questions. Irregular offsets of the stock, instead of being cast upon the world as waifs and strays, were allowed a place in the kitchen-garden or stable-yard, and flourished there without disgrace, while useful and obedient. Thus for generations here the legitimate son was Yordas, and took the house and manors; the illegitimate became Jordas, and took to the gate, and the minding of the dogs, and any other office of fidelity.

The present Jordas was, however, of less immediate kin to the owners, being only the son of a former Jordas, and in the enjoyment of a Christian name, which never was provided for a first-hand Jordas; and now as his mistress looked out on the terrace, his burly figure came duly forth, and his keen eyes ranged the walks and courts, in search of Master Lancelot, who gave him more trouble in a day, sometimes, than all the dogs cost in a twelvemonth. With a fine sense of mischief, this boy delighted to watch the road for visitors, and then (if barbarously denied his proper enjoyment and that of the dogs) he still had goodly devices of his own for producing little tragedies.

Mr. Jellicorse knew Jordas well, and felt some pity for him, because, if his grandmother had been wiser, he might have been the master now; and the lawyer, having much good feeling, liked not to make a groom of him. Jordas, however, knew his place, and touched his hat respectfully, then helped the solicitor to dismount, the which was sorely needed.

"You came not by the way of the ford, Sir?" the dogman asked, while considering the leathers. "The water is down; you might have saved three miles."

"Better lose thirty than my life. Will any of your men, Master Jordas, show me a room, where I may prepare to wait upon your ladies?"

Mr. Jellicorse walked through the old arched gate of the reever's court, and was shown to a room, where he unpacked his valise, and changed his riding clothes, and refreshed himself. A jug of Scargate ale was brought to him, and a bottle of foreign wine, with the cork drawn, lest he should hesitate; also a cold pie, bread and butter, and a small case-bottle of some liqueur. He was not hungry, for his wife had cared to victual him well for the journey; but for fear of offense he ate a morsel, found it good, and ate some more. Then after a sip or two of the liqueur, and a glance or two at his black silk stockings, buckled shoes, and best small-clothes, he felt himself fit to go before a duchess, as once upon a time he had actually done, and expressed himself very well indeed, according to the dialogue delivered whenever he told the story about it every day.

Welldrum, the butler, was waiting for him—a man who had his own ideas, and was going to be put upon by nobody. "If my father could only come to life for one minute, he would spend it in kicking

that man," Mrs. Carnaby had exclaimed, about him, after carefully shutting the door; but he never showed airs before Miss Yordas.

"Come along, Sir," Welldrum said, after one professional glance at the tray, to ascertain his residue. "My ladies have been waiting this half hour; and for sure, Sir, you looks wonderful! This way, Sir, and have a care of them oak fagots. My ladies, Lawyer Jellicorse!"

CHAPTER V.

DECISION.

THE sun was well down and away behind the great fell at the back of the house, and the large and heavily furnished room was feebly lit by four wax candles, and the glow of the west reflected as a gleam into eastern windows. The lawyer was pleased to have it so, and to speak with a dimly lighted face. The ladies looked beautiful; that was all that Mr. Jellicorse could say, when cross-examined by his wife next day concerning their lace and velvet. Whether they wore lace or net was almost more than he could say, for he did not heed such trifles; but velvet was within his knowledge (though not the color or the shape), because he thought it hot for summer, until he remembered what the climate was. Really he could say nothing more, except that they looked beautiful; and when Mrs. Jellicorse jerked her head, he said that he only meant, of course, considering their time of life.

The ladies saw his admiration, and felt that it was but natural. Mrs. Carnaby came forward kindly, and offered him a nice warm hand; while the elder sister was content to bow, and thank him for coming, and hope that he was well. As yet it had not become proper for a gentleman, visiting ladies, to yawn, and throw himself into the nearest chair, and cross his legs, and dance one foot, and ask how much the toy-terrier cost. Mr. Jellicorse made a fine series of bows, not without a scrape or two, which showed his goodly calf; and after that he waited for the gracious invitation to sit down.

"If I understood your letter clearly," Mistress Yordas began, when these little rites were duly accomplished, "you have something important to tell us concerning our poor property here. A small property, Mr. Jellicorse, compared with that of the Duke of Lunedale, but perhaps a little longer in one family."

"The duke is a new-fangled interloper," replied hypocritical Jellicorse, though no other duke was the husband of the duchess of whom he indited daily; "properties of that sort come and go, and only tradesmen notice it. Your estates have been longer in the seisin of one family, madam, than any other in the Riding, or perhaps in Yorkshire."

"We never seized them!" cried Mrs. Carnaby, being sensitive as to ancestral thefts, through tales about cattle-lifting. "You must be aware that they came to us by grant from the Crown, or even before there was any Crown to grant them."

"I beg your pardon for using a technical word, without explaining it. Seisin is a legal word, which simply means possession, or rather the bodily holding of a thing, and is used especially of corporeal hereditaments. You ladies have seisin of this house and lands, although you never seized them."

"The last thing we would think of doing," answered Mrs. Carnaby, who was more impulsive than her sister, also less straightforward. "How often we have wished that our poor lost brother had not been deprived of them! But our father's will was sacred, and you told us we were helpless. We struggled, as you know; but we could do nothing."

"That is the question which brought me here," the lawyer said, very quietly, at the same time producing a small roll of parchment sealed in cartridge paper. "Last week I discovered a document which I am forced to submit to your judgment. Shall I read it to you, or tell its purport briefly?"

"Whatever it may be, it can not in any way alter our conclusions. Our conclusions have never varied, however deeply they may have grieved us. We were bound to do justice to our dear father."

"Certainly, madam; and you did it. Also, as I know, you did it as kindly as possible toward other relatives, and you only met with perversity. I had the honor of preparing your respected father's will, a model of clearness and precision, considering—considering the time afforded, and other disturbing influences. I know for a fact that a copy was laid before the finest draftsman in London, by —by those who were displeased with it,

and his words were: 'Beautiful! beautiful! Every word of it holds water.' Now that, madam, can not be said of many; indeed, of not one in—"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, but I have always understood you to speak highly of it. And in such a case, what can be the matter?"

"The matter of all matters, madam, is that the testator should have disposing power."

"He could dispose of his own property as he was disposed, you mean."

"You misapprehend me." Mr. Jellicorse now was in his element, for he loved to lecture—an absurdity just coming into vogue. "Indulge me one moment. I take this silver dish, for instance; it is in my hands, I have the use of it; but can I give it to either of you ladies?"

"Not very well, because it belongs to us already."

"You misapprehend me. I can not give it because it is not mine to give." Mrs. Carnaby looked puzzled.

"Eliza, allow me," said Mistress Yordas, in her stiffer manner, and now for the first time interfering. "Mr. Jellicorse assures us that his language is a model of clearness and precision; perhaps he will prove it by telling us now, in plain words, what his meaning is."

"What I mean, madam, is that your respected father could devise you a part only of this property, because the rest was not his to devise. He only had a life-interest in it."

"His will, therefore, fails as to some part of the property? How much, and what part, if you please?"

"The larger and better part of the estates, including this house and grounds, and the home-farm."

Mrs. Carnaby started and began to speak; but her sister moved only to stop her, and showed no signs of dismay or anger.

"For fear of putting too many questions at once," she said, with a slight bow and a smile, "let me beg you to explain, as shortly as possible, this very surprising matter."

Mr. Jellicorse watched her with some suspicion, because she called it so surprising, yet showed so little surprise herself. For a moment he thought that she must have heard of the document now in his hands; but he very soon saw that it could not be so. It was only the ancient Yordas pride, perversity, and stiffneckedness. And even Mrs. Carnaby, strengthened by the strength of her sister, managed to look as if nothing more than a tale of some tenant were pending. But this, or ten times this, availed not to deceive Mr. Jellicorse. That gentleman, having seen much of the world, whispered to himself that this was all "high jinks," felt himself placed on the stool of authority, and even ventured upon a pinch of snuff. This was unwise, and cost him dear, for the ladies would not have been true to their birth if they had not stored it against him.

He, however, with a friendly mind, and a tap now and then upon his document, to give emphasis to his story, recounted the whole of it, and set forth how much was come of it already, and how much it might lead to. To Scargate Hall, and the better part of the property always enjoyed there with, Philippa Yordas and Eliza Carnaby had no claim whatever, except on the score of possession, until it could be shown that their brother Duncan was dead, without any heirs or assignment (which might have come to pass through a son adult), and even so, his widow might come forward and give trouble. Concerning all that, there was time enough to think; but something must be done at once to cancel the bargain with Sir Walter Carnaby, without letting his man of law get scent of the fatal defect in title. And now that he ladies knew all, what did they say?

In answer to this, the ladies were inclined to put the whole blame upon him, for not having managed matters better; and when he had shown that the whole of it was done before he had any thing to do with it, they were firmly convinced that he ought to have known it, and found a proper remedy. And in the finished manner of well-born ladies they gave him to know, without a strong expression, that such an atrocity was a black stain on every legal son of Satan, living, dead, or still to issue from Gerizim.

"That can not affect the title now—I assure you, madam, that it can not," the unfortunate lawyer exclaimed at last; "and as for damages, poor old Duncombe has left no representatives, even if an action would lie now, which is simply out of the question. On my part no neglect can be shown, and indeed for your knowledge of the present state of things, if humbly I

may say so, you are wholly indebted to my zeal."

"Sir, I heartily wish," Mrs. Carnaby replied, "that your zeal had been exhausted on your own affairs."

"Eliza, Mr. Jellicorse has acted well, and we can not feel too much obliged to him:" Miss Yordas, having humor of a sort, smiled faintly at the double meaning of her own words, which was not intended. "Whatever is right must be done, of course, according to the rule of our family. In such a case it appears to me that mere niceties of laws, and quips and quirks, are entirely subordinate to high sense of honor. The first consideration must be thoroughly unselfish and pure justice."

The lawyer looked at her with admiration. He was capable of large sentiments. And yet a faint shadow of disappointment lingered in the folios of his heart—there might have been such a very grand long suit, upon which his grandson (to be born next month) might have been enabled to settle for life, and bring up a legal family. Justice, however, was justice, and more noble than even such prospects. So he bowed his head, and took another pinch of snuff.

But Mrs. Carnaby (who had wept a little, in a place beyond the candle-light) came back with a passionate flush in her eyes, and a resolute bearing of her well-formed neck.

"Philippa, I am amazed at you," she said. "Mr. Jellicorse, my share is equal with my sister's, and more, because my son comes after me. Whatever she may do, I will never yield a pin's point of my rights, and leave my son a beggar. Philippa, would you make Pet a beggar? And his turtle in bed, before the sun is on the window, and his sturgeon jelly when he gets out of bed! There never was any one, by a good Providence, less sent into the world to be a beggar."

Mrs. Carnaby, having discharged her meaning, began to be overcome by it. She sat down, in fear of hysteria, but with her mind made up to stop it; while the gallant Jellicorse was swept away by her eloquence, mixed with professional views. But it came home to him, from experience with his wife, that the less he said the wiser. But while he moved about, and almost danced, in his strong desire to be useful, there was another who sat quite still, and meant to have the final say.

"From some confusion of ideas, I suppose, or possibly through my own fault," Philippa Yordas said, with less contempt in her voice than in her mind, "it seems that I can not make my meaning clear, even to my own sister. I said that we first must do the right, and scorn all legal subtleties. That we must maintain unselfish justice, and high sense of honor. Can there be any doubt what these dictate? What sort of daughters should we be if we basely betrayed our own father's will?"

"Excellent, madam," the lawyer said; "that view of the case never struck me. But there is a great deal in it."

"Oh, Philippa, how noble you are!" her sister Eliza cried; and cried no more, so far as tears go, for a long time afterward.

CHAPTER VI.

ANERLEY FARM.

On the eastern coast of the same great county, at more than ninety miles of distance for a homing pigeon, and some hundred and twenty for a carriage from the Hall of Yordas, there was in those days, and there still may be found, a property of no vast size—snug, however, and of good repute—and called universally "Anerley Farm." How long it has borne that name it knows not, neither cares to moot the question; and there lives no antiquary of enough antiquity to decide it. A place of smiling hope, and comfort, and content with quietude; no memory of man about it runneth to the contrary; while every ox, and horse, and sheep, and fowl, and frisky porker, is full of warm domestic feeling and each homely virtue.

For this land, like a happy country, has escaped, for years and years, the affliction of much history. It has not felt the desolating tramp of lawyer or land-agent, nor been bombarded by fine and recovery, lease and release, bargain and sale, Doe and Roe and Geoffrey Styles, and the rest of the pitiless shower of slugs, ending with a charge of Demons. Blows, and blights, and plagues of that sort have not come to Anerley, nor any other drain of nurture to exhaust the green of meadow and the gold of harvest. Here stands the homestead, and here lies the meadow-land; there walk the kine (having no call to run), and yonder the wheat in the hollow

of the hill, bowing to the silvery stroke of the wind, is touched with the promise of increasing gold.

As good as the cattle and the crops themselves are the people that live upon them; or at least, in a fair degree, they try to be so; though not of course so harmless, or faithful, or peaceful, or charitable. But still, in proportion, they may be called as good; and in fact they believe themselves much better. And this from no conceit of any sort, beyond what is indispensable; for nature not only enables but compels a man to look down upon his betters.

From generation to generation, man, and beast, and house, and land, have gone on in succession here, replacing, following, renewing, repairing and being repaired, demanding and getting more support, with such judicious give-and-take, and thoroughly good understanding, that now in the August of this year, when Scargate Hall is full of care, and afraid to cart a load of dung, Anerley farm is quite at ease, and in the very best of heart, man, and horse, and land, and crops, and the cock that crows the time of day. Nevertheless, no acre yet in Yorkshire, or in the whole wide world, has ever been so farmed or fenced as to exclude the step of change.

From father to son the good lands had passed, without even a will to disturb them, except at distant intervals; and the present owner was Stephen Anerley, a thrifty and well-to-do Yorkshire farmer of the olden type. Master Anerley was turned quite lately of his fifty-second year, and hopeful (if so pleased the Lord) to turn a good many more years yet, as a strong horse works his furrow. For he was strong and of a cheerful face, ruddy, square, and steadfast, built up also with firm body to a wholesome stature, and able to show the best man on the farm the way to swing a pitchfork. Yet might he be seen, upon every Lord's day, as clean as a new-shelled chestnut; neither at any time of the week was he dirtier than need be. Happy alike in the place of his birth, his lot in life, and the wisdom of the powers appointed over him, he looked up with a substantial faith, yet a solid reserve of judgment, to the Church, the Justices of the Peace, spiritual lords and temporal, and above all His Majesty George the Third. Without any reserve of judgmemt, which could not deal with such low subjects, he looked down upon every Dissenter, every pork-dealer, and every Frenchman. What he was brought up to, that he would abide by; and the sin beyond repentance, to his mind, was the sin of the turncoat.

With all these hard-set lines of thought, or of doctrine (the scabbard of thought, which saves its edge, and keeps it out of mischief), Stephen Anerley was not hard, or stern, or narrow-hearted. Kind, and gentle, and good to every one who knew "how to behave himself," and dealing to every man full justice—meted by his own measure—he was liable even to generous acts, after being severe and having his own way. But if any body ever got the better of him by lies, and not fair bettering, that man had wiser not begin to laugh inside the Riding. Stephen Anerley was slow but sure; not so very keen, perhaps, but grained with kerns of maxim'd thought, to meet his uses as they came, and to make a rogue uneasy. To move him from such thoughts was hard; but to move him from a spoken word had never been found possible.

The wife of this solid man was solid and well fitted to him. In early days, by her own account, she had possessed considerable elegance, and was not devoid of it even now, whenever she received a visitor capable of understanding it. But for home use that gift had been cut short, almost in the honey-moon, by a total want of appreciation on the part of her husband. And now, after five-and-twenty years of studying and entering into him, she had fairly earned his firm belief that she was the wisest of women. For she always agreed with him, when he wished it; and she knew exactly when to contradict him, and that was before he had said a thing at all, and while he was rolling it slowly in his mind, with a strong tendency against it. In out-door matters she never meddled, without being specially consulted by the master; but in-doors she governed with watchful eyes, a firm hand, and a quiet tongue.

This good woman now was five-and-forty years of age, vigorous, clean, and of a very pleasant look, with that richness of color which settles on fair women when the fugitive beauty of blushing is past. When the work of the morning was done, and the clock in the kitchen was only ten minutes from twelve, and the dinner was fit for the dishing, then

Mistress Anerley remembered as a rule the necessity of looking to her own appearance. She went up stairs, with a quarter of an hour to spare, but not to squander, and she came down so neat that the farmer was obliged to be careful in helping the gravy. For she always sat next to him, as she had done before there came any children, and it seemed ever since to be the best place for her to manage their plates and their manners as well.

Alas! that the kindest and wisest of women have one (if not twenty) blind sides to them; and if any such weakness is pointed out, it is sure to have come from their father. Mistress Anerley's weakness was almost conspicuous to herself—she worshipped her eldest son, perhaps the least worshipful of the family.

Willie Anerley was a fine young fellow, two inches taller than his father, with delicate features, and curly black hair, and cheeks as bright as a maiden's. He had soft blue eyes, and a rich clear voice, with a melancholy way of saying things, as if he were above all this. And yet he looked not like a fool; neither was he one altogether, when he began to think of things. The worst of him was that he always wanted something new to go on with. He never could be idle; and yet he never worked to the end which crowns the task. In the early stage he would labor hard, be full of the greatness of his aim, and demand every body's interest, exciting, also, mighty hopes of what was safe to come of it. And even after that he sometimes carried on with patience; but he had not perseverance. Once or twice he had been on the very nick of accomplishing something, and had driven home his nail; but then he let it spring back without clinching. "Oh, any fool can do that!" he cried, and never stood to it, to do it again, or to see that it came not undone. In a word, he stuck to nothing, but swerved about, here, there, and every where.

His father, being of so different a cast, and knowing how often the wisest of men must do what any fool can do, was bitterly vexed at the flighty ways of Willie, and could do no more than hope, with a general contempt, that when the boy grew older he might be a wiser fool. But Willie's dear mother maintained, with great consistency, that such a perfect wonder could never be expected to do any thing not wonderful. To this the farmer used to listen with a grim, decorous smile; then grumbled, as soon as he was out of hearing, and fell to and did the little jobs himself.

Sore jealousy of Willie, perhaps, and keen sense of injustice, as well as high spirit and love of adventure, had driven the younger son, Jack, from home, and launched him on a sea-faring life. With a stick and a bundle he had departed from the ancestral fields and lanes, one summer morning about three years since, when the cows were lowing for the milk pail, and a royal cutter was cruising off the Head. For a twelvemonth nothing was heard of him, until there came a letter beginning, "Dear and respected parents," and ending, "Your affectionate and dutiful son, Jack." The body of the letter was of three lines only, occupied entirely with kind inquiries as to the welfare of every body, especially his pup, and his old pony, and dear sister Mary.

Mary Anerley, the only daughter and the youngest child, well deserved the best remembrance of the distant sailor, though Jack may have gone too far in declaring (as he did till he came to his love-time) that the world contained no other girl fit to hold a candle to her. No doubt it would have been hard to find a girl more true and loving, more modest and industrious; but hundreds and hundreds of better girls might be found perhaps even in Yorkshire.

For this maiden had a strong will of her own, which makes against absolute perfection; also she was troubled with a strenuous hate of injustice—which is sure, in this world, to find cause for an outbreak—and too active a desire to rush after what is right, instead of being well content to let it come occasionally. And so firm could she be, when her mind was set, that she would not take parables, or long experience, or even kindly laughter, as a power to move her from the thing she meant. Her mother, knowing better how the world goes on, promiscuously, and at leisure, and how the right point slides away when stronger forces come to bear, was very often vexed by the crotchets of the girl, and called her wayward, headstrong, and sometimes nothing milder than "a saucy miss."

This, however, was absurd, and Mary scarcely deigned to cry about it, but went to her father, as she always did when

any weight lay on her mind. Nothing was said about any injustice, because that might lead to more of it, as well as be (from a proper point of view) most indecorous. Nevertheless, it was felt between them, when her pretty hair was shed upon his noble waistcoat, that they two were in the right, and cared very little who thought otherwise.

Now it was time to leave off this; for Mary (without heed almost of any but her mother) had turned into a full-grown damsel, comely, sweet, and graceful. She was tall enough never to look short, and short enough never to seem too tall, even when her best feelings were outraged; and nobody, looking at her face, could wish to do any thing but please her—so kind was the gaze of her deep blue eyes, so pleasant the frankness of her gentle forehead, so playful the readiness of rosy lips for a pretty answer or a lovely smile. But if any could be found so callous and morose as not to be charmed or nicely cheered by this, let him only take a longer look, not rudely, but simply in a spirit of polite inquiry; and then would he see, on the delicate rounding of each soft and dimpled cheek, a carmine hard to match on palette, morning sky, or flower bed.

Lovely people ought to be at home in lovely places; and though this can not be so always, as a general rule it is. At Anerley Farm the land was equal to the stock it had to bear, whether of trees, or corn, or cattle, hogs, or mushrooms, or mankind. The farm was not so large or rambling as to tire the mind or foot, yet wide enough and full of change—rich pasture, hazel copse, green valleys, fallows brown, and golden breast-lands pillowing into nooks of fern, clumps of shade for horse or heifer, and for rabbits sandy warren, furzy cleve for hare and partridge, not without a little mere for willows and for wild-ducks. And the whole of the land, with a general slope of liveliness and rejoicing, spread itself well to the sun, with a strong inclination toward the morning, to catch the cheery import of his voyage across the sea.

The pleasure of this situation was the more desirable because of all the parts above it being bleak and dreary. Round the shoulders of the upland, like the arch of a great arm-chair, ran a barren scraggy ridge, whereupon no tree could stand upright, no cow be certain of her own tail, and scarcely a crow breast the violent air by stooping ragged pinions, so furious was the rush of wind when any power awoke the clouds; or sometimes, when the air was jaded with continual conflict, a heavy settlement of brackish cloud lay upon a waste of chalky flint.

By dint of persevering work there are many changes for the better now, more shelter and more root-hold; but still it is a battle-ground of winds, which rarely change their habits, for this is the chump of the spine of the Wolds, which hulks up at last into Flamborough Head.

Flamborough Head, the furthest forefront of a bare and jagged coast, stretches boldly off to eastward—a strong and rugged barrier. Away to the north the land falls back, with coving bends, and some straight lines of precipice and shingle, to which the German Ocean sweeps, seldom free from sullen swell in the very best of weather. But to the southward of the Head a different spirit seems to move upon the face of every thing. For here is spread a peaceful bay, and plains of brighter sea more gently furrowed by the wind, and cliffs that have no cause to be so steep, and bathing-places, and scarcely freckled sands, where towns may lay their drain-pipes undisturbed. In short, to have rounded that headland from the north is as good as to turn the corner of a garden wall in March, and pass from a buffeted back, and bare shivers, to a sunny front of hope all as busy as a bee, with pears spurring forward into creamy buds of promise, peach-trees already in a flush of tasselled pink, and the green lobe of the apricot shedding the snowy bloom.

Below this point the gallant skipper of the British collier, slouching with a heavy load of grime for London, or waddling back in ballast to his native North, alike is delighted to discover storms ahead, and to cast his tarry anchor into soft gray calm. For here shall he find the good shelter of friends like-minded with himself, and of hospitable turn, having no cause to hurry any more than he has, all too wise to command their own ships; and here will they all jollify together while the sky holds a cloud or the locker a drop. Nothing here can shake their ships, except a violent east wind, against which they wet the other eye; lazy boats visit them with comfort and delight, while white waves are leaping in the offing; they cherish their well-earned rest, and

eat the lotus—or rather the onion—and drink ambrosial grog; they lean upon the bulwarks, and contemplate their shadows—the noblest possible employment for mankind—and lo! if they care to lift their eyes, in the south shines the quay of Bridlington, inland the long ridge of Priory stands high, and westward in a nook, if they level well a clear glass (after holding on the slope so many steamy ones), they may espy Anerley Farm, and sometimes Mary Anerley herself.

For she, when the ripple of the tide is fresh, and the glance of the summer morn glistening on the sands, also if a little rocky basin happens to be fit for shrimping, and only some sleepy ships at anchor in the distance look at her, fearless she—because all sailors are generally down at breakfast—tucks up her skirt and gayly runs upon the accustomed play-ground, with her pony left to wait for her. The pony is old, while she is young (although she was born before him), and now he belies his name, "Lord Keppel," by starting at every soft glimmer of the sea. Therefore now he is left to roam at his leisure above high-water mark, poking his nose into black dry weed, probing the winnow casts of yellow drift for oats, and snorting disappointment through a gritty dance of sand-hoppers.

Mary has brought him down the old "Dane's Dike" for society rather than service, and to strengthen his nerves with the dew of the salt, for the sake of her Jack who loved him. He may do as he likes, as he always does. If his conscience allows him to walk home, no one will think the less of him. Having very little conscience at his time of life (after so much contact with mankind), he considers convenience only. To go home would suit him very well, but his crib would be empty till his young mistress came; moreover, there is a little dog that plagues him when his door is open; and in spite of old age, it is something to be free, and in spite of all experience, to hope for something good. Therefore Lord Keppel is as faithful as the rocks; he lifts his long heavy head, and gazes wistfully at the anchored ships, and Mary is sure that the darling pines for his absent master.

But she, with the multitudinous tingle of youth, runs away rejoicing. The buoyant power and brilliance of the morning are upon her, and the air of the bright sea lifts and spreads her, like a pillowy skate's egg. The polish of the wet sand flickers like veneer of maple-wood at every quick touch of her dancing feet. Her dancing feet are as light as nature and high spirits made them, not only quit of spindle heels, but even free from shoes and socks left high and dry on the shingle. And lighter even than the dancing feet the merry heart is dancing, laughing at the shadows of its own delight; while the radiance of blue eyes springs like a fount of brighter heaven; and the sunny hair falls, flows, or floats, to provoke the wind for playmate.

Such a pretty sight was good to see for innocence and largeness. So the buoyancy of nature springs anew in those who have been weary, when they see her brisk power inspiring the young, who never stand still to think of her, but are up and away with her, where she will, at the breath of her subtle encouragement.

CHAPTER VII.

A DANE IN THE DIKE.

Now, whether spy-glass had been used by any watchful mariner, or whether only blind chance willed it, sure it is that one fine morning Mary met with somebody. And this was the more remarkable, when people came to think of it, because it was only the night before that her mother had almost said as much.

"Ye munna gaw doon to t' sea be yersell," Mistress Anerley said to her daughter; "happen ye mought be one too many."

Master Anerley's wife had been at "boarding-school," as far south as Suffolk, and could speak the very best of Southern English (like her daughter Mary) upon polite occasion. But family cares and farm-house life had partly cured her of her education, and from troubles of distant speech she had returned to the ease of her native dialect.

"And if I go not to the sea by myself," asked Mary, with natural logic, "why, who is there now to go with me?" She was thinking of her sadly missed comrade, Jack.

"Happen some day, perhaps, one too many."

The maiden was almost too innocent to blush; but her father took her part as usual.

"The little lass sall gaw doon," he said, "wheniver sha likes." And so she went down the next morning.

A thousand years ago the Dane's Dike must have been a very grand intrenchment, and a thousand years ere that perhaps it was still grander; for learned men say that it is a British work, wrought out before the Danes had even learned to build a ship. Whatever, however, may be argued about that, the wise and the witless do agree about one thing—the stronghold inside it has been held by Danes, while severed by the Dike from inland parts; and these Danes made a good colony of their own, and left to their descendants distinct speech and manners, some traces of which are existing even now. The Dike, extending from the rough North Sea to the calmer waters of Bridlington Bay, is nothing more than a deep dry trench, skillfully following the hollows of the ground, and cutting off Flamborough Head and a solid cantle of high land from the rest of Yorkshire. The corner, so intercepted, used to be and is still called "Little Denmark;" and the in-dwellers feel a large contempt for all their outer neighbors. And this is sad, because Anerley Farm lies wholly outside of the Dike, which for a long crooked distance serves as its eastern boundary.

Upon the morning of the self-same day that saw Mr. Jellicorse set forth upon his return from Scargate Hall, armed with instructions to defy the devil, and to keep his discovery quiet—upon a lovely August morning of the first year of a new century, Mary Anerley, blithe and gay, came riding down the grassy hollow of this ancient Dane's Dike. This was her shortest way to the sea, and the tide would suit (if she could only catch it) for a take of shrimps, and perhaps even prawns, in time for her father's breakfast. And not to lose this, she arose right early, and rousing Lord Keppel, set forth for the spot where she kept her net covered with sea-weed. The sun, though up and brisk already upon sea and foreland, had not found time to rout the shadows skulking in the dingles. But even here, where sap of time had breached the turfy ramparts, the hover of the dew-mist passed away, and the steady light was unfolded.

For the season was early August still, with beautiful weather come at last; and the green world seemed to stand on tiptoe to make the extraordinary acquaintance of the sun. Humble plants which had long lain flat stood up with a sense of casting something off; and the damp heavy trunks which had trickled for a twelvemonth, or been only sponged with moss, were hailing the fresher light with keener lines and dove-colored tints upon their smoother boles. Then, conquering the barrier of the eastern land crest, rose the glorious sun himself, strewing before him trees and crags in long steep shadows down the hill. Then the sloping rays, through furze and brush-land, kindling the sparkles of the dew, descended to the brink of the Dike, and scorning to halt at petty obstacles, with a hundred golden hurdles bridged it wherever any opening was.

Under this luminous span, or through it where the crossing gullies ran, Mary Anerley rode at leisure, allowing her pony to choose his pace. That privilege he had long secured, in right of age, wisdom, and remarkable force of character. Considering his time of life, he looked well and sleek, and almost sprightly; and so, without any reservation, did his gentle and graceful rider. The maiden looked well in a place like that, as indeed in almost any place; but now she especially set off the color of things, and was set off by them. For instance, how could the silver of the dew-cloud, and golden weft of sunrise, playing through the dapples of a partly wooded glen, do better (in the matter of variety) than frame a pretty moving figure in a pink checked frock, with a skirt of russet murrey, and a bright brown hat? Not that the hat itself was bright, even under the kiss of sunshine, simply having seen already too much of the sun, but rather that its early lustre seemed to be revived by a sense of the happy position it was in; the clustering hair and the bright eyes beneath it answering the sunny dance of life and light. Many a handsomer face, no doubt, more perfect, grand, and lofty, received—at least if it was out of bed—the greeting of that morning sun; but scarcely any prettier one, or kinder, or more pleasant, so gentle without being weak, so good-tempered without looking void of all temper at all.

Suddenly the beauty of the time and place was broken by sharp angry sound. Bang! bang! came the roar of muskets fired from the shore at the mouth of the

Dike, and echoing up the winding glen. At the first report the girl, though startled, was not greatly frightened; for the sound was common enough in the week when those most gallant volunteers entitled the "Yorkshire Invincibles" came down for their annual practice of skilled gunnery against the French. Their habit was to bring down a red cock, and tether him against a chalky cliff, and then vie with one another in shooting at him. The same cock had tested their skill for three summers, but failed hitherto to attest it, preferring to return in a hamper to his hens, with a story of moving adventures.

Mary had watched those Invincibles sometimes from a respectful distance, and therefore felt sure (when she began to think) that she had not them to thank for this little scare. For they always slept soundly in the first watch of the morning; and even supposing they had jumped up with nightmare, where was the jubilant crow of the cock? For the cock, being almost as invincible as they were, never could deny himself the glory of a crow when the bullet came into his neighborhood. He replied to every volley with an elevated comb, and a flapping of his wings, and a clarion peal, which rang along the foreshore ere the musket roar died out. But before the girl had time to ponder what it was, or wherefore, round the corner came somebody, running very swiftly.

In a moment Mary saw that this man had been shot at, and was making for his life away; and to give him every chance she jerked her pony aside, and called and beckoned; and without a word he flew to her. Words were beyond him, till his breath should come back, and he seemed to have no time to wait for that. He had outstripped the wind, and his own wind, by his speed.

"Poor man!" cried Mary Anerley, "what a hurry you are in! But I suppose you can not help it. Are they shooting at you?"

The runaway nodded, for he could not spare a breath, but was deeply inhaling for another start, and could not even bow without hinderance. But to show that he had manners, he took off his hat. Then he clapped it on his head and set off again.

"Come back!" cried the maid; "I can show you a place. I can hide you from your enemies forever."

The young fellow stopped. He was come to that pitch of exhaustion in which a man scarcely cares whether he is killed or dies. And his face showed not a sign of fear.

"Look! That little hole—up there—by the fern. Up at once, and this cloth over you!"

He snatched it, and was gone, like the darting lizard, up a little puckering side issue of the Dike, at the very same instant that three broad figures and a long one appeared at the lip of the mouth. The quick-witted girl rode on to meet them, to give the poor fugitive time to get into his hole and draw the brown skirt over him. The dazzle of the sun, pouring over the crest, made the hollow a twinkling obscurity; and the cloth was just in keeping with the dead stuff around. The three broad men, with heavy fusils cocked, came up from the sea mouth of the Dike, steadily panting, and running steadily with a long-enduring stride. Behind them a tall bony man with a cutlass was swinging it high in the air, and limping, and swearing with great velocity.

"Coast-riders," thought Mary, "and he a free-trader! Four against one is cowardice."

"Halt!" cried the tall man, while the rest were running past her; "halt! ground arms; never scare young ladies." Then he flourished his hat, with a grand bow to Mary. "Fair young Mistress Anerley, I fear we spoil your ride. But his Majesty's duty must be done. Hats off, fellows, at the name of your king! Mary, my dear, the most daring villain, the devil's own son, has just run up here—scarcely two minutes—you must have seen him. Wait a minute; tell no lies—excuse me, I mean fibs. Your father is the right sort. He hates those scoundrels. In the name of his Majesty, which way is he gone?"

"Was it—oh, was it a man, if you please? Captain Carroway, don't say so."

"A man? Is it likely that we shot at a woman? You are trifling. It will be the worse for you. Forgive me—but we are in such a hurry. Whoa! whoa! pony."

"You always used to be so polite, Sir, that you quite surprise me. And those guns look so dreadful! My father would be quite astonished to see me not even allowed to go down to the sea, but hurried back here, as if the French had landed."

"How can I help it, if your pony runs

away so?" For Mary all this time had been cleverly contriving to increase and exaggerate her pony's fear, and so brought the gunners for a long way up the Dike, without giving them any time to spy at all about. She knew that this was wicked from a loyal point of view; not a bit the less she did it. "What a troublesome little horse it is!" she cried. "Oh, Captain Carroway, hold him just a moment. I will jump down, and then you can jump up, and ride after all his Majesty's enemies."

"The Lord forbid! He slews all out of gear, like a carronade with rotten lashings. If I boarded him, how could I get out of his way? No, no, my dear, brace him up sharp, and bear clear."

"But you wanted to know about some enemy, captain. An enemy as bad as my poor Lord Keppel?"

"Mary, my dear, the very biggest villain! A hundred golden guineas on his head, and half for you. Think of your father, my dear, and Sunday gowns. And you must have a young man by-and-by, you know—such a beautiful maid as you are. And you might get a leather purse, and give it to him. Mary, on your duty, now?"

"Captain, you drive me so, what can I say? I can not bear the thought of betraying any body."

"Of course not, Mary dear; nobody asks you. He must be half a mile off by this time. You could never hurt him now; and you can tell your father that you have done your duty to the king."

"Well, Captain Carroway, if you are quite sure that it is too late to catch him, I can tell you all about him. But remember your word about the fifty guineas."

"Every farthing, every farthing, Mary, whatever my wife may say to it. Quick! quick! Which way did he run, my dear?"

"He really did not seem to me to be running at all; he was too tired."

"To be sure, to be sure, a worn-out fox! We have been two hours after him; he could not run; no more can we. But which way did he go, I mean?"

"I will not say any thing for certain, Sir; even for fifty guineas. But he may have come up here—mind, I say not that he did—and if so, he might have set off again for Sewerby. Slowly, very slowly, because of being tired. But perhaps, after all, he was not the man you mean."

"Forward, double-quick! We are sure to have him!" shouted the lieutenant—for his true rank was that—flourishing his cutlass again, and setting off at a wonderful pace, considering his limp. "Five guineas every man Jack of you. Thank you, young mistress—most heartily thank you. Dead or alive, five guineas!"

With gun and sword in readiness, they all rushed off; but one of the party, named John Cadman, shook his head and looked back with great mistrust at Mary, having no better judgment of women than this, that he never could believe even his own wife. And he knew that it was mainly by the grace of womankind that so much contraband work was going on. Nevertheless, it was out of his power to act upon his own low opinions now.

The maiden, blushing deeply with the sense of her deceit, was informed by her guilty conscience of that nasty man's suspicions, and therefore gave a smack with her fern whip to Lord Keppel, impelling him to join, like a loyal little horse, the pursuit of his Majesty's enemies. But no sooner did she see all the men dispersed, and scouring the distance with trustful ardor, than she turned her pony's head toward the sea again, and rode back round the bend of the hollow. What would her mother say if she lost the murrey skirt, which had cost six shillings at Bridlington fair? And ten times that money might be lost much better than for her father to discover how she lost it. For Master Stephen Anerley was a straight-backed man, and took three weeks of training in the Land Defense Yeomanry, at periods not more than a year apart, so that many people called him "Captain" now; and the loss of his suppleness at knee and elbow had turned his mind largely to politics, making him stiffly patriotic, and especially hot against all free-traders putting bad bargains to his wife, at the cost of the king and his revenue. If the bargain were a good one, that was no concern of his.

Not that Mary, however, could believe, or would even have such a bad mind as to imagine, that any one, after being helped by her, would be mean enough to run off with her property. And now she came to think of it, there was something high and noble, she might almost say something downright honest, in the face of that poor persecuted man. And in spite of all his panting, how brave he must

have been, what a runner, and how clever, to escape from all those cowardly coast-riders shooting right and left at him! Such a man steal that paltry skirt that her mother made such a fuss about! She was much more likely to find it in her clothes-press filled with golden guineas.

Before she was as certain as she wished to be of this (by reason of shrewd nativity), and while she believed that the fugitive must have seized such a chance and made good his escape toward North Sea or Flamborough, a quick shadow glanced across the long shafts of the sun, and a bodily form sped after it. To the middle of the Dike leaped a young man, smiling, and forth from the gully which had saved his life. To look at him, nobody ever could have guessed how fast he had fled, and how close he had lain hid. For he stood there as clean and spruce and careless as even a sailor can be wished to be. Limber yet stalwart, agile though substantial, and as quick as a dart while as strong as a pike, he seemed cut out by nature for a true blue-jacket; but condition had made him a smuggler, or, to put it more gently, a free-trader. Britannia, being then at war with all the world, and alone in the right (as usual), had need of such lads, and produced them accordingly, and sometimes one too many. But Mary did not understand these laws.

This made her look at him with great surprise, and almost doubt whether he could be the man, until she saw her skirt neatly folded in his hand, and then she said, "How do you do, Sir?"

The free-trader looked at her with equal surprise. He had been in such a hurry, and his breath so short, and the chance of a fatal bullet after him so sharp, that his mind had been astray from any sense of beauty, and of every thing else except the safety of the body. But now he looked at Mary, and his breath again went from him.

"You can run again now; I am sure of it," said she; "and if you would like to do any thing to please me, run as fast as possible."

"What have I to run away from now?" he answered, in a deep sweet voice. "I run from enemies, but not from friends."

"That is very wise. But your enemies are still almost within call of you. They will come back worse than ever when they find you are not there."

"I am not afraid, fair lady, for I understand their ways. I have led them a good many dances before this; though it would have been my last, without your help. They will go on, all the morning, in the wrong direction, even while they know it. Carroway is the most stubborn of men. He never turns back; and the further he goes, the better his bad leg is. They will scatter about, among the fields and hedges, and call one another like partridges. And when they can not take another step, they will come back to Anerley for breakfast."

"I dare say they will; and we shall be glad to see them. My father is a soldier, and his duty is to nourish and comfort the forces of the king."

"Then you are young Mistress Anerley? I was sure of it before. There are no two such. And you have saved my life. It is something to owe it so fairly."

The young sailor wanted to kiss Mary's hand; but not being used to any gallantry, she held out her hand in the simplest manner to take back her riding skirt; and he, though longing in his heart to keep it, for a token or pretext for another meeting, found no excuse for doing so. And yet he was not without some resource.

For the maiden was giving him a farewell smile, being quite content with the good she had done, and the luck of recovering her property; and that sense of right which in those days formed a part of every good young woman said to her plainly that she must be off. And she felt how unkind it was to keep him any longer in a place where the muzzle of a gun, with a man behind it, might appear at any moment. But he, having plentiful breath again, was at home with himself to spend it.

"Fair young lady," he began, for he saw that Mary liked to be called a lady, because it was a novelty, "owing more than I ever can pay you already, may I ask a little more? Then it is that, on your way down to the sea, you would just pick up (if you should chance to see it) the fellow ring to this, and perhaps you will look at this to know it by. The one that was shot away flew against a stone just on the left of the mouth of the Dike, but I durst not stop to look for it, and I must not go back that way now. It is more to me than a hatful of gold, though nobody else would give a crown for it."

"And they really shot away one of your ear-rings? Careless, cruel, waste-

ful men! What could they have been thinking of?"

"They were thinking of getting what is called 'blood-money.' One hundred pounds for Robin Lyth. Dead or alive—one hundred pounds."

"It makes me shiver, with the sun upon me. Of course they must offer money for—for people. For people who have killed other people, and bad things—but to offer a hundred pounds for a free-trader, and fire great guns at him to get it—I never should have thought it of Captain Carroway."

"Carroway only does his duty. I like him none the worse for it. Carroway is a fool, of course. His life has been in my hands fifty times; but I will never take it. He must be killed sooner or later, because he rushes into every thing. But never will it be my doing."

"Then are you the celebrated Robin Lyth—the new Robin Hood, as they call him? The man who can do almost any thing?"

"Mistress Anerley, I am Robin Lyth; but, as you have seen, I can not do much. I can not even search for my own earring."

"I will search for it till I find it. They have shot at you too much. Cowardly, cowardly people! Captain Lyth, where shall I put it, if I find it?"

"If you could hide it for a week, and then—then tell me where to find it, in the afternoon, toward four o'clock, in the lane toward Bempton Cliffs. We are off to-night upon important business. We have been too careless lately, from laughing at poor Carroway."

"You are very careless now. You quite frighten me almost. The coast-riders might come back at any moment. And what could you do then?"

"Run away gallantly, as I did before; with this little difference, that I should be fresh, while they are as stiff as nut-cracks. They have missed the best chance they ever had at me; it will make their temper very bad. If they shot at me again, they could do no good. Crooked mood makes crooked mode."

"You forget that I should not see such things. You may like very much to be shot at; but—but you should think of other people."

"I shall think of you only—I mean of your great kindness, and your promise to keep my ring for me. Of course you will tell nobody. Carroway will have me like a tiger if you do. Farewell, young lady—for one week farewell."

With a wave of his hat he was gone, before Mary had time to retract her promise; and she thought of her mother, as she rode on slowly to look for the smuggler's trinket.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTAIN CARROWAY.

FAME, that light-of-love trusted by so many, and never a wife till a widow—fame, the fair daughter of fuss and caprice, may yet take the phantom of bold Robin Lyth by the right hand, and lead it to a pedestal almost as lofty as Robin Hood's, or she may let it vanish like a bat across Lethe—a thing not bad enough for eminence.

However, at the date and in the part of the world now dealt with, this great free-trader enjoyed the warm though possibly brief embrace of fame, having no rival, and being highly respected by all who were unwarped by a sense of duty. And blessed as he was with a lively nature, he proceeded happily upon his path in life, notwithstanding a certain ticklish sense of being shot at undesirably. This had befallen him now so often, without producing any tangible effect, that a great many people, and especially the shooters (convinced of the accuracy of their aim), went far to believe that he possessed some charm against wholesome bullet and gunpowder. And lately even a crooked sixpence dipped in holy water (which was still to be had in Yorkshire) confirmed and doubled the faith of all good people, by being declared upon oath to have passed clean through him, as was proved by its being picked up quite clean.

This strong belief was of great use to him; for, like many other beliefs, it went a very long way to prove itself. Steady left hands now grew shaky in the level of the carbine, and firm forefingers trembled slightly upon draught of trigger, and the chief result of a large discharge was a wale upon the marksman's shoulder. Robin, though so clever and well practiced in the world, was scarcely old enough yet to have learned the advantage of misapprehension, which, if well handled by any man, helps him, in the cunning of paltry things, better than a truer estimate. But

without going into that, he was pleased with the fancy of being invulnerable, which not only doubled his courage, but trebled the discipline of his followers, and secured him the respect of all tradesmen. However, the worst of all things is that just when they are establishing themselves, and earning true faith by continuance, out of pure opposition the direct contrary arises, and begins to prove itself. And to Captain Lyth this had just happened in the shot which carried off his left ear-ring.

Not that his body, or any fleshly member, could be said directly to have parted with its charm, but that a warning and a diffidence arose from so near a visitation. All genuine sailors are blessed with strong faith, as they must be, by nature's compensation. Their bodies continually going up and down upon perpetual fluxion, they never could live if their minds did the same, like the minds of stationary landsmen. Therefore their minds are of stanch immobility, to restore the due share of firm element. And not only that, but these men have compressed (through generations of circumstance), from small complications, simplicity. Being out in all weathers, and rolling about so, how can they stand upon trifles? Solid stays, and stanchions, and strong bulwarks are their need, and not a dance of gnats in gossamer; hating all fogs, they blow not up with their own breath misty mysteries, and gazing mainly at the sky and sea, believe purely in God and the devil. In a word, these sailors have religion.

Some of their religion is not well pronounced, but declares itself in overstrong expressions. However, it is in them, and at any moment waiting opportunity of action—a shipwreck or a grape-shot; and the chaplain has good hopes of them when the doctor has given them over.

Now one of their principal canons of faith, and the one best observed in practice, is (or at any rate used to be) that a man is bound to wear ear-rings. For these, as sure tradition shows, and no pious mariner would dare to doubt, act as a whetstone in all weathers to the keen edge of the eyes. Semble—as the lawyers say—that this idea was born of great phonetic facts in the days when a seaman knew his duty better than the way to spell it; and when, if his outlook were sharpened by a friendly wring from the captain of the watch, he never dreamed of a police court.

But Robin Lyth had never cared to ask why he wore ear-rings. His nature was not meditative. Enough for him that all the other men of Flamborough did so; and enough for them that their fathers had done it. Whether his own father had done so, was more than he could say, because he knew of no such parent; and of that other necessity, a mother, he was equally ignorant. His first appearance at Flamborough, though it made little stir at the moment in a place of so many adventures, might still be considered unusual, and in some little degree remarkable. So that Mistress Anerley was not wrong when she pressed upon Lieutenant Carroway how unwise it might be to shoot him, any more than Carroway himself was wrong in turning in at Anerley gate for breakfast.

This he had not done without good cause of honest and loyal necessity. Free-trading Robin had predicted well the course of his pursuers. Rushing eagerly up the Dike, and over its brim, with their muskets, that gallant force of revenue men steadily scoured the neighborhood; and the further they went, the worse they fared. There was not a horse standing down by a pool, with his stiff legs shut up into biped form, nor a cow staring blandly across an old rail, nor a sheep with a pectoral cough behind a hedge, nor a rabbit making rustle at the eyebrow of his hole, nor even a moot, that might either be a man or hold a man inside it, whom or which those active fellows did not circumvent and poke into. In none of these, however, could they find the smallest breach of the strictest laws of the revenue; until at last, having exhausted their bodies by great zeal both of themselves and of mind, they braced them again to the duty of going, as promptly as possible, to breakfast.

For a purpose of that kind few better places, perhaps, could be found than this Anerley Farm, though not at the best of itself just now, because of the denials of the season. It is a sad truth about the heyday of the year, such as August is in Yorkshire—where they have no spring—that just when a man would like his victuals to rise to the mark of the period, to be simple yet varied, exhilarating yet substantial, the heat of the summer day defrauds its increased length for feeding.

For instance, to cite a very trifling point —at least in some opinions—August has banished that bright content and most devout resignation which ensue the removal of a petted pig from this troublous world of grunt. The fat pig rolls in wallowing rapture, defying his friends to make pork of him yet, and hugs with complacence unpickleable hams. The partridge among the pillared wheat, tenderly footing the way for his chicks, and teaching little balls of down to hop, knows how sacred are their lives to others as well as to himself; and the less paternal cock-pheasant scratches the ridge of green-shouldered potatoes, without fear of keeping them company at table.

But though the bright glory of the griddle remains in suspense for the hoary mornings, and hooks that carried woodcocks once, and hope to do so yet again, are primed with dust instead of lard, and the frying-pan hangs on the cellar nail with a holiday gloss of raw mutton suet, yet is there still some comfort left, yet dappled brawn, and bacon streaked, yet golden-hearted eggs, and mushrooms quilted with pink satin, spiced beef carded with pellucid fat, buckstone cake, and brown bread scented with the ash of gorse bloom —of these, and more that pave the way into the good-will of mankind, what lack have fine farm-houses?

And then, again, for the liquid duct, the softer and more sensitive, the one that is never out of season, but perennially clear —here we have advantage of the gentle time that mellows thirst. The long ride of the summer sun makes men who are in feeling with him, and like him go up and down, not forego the moral of his labor, which is work and rest. Work all day, and light the rounded land with fruit and nurture, and rest at evening, looking through bright fluid, as the sun goes down.

But times there are when sun and man, by stress of work, or clouds, or light, or it may be some Process of the Equinox, make draughts upon the untilted day, and solace themselves in the morning. For lack of dew the sun draws lengthy sucks of cloud quite early, and men who have labored far and dry, and scattered the rime of the night with dust, find themselves ready about 8 A.M. for the golden encouragement of gentle ale.

The farm-house had an old porch of stone, with a bench of stone on either side, and pointed windows trying to look out under brows of ivy; and this porch led into the long low hall, where the breakfast was beginning. To say what was on the table would be only waste of time, because it has all been eaten so long ago; but the farmer was vexed because there were no shrimps. Not that he cared half the clip of a whisker for all the shrimps that ever bearded the sea, only that he liked to seem to love them, to keep Mary at work for him. The flower of his flock, and of all the flocks of the world of the universe to his mind, was his darling daughter Mary: the strength of his love was upon her, and he liked to eat any thing of her cooking.

His body was too firm to fidget; but his mind was out of its usual comfort, because the pride of his heart, his Mary, seemed to be hiding something from him. And with the justice to be expected from far clearer minds than his, being vexed by one, he was ripe for the relief of snapping at fifty others. Mary, who could read him, as a sailor reads his compass, by the corner of one eye, awaited with good content the usual result—an outbreak of words upon the indolent Willie, whenever that young farmer should come down to breakfast, then a comforting glance from the mother at her William, followed by a plate kept hot for him, and then a fine shake of the master's shoulders, and a stamp of departure for business. But instead of that, what came to pass was this.

In the first place, a mighty bark of dogs arose; as needs must be, when a man does his duty toward the nobler animals; for sure it is that the dogs will not fail of their part. Then an inferior noise of men, crying, "Good dog! good dog!" and other fulsome flatteries, in the hope of avoiding any tooth-mark on their legs; and after that a shaking down and settlement of sounds, as if feet were brought into good order, and stopped. Then a tall man, with a body full of corners, and a face of grim temper, stood in the doorway.

"Well, well, captain, now!" cried Stephen Anerley, getting up after waiting to be spoken to, "the breath of us all is hard to get, with doing of our duty, Sir. Come ye in, and sit doon to table, and his Majesty's forces along o' ye."

"Cadman, Ellis, and Dick, be damned!" the lieutenant shouted out to them; "you shall have all the victuals you want, by-and-by. Cross legs, and get your winds

up. Captain of the coast-defense, I am under your orders, in your own house." Carroway was starving, as only a man with long and active jaws can starve; and now the appearance of the farmer's mouth, half full of a kindly relish, made the emptiness of his own more bitter. But happen what might, he resolved, as usual, to enforce strict discipline, to feed himself first, and his men in proper order.

"Walk in gentlemen, all walk in," Master Anerley shouted, as if all men were alike, and coming to the door with a hospitable stride; "glad to see all of ye, upon my soul I am. Ye've hit upon the right time for coming, too; though there might 'a been more upon the table. Mary, run, that's a dear, and fetch your grandfather's big Sabbath carver. Them peaky little clams a'most puts out all my shoulder-blades, and wunna bite through a twine of gristle. Plates for all the gentlemen, Winnie lass! Bill, go and drah the black jarge full o' yell."

The farmer knew well enough that Willie was not down yet; but this was his manner of letting people see that he did not approve of such hours.

"My poor lad Willie," said the mistress of the house, returning with a courtesy the brave lieutenant's scrape, "I fear he hath the rheum again, overheating of himself after sungate."

"Ay, ay, I forgot. He hath to heat himself in bed again, with the sun upon his coverlid. Mary lof, how many hours was ye up?"

"Your daughter, Sir," answered the lieutenant, with a glance at the maiden over the opal gleam of froth, which she had headed up for him—"your daughter has been down the Dike before the sun was, and doing of her duty by the king and by his revenue. Mistress Anerley, your good health! Master Anerley, the like to you, and your daughter, and all of your good household." Before they had finished their thanks for this honor, the quart pot was set down empty. "A very pretty brew, Sir—a pretty brew indeed! Fall back, men! Have heed of discipline. A chalked line is what they want, Sir. Mistress Anerley, your good health again. The air is now thirsty in the mornings. If those fellows could be given a bench against the wall—a bench against the wall is what they feel for with their legs. It comes so natural to their—yes, yes, their legs, and the crook of their heels, ma'am, from what they were brought up to sit upon. And if you have any beer brewed for washing days, ma'am, that is what they like, and the right thing for their bellies. Cadman, Ellis, and Dick Hackerbody, sit down and be thankful."

"But surely, Captain Carroway, you would never be happy to sit down without them. Look at their small-clothes, the dust and the dirt! And their mouths show what you might make of them."

"Yes, madam, yes; the very worst of them is that. They are always looking out, here, there, and every where, for victuals everlasting. Let them wait their proper time, and then they do it properly."

"Their proper time is now, Sir. Winnie, fill their horns up. Mary, wait you upon the officer. Captain Carroway, I will not have any body starve in my house."

"Madam, you are the lawgiver in your own house. Men of the coast-guard, fall to upon your victuals."

The lieutenant frowned horribly at his men, as much as to say, "Take no advantage, but show your best manners;" and they touched their forelocks with a pleasant grin, and began to feed rapidly; and verily their wives would have said that it was high time for them. Feeding, as a duty, was the order of the day, and discipline had no rank left. Good things appeared and disappeared, with the speedy doom of all excellence. Mary, and Winnie the maid, flitted in and out like carrier-pigeons.

"Now when the situation comes to this," said the farmer at last, being heartily pleased with the style of their feeding and laughing, "his Majesty hath made an officer of me, though void of his own writing. Mounted Fencibles, Filey Briggers, called in the foreign parts 'Brigadiers.' Not that I stand upon sermonry about it, except in the matter of his Majesty's health, as never is due without ardent spirits. But my wife hath a right to her own way, and never yet I knowed her go away from it."

"Not so, by any means," the mistress said, and said it so quietly that some believed her; "I never was so much for that. Captain, you are a married man. But reason is reason, in the middle of us all, and what else should I say to my husband? Mary lass, Mary lof, wherever is your duty? The captain hath the best pot empty!"

With a bright blush Mary sprang up to do her duty. In those days no girl was ashamed to blush; and the bloodless cheek savored of small-pox.

"Hold up your head, my lof," her father said aloud, with a smile of tidy pride, and a pat upon her back; "no call to look at all ashamed, my dear. To my mind, captain, though I may be wrong, however, but to my mind, this little maid may stan' upright in the presence of downright any one."

"There lies the very thing that never should be said. Captain, you have seven children, or it may be eight of them justly. And the pride of life— Mary, you be off!"

Mary was glad to run away, for she liked not to be among so many men. But her father would not have her triumphed over.

"Speak for yourself, good wife," he said. "I know what you have got behind, as well as rooks know plough-tail. Captain, you never heard me say that the lass were any booty, but the very same as God hath made her, and thankful for straight legs and eyes. Howsoever, there might be worse-favored maidens, without running out of the Riding."

"You may ride all the way to the city of London," the captain exclaimed, with a clinch of his fist, "or even to Portsmouth, where my wife came from, and never find a maid fit to hold a candle for Mary to curl her hair by."

The farmer was so pleased that he whispered something; but Carroway put his hand before his mouth, and said, "Never, no, never in the morning!" But in spite of that, Master Anerley felt in his pocket for a key, and departed.

"Wicked, wicked, is the word I use," protested Mrs. Anerley, "for all this fribble about rooks and looks, and holding of candles, and curling of hair. When I was Mary's age—oh dear! It may not be so for your daughters, captain; but evil for mine was the day that invented those proud swinging-glasses."

"That you may pronounce, ma'am, and I will say Amen. Why, my eldest daughter, in her tenth year now—"

"Come, Captain Carroway," broke in the farmer, returning softly with a square old bottle, "how goes the fighting with the Crappos now? Put your legs up, and light your pipe, and tell us all the news."

"Cadman, and Ellis, and Dick Hackerbody," the lieutenant of the coast-guard shouted, "you have fed well. Be off, men; no more neglect of duty! Place an outpost at fork of the Sewerby road, and strictly observe the enemy, while I hold a council of war with my brother officer, Captain Anerley. Half a crown for you, if you catch the rogue, half a crown each, and promotion of twopence. Attention, eyes right, make yourselves scarce! Well, now the rogues are gone, let us make ourselves at home. Anerley, your question is a dry one. A dry one; but this is uncommonly fine stuff! How the devil has it slipped through our fingers? Never mind that, inter amicos—Sir, I was at school at Shrewsbury—but as to the war, Sir, the service is going to the devil, for the want of pure principle."

The farmer nodded; and his looks declared that to some extent he felt it. He had got the worst side of some bargains that week; but his wife had another way of thinking.

"Why, Captain Carroway, whatever could be purer? When you were at sea, had you ever a man of the downright principles of Nelson?"

"Nelson has done very well in his way; but he is a man who has risen too fast, as other men rise too slowly. Nothing in him; no substance, madam; I knew him as a youngster, and I could have tossed him on a marling-spike. And instead of feeding well, Sir, he quite wore himself away. To my firm knowledge, he would scarcely turn the scale upon a good Frenchman of half of the peas. Every man should work his own way up, unless his father did it for him. In my time we had fifty men as good, and made no fuss about them."

"And you not the last of them, captain, I dare say. Though I do love to hear of the Lord's Lord Nelson, as the people call him. If ever a man fought his own way up—"

"Madam, I know him, and respect him well. He would walk up to the devil, with a sword between his teeth, and a boarder's pistol in each hand. Madam, I leaped, in that condition, a depth of six fathoms and a half into the starboard mizzen-chains of the French line-of-battle ship *Peace and Thunder*."

"Oh, Captain Carroway, how dreadful! What had you to lay hold with?"

"At such times a man must not lay hold. My business was to lay about;

and I did it to some purpose. This little slash across my eyes struck fire, and it does the same now by moonlight."

One of the last men in the world to brag was Lieutenant Carroway. Nothing but the great thirst of this morning, and strong necessity of quenching it, could ever have led him to speak about himself, and remember his own little exploits. But the farmer was pleased, and said, "Tell us some more, Sir."

"Mistress Anerley," the captain answered, shutting up the scar, which he was able to expand by means of a muscle of excitement, "you know that a man should drop these subjects when he has got a large family. I have been in the Army and the Navy, madam, and now I am in the Revenue; but my duty is first to my own house."

"Do take care, Sir; I beg you to be careful. Those free-traders now are come to such a pitch that any day or night they may shoot you."

"Not they, madam. No, they are not murderers. In a hand-to-hand conflict they might do it, as I might do the same to them. This very morning my men shot at the captain of all smugglers, Robin Lyth, of Flamborough, with a hundred guineas upon his head. It was no wish of mine; but my breath was short to stop them, and a man with a family like mine can never despise a hundred guineas."

"Why, Sophy," said the farmer, thinking slowly, with a frown, "that must have been the noise come in at window, when I were getting up this morning. I said, 'Why, there's some poacher fellow popping at the conies!' and out I went straight to the warren to see. Three gun-shots, or might 'a been four. How many men was you shooting at?"

"The force under my command was in pursuit of one notorious criminal—that well-known villain, Robin Lyth."

"Captain, your duty is to do your duty. But without your own word for it, I never would believe that you brought four gun muzzles down upon one man."

"The force under my command carried three guns only. It was not in their power to shoot off four."

"Captain, I never would have done it in your place. I call it no better than unmanly. Now go you not for to stir yourself amiss. To look thunder at me is what I laugh at. But many things are done in a hurry, Captain Carroway, and I take it that this was one of them."

"As to that, no! I will not have it. All was in thorough good order. I was never so much as a cable's length behind, though the devil, some years ago, split my heel up, like his own, Sir."

"Captain, I see it, and I ask your pardon. Your men were out of reach of hollering. At our time of life the wind dies quick, from want of blowing oftener."

"Stuff!" cried the captain. "Who was the freshest that came to your hospitable door, Sir? I will foot it with any man for six leagues, but not for half a mile, ma'am. I depart from nothing. I said, 'Fire!' and fire they did, and they shall again. What do Volunteers know of the service?"

"Stephen, you shall not say a single other word;" Mistress Anerley stopped her husband thus; "these matters are out of your line altogether; because you have never taken any body's blood. The captain here is used to it, like all the sons of Belial, brought up in the early portions of the Holy Writ."

Lieutenant Carroway's acquaintance with the Bible was not more extensive than that of other officers, and comprised little more than the story of Joseph, and that of David and Goliath; so he bowed to his hostess for her comparison, while his gaunt and bristly countenance gave way to a pleasant smile. For this officer of the British Crown had a face of strong features, and upon it whatever he thought was told as plainly as the time of day is told by the clock in the kitchen. At the same time, Master Anerley was thinking that he might have said more than a host should say concerning a matter which, after all, was no particular concern of his; whereas it was his special place to be kind to any visitor. All this he considered with a sound grave mind, and then stretched forth his right hand to the officer.

Carroway, being a generous man, would not be outdone in apologies. So these two strengthened their mutual esteem, without any fighting—which generally is the quickest way of renewing respect—and Mistress Anerley, having been a little frightened, took credit to herself for the good words she had used. Then the farmer, who never drank cordials, although he liked to see other people do it, set forth to see a man who was come about a rick, and sundry other business. But

Carroway, in spite of all his boasts, was stiff, though he bravely denied that he could be; and when the good housewife insisted on his stopping to listen to something that was much upon her mind, and of great importance to the revenue, he could not help owning that duty compelled him to smoke another pipe, and hearken.

CHAPTER IX.

ROBIN COCKSCROFT.

NOTHING ever was allowed to stop Mrs. Anerley from seeing to the bedrooms. She kept them airing for about three hours at this time of the sun-stitch—as she called all the doings of the sun upon the sky—and then there was pushing, and probing, and tossing, and pulling, and thumping, and kneading of knuckles, till the rib of every feather was aching; and then (like dough before the fire) every well-belabored tick was left to yeast itself a while. Winnie, the maid, was as strong as a post, and wore them all out in bed-making. Carroway heard the beginning of this noise, but none of it meddled at all with his comfort; he lay back nicely in a happy fit of chair, stretched his legs well upon a bench, and nodded, keeping slow time with the breathings of his pipe, and drawing a vapory dream of ease. He had fared many stony miles afoot that morning; and feet, legs, and body were now less young than they used to be once upon a time. Looking up sleepily, the captain had idea of a pretty young face hanging over him, and a soft voice saying, "It was me who did it all," which was very good grammar in those days; "will you forgive me? But I could not help it, and you must have been sorry to shoot him."

"Shoot every body who attempts to land," the weary man ordered, drowsily. "Mattie, once more, you are not to dust my pistols."

"I could not be happy without telling you the truth," the soft voice continued, "because I told you such a dreadful story. And now— Oh! here comes mother!"

"What has come over you this morning, child? You do the most extraordinary things, and now you can not let the captain rest. Go round and look for eggs this very moment. You will want to be playing fine music next. Now, captain, I am at your service, if you please, unless you feel too sleepy."

"Mistress Anerley, I never felt more wide-awake in all my life. We of the service must snatch a wink whenever we can, but with one eye open; and it is not often that we see such charming sights."

The farmer's wife having set the beds to "plump," had stolen a look at the glass, and put on her second-best Sunday cap, in honor of a real officer; and she looked very nice indeed, especially when she received a compliment. But she had seen too much of life to be disturbed thereby.

"Ah, Captain Carroway, what ways you have of getting on with simple people, while you are laughing all the time at them! It comes of the foreign war experience, going on so long that in the end we shall all be foreigners. But one place there is that you never can conquer, nor Boneypart himself, to my belief."

"Ah, you mean Flamborough—Flamborough, yes! It is a nest of cockatrices."

"Captain, it is nothing of the sort. It is the most honest place in all the world. A man may throw a guinea on the cross-roads in the night, and have it back from Dr. Upandown any time within seven years. You ought to know by this time what they are, hard as it is to get among them."

"I only know that they can shut their mouths; and the devil himself—I beg your pardon, madam—Old Nick himself never could unscrew them."

"You are right, Sir. I know their manner well. They are open as the sky with one another, but close as the grave to all the world outside them, and most of all to people of authority like you."

"Mistress Anerley, you have just hit it. Not a word can I get out of them. The name of the king—God bless him!—seems to have no weight among them."

"And you can not get at them, Sir, by any dint of money, or even by living in the midst of them. The only way to do it is by kin of blood, or marriage. And that is how I come to know more about them than almost any body else outside. My master can scarcely win a word of them even, kind as he is, and well-spoken; and neither might I, though my tongue was tenfold, if it were not for Joan Cockscroft. But being Joan's cousin, I am like one of themselves."

"Cockscroft! Cockscroft? I have heard

that name. Do they keep the public-house there?"

The lieutenant was now on the scent of duty, and assumed his most knowing air, the sole effect of which was to put every body upon guard against him. For this was a man of no subtlety, but straightforward, downright, and ready to believe; and his cleverest device was to seem to disbelieve.

"The Cockscrofts keep no public-house," Mrs. Anerley answered, with a little flush of pride. "Why, she was half-niece to my own grandmother, and never was beer in the family. Not that it would have been wrong, if it was. Captain, you are thinking of Widow Precious, licensed to the Cod with the hook in his gills. I should have thought, Sir, that you might have known a little more of your neighbors having fallen below the path of life by reason of bad bank-tokens. Banking came up in her parts like dog-madness, as it might have done here, if our farmers were the fools to handle their cash with gloves on. And Joan became robbed by the fault of her trustees, the very best bakers in Scarborough, though Robin never married her for it, thank God! Still it was very sad, and scarcely bears describing of, and pulled them in the crook of this world's swing to a lower pitch than if they had robbed the folk that robbed and ruined them. And Robin so was driven to the fish again, which he always had hankered after. It must have been before you heard of this coast, captain, and before the long war was so hard on us, that every body about these parts was to double his bags by banking, and no man was right to pocket his own guineas, for fear of his own wife feeling them. And bitterly such were paid out for their cowardice and swindling of their own bosoms."

"I have heard of it often, and it served them right. Master Anerley knew where his money was safe, ma'am!"

"Neither Captain Robin Cockscroft nor his wife was in any way to blame," answered Mrs. Anerley. "I have framed my mind to tell you about them; and I will do it truly, if I am not interrupted. Two hammers never yet drove a nail straight, and I make a rule of silence when my betters wish to talk."

"Madam, you remind me of my own wife. She asks me a question, and she will not let me answer."

"That is the only way I know of getting on. Mistress Carroway must understand you, captain. I was at the point of telling you how my cousin Joan was married, before her money went, and when she was really good-looking. I was quite a child, and ran along the shore to see it. It must have been in the high summer-time, with the weather fit for bathing, and the sea as smooth as a duck-pond. And Captain Robin, being well-to-do, and established with every thing except a wife, and pleased with the pretty smile and quiet ways of Joan—for he never had heard of her money, mind—put his oar into the sea and rowed from Flamborough all the way to Filey Brigg, with thirty-five fishermen after him; for the Flamborough people make a point of seeing one another through their troubles. And Robin was known for the handsomest man and the uttermost fisher of the landing, with three boats of his own, and good birth, and long sea-lines. And there at once they found my cousin Joan, with her trustees, come overland, four wagons and a cart in all of them; and after they were married, they burned sea-weed, having no fear in those days of invasions. And a merry day they made of it, and rowed back by the moonshine. For every one liked and respected Captain Cockscroft on account of his skill with the deep-sea lines, and the openness of his hands when full—a wonderful quiet and harmless man, as the manner is of all great fishermen. They had bacon for breakfast whenever they liked, and a guinea to lend to any body in distress.

"Then suddenly one morning, when his hair was growing gray and his eyes getting weary of the night work, so that he said his young Robin must grow big enough to learn all the secrets of the fishes, while his father took a spell in the blankets, suddenly there came to them a shocking piece of news. All his wife's bit of money, and his own as well, which he had been putting by from year to year, was lost in a new-fangled Bank, supposed as faithful as the Bible. Joan was very nearly crazed about it; but Captain Cockscroft never heaved a sigh, though they say it was nearly seven hundred guineas. 'There are fish enough still in the sea,' he said; 'and the Lord has spared our children. I will build a new boat, and not think of feather-beds.'

"Captain Carroway, he did so, and ev-

ery body knows what befell him. The new boat, built with his own hands, was called the *Mercy Robin*, for his only son and daughter, little Mercy and poor Robin. The boat is there as bright as ever, scarlet within and white outside; but the name is painted off, because the little dears are in their graves. Two nicer children were never seen, clever, and sprightly, and good to learn; they never even took a common bird's nest, I have heard, but loved all the little things the Lord has made, as if with a foreknowledge of going early home to Him. Their father came back very tired one morning, and went up the hill to his breakfast, and the children got into the boat and pushed off, in imitation of their daddy. It came on to blow, as it does down there, without a single whiff of warning; and when Robin awoke for his middle-day meal, the bodies of his little ones were lying on the table. And from that very day Captain Cockscroft and his wife began to grow old very quickly. The boat was recovered without much damage; and in it he sits by the hour on dry land, whenever there is no one on the cliffs to see him, with his hands upon his lap, and his eyes upon the place where his dear little children used to sit. Because he has always taken whatever fell upon him gently; and of course that makes it ever so much worse when he dwells upon the things that come inside of him."

"Madam, you make me feel quite sorry for him," the lieutenant exclaimed, as she began to cry. "If even one of my little ones was drowned, I declare to you, I can not tell what I should be like. And to lose them all at once, and as his own wife perhaps would say, because he was thinking of his breakfast! And when he had been robbed, and the world all gone against him! Madam, it is a long time, thank God, since I heard so sad a tale."

"Now you would not, captain, I am sure you would not," said Mistress Anerley, getting up a smile, yet freshening his perception of a tear as well—"you would never have the heart to destroy that poor old couple by striking the last prop from under them. By the will of the Lord they are broken down enough. They are quietly hobbling to their graves, and would you be the man to come and knock them on their heads at once?"

"Mistress Anerley, have you ever heard that I am a brute and inhuman? Madam, I have no less than seven children, and I hope to have fourteen."

"I hope with all my heart you may. And you will deserve them all, for promising so very kindly not to shoot poor Robin Lyth."

"Robin Lyth! I never spoke of him, madam. He is outlawed, condemned, with a fine reward upon him. We shot at him to-day; we shall shoot at him again; and before very long we must hit him. Ma'am, it is my duty to the king, the Constitution, the service I belong to, and the babes I have begotten."

"Blood-money poisons all innocent mouths, Sir, and breaks out for generations. And for it you will have to take three lives—Robin's, the captain's, and my dear old cousin Joan's."

"Mistress Anerley, you deprive me of all satisfaction. It is just my luck, when my duty was so plain, and would pay so well for doing of."

"Listen now, captain. It is my opinion, and I am generally borne out by the end, that instead of a hundred pounds for killing Robin Lyth, you may get a thousand for preserving him alive. Do you know how he came upon this coast, and how he has won his extraordinary name?"

"I have certainly heard rumors; scarcely any two alike. But I took no heed of them. My duty was to catch him; and it mattered not a straw to me who or what he was. But now I must really beg to know all about him, and what makes you think such things of him. Why should that excellent old couple hang upon him? and what can make him worth such a quantity of money? Honestly, of course, I mean; honestly worth it, ma'am, without any cheating of his Majesty."

"Captain Carroway," his hostess said, not without a little blush, as she thought of the king and his revenue, "cheating of his Majesty is a thing we leave for others. But if you wish to hear the story of that young man, so far as known, which is not so even in Flamborough, you must please to come on Sunday, Sir; for Sunday is the only day that I can spare for clacking, as the common people say. I must be off now; I have fifty things to see to. And on Sunday my master has his best things on, and loves no better than to sit with his legs up, and a long clay pipe lying on him down below his waist (or, to speak more correctly, where it used to be, as he might, indeed, almost say the very same to me),

and then not to speak a word, but hear other folk tell stories, that might not have made such a dinner as himself. And as for dinner, Sir, if you will do the honor to dine with them that are no more than in the Volunteers, a saddle of good mutton fit for the Body-Guards to ride upon, the men with the skins around them all turned up, will be ready just at one o'clock, if the parson lets us out."

"My dear madam, I shall scarcely care to look at any slice of victuals until one o'clock on Sunday, by reason of looking forward."

After all, this was not such a gross exaggeration, Anerley Farm being famous for its cheer; whereas the poor lieutenant, at the best of times, had as much as he could do to make both ends meet; and his wife, though a wonderful manager, could give him no better than coarse bread, and almost coarser meat.

"And, Sir, if your good lady would oblige us also—"

"No, madam, no!" he cried, with vigorous decision, having found many festive occasions spoiled by excess of loving vigilance; "we thank you most truly; but I must say 'no.' She would jump at the chance; but a husband must consider. You may have heard it mentioned that the Lord is now considering about the production of an eighth little Carroway."

"Captain, I have not, or I should not so have spoken. But with all my heart I wish you joy."

"I have pleasure, I assure you, in the prospect, Mistress Anerley. My friends make wry faces, but I blow them away. 'Tush,' I say, 'tush, Sir; at the rate we now are fighting, and exhausting all British material, there can not be too many, Sir, of mettle such as mine!' What do you say to that, madam?"

"Sir, I believe it is the Lord's own truth. And true it is also that our country should do more to support the brave hearts that fight for it."

Mrs. Anerley sighed, for she thought of her younger son, by his own perversity launched into the thankless peril of fighting England's battles. His death at any time might come home, if any kind person should take the trouble even to send news of it; or he might lie at the bottom of the sea unknown, even while they were talking. But Carroway buttoned up his coat and marched, after a pleasant and kind farewell. In the course of hard service he had seen much grief, and suffered plenty of bitterness, and he knew that it is not the part of a man to multiply any of his troubles but children. He went about his work, and he thought of all his comforts, which need not have taken very long to count, but he added to their score by not counting them, and by the self-same process diminished that of troubles. And thus, upon the whole, he deserved his Sunday dinner, and the tale of his hostess after it, not a word of which Mary was allowed to hear, for some subtle reason of her mother's. But the farmer heard it all, and kept interrupting so, when his noddings and the joggings of his pipe allowed, or, perhaps one should say, compelled him, that merely for the courtesy of saving common time it is better now to set it down without them. Moreover, there are many things well worthy of production which she did not produce, for reasons which are now no hinderance. And the foremost of those reasons is that the lady did not know the things; the second that she could not tell them clearly as a man might; and the third, and best of all, that if she could, she would not do so. In which she certainly was quite right; for it would have become her very badly, as the cousin of Joan Cockscroft (half removed, and upon the mother's side), and therefore kindly received at Flamborough, and admitted into the inner circle, and allowed to buy fish at wholesale prices, if she had turned round upon all these benefits, and described all the holes to be found in the place, for the teaching of a revenue officer.

Still, it must be clearly understood that the nature of the people is fishing. They never were known to encourage free-trading, but did their very utmost to protect themselves; and if they had produced the very noblest free-trader, born before the time of Mr. Cobden, neither the credit nor the blame was theirs.

SUMMER.

FROM SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEENE."

THEN came the iolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which, as he had chauffed been,
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated sore.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN a late number of Robinson's *Epitome of Literature* there were some pleasant notes describing interesting manuscripts and literary treasures in the library of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. The writer mentioned a copy of Lord Byron's works in the collection, and what we suppose to be the original copy of some contemptuous verses by Byron upon Wordsworth, which show the instinctive hostility which Byron must have felt for his great contemporary, whose rising fame foretold the decline of his own. If Wordsworth had been a man of more humor, he would have perceived the inevitability of Byron's antipathy, and he would have understood in his own case what the gentleman meant who said, "If a man doesn't like me, he must hate me heartily." It is very possible for a person of quick mind to comprehend the impression and repulsion which he must produce upon certain other persons, and it is not impossible even that he should sympathize with it; that is, he can readily see that if he were the kind of person which the other one supposes him to be, he would be equally distasteful to himself. Wordsworth's whole being was antipathetic to Byron's, and with his Peter Bells and Harry Gills and Lucys and sextons the "Lake poet" probably seemed to the lord a most exasperating molly-coddle and milksop.

It is a pity that Wordsworth lost the fun of perceiving both the necessity and the comedy of this impression, just as it is unfortunate for themselves that those who think they have demolished others by calling them prigs and Miss Nancys can not see the intense amusement of those who are so denounced. The air of finality with which Tom says that Dick is a womanly gusher, as if there could be no appeal from such a sentence, is infinitely entertaining. Indeed, "calling names" or blackguarding is merely a futile attempt to express what is inexpressible. It is only an elaborately rhetorical method of saying, "I don't like you," although the reason of the dislike is no more expressible than the reason of preferring red to blue, or the flavor of a strawberry to that of a currant.

The sense of humor is the great solvent, and it is invaluable to a public man who plays his part, as it were, conspicuously before the world's eye, or to an editor who is liable every moment to be exposed to the pelting of hostility. Humor is a panoply against insult, because a truly sensitive humor perceives too readily the comedy of the situation to be betrayed into excesses of speech. Thackeray had a broken nose, and when he and another gentleman who had the same misfortune fell into a debate which was getting hot, Thackeray burst into a laugh, and exclaimed that nothing could be more absurd than for two broken-nosed old fellows to get warm upon such a subject. It may be doubted whether the party of the second part either relished the joke or felt less angry. But if not, the reason was a want of humor. There is something so essentially ridiculous in a Billingsgate scolding match between two men like Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, for instance, or Webster and Clay, that it would be impossible had either of them a saving sense of humor. There is, indeed, a habit of moderation and a gentlemanly instinct which would equally save them. But humor is the sweetest repellent. The mass of men, if they heard some one ask whether Milton was not a great genius, would exclaim, impatiently, "What an unspeakable ass!" But when Charles Lamb heard the question, as Haydon relates, and Mr. Whipple recalls the story in his delightful paper upon Sumner in our July pages, he took a candle, and walking up to the inquirer, asked, with great solemnity, "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" And when his companions endeavored to restrain him, Lamb struggled to escape, and asked, with interest, "Who *is* that fellow? Allow me to look at his organs once more."

A man is often conscious of the exquisitely humorous aspect of his relations with others, which arises from their utter want of humor. Byron was an enormous egotist and sentimentalist, a spoiled dandy of genius, with a very imperfect sentiment of humor. He was morbidly self-conscious, and the literary idol of his day. His standards of romance and manliness were the conventional standards. A Greek pirate in a red-tasselled cap flying over the moon-lit Ægean with a dark-eyed houri, who trembled in his arms as they left behind the bark of an avenging paternal pasha thirsting for the blood of the Greek and the capture of the maiden, to be dropped in a sack into the deep sea—this was Byron's romance; and that an old school-master should be romantic, or an English country girl who dwelt by the springs of Dove, or a wagoner, or a shepherd, was inconceivable, and the man who suggested it was intolerable. So when Wordsworth published "Peter Bell," Byron could not stand it. It is easy to imagine how he who wrote,

> "Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
> Along Morea's hills, the setting sun,"

would feel when he read the prologue to Wordsworth's poem:

> "There's something in a flying horse,
> And something in a huge balloon;
> But through the clouds I'll never float
> Until I have a little Boat
> Whose shape is like the crescent moon.
>
> "And now I *have* a little Boat,
> In shape a very crescent moon," etc.

Was such young misses' curds and whey to be tolerated when there was manly punch to be had? So Byron dashed off upon the margin

of a copy of "Peter Bell," at Ravenna, on the 22d of March, 1820:

"EPILOGUE.

"There's something in a stupid ass,
And something in a heavy dunce;
But never since I went to school
I heard or saw so d——d a fool
As William Wordsworth is for once.

"And now I've seen so great a fool
As William Wordsworth is for once;
I really wish that 'Peter Bell'
And he who wrote it were in hell,
For writing nonsense for the nonce.

"I saw the 'light in ninety-eight,'
Sweet Babe of one-and-twenty years!
And then he gives it to the nation,
And deems himself of Shakspeare's peers.

"He gives the perfect work to light!
Will Wordsworth, if I might advise,
Content you with the praise you get
From Sir George Beaumont, Baronet,
And with your place in the Excise."

It would have been much better for Byron to solicit a private view of Wordsworth's phrenological development; and had Wordsworth been a man of humor he would have said, with perfect good nature, "Of course he couldn't help it. He must think me insufferable."

There is one little improvement which a shrewd preacher would make of this text, and which, indeed, makes itself. The world is full of Byrons and Wordsworths—not, indeed, men of genius and great poets, but men who dislike each other immensely, and, as it seems, instinctively. Now we can see very plainly that William Wordsworth was not the kind of fool that Byron believed him to be; and so, my friend, as Thackeray was fond of saying, *de te fabula narratur*. Dick, whom Tom does not like, is yet not the zany he supposes. This little spirt of Byron's petulant dislike may, perhaps, remind some solitary reader that his neighbor is not a fool, although he may not like him, and although his taste may be very different. It is sad that morals should leap out upon us in this unexpected way; but they are hid even "within the bosom of the rose," and in Lord Byron's careless rhymes.

Then, again, your blackguardism may recoil. If you sneer at Gaffer Gray because he has tastes different from yours, he laughs heartily at you for your pains, and he who laughs last wins. Good temper and humor, a constant consciousness that some tastes prefer the perfume of the carnation to that of the Cape jasmine, and that a Venetian barcarole is as precious to one poet as Beethoven's Ninth Symphony to another—these are amulets that banish the foul spirits. "Let him fair sex it to the world's end," hissed Swift of Addison. The dean was a brawny critic, and Addison, he thought, prattled of fans and ribbons; but the world can spare Swift very much more easily than Addison. Wordsworth's Lucy—

"She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh!
The difference to me!"—

will still be "fair as a star" when Giaours and Manfreds have become invisible. Charles Lamb was wiser than the peer. When you encounter what you think a stupid ass, don't fall to cursing like a drab, but insist upon taking the candle and having a good look at his bumps

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Rufus Choate humorously wished not to dilate with the wrong emotion, and it is pleasant to know that those who enjoyed the singing of Gerster in the *Sonnambula* and the *Puritani* and *Lucia* enjoyed aright. At least it is now observed from London with authority that she surpasses the *diva* Patti in those *rôles*, and that without friends or connections in the huge city, unheralded and unknown, and with the great influence of the *Times* against her, she yet took the town, which has been steadily faithful to her, and has made immense progress, and in the opinion of great musicians is now "quite the equal of Patti in all that makes an *artiste*." This is the opinion of Mr. Jennings, who writes to the *World*, and who has ample means of information. Of course the question may be asked, Why go to London for our opinion of a singer? We have no better answer than that we reckon musically from London and Paris, as we reckon astronomically from Greenwich. The singing of Gerster needed no approval from over the sea for those who heard her here. But a confirmation of our own judgment comes agreeably from those who have heard all the great singers under the same conditions. For some years Patti has been the reigning prima donna. Now we have not heard her in this country since her young days, and never in her prime; and when those who heard Jenny Lind and Grisi and all the famous singers of a generation, and are familiar with them, say that Gerster is of their company, they speak with authority.

And why should we resent a certain deference upon such subjects to the judgment of Europe? When the American statesman is travelling he sends home messages stating that the farther he goes the more he loves his native land. We are glad to hear it. When he comes home the brass-band escorts him from the tug-boat to the hotel window or porch—so did we see James Buchanan in the balcony of the Everett House—and he declares, with his eyes upon the White House, that the happiest moment of his journey is that which brings him home to his dear fellow-citizens and to the sacred land of his birth, in which every freeman votes proudly for the man of his choice. We are glad to hear that also. We all know something about voting for the man of our choice, because the Convention always nominates him, and wicked politicians are banished far, far away. But, after all, the debased foreign lands are not to blame that we were not born in them. They have so many sins to bear, that this should not be imputed to them. Some of our great men return to us

and say—on the eve of elections—that they found nothing abroad to equal things at home, especially, probably, pyramids and cathedrals, Italy and Switzerland. *Punch* represents the amazed Parisian at the London Exhibition pausing before an improved wash-stand and demanding to know what that machine is for. The cockney as statesman is not less entertaining a figure than the cockney as traveller. Happily, however, in our beloved land the cockney is unknown.

On a certain happy island a newly arrived proprietor, having built a house, hung a comely gate at the entrance of his grounds. During the night-watches it was unhung and removed. He ordered another gate, which was hung properly, and likewise instantly carried off. He then procured a third gate, and, watching with friends, captured the loyal boys of the happy island in the act of unhanging and removing his property. The offenders were promptly arrested and tried. The evidence was conclusive and uncontested. The case was given to a jury of the happy island, and they immediately returned with a verdict of not guilty. The next day the proprietor met one of the jury, whom he knew, and asked him the meaning of so extraordinary a verdict. "Wasn't the evidence conclusive?" he asked. "Of course it was," answered the happy islander; "but you don't think we are going to have you furriners coming down here and taking away our rights, do ye?" Our returning statesmen seem often to consider us as happy islanders morbidly jealous of the furriners, and unable to hear them praised without feeling that our rights are being taken away.

Because a few years ago some foolish young American women had their heads turned in the vulgar court of Louis Napoleon, or others of the same kind are inexpressibly happy to be in the "set" of the Prince in England, there are some happy islanders who evidently think that the only escape from flunkyism to Europe is vigilantly to withstand the furriners. If this be really necessary, it shows how strong a predisposition to flunkyism lies in the mind of the happy islanders. The truth is that we can learn of Europe in a thousand ways, and nothing is a surer sign of barbarism than hostility to strangers. The Chinese policy of exclusion is an endless subject of derision to more highly civilized nations, and the Chinese wall is a perpetual symbol of semi-civilized jealousy. But that wall is not confined to China, although it is most visible there. The prejudice which discredits foreign excellence, which resents deference to foreign judgment, or the adoption of foreign measures and inventions which are proved to be good, is nothing but the Chinese wall.

"It is all very well," cries some happy islander, exhorting the brethren to unhinge the furriner's gate, "to say that a civil service founded on merit works well in the old monarchies of despotic Europe. Is that an argument for the boundless continent of the West, swarming with indomitable freemen? If some down-trodden Englishman gets a place because he shows that he is fit for it, are the proud representatives of a free people not to fill offices with their henchmen? Fellow-citizens, this is stuff that may answer in the gilded halls of royal palaces, but in the plain houses of a simple republican people it will not go down. No, fellow-citizens, I repeat it, it will not go down. We do not intend to have our rights taken away by furriners, and no furriner with my consent shall hang his effete gate in our midst."

There are some happy islanders who agree with him. But they are not yet aware how ludicrous a spectacle is that of the man eating the white of asparagus, and declaring that he prefers it.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne recently felt himself obliged to deny, in a letter to the *Tribune*, a series of falsehoods about his father and his family. His letter has been variously criticised; but it is always a question when a public denial of a public accusation should be made. Mr. Hawthorne's indignant feeling was most natural and intelligible, but the scandals were only the statements of an anonymous newspaper correspondent, and deserved no attention. There are letters written constantly from New York to distant papers which contain the most remarkable intelligence about conspicuous persons—a proceeding which, in Dickens's phrase, is supposed to be "not wholly unconnected" with the black-mail business. The reading public is suspected to be more interested in personalities than in philosophy, and as letters are valuable as they are "spicy," and as scandal is spice, the appetite for scandal is readily gratified.

There are extraordinary stories about noted rich men always floating through the press, and the general misinformation, which is furnished at a reasonable rate, is bewildering. A reporter in Washington for a prominent journal called upon a gentleman who had been present at a meeting of the cabinet to learn what had occurred. The request for a report was politely declined, for the reason that a cabinet meeting was secret, and that it would be dishonorable to report it without permission.

"But how are the people to know what took place?" asked the reporter.

"It is none of their business," was the reply.

"But it is my business to find out," said the reporter.

"Perhaps; but it is not mine to tell."

"Who will tell?"

"I hope nobody."

"Oh, but I must send some kind of account," said the reporter, half petulantly and half ruefully, and finding that he could not learn anything, he retired. But his readers learned a

great deal of what never occurred; for the next morning's *Bugle-Horn* contained a half-column detailing what was said at the cabinet meeting, which had every merit but that of accuracy. There was not a correct word in the whole story. This was done to gratify the desire of the reader for news, and for apparent private knowledge of the secret sessions of public men.

The reports of the secret sessions of the Senate are often very elaborate. But they are anonymous, and nobody is responsible for them but the editor of the paper, who may be in Europe. Now if a Senator's position is misrepresented, and his words distorted, is it one of the cases that justify denial and explanation? The good rule seems to be to disregard every personal imputation which is anonymous and irresponsible, unless familiar circumstances strongly favor its probability. A public man may be "interviewed," and the reporter may represent him as vehemently denouncing in detail and accusing certain other public men. If the reporter is known to be in the habit of seeing the person whom he professes to report, and if the general views and feelings of that person in regard to those whom he is reported as traducing are known to be venomously hostile, and there is a general air of resemblance and probability, it is a question whether, if the accusation be injurious, the accused may not properly deny the charge. But however that may be, there is no doubt that the person reported, if he be an honorable man, will deny, if he can deny with truth, the accuracy of the report.

Thus, after the breach between Hamilton and Adams, if there had been interviewing reporters, and a paper in Quincy known to be especially in the counsels of Mr. Adams had published a detailed report of hostile remarks made by him upon General Hamilton, accusing the general, for instance, of official malversation or connivance at fraud, if Mr. Adams did not disavow the report, it would be fair to assume that it was approved by him as conveying his sentiments, and General Hamilton might rightfully believe that Mr. Adams had made the accusation. If then the general decided publicly to take notice of the matter, although no one had made himself personally responsible, it would not, certainly, have been surprising. So, in the secret session of the Senate, if a Senator who is known to hold high protection sentiments is stated in detail to have advocated free trade, and the rest of the report has a general air of probability, the Senator may be justified in denying the accuracy of the report, although no one is personally responsible for it. But if a paper irresponsibly says in its Washington correspondence that the same Senator was very dr—nk at the dinner of the French minister, or that his affair with the pretty Madame —— is a universal topic, he is not called upon to say any thing whatever.

Such scandals as Mr. Hawthorne saw fit to denounce are, however, mere idle tattle. If "Apollyon" writes in his weekly budget to the *Gazette* at the Cross Roads that the Rev. Dr. Storrs wears a black veil in the pulpit every Sunday, Dr. Storrs will hardly contradict it. There are undoubtedly certain personal details and incidents against the false account of which character is no shield. A man may be as conspicuously upright as Washington, but that virtue, while it discredits every aspersion of his character, does not necessarily and of itself, however well known, dispose of a story that he wore a roundabout jacket at breakfast, or that he jilted his cousin in early life, or that he ate too many green apples. No personal aspersion needs to be denied unless it has a responsible author, or unless circumstances be such as we have described. Zealous political Mrs. Partingtons sometimes try to mop up the ocean of slander that rises around Presidential candidates. They might as well try to mop the morning dew from the Catskills. If we may trust the irresponsible allegations, there are few candidates for "the greatest office in the world" who are not more suitable candidates for the idiot asylum, the lunatic hospital, or the State-prison.

It is very hard to see those who, even if it were necessary, can not answer for themselves ruthlessly slandered, and the most private and sacred relations assailed with anonymous lies. But character is a perfect panoply against all stabs in the dark.

> "Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
> Like seasoned timber, never gives,
> But though the whole world turn to coal,
> Then chiefly lives."

Ever since Fulton's little *Clermont* wheezed and splashed slowly up the Hudson, the steamboat has been growing larger and finer, until it can only be hoped that upon these summer days the beatified Fulton sees the *Plymouth Rock*, or the *Columbia*, or some of the other huge three-deckers carrying five thousand people at a time to Rockaway or Long Branch. There have been "excursions" since steamboats were. For many a year tow-boats have drawn Sunday-schools in barges to sylvan shores or wooded islands or river-sides, and Sunday boats have departed for "the fishing banks," and endless societies have sung and danced in steamboats to their annual festivals. But "bay and river transportation" has now become an immense business, and the summer steamboat excursions in the waters of New York are the most prodigious pleasure parties in the world.

The future reader of this Magazine—a worthy to whom the Easy Chair often appeals, and who will be, we are sure, the kindest and gentlest of kind and gentle readers—may have methods of conveyance of which we, in all our plenitude of invention, do not dream, and his excursions may extend in a day to Florida or the Azores. But we desire respectfully to inform him that every day in this radiant sum-

mer thousands of people are sailing upon the most spacious steamers down the harbor and bay of New York to the sea-shores adjacent, and that for the first time in the history of the city its advantages for sea-side pleasures are utilized on every hand.

A late article in our excellent contemporary, *Harper's Weekly*, speaks of the sudden "development" of Coney Island and the beaches, and points out that New York has been content to suffer its citizens to be allured to the sea at some remote Newport or Mount Desert or Cape May, while its own superb sea front was disregarded, until within two or three years some shrewd genius rubbed Aladdin's lamp, and vast and delightful and well-appointed palaces have arisen by the sea—people's palaces, the marine villas of the royal public. The throngs that swarm to the beaches are innumerable. The elevated roads in the city on the extreme western and eastern sides bring their passengers to the very wharf of the steamers that ply to the roads connecting with the sea-side, and in the country for a hundred miles around New York excursions to the beaches are organized, and farmer boys who have never seen any landscape but their native hills may be whirled through the wonders of the city to the wonders of the shore, and see more people assembled in one house than they have ever seen together any where.

Perhaps the trip across the lower bay in one of the "magnificent" steamers that we have mentioned will be more alluring than Coney Island. Smaller boats will convey them to the green shore of Staten Island fronting the sea, flanked by the long sweep of Long Island on the left toward Rockaway and the Great South Bay, and on the right the waving land of New Jersey falling from the Navesink to Sandy Hook. All this we mentioned last month for its beauty and interest. It may be well seen from the South Beach Pavilion, near the New Dorp Light, on Staten Island; and within, the curious loiterer may see a perfect reproduction of the house of Sallust—a most unexpected Pompeiian restoration upon the fields of the Huguenots. But up the Shrewsbury Inlet, at the foot of the Navesink, lies a pleasant way to Long Branch.

Elderly New-Yorkers remember when Long Branch was the Brighton of aldermen, and Coney Island the resort of questionable "sports." But New-Yorkers of to-day run over to the Branch or to Coney Island as the Neapolitans might have run to Capri or Sorrento, as Philadelphia has long run to Cape May, and Boston to Nahant. Indeed, the great city is just learning that her ocean pleasures as well as profits lie at hand and within reach, and the huge three-deckers, fluttering with flags and streamers, and swarming with passengers, passing and repassing over the bay, are only the city going out to take possession of its own.

Whatever makes change of air and scene easy and cheap is a public benefit, and all that increases public enjoyment promotes public peace and security. The traveller of a generation ago recalls the pleasant gardens at Nuremberg, at Vienna, at Dresden; the open-air cafés, the charming music, the simple refreshment. The father of the family had his beer, and, as he placidly smoked, read the newspaper, purged by the censor of too irritating and suggestive observations upon the powers that were, and made innoxious for the placid citizen. The mother, with her coffee and her knitting, sat peacefully by, saying an occasional word of domestic gossip and comment, as she stretched the stocking or counted the stitches. The young Germans of either sex played and strolled and chatted. Beyond were the roofs of the Schloss; below wound the tranquil river, a history in every ripple, flowing by palaced Pilnitz and the Saxon Switzerland; the Lilienstein and the Gründe, and stately Prague far away. To the young American wanderer it was a beautiful land of the afternoon, of repose, and dreams.

The Germans knew how to enjoy, and it was the shrewd policy of the régime introduced by the reaction of the Holy Alliance to make simple enjoyment easy, and Germany a land of "drowsihed." The shrewd heads knew that a people, to be contented, must be entertained and happy. If cheap gardens and music and expurgated newspapers would secure that result, what good fortune! The young traveller learned in Berlin in 1848 that they were not enough. But he knew then, as before and since, that public enjoyment tends to public content. The bread and the circus are not all-sufficient, but without food and pleasure Jack is not only a very dull but a very dangerous boy.

To make public enjoyment easy, and to bring to the workshops and streets, to the tenements and slums, some breath of the ocean, is a great public service. Sea air and flowers, indeed, will not take the place of intelligence and conscience. But they are reciprocal influences. The more pure air New York breathes, and the oftener New York bathes, and the more flowers there are in noisome nooks, the better and more intelligent New York will be.

Most persons have probably read with pain that Dickens's house at Gadshill is to be sold, yet it would not be easy to explain the feeling except so far as it means regret that his family may be straitened. It does not mean that, however, necessarily, and there may be many satisfactory reasons. Of course, whoever may live in the house, it will be famous always as the home of Dickens. His own immediate family doubtless would change it very little—less, perhaps, than a stranger. They would leave his library untouched, and the house would be full to them of a beloved presence. But this could not last very long, although in Weimar the room of Schiller was formerly shown much as he left it. The romance of association must sooner or later yield to con-

venience, and even in the hands of some remote Dickens the house would change.

The only way to secure the changeless aspect of the houses of famous men is to persuade the public to buy them, or to buy them by private means for the purpose of preservation as monuments. But what a desperate struggle there was to obtain Mount Vernon! If Americans sincerely honor any man, Washington is he. But except for Mr. Everett's zeal in writing Mount Vernon papers for the *Ledger*, and in delivering his famous discourse, it is very doubtful whether our patriotism and our love of Washington would have taken the form of buying his house as a memorial. "The women of America," as Orpheus C. Kerr used to call them, came to the rescue. But it was a hard labor.

The force of romantic association is not strong in the American mind. How many of the thousands of our intelligent countrymen who pass along the Hudson River Railway every week know where Stony Point is, or what Stony Point is? If we were patriotically proud of any thing, it was Bunker Hill. But how painfully and lingeringly the monument ascended the skies! Webster's great oration when the corner-stone was laid, and the inspiration of the semi-centennial, and the sentiment of national glory, did not avail to lift the solemn gray shaft; and at last, as the scornful story says, which of course is untrue, an Austrian dancer came along, and Fanny Elssler with the tip of her foot did what American pride had failed to do, and finished the monument. Imperial New York contains the battle-ground upon which the surrender of Burgoyne decided the event of the Revolution, but imperial New York will build no monument. She has statesmen who are of opinion that it is not the business of States to build monuments, and her private citizens have generally bought a yoke of oxen, or have married a wife, and pray to be excused.

But the most delightful illustration of our indifference in this way was the Yankee proposition to buy Shakespeare's house, bring it across the sea, and carry it through this country as a show. This was a misconception and travesty of romantic association so exquisite that in a country where it was possible it is surprising that it has not been suggested to buy Gadshill and place it in the Central Park. If Englishmen value Dickens in his degree as they value Shakespeare, they will perhaps buy his house, as they have bought Shakespeare's. But if that is not done, it will show no want of honor and gratitude to an illustrious author, but only that the preservation of his house is a sentiment in which his countrymen do not care to indulge. His family, we may be sure, would sell it only because they must. Yet whoever owns or occupies it, it will be one of the interesting houses of Europe, like the house of Michael Angelo in Florence, and of Goethe's birth-place in Frankfort, and Burns's cottage, and Shakespeare's house, and Abbotsford, and Newstead Abbey. There is nobody to blame, nor cause for other sorrow than that we have mentioned.

THE "old school" of manners has fallen into disrepute. Sir Charles Grandison is a comical rather than a courtly figure to this generation; and the man whose manners may be described as Grandisonian is usually called a pompous and grandiloquent old prig. Certainly the elaborately dressed gentleman speaking to a lady only with polished courtesy of phrase, and avoiding in her presence all coarse words and acts, handing her in the minuet with inexpressible grace and deference, and showing an exquisite homage in every motion, was a very different figure from the gentleman in a shooting-jacket or morning sack "chaffing" a lady with the freshest slang, and smoking in her face. They are undeniably different, and the later figure is wholly free from Grandisonian elegance and elaboration. But is he much more truly a gentleman? Is he our Sidney, our Chevalier Bayard, our Admirable Crichton? Is that refined consideration and gentle deference, which is the flower of courtesy, an old-fashioned folly?

The overwrought politeness is made very ridiculous upon the stage, and Richardson is undoubtedly hard reading for the general consumer of novels. It is true, also, that fine morals do not always go with fine manners, and that Lovelace had a fascination of address which John Knox lacked. The chaff and slang of the Bayard of to-day are at least decent, and his morals probably purer than those of the courtly and punctilious old Sir Roger de Coverleys. Possibly; but it has been wisely said that hypocrisy is the homage paid by vice to virtue. The good manners of a bad man are a rich dress upon a diseased body. They are the graceful form of a vase full of dirty water. The liquid may be poisonous, but the vessel is beautiful. Some of the worst Lotharios in the world have a personal charm which is irresistible. Many a stately compliment was paid by a graciously bowing satyr in laced velvet coat and periwig, at the court of Louis the Great, and paid for the basest purpose; but the grace and the courtesy were borrowed, like plumage of living hues to deck carrion. They were not a part of the baseness, and you do not escape dirty water by breaking the vase. If the older morals were worse than the new, and the older manners were better, can not we who live to-day, and who may have every thing, combine the new morals and the old manners?

We can spare some elaboration of form, but we can not safely spare the substance of refined deference. If Romeo be permitted to treat Juliet as hostlers are supposed to treat bar-maids, and as the heroes of Fielding and Smollett treat Abigails upon a journey, they will both lose self-respect and mutual re-

spect. It was a wise father who said to his son, "Beware of the woman who allows you to kiss her." The woman who does not require of a man the form of respect, invites him to discard the substance. And there is one violation of the form which is recent and gross, and might be well cited as a striking illustration of the decay of manners. It is the practice of smoking in the society of ladies in public places, whether driving, or walking, or sailing, or sitting. There are *preux chevaliers* who would be honestly amazed if they were told they did not behave like gentlemen, who, sitting with a lady on a hotel piazza, or strolling on a public park, whip out a cigarette, light it, and puff as tranquilly as if they were alone in their rooms. Or a young man comes alone upon the deck of a steamer, where throngs of ladies are sitting, and blows clouds of tobacco smoke in their faces, without even remarking that tobacco *is* disagreeable to some people. This is not, indeed, one of the seven deadly sins, but a man who unconcernedly sings false betrays that he has no ear for music, and the man who smokes in this way shows that he is not quite a gentleman.

But some ladies smoke? Yes, and some ladies drink liquor. Does that mend the matter? The Easy Chair has seen a lady at the head of her own table smoking a fine cigar. You will see a great many highly dressed women in Paris smoking cigarettes. Does all this change the situation? Does this make it more gentlemanly to smoke with a lady beside you in a carriage, or upon a bench on the piazza? But some ladies like the odor of a cigar? Not many; and the taste of those who sincerely do so can not justify the habit of promiscuous puffing in their presence. The intimacy of domesticity is governed by other rules; but a gentleman smoking would hardly enter his own drawing-room, where other ladies sat with his wife, without a word of apology. The Easy Chair is no King James, and is more likely to issue blasts of tobacco than blasts against it. But King James belonged to a very selfish sex—a sex which seems often to suppose that its indulgences and habits are to be tenderly tolerated, for no other reason than that they are its habits. Therefore the young woman must defend herself by showing plainly that she prohibits the intrusion of which, if suffered, she is really the victim. In other times the Easy Chair has seen the lovely Laura Matilda unwilling to refuse to dance with the partner who had bespoken her hand for the German, although when he presented himself he was plainly flown with wine. The Easy Chair has seen the hapless, foolish maid encircled by those Bacchic arms, and then a headlong whirl and dash down the room, ending in the promiscuous overthrow and downfall of maid, Bacchus, and musicians.

If in the Grandisonian day the morals were wanting, it was something to have the manners. They at least were to the imagination a memory and a prophecy. They recalled the idyllic age when fine manners expressed fine feelings, and they foretold the return of Astræa to her ancient haunts. Here is young Adonis dreaming of a four-in-hand and a yacht, like any other gentleman. Let us hope that he knows the test of the gentleman not to be the ownership of blood-horses and a unique drag, but perfect courtesy founded upon fine human feeling—that rare and indescribable gentleness and consideration which rests upon manner as lightly as the bloom upon a fruit. It may be imitated, as gold and diamonds are. But no counterfeit can harm it; and, Adonis, it is incompatible with smoking in a lady's face, even if she acquiesces.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE publication of a library edition of Hume's *History of England*,[1] by the Messrs. Harper, complete in six comely octavo volumes, suggests a comparison of the advantages enjoyed by readers at this day with the advantages enjoyed by those who lived contemporaneously with the original issue of this standard British classic. Not only is it now presented in a more unexceptionable dress than was then possible, and at a cost within the reach of a more numerous class of persons of moderate means, but it comes to us as a consecutive whole, instead of in installments appearing at considerable intervals, and in which the periods treated of are inverted or dislocated from their natural order. The extent of this inversion and dislocation will be apparent when we say that the scope of the work is a history of England from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the revolution of 1688, and that the first installment of it was published in a single volume in 1754, and covered only the reigns of James I. and Charles I., now forming parts of volumes four and five. The second installment was another single volume, published in 1756, and covered the period of the Commonwealth and the reigns of Charles II. and James II., now forming part of the fifth volume and the whole of the sixth. The third installment was published in 1759, and consisted of two volumes, covering the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, now forming a part of the second volume, the whole of the third, and a part of the fourth. The final installment of

[1] *The History of England.* From the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Revolution in 1688. By David Hume, Esq. A new Edition. With the Author's Last Corrections and Improvements. To which is prefixed a Short Account of his Life, written by Himself. 6 Vols., 8vo. New York: Harper and Brothers.

two volumes was published in 1761–62, and covered the period from the invasion to the close of the reign of Richard III., now forming the first volume and a part of the second. Hume's style is spirited, precise, elegant after the fashion of his day, and not highly ornamented; and the method that he pursued was to present in his narrative an unbroken chain of events, varied and illustrated by occasional natural digressions, but not interrupted by long dissertations on laws, manners, institutions, and the general state of society, these being reserved to be treated with leisurely fullness in their appropriate place in a series of appendixes to the several books. As a historian, Hume is chargeable with carelessness, even as to the facts that had been revealed to the imperfect research of his own day; while the fuller investigations of these later days convict him of numerous errors which are less due to carelessness than to his ignorance of original sources of information which have since been discovered. This is specially conspicuous in his versions of the earlier periods —the most meagre and unsatisfactory portion of his history—though it is noticeable throughout the entire work. He is also open to the more serious charge of an inaccurate representation of the authorities he quotes, amounting sometimes to a perversion of their meaning; and in addition to this, he was undoubtedly partial in many of his statements and interpretations of religious and political events, opinions, and institutions. His predilections for the Tudors and Stuarts were unconcealed, and his history is a prolonged and plausible defense of royal prerogative and personal government. His account of the Stuarts, indeed, is more in the nature of an apology than of an impartial history—an apology the more plausible for not being indiscriminate, and for his severe censure of venial faults, while he glosses over others that are indefensible. And on this account, as Professor Smyth has justly observed, "his pages are read, in this part of his works at least, with something of distrust, and his representations are not considered decisive." His perversions were not always mere errors of judgment or the partial deductions of a friendly advocate. In some instances they were deliberate misrepresentations, of which a case in point is his summary of the arguments which he would have his readers believe were actually used in the House of Commons that voted James II. his revenue for life. This entire summary is a gratuitous coinage, as was pointed out with indignant severity by the celebrated Charles James Fox, who at the same time censured Hume for his "intolerable and ridiculous partiality to kings and princes." If not a believer in an absolute monarchy, Hume had at least a strong bias in favor of those who sought to establish it in England. This is shown by the circumstance that, while expressly admitting that the pretensions of Charles I. went the whole length of a claim to absolute power, and that his stretch of the prerogative "had well-nigh put an end to all the liberties and privileges of the nation," the historian yet declares that "there is no reason why he [Charles] may not be esteemed a very virtuous prince, and entirely worthy of trust from the people;" and, further, that "the grievances under which the nation labored, when considered in themselves, scarcely deserved the name." Liberty seems to have been esteemed by the philosophic Scot as one of the least blessings of a people, as when he concludes a glowing panegyric of Charles by saying that under him "peace, industry, commerce, opulence—nay, even justice and lenity of administration—all these were enjoyed by the people, and every other blessing of government, except liberty." His leaning in favor of an arbitrary government is every where so apparent as to have excited the indignation of even the calm and dispassionate Hallam, who, in his *Constitutional History*, cites Gardiner's resolute assertion of the majesty of the law against the single will of Henry VIII. "as a proof that, in spite of Hume's preposterous insinuations to the contrary, the English monarchy was known and acknowledged to be limited." After all is said, however—despite his errors and inaccuracies, his partialities and perversions, and notwithstanding that on these accounts he may not be implicitly trusted, and must be read with suspicious reserve—the charm of Hume's composition is so great, his narrative is so clear, calm, and philosophic, his reflections and observations on motives and conduct are so profound, his discussions of questions of law and political economy so acute and wise, and such the alternate dignity and pathos of his story and the clearness and simplicity of his style, that his great history will always be read with delight and profit, and it must continue for many ages to come an indispensable part of the equipment of every liberal scholar and of all cultivated gentlemen.

The title of Mr. Green's history is distinctive of its character. Hume, Macaulay, and others have written histories of England, but it has been reserved for him to write the history of the English people.[2] It is true that other historians have not wholly ignored the people; but yet in their pages these have played a subordinate part, while kings and barons, princes and nobles, great civilians and soldiers, great dignitaries and churchmen, great judges and lawyers, great orators and patriots, great writers and thinkers, and great party divisions, are the imposing facts around which principles are made to crystallize, upon which events are made to converge, from which results are made to flow, toward which all social, political, and ecclesiastical affairs gravitate, and around which the people revolve as so many involuntary atoms. Of course it was

[2] *History of the English People.* By John Richard Green, M.A. With Maps. 3 Vols., 8vo. New York: Harper and Brothers.

impossible for these thoughtful and acute writers entirely to overlook the great body of men who constitute the people while writing of the land to which they belonged; and they do undoubtedly afford us glimpses of them and of their relationship to each other and the state. But these glimpses are seldom minute, and bear but a small proportion to the numbers and importance of the people. In one respect the course pursued by these older historians is not unphilosophic; for if it be true that no man is greater or better than his age, it is so because great men—and likewise great events—truly reflect the spirit of the time. It is, therefore, by a close inspection of some representative actors who rise a head and shoulders above their fellows, or of some momentous events which are more imposing in their influence than others, that we can see as if in a compact and concrete form the inner heart and soul—the very form and pressure—of the times in which they lived and moved. Still, this method gives us merely a shadow of the times as applied to a whole people, and fails to make us familiar with the millions who really constitute the nation and give it a place in the world and in history. It is more emphatically to these, the people of England, that Mr. Green brings us intimately face to face, while not neglecting to fix attention upon individuals who have been conspicuous in the popular movement and development, nor omitting to chronicle the events which marked the stages of the people's struggles and advance. Early in his history he strikes the key-note which dominates throughout, when he says, speaking of the Angles or Engles of Sleswick—a folk who in the fifth century resided on the Baltic peninsula, and who, with the kindred Saxons and Jutes, shared in the conquest of Britain, and formed the union out of which the English people have sprung—that their township, village, and home life was the primary and perfect type of all English life, domestic, social, and political; that all that England has been since lay there in the bud; that there the sovereignty of the community was established, the rights of its humblest members were ascertained and protected, and its government was regulated by law; and there that those public discussions had their rise which have since developed into parliaments, and that the weight of public opinion was first substantially recognized. "Distant and dim," says Mr. Green, "as their life in that older England may have seemed to us, the whole after-life of England was there. In its village moots lay our Parliament; in the gleeman of its village forests, our Chaucer and Shakspeare; in the private bark stealing from creek to creek, our Drakes and Nelsons. Even the national temper was fully formed. Civilization, letters, science, religion itself, have done little to change the inner mood of Englishmen. The love of venture and of toil, of the sea and the fight, that trust in manhood and the might of man, that silent awe of the mysteries of life and death which lay deep in English souls then as now, passed with Englishmen to the land which Englishmen had won." And he elsewhere points out that there also was the origin of the English "home" and family bond; there were to be discerned the forms of English justice and of equality before the law, of English society, and of personal freedom; and that when the English freeman settled in conquered Britain, it was England which settled down on English soil—England, with its own language, its own laws, its own complete social fabric, its system of village life and culture, its township and its hundred, its principle of kinship, its principle of justice, its principle of representation, and its right freely to choose its own rulers. It is the growth and movement, sometimes silent, and sometimes loud enough for all the world to hear, of the English people from this humble root to their present pitch of national greatness, that Mr. Green delineates—the progress of their moral sense, the unfolding of their intellectual powers, the processes of their educational and religious enlightenment; their impulses of association, which banded them together for the establishment and security of their social and political institutions; the movement of their trades and industries, from their first faint beginnings; the welding together of their laws and privileges, their rights and duties; their advance in personal prosperity, personal importance, and personal independence, with the result of internal unity and national strength. Mr. Green has judiciously grouped the events in the life of this people and nation around some central historical facts, under distinctive heads, as, for instance, Early England (A.D. 449 to 1071); England under Foreign Kings (A.D. 1071 to 1214); The Charter (A.D. 1214 to 1291); The Parliament (A.D. 1307 to 1461); The Monarchy and the Reformation (A.D. 1461 to 1603); and Puritan England (A.D. 1603 to 1683). To each of these he assigns a separate book, in which, while copiously illustrating the central fact, he details the general course of events, *pari passu*, in an exceedingly clear and minute narrative, invariably marked by dignity and candor, and often enriched with temperate eloquence—no important phase of English life and movement, whether it relate to the social, industrial, political, religious, or intellectual life of Englishmen, their military and naval affairs, their domestic and foreign relations, or their jurisprudence and political constitutions, escaping his deliberate and dispassionate scrutiny, but all being presented in colors that are impressive by their transparent clearness and purity.

Mr. Motley's *History of the United Netherlands*[3] is another exciting act in the great drama of

[3] *History of the United Netherlands.* From the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce. By John Lothrop Motley. In 4 Vols., 8vo. With Portraits. New York: Harper and Brothers.

the Eighty Years' War for civil and religious liberty, of which his *Rise of the Dutch Republic* was the first, and it carries us forward from the death of William the Silent, through twenty-four eventful years, to the "Twelve Years' Truce," in 1609, when the new Dutch commonwealth had become thoroughly organized, and had assumed a place among the family of nations. Many of those who had been foremost actors on the stage in the earlier scenes disappear in this act, and their places are filled by new men. William had perished at the door of his own dining-hall by the hand of a paid assassin; Egmont and Horn had suffered on the scaffold; Alva, and Margaret of Parma, and Granvelle, and Viglius, and Peter Titelmann, had vanished. And in their places, on one side and the other, we have Aldegonde, Hohenlo, Prince Maurice, and Barneveld; Mendoza, Richebourg, Mondragon, and Alexander of Parma; Drake and Leicester, Walsingham and Davison, Henry of Guise and Catherine de Medicis, Henry of Navarre and Elizabeth of England, and numbers more who were only less conspicuous. Of all who were the chief actors at the opening of the drama, one only remains upon the stage until nearly the close of the act that passes before us in Mr. Motley's historical panorama, namely, the loathsome spider of the Escorial, who continues as busy as ever in his seclusion, spinning a net-work of lies and perfidy, hatching murders of men and of states and peoples, and gloating himself with atrocities upon all who had the manhood to assert their civil and religious rights, or to resist his claim to universal dominion. The theme of the drama is the conspiracy of this monster and the papacy combined against human rights—the rights not only of the people of the Netherlands, but of the France and England of that day, and of all men who have lived since then who cherish civil and religious liberty; and its incidents are the battles waged by him on the soil of the Netherlands for the destruction of these rights and liberties. The recital involves the secret details of this plot to crush religious and political freedom, and of the open and concealed counterplotting in England, France, and the Netherlands, and a rehearsal of the heroic actions, the wise counsels, the persistent sacrifices, and the self-helping energy by which two free nations were enabled to baffle the gigantic conspiracy. Mr. Motley aptly says of this deep-laid plot that it deserves to be patiently examined, "for it is one of the great lessons of history," and, further, that the crisis to which it gave rise "was long and doubtful, and the health, perhaps the existence, of England and of Holland, and with them of a great part of Christendom, was on the issue." It is not extravagant to say that there has been no epoch of modern history, not even excepting that of the Reformation, more crowded with absorbing and permanent interests affecting the race and the individual than the momentous quarter of a century covered by this second installment of Mr. Motley's Dutch history. The work is diversified with close interior views of affairs in England and on the Continent, with life-like pictures of the leaders and heads of the jarring triangular parties in France, and with minute sketches of the exciting civil and military events that occurred in Holland, as also of the palace politics, court intrigues, and diplomatic methods and usages of that busy age.

In an introduction prefixed by the author of *Ecce Homo* to a memoir of the *Life and Adventures of Ernst Moritz Arndt*,[4] the lyrical poet of the unity of Germany, he places a high valuation upon the memoir for the historical light which it throws upon the Napoleonic age, especially by the opportunity which it gives the reader to see how that age appeared to one who was a minor but spirited actor in its drama, who personally knew many of the chief movers in it, and who was a close spectator of great events, and mixed in and formed a part of the crowd which met to discuss them and their bearings. So completely, Professor Seeley thinks, does Arndt reflect the average German heart and mind of his day, and represent the formation of opinion and crystallization of political character among the middle and inferior classes of the peoples who have been since welded into the German Empire, as relates to the period from the reconstruction of Prussia after the peace of Tilsit until the downfall of Napoleon, that he frankly confesses that the memoir of the poet's life might as appropriately as his own *Life and Times of Stein* bear for a second title the caption *Germany and Prussia in the Napoleonic Age*. This is no unmeaning compliment. In all that relates to the unconscious and almost imperceptible evolution of popular opinion among the men of the German race, till the idea of German unity and nationality became an all-pervading and intensely vivifying principle which dwarfed all other sentiments and interests, the life of Arndt is a better reflection of the spirit of the people and of the times than Professor Seeley's more ambitious and exceedingly able performance. It takes us nearer to the hearts of the common people, and more clearly reveals the influences that moulded their opinions, and created a public sentiment that at length became irresistible. Valuable, however, as the life of Arndt undoubtedly is for the historical knowledge that may be derived from it, it will be chiefly prized by the great majority of readers for its exquisitely artless, modest, unaffected, and transparently open and candid narrative of the personal fortunes of a man who was a child of the people—the son of a freedman—whose nature was remarkably fresh and buoyant, whose experiences

[4] *The Life and Adventures of Ernst Moritz Arndt, the Singer of the German Father-Land.* Compiled from the German. With a Preface by JOHN ROBERT SEELEY, M.A. 12mo, pp. 450. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

were deliciously varied, and whose character remained as sweet and healthful at ninety as it was in early boyhood. The larger part of the volume is abridged from Arndt's own autobiography, and the remainder is made up of quotations from his letters and other writings. What is told by Arndt himself sparkles with artless grace, and its frankness and naïveté are charming. His pictures of his early rural and sylvan life, of his sterling parents and grand old uncles, of his social and domestic surroundings, of his youthful trials and perplexities, of his education, and of the gradual growth of his literary instincts, are as attractive as any in Goldsmith's inimitable letters descriptive of his early years. There is in all these pictures a tenderness, a simple piety, a modesty, and a strength of filial affection such as we seldom find in biographies. As we read we fail to perceive when Arndt ceases to be young; and if the idea of increasing years is suggested, it is not by any diminution of his perennial gayety and child-like cheerfulness, but by the dropping out by the way of the friends of his youth, and the intrusion of new actors and more imposing affairs upon the scene. That Arndt suffered keenly in later years from domestic affliction and from political ostracism is plain enough; but he was not a man to display his wounds or solicit pity. In addition to the engaging and life-like pictures of himself and his more immediate friends which we find in his biography, it introduces us more or less familiarly to numerous personages, all of whom are historical, and many of them illustrious, among others to the Emperor Alexander, to Stein and Goethe and Niebuhr, to Blücher and Scharnhorst, to Schlegel, Madame De Staël, and Kotzebue, to Romanzoff, Rostopchin, and Talleyrand, and many more. The volume also embodies an interesting account of Arndt's literary productions, in the course of which some of his inspiriting battle and national lyrics, and of his famous war pamphlets and appeals, are reproduced in spirited translations.

In the guise of familiar conversations, in which the *dramatis personæ* are a genial professor and an inquiring friend, enjoying their summer vacation in the country, Mr. Deshler[5] gives an interesting history of the English sonnet from the time when it was transplanted from Italy down to the present day. An enthusiast on the subject, as well as an acute critic, the author writes—it might be more in keeping to say talks—with an *esprit* that can not fail to awaken equal ardor in other minds, and imbue them with his own appreciation of the "diamond of literature," to adopt his own felicitous definition of the sonnet in its perfection. The volume opens with a brief but clear *résumé* of what is known respecting the origin of this form of poetic composition, and of its first appearance in England, after which, with occasional digressions into other fields of poesy, the author follows its course in English literature, illustrating his pleasant discourse with many examples from the works of the great masters of the art. The plan of the book permits the author to indulge in an easy, familiar, conversational style, which engages the attention and keeps the imagination alert. Unconsciously the reader puts himself in the questioner's place, and awaits the professor's answers with curiosity and interest. The work is one of great research and value in the branch of English literature to which it is devoted. As a critical but thoroughly popular history of the sonnet it is unsurpassed, while, in addition to its special purpose, it contains many felicitous criticisms on other forms of poetry, and displays an extensive familiarity with general literature. The book is one to be enjoyed by every reader endowed with poetic feeling. It is one which may be taken into shaded fields for a summer holiday, or kept to enliven the hours of winter evenings at home.

When he was in his nineteenth year Mr. Tennyson published two parts of a poem, of which he had written three parts, styled *The Lover's Tale*;[6] but feeling its imperfections, he subsequently withdrew it from the press. One of his friends, however, he tells us, "boylike, admired the boy's work," and distributed copies of it among their associates, without the corrections, omissions, and amendments that the author contemplated. Of late years the poem has been "mercilessly pirated," and seeing that what he "had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die," Mr. Tennyson now publishes an authorized edition of it, accompanied by a reprint of the sequel, which was the work of his later years. Although this early poem is interesting chiefly as a literary curiosity, there is nothing in its structure or matter of which the veteran poet need be ashamed. It is true that it is not superior to many other youthful productions of writers whose poetical genius afterward won general recognition; nor is it free from those crudities of thought and expression which are natural to immature but gifted minds. But everywhere in it there are intimations of the fine grace and fancy, and instances of the felicities of style and diction, which characterize the more reserved and more severely polished later work of the laureate; and it requires no microscopic scrutiny to detect in this early bud the germs of the excellences that we find in the ripe fruit. Forms of expression, phrases, collocations, images, and turns of thought constantly present themselves which have the distinctive Tennysonian ring; and as constantly we recognize the same ideals,

[5] *Afternoons with the Poets.* By CHARLES D. DESHLER. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *The Lover's Tale.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 57. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Same. 16mo, pp. 32. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, and Co.

the same rich and leisurely amplitude of adornment and illustration, the same graceful imagery, the same intellectuality, the same absence of virile strength and passionate force, that we observe in his maturer poems. It also has interest as revealing the poetical school in which the youthful aspirant was training his powers, and from which he drew inspiration. The resemblance of large portions of it to Shakspeare's early poems—more especially to the sonnets—is even more remarkable than the correspondences that we discern between it and its author's riper offspring. Though the poem has numerous and not inconsiderable beauties, it will not excite enthusiastic admiration, or make a deep or lasting impression.

Roman Days[7] is the fruit of a visit to Rome by the accomplished Swedish scholar, critic, and poet Viktor Rydberg during 1873 and 1874. In it, under four heads—The Roman Emperors in Marble, Antique Statues, Roman Traditions of Peter and Paul, and Pencil Sketches—he groups an exceedingly interesting series of historical and artistic studies and a number of picturesque sketches. His studies on the emperors include Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero; and in these, and also in his studies on the antique statues of the Aphrodite of Milos and of Antinous, his biographer has well said that Rydberg "places us face to face with ancient Rome, throwing the light of new views on some of the most debated characters among its rulers." In the traditions of Peter and Paul he carefully reproduces the legends linked with the life and death of these great Apostles as he found them current among the people of Rome, and he clothes them in a dress midway between the historical style and the simple attire of popular imagination. These reproductions, which are legendary treasures of great beauty, have the following captions: Paul in Naples; Paul in Rome; the Ascension of Simon the Sorcerer; Prisca and Prudentia; Nero and his Love; Lord, Whither Goest Thou? and the Death of the Apostles. The Pencil Sketches consist of five lively pictures depicting the physiognomy of Rome under several aspects. The book is remarkable for the breadth and subtlety of its criticisms, for its poetic idealism, and for the acuteness and vigor of its historical deductions and discriminations. The letterpress is supplemented by five illustrations of the statues of the emperors, of Antinous and Agrippina, and of the Venus of Milo, that of the latter being a photograph from the most precious pearl of the collection of marble antiques in the Louvre.

Although there can be little doubt that Thackeray's *History of Henry Esmond, Esq.*,[8] is one of his best novels—Mr. Trollope considers it "so much the best that there is no second to it"—Thackeray himself did not so consider it, for while acknowledging that he had intended it to be his best, he pronounced it a failure. An author's judgment of his own works, however, is scarcely more authoritative than a mother's opinion of her children; and we imagine few will be found, even among those who rank *Esmond* below *Vanity Fair* or *Pendennis*, who will concede that it is in any sense a failure. For ourselves, while recognizing its inferiority as a work of high art to some other of his masterpieces, and especially while missing from it the fine touches of raillery and satire, and the masterly dissections of character and motive, which distinguish them, we yet find a charm in the geniality, sweetness, and naïveté of *Esmond* that we discover in none of the others, except on occasion in the *Newcomes*. Its perusal leaves the mind free from that sense of the bitter, the mocking, the hard and disagreeable, which is inseparable from a perusal of the others. Esmond himself is an exquisite character, even though he be, as Thackeray was wont to say, a good deal of a prig. Surely, however, there never was a more delightful prig; and in his case, as in that of another fine specimen of the kind—old Pepys—it is to this characteristic foible we are indebted for a recital whose minuteness of detail and fascinating garrulity have few rivals in our literature. But Esmond was more than a prig. He is besides, as Mr. Trollope justly says, "a gentleman from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot"—brave, polished, gifted with old-fashioned courtesy, true as steel, loyal as faith, and with a power of self-abnegation that surprises us without seeming forced or unnatural. As we read his story—told autobiographically in the phraseology of the time of Queen Anne and the first Georges, with a fidelity to the dialect and general style that is almost literal—we are drawn to him as if he were a man of real flesh and blood, and not an ideal creation. Aside from the sympathy we feel for the hero, and the interest with which we listen to his story of love and intrigue, of foibles and virtues, of incident and adventure, his narrative is a more faithful representation of the real life and events of the period in some of its aspects, and gives us a truer and more graphic picture of them, than can be found in any history.

In his recent novels Mr. Anthony Trollope seems to have abandoned the special field so long and assiduously cultivated by him, in which curates and rural deans, bishops and Dukes of Omnium, together with their wives and children, "their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts," were the staple crop, and undertakes to depict another less exclusive phase

[7] *Roman Days.* From the Swedish of Viktor Rydberg. By Alfred Corning Clark. With a Sketch of Rydberg by Dr. H. A. W. Lindken. Authorized Translation. 12mo, pp. 332. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[8] *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., Colonel in the Service of her Majesty Queen Anne.* Written by Himself. A Novel. By William Makepeace Thackeray. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 87. New York: Harper and Brothers.

of English society. His latest novel, *John Caldigate*,[9] is as remote as possible from these others in its treatment, incidents, and actors. The hero of the story is the son of a country squire, whose tastes are intellectual rather than bucolic, and who, despite a well of latent tenderness for his family, has the knack of making himself as unlovable as a bear, among others, to his son. On his part, the son develops tastes and habits the opposite of his father's, which lose him the old man's confidence, and result in their estrangement. The father purchases from our hero his right of entail to the paternal property, and the young fellow starts with the proceeds in his pocket, and a stout and resolute purpose in his bosom, to try his fortunes in the gold fields of Australia. In Australia he is sharp, shrewd, industrious, and so proverbially lucky that his name is a synonym for good fortune, and in a few years he is able to return to England with a fortune, to clear off heavy incumbrances from the paternal home, to win back the steadfast affection of his father, and to marry a pure and sweet maiden whose image he had treasured in all his devious ways. When every thing seemed thus prosperous and happy, his relations while in Australia with a woman who had entangled him returned to plague him. He had consorted improperly with her, had even talked of marriage to her, but had never married her. Hearing of his marriage, she and some disreputable male associates, who had been connected with Caldigate's Australian enterprises, conspire to extort money from him by trumping up evidence that he had been previously married to the Australian adventuress. The interest of the plot hinges on this conspiracy, which was at first so successful as to plunge Caldigate into prison, after a trial in which he was proven guilty. An important link in the evidence against him was an envelope bearing the postmark of the Sydney post-office. After his conviction it is discovered by a post-office employé that the postmark was not in use at Sydney at the date it bore, and also that the postage-stamp belonged to an edition that had not been issued until a year later. This being established, the conspiracy is unravelled, John is liberated, is reinstated in society, and the woman and her accomplices are condignly punished.

Although sometimes a little tedious, there have been many tales by veteran novelists less entertaining than General Hamley's chapter in the history of *The House of Lys*.[10] The family of Du Lys, of which it is a partial chronicle, is of old and noble blood, and when the story opens has for one of its scions a high-spirited and handsome young soldier, who meets a lass belonging to the humbler ranks, and is impressed by her extraordinary beauty and vigor, and by her native refinement and her frank and fearless purity. She is a model of physical beauty as to form and feature; all her proportions are grand; and she has an instinctive loftiness of thought and demeanor, of grace and delicacy, which seems marvellous for one in her lowly position. After an accidental meeting, followed by other meetings that were not accidental, in which the young soldier and peasant maiden form impressions that are to influence all their after-life, they are separated. He is ordered to the Crimea, where he wins distinction by his bravery, and she remains at home, sinking into still greater depths of poverty, but amid it all nursing in her heart the memory of the gallant soldier who had gleamed upon her like a Paladin of old, and had won her heart. Realizing the hopelessness of her love, because of the disparity of their social rank, she can only cherish the recollection of her ideal hero as if it were a delicious dream—when an unexpected change in fortune brings her comparative wealth, and reveals that she is of gentle blood—an offshoot of the same ancient house to which her hero belongs. Thenceforward she applies herself, with the resolute firmness of purpose that distinguishes her, to acquire a degree of culture that shall fit her to be his social equal; and under the influence of prosperity and culture combined she develops into a magnificent woman, her mental and moral nature keeping pace with her expanded and ripened physical beauty. After many hard and some bitter experiences the soldier returns, having also kept alive the memory of the young peasant girl, but without having heard of her changed fortunes. We have then an engaging picture of his discovery of her, and of the difficulties and obstacles, fears and doubts, that interposed, till at last the sullen clouds are dispersed, and the two faithful hearts become one.

Mr. O'Reilly's *Moondyne*[11] is a novel with a serious purpose. Intended to reflect his ideas on prison management, prison discipline, prison abuses, and prison reform, he carries the reader inside English prisons and among the convicts in Australia, and enacts before him scenes drawn largely, but not exclusively, from thence, which have their counterpart in reality, and which excite the tenderest commiseration. As it is no part of his plan to lay bare the more revolting incidents of prison or convict life, his story contains nothing that is repellent to the most exacting taste, or that can shock the most delicate sensibility. All the characters have a legitimate claim upon our sympathy, and for some of them it is excited to a high pitch by their unmerited misfortune. Especially is this the case for the heroine, Alice Walmsley, who had been wrong-

[9] *John Caldigate.* A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 96. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *The House of Lys:* One Book of its History. A Tale. By Major-General W. G. Hamley. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 69. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Moondyne.* By John Boyle O'Reilly. 12mo, pp. 327. Boston: The Pilot Publishing Company.

fully convicted of the murder of her child. The situations in which several of the characters are placed by the vicissitudes to which they are exposed afford opportunities for descriptive and narrative passages of considerable power. Occasionally the action of the story is spirited, and it is interspersed with scenes that have a fine savor of pathos and poetry. It may be objected to its principal figure, Wyville, that he is too miraculously endowed with physical, intellectual, and moral gifts, and that his control over men and circumstances is magical rather than natural; but, after all is said, we are still attracted by his inexhaustible reserve of force, and by the commingled energy, sweetness, and serenity of his nature. The tale vibrates between Western Australia and England, and its pictures of rural life and prison scenes in the mother country, and of life in the colony, especially its descriptions of life among the aborigines and the convicts, are forcible and picturesque. Aside from its interest as a romance, the philanthropist who will look beneath the surface will find it to be rich in suggestive thought, even when its speculations may at the first glance seem the most visionary.

Besides these more elaborate novels, there is a group of romances among the publications of the month, by their brevity and structure deserving to be styled stories rather than novels, which merit passing notice. *Cousins*,[12] by the author of *Mr. Smith*, is a vivacious tale, in which the author, following a fashion now greatly in vogue, depicts the loves of a couple between whom there is a serious disparity of years, and a still greater disparity of temperament and appearance, the heroine being a bright butterfly of a girl, scarcely yet emerged from childhood, and with all a child's buoyancy and mischievousness, and a thousand touches of hoidenish grace and archness; and the hero a man of thirty-eight, but grave and sedate beyond his years, with a physiognomy as severe as his demeanor, and manners of Puritanical straitness and reserve. The difficult task of reversing Shakspeare's maxim that "crabbed age and youth can not live together" is executed with cleverness, and affords an opportunity to develop a pleasant little drama of cross-purposes, mishaps, and misunderstandings.—*The Colonel's Opera Cloak*[13] is a sprightly extravaganza that will pleasantly while away a vacant hour (if the reader has the good sense to stifle the resentments it may possibly revive), in which the author a little maliciously parades the improvidence, the shabby gentility, the insolence, and the sectional pride of a reduced Southern family resident at the North. The performance has many humorous and some true touches, but its exaggerations are so numerous and manifest, and its actors so exceptional, as to reduce it to the rank of superficial caricature.—The scene of Mrs. Alexander's *Maid, Wife, or Widow?*[14] is laid in a pleasant Saxon village, during the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866, when the little kingdom sided with the latter against Prussia. The tale opens just as the struggle has been decided in favor of Prussia, and when some of the officers of the victorious state have been quartered upon the sequestered, linden-shaded home of the Herr Gerichtsamtmann, or great man of the village, in whose absence its enforced hospitality is dispensed to the conquerors by his beautiful eldest daughter. The officers, though treated as courteously as if they were more welcome guests, are constantly made sensible of the adverse sympathies of their hosts; and one of their number, a brave and dashing soldier, the senior in rank of his companions, is captivated by the grace and dignity, the sweet cordiality tempered with matronly reserve, and the remarkable administrative powers of the young mistress of the mansion. He is perplexed, as are his comrades, by a mystery which envelops her, and which makes it impossible for them to discover whether she is a maid, a wife, or a widow. This is the riddle which he and the reader are set to unravel in these pleasant pages, and which is at length solved to the satisfaction of the gallant Rittmeister.—Truly idyllic in its setting, very graceful, very calm and peaceful, and very tender, is Mr. Meyers's simple story of *Miss Margery's Roses*.[15] It is redolent with the odor of womanly purity and sisterly self-sacrifice, and rich with the wealth of a love that is as luxuriant and as modest as the flowers in the "old-fashioned garden" where Miss Margery tends her rose-trees.—Even yet briefer than this, but in a very different vein, are two brilliant novelettes, the one a characteristically sensational Italian story, by Wilkie Collins, *The Yellow Mask*,[16] and the other a wild legend of the Tyrol, entitled *Geier-Wally*.[17] Both are strongly spiced with the extravagant and the tragic, and each has scenes of genuine power and pathos.—For a volume of the true gossamer lightness, requiring no mental exertion in the reading, we commend our readers to *Hetty's Boarder*,[18] a blithe New England tale, whose pictures of rural life have a homely gracefulness, and whose reproduc-

[12] *Cousins*. By L. B. Walford, author of *Mr. Smith*. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 313. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[13] *The Colonel's Opera Cloak*. "No Name Series." 16mo, pp. 228. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[14] *Maid, Wife, or Widow?* By Mrs. Alexander. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 267. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[15] *Miss Margery's Roses*. A Love Story. By Robert C. Meyers. Sq. 12mo, pp. 256. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

[16] *The Yellow Mask*. By Wilkie Collins. "New Handy Volume Series." 16mo, pp. 162. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[17] *Geier-Wally*. A Tale of the Tyrol. By Wilhelmine von Hillern. "New Handy Volume Series." 16mo, pp. 237. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[18] *Hetty's Boarder*. 12mo, pp. 267. Boston: Loring and Co.

tions of the quaint and expressive New England dialect are very mirth-provoking.

About two years ago Rev. Lyman Abbott published the second volume of a series of commentaries on the books of the New Testament, which was devoted to the Gospels of Mark and Luke, as the first volume had been to the Gospel of Matthew. He now follows in a third and fourth volume with the Gospel of John and the Acts of the Apostles,[19] and in their treatment observes the same methods that were so successfully pursued in the preceding volumes. Intended to aid Christian workers of all grades of acquirement in their efforts to attain and spread a knowledge of the life and teachings of the Saviour and His Apostles, and to make clear the meanings of the inspired Word, the work has been laid out on a comprehensive and popular plan, and supplies an unusually complete apparatus for the study of the New Testament. Each volume comprises an able introductory exegetical, critical, and historical essay on the particular book and its author; a series of occasional supplementary notes of great value, suggested by special topics deserving of study; and an exhaustive expository comment upon every sentence, and every significant word or phrase in a sentence, of the inspired record. As it is intended for laymen as well as clergymen, its language is plain and unambiguous, English equivalents are given for all the original references and quotations from foreign tongues, and results are stated rather than processes, conclusions rather than controversies. The work embodies the results of recent research in Biblical archæology, and the best thoughts, exegetical and homiletical, of the ablest thinkers; and it is copiously supplied with trustworthy illustrations, and with historical and other summaries necessary to a just conception of the manners, customs, peoples, and geography of the countries referred to in the text. Besides this, it comprises a number of valuable maps, a gazetteer of the principal places referred to, a history of the New Testament canon and original manuscripts, a brief life of Christ, and a tabular harmony of the Gospels. If the work deserves commendation for its erudition and comprehensiveness, its chiefest merit consists in its spirituality, its reverent and believing tone, its catholicity, and its candor. Underlying all its interpretations and expositions, the conviction is every where manifest in it, and is maintained with simple and unquestioning earnestness, that the New Testament is truly inspired. Especially is this true of the commentary on John, the Gospel against which rationalists and skeptics have levelled their fiercest assaults, and which Dr. Abbott shows to have been the vehicle for the enunciation of the stupendous spiritual fact of the Divine Immanence. The Christian who ponders this wonderful Gospel, in the light of the minute helps afforded by Dr. Abbott, must become more and more impressed with a sense of the divine life proceeding from a real communion with a living and personal Saviour, which it was a principal object of St. John's Gospel to develop. A like reverent and spiritual tone characterizes the commentary on the Acts. The supplementary notes in all the volumes are models of conciseness, good sense, and erudition, and are entirely free from overstrained or exaggerated deductions and theories.

Biography, historical criticism, classical story, and poetry are represented in the latest issues of "Harper's Half-hour Series." Biography is represented by a concise and flowing life of the great Admiral Coligny,[20] from the pen of Walter Besant; historical criticism, by a reproduction of Macaulay's[21] pregnant reviews of Neele's *Romance of History* and of Hallam's *Constitutional History*, the former, though ostensibly a review of a particular work, being a brilliant *résumé* of the great historical compositions of ancient and modern times; classical story, by a selection of tales from Euripides,[22] which have been gracefully and simply rendered by the author for the use of youthful pupils; and poetry, by Scott's delightful border poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.[23]

It seems that we are indebted to the artistic poverty of France for M. Charles Blanc's[24] excellent *Grammar of Painting and Engraving*. He informs us that in all that concerns a knowledge of art among the people, France is one of the most backward nations in Europe; and he laments that while in England books which treat of art and the beautiful are known to every well-educated person, and that while in Germany the most abstract ideas of art are familiar to an immense number of students, and the science of the beautiful is taught in all the universities, and is understood by innumerable adepts, in France the incredible anomaly is presented of an intellectual nation professing to adore art, but ignorant of its principles, its language, its history, its dignity, or its true grace. He attributes this anomalous condition to the defective system of edu-

[19] *An Illustrated Commentary* on the Gospel According to St. John. For Family Use and Reference, and for the Great Body of Christian Workers of all Denominations. By Rev. Lyman Abbott. 8vo, pp. 265. Vol. III. New York: A. S. Barnes and Co.

The Same. The Acts of the Apostles. 8vo, pp. 262. Vol. IV. New York: A. S. Barnes and Co.

[20] *Gaspard de Coligny, Admiral of France.* By Walter Besant. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 228. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[21] *Romance of History. Hallam's Constitutional History.* By Lord Macaulay. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 206. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[22] *Tales from Euripides.* By Vincent King Cooper. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 136. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* By Sir Walter Scott. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 127. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[24] *The Grammar of Painting and Engraving.* Translated from the French of Blanc's *Grammaire des Arts du Dessin* by Kate Newell Doggett. With the Original Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 330. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.

cation in France relative to art, there being no French work accessible to youthful scholars covering the whole subject or presenting a lucid elementary view of the accepted ideas touching the arts of design. It was to meet this want that M. Blanc prepared the volume under notice, which seems to us to have as great a degree of applicability to the needs of our own country as to those of France. The author first discusses in a lucid and untechnical way the following themes: that painting is the art of expressing the conceptions of the soul by means of the realities of nature represented by their forms and colors upon a smooth surface; that, without aiming at either utility or morality, it is capable of elevating the souls of nations and reforming the manners of men by its lessons and representations; that it has limits which literal imitation may restrict, which fiction widens, and which the mind alone can elevate; that it can unite expression to beauty by idealizing its figures and by manifesting typical truth in living individualities; and that it can elevate itself to the sublime by the invention of the painter rather than by the appliances of his art. The elaboration of these generalizations prepares the way for a consideration of the technical methods peculiar to painting, namely, arrangement, perspective, composition, the use of models, light and color, chiar-oscuro, the laws of color, and touch. These are treated in separate essays with simplicity and clearness. The remainder of the volume is appropriated to an exposition, in successive essays, of the different kinds of painting, and to a statement of the nature, principles, and methods pursued in the various branches of the art of engraving. The text is aided by numerous descriptions of celebrated paintings and engravings, many of the most famous of which are reproduced.

One need not be versed in scientific knowledge to be able to understand and apply Rev. Dr. Warren's *Recreations in Astronomy*.[25] Only the most general knowledge of the motions of the earth and the heavenly bodies, a fair degree of familiarity with the relative positions of some of the principal stars or systems, and a reasonable amount of mathematical acquirement are requisite to put it in the power of any intelligent amateur to master the leading principles of astronomy, and to apply the results of great investigators and observers on a modest scale. For instance, there are few persons who are not familiar with the constellation of Ursa Major, and there is hardly an intelligent school-boy who has not followed it nightly in its mighty swing around its mysterious centre in the northern heavens, or who has not learned how to find the pole-star by the aid of its "pointers." Now, under the guidance of Dr. Warren, with this single well-known constellation as a starting-point, any one has it in his power to trace out the rest of the hosts of heaven, and, assisted by the numerous excellent colored plates with which this engaging teacher has interspersed his book, may form a complete map of a considerable portion of the heavens. As preparatory to a practical observation of the stars and an application of the experiments for which Dr. Warren gives directions, several judicious chapters are devoted to a consideration of the creative processes, to a description of astronomical instruments, and to an explanation of the principles of celestial measurement. These are followed by a series of specific studies on the sun, on the planets, as seen from space and as individuals, on comets and meteors, and on the nebular hypothesis. The volume concludes with some useful chapters containing a summary of the latest astronomical discoveries and conclusions, a table of some of the elements of the solar system, an explanation of astronomical symbols, and a glossary of astronomical terms.

The eighth volume of the *Annual Record of Science and Industry*,[26] edited by Professor Baird, being for the year 1878, is an indispensable adjunct to the libraries of all who are engaged in scientific or industrial pursuits, because of its admirably succinct and accurate summaries of the various branches of the world's scientific progress during the year. These summaries have been prepared by specialists eminent in their several departments, and cover the subjects of astronomy, physics, the physics of the globe, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, hydrography, geography, microscopy, anthropology, zoology, botany, agriculture, engineering, technology, and industrial statistics. To these are added a necrology and bibliography for the year.

The importance of a uniform and general development of the body as a means of physical and mental health and vigor has not received the attention that it deserves, and is generally regarded with far less interest than the spasmodic training which fits our youth to excel for a brief time, and at great risk, in the popular athletic contests of the day. A judicious system, adapted to all ages and both sexes, which will further this uniform and general development, is worthy of the attentive consideration of parents and teachers, and indeed of all who have charge of the rearing of youth. Such a system, it will be conceded by all who read it carefully, is set forth in Mr. William Blaikie's unpretending and excellent manual, *How to Get Strong, and How to Stay So*.[27] It has

[25] *Recreations in Astronomy*. With Directions for Practical Experiments and Telescopic Work. By Henry White Warren, D.D. With Eighty-three Illustrations and Maps of Stars. 12mo, pp. 292. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[26] *Annual Record of Science and Industry for* 1878. Edited by Spencer F. Baird, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. 8vo, pp. 715. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[27] *How to Get Strong, and How to Stay So*. By William Blaikie. 16mo, pp. 296. New York: Harper and Brothers.

not been Mr. Blaikie's aim in this instructive and useful little volume to write an exhaustive treatise on gymnastics, or to incite the ambition of his readers to great calisthenic performances, but merely in a plain and untechnical way, on a level with the understanding and means of any intelligent boy or girl, to point out how they may conserve their health and increase their vigor by a sensible system of simple and moderate yet vigorous daily exercise, without the risks that attend the kind of exercise required in the popular athletic contests. To this end, after some preliminary chapters in which he draws attention to the fact that so many of our youth are only half built and half developed, and in which he discusses the questions, Do we inherit shapely bodies? Will daily exercise for girls pay? Is it too late for women to begin? and Why men should exercise daily, he lays down some plain and practicable plans for the formation of home and school gymnasiums, and for the improvement of those in colleges and elsewhere, a paramount regard being had throughout to the maintenance of health and the uniform development of the entire frame. His suggestions in this direction are re-enforced by a *résumé* of some of the results that have been attained by brief and systematic exercise. Considerable space is then given to an exposition of the special exercise that is adapted to the case of the fleshy, the thin, and the old, and to elaborate directions for such other special exercises as will develop particular muscles, as, for instance, those of the leg, the abdomen, the loins, the chest, the arms, etc. The book concludes with a sensible chapter prescribing what exercise should be taken daily by children, by young men and women, by business men, and by consumptives. The volume points out with clearness and without exaggeration some of the prevalent physical defects and lacks, which are largely due to the neglect of rational daily exercise, and suggests the remedy in the form of a few plain and simple exercises for any given part or the whole of the body, with hints as to the distribution of the little time that needs to be given to them daily in order to secure the desired results.

Deterred by a lively recollection of the fate of Mr. Winkle, when, on a memorable occasion recorded in the chronicles of the Pickwick Club, he attempted to play the unaccustomed *rôle* of a sportsman, the editor of the Literary Record will not be guilty of the affectation of criticising two timely little manuals, respectively entitled *The Rifle Club and Range*,[28] and *Practical Boat-Sailing*,[29] as if he had an experimental knowledge of the diversions of which they treat. He admits, with prudent candor, that he knows nothing of field or aquatic sports, and that his management of a trigger or of a sail would be equally awkward, and perhaps equally dangerous to all concerned. He will therefore simply content himself with saying that the author of the first named, having had many years' experience in rifle-shooting, and being desirous of contributing to the establishment of rifle-club associations, has embodied in his book, in condensed form, a large amount of practical information, not usually obtainable by amateurs, bearing upon rifle-shooting. The work is, indeed, a complete manual on the subject, and includes definite instructions for the organization of a rifle-club association, comprising by-laws for its government and the steps requisite for its incorporation; ample directions for the establishment of an open-air rifle range, the plan and arrangement of its site, and the construction of its embankments, fences, butts, and targets; precise advice as to the duties of the different officers, committees, etc.; and full information as to the best method of successfully conducting matches and managing the details of an association. The book is copiously illustrated with plans of well-known ranges, together with diagrams of the most approved styles of targets, butts, bullet-proof fences, embankments, etc., with directions for their choice or construction. Among other matter interesting to amateurs, it also contains copies of the regulations adopted by national associations, a list of foreign and American rifle clubs, and a record of team and individual rifle matches.—The author of the nautical manual to which we have referred has prepared it, as he informs us, for the double purpose of enabling any person who may peruse it to feel confident of "handling a boat so as to be perfectly safe," and of posting all tyros in the *technique* of navigation, and the names and uses of all the important ropes, sails, etc., so that they will not have "to ask any body any questions." We have read the book, but the author's praiseworthy intentions are not exemplified in our case. On the contrary, we feel less than ever confident of our ability to handle a boat so as to be "perfectly safe;" and although, through its instrumentality, we have become exceedingly familiar with a vast variety of names, and can talk learnedly about "bob-stays" and "davits," and "reefing" and "sounding," and "yawing" and "wearing," and have a parrot-like acquaintance with many other nautical terms and phrases, we are more completely than ever "all in the wind" about the thing or things signified by them. Nevertheless, we have no doubt the book will be useful to many who have more knowledge of and a greater aptitude for aquatics than we possess.

[28] *The Rifle Club and Range.* By A. H. Weston. With Illustrations. 16mo, pp. 178. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[29] *Practical Boat-Sailing.* A Concise and Simple Treatise on the Management of Small Boats and Yachts, etc. By Douglas Frazar. 16mo, pp. 142. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of July.—The conference report on the Legislative Appropriation Bill was adopted by both Houses June 18. The bill was signed by the President June 21. The amendment allowing each member $125 for stationery for the extra session was stricken out.—June 19, the House agreed to the conference committee's report on the Judicial Expenses Bill, including the section forbidding the payment of any of the appropriation for the year 1880 to deputy or special marshals to be employed at elections. The Senate agreed to the report June 21. June 23, the President vetoed the bill, on the ground that it would deprive him of the means of executing laws already on the statute-book which it is his duty to execute, and the execution of which can be called for by any two citizens of any city or town having over 20,000 inhabitants. An attempt to pass the bill over the veto failed of the required two-thirds vote. On June 26 the vetoed bill was divided, and reported to the House as two separate measures, one providing only for general judicial expenses. This was passed by the House the same day, and by the Senate June 27. The other bill repeated the vetoed legislation forbidding the payment of deputy-marshals. It was passed June 27 by the House, and the next day by the Senate. June 30, the President vetoed the new Marshal's Bill, and the House failed to pass it over the veto. The President then sent a special message to both Houses urging the necessity of an appropriation to pay for the services of United States marshals. Bills were accordingly introduced, but the Senate indefinitely postponed one, and the House rejected the other. The Army Appropriation Bill passed the Senate June 20, and was approved June 23. The Postal Deficiency Bill passed the Senate June 21.

The Senate, July 1, passed the House bill placing quinine on the free list.

Congress adjourned, *sine die*, July 1.

State Conventions made the following nominations for Governors: California Republican, at San Francisco, June 18, George C. Perkins; Maine Republican, Bangor, June 26, D. F. Davis; California, "Honorable Bilks," San Francisco, June 26, and California Democratic, Sacramento, July 2, Hugh J. Glenn; Maine Democratic, Bangor, July 1, Alonzo Garcelon; Wisconsin Greenback, Watertown, July 16, Colonel May.

Prince Bismarck's tariff bill passed the Reichstag July 12, by a vote of 217 to 117. A new ministry was announced July 14.

The Congress of the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies voted, June 19, by 549 to 262, a return of the seat of government to Paris.—The Educational Bill passed the Chamber of Deputies July 9, by a vote of 352 to 159.

The government's Irish University Bill was passed by the British House of Lords July 15.

In obedience to a demand made upon the Sultan by England and France, the Khedive of Egypt was compelled to abdicate, June 26, in favor of his son Mohammed Tewfik.

The Zulu King has sued for peace, and Lord Chelmsford has given his messengers the terms likely to be exacted by the British government.

A new Italian ministry was submitted to the King, July 13, with Signor Cairoli as President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Chili has ceded Patagonia to the Argentine Republic.

Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was killed by the Zulus, June 1, while reconnoitring with a small party of British soldiers.

DISASTERS.

June 28.—Collision of steam-ship *City of New York*, of the Havana Line, with Scotch bark *Helen*, near Barnegat. The *Helen* sank with her captain and four of the crew.

July 10.—Eight men killed and forty wounded by the explosion of five tons of giant powder at the Bodie mine, in California.

July 16.—Violent storms of wind, rain, and hail, accompanied by terrific lightning, swept over parts of Massachusetts, killing more than twenty persons.

June 17.—Earthquake near Aci, in Sicily. Five villages destroyed, ten persons killed.

July 3.—Colliery explosion at the High Blantyre pit, near Glasgow, Scotland, killing thirty-one workmen.

July 12.—Steam-ship *State of Virginia*, of the State Line, went ashore on Sable Island, in a dense fog, and was completely wrecked. Four women and five children were drowned.

July 14.—Dispatch from Alexandria, reporting the loss of the Egyptian steamer *Samanoot*, at sea. Twenty-five lives lost.

OBITUARY.

June 24.—In Washington, D. C., Commander William C. West, of the United States navy retired list, aged fifty-three years.

June 25.—In New York, Albert Weber, piano manufacturer, aged fifty years.

July 10.—In New Rochelle, New York, aged seventy-four, Captain James C. Luce, commander of the steam-ship *Arctic*, lost twenty-five years ago.

July 11.—Near Chillicothe, Ohio, ex-Governor William Allen, of Ohio, aged seventy-two years.

June 27.—In London, Sir John Laud Mair Lawrence, formerly Viceroy and Governor-General of India, aged sixty-eight years.

June 30.—In London, at the age of seventy-three, Sir William Fothergill Cooke, who constructed the first telegraph line in England, from Paddington to West Drayton.

Editor's Drawer.

MR. WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, who died recently in England, transmitted the family wit to a daughter, who is a worthy niece to the Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, one of the wittiest as well as ablest prelates of modern times. Mr. Wilberforce once contested a large Yorkshire borough, and while he mounted the hustings on the day of the election, he left his daughter seated in the carriage. The Conservative mob recognized her, and surrounded her, with shouts of "Miss Wilberforce forever!" The lady let down the carriage window, and replied, with a laugh, "No, my friends, not Miss Wilberforce *forever!*"

An eminent English divine has said of Mr. Wilberforce that "he entered a room with all the sweetness of an angel and all the agility of a monkey."

HEINE said of Martin Luther: "The refinement of Erasmus, the mildness of Melanchthon, could never have brought us so far as the *godlike brutality* of Brother Martin."

On another occasion Heine said: "I have the most peaceable disposition. My desires are a modest cottage with a thatched roof—but a good bed, good fare, fresh milk and butter, flowers by my window, and a few fine trees before the door. And if the Lord wished to fill my cup of happiness, He would grant me the pleasure of seeing some six or seven of my enemies hanged on those trees. With a heart moved to pity, I would, before their death, forgive the injury they had done me during their lives. Yes, we ought to forgive our enemies—but not until they are hanged."

CULINARY art is a subject of interest in Chicago as elsewhere, judging from the following dialogue sent to us by a dweller in that "Western Paris:"

"We must have a new girl. Will you answer this advertisement?"

The interrogatory was projected to a gentleman of "culcha" in Chicago by his devoted but worried wife. The gentleman called upon the perfect lady, and was soon "received."

"Can you do general housework?" is the first meek inquiry.

"Yis" (loftily).

"Can you cook?"

"*Cook*, is it? Shure an' I shud say so! An' I jist gradiated from a foine cookin' school. *I'm a Boston gurrl.*"

TALK of a lack of enterprise or cheek in a New York reporter! There is no such thing. Here, for instance, sent to the Drawer by a Brooklyn clergyman, is a case pat to the point:

"A few years ago," he writes, "I was conducting the funeral service of a prominent Brooklyn official, who was also a trusted official in my church. I was about to offer prayer at the house, previous to the public services at the church, when a young reporter, tablet and pencil in hand, and eyeglasses well poised on his nose, approached me eagerly with, 'Are you going to offer prayer now, Sir?'

"'Yes, immediately,' I replied.

"'Ah,' said he, 'will you be kind enough to *give me the points before you pray?*'"

CARDINAL NEWMAN is known not to have been in high favor at Rome during the pontificate of Pius IX., certain English ultramontanes having the ear of the Holy Father. One of these was Monsignor Talbot, and when Dr. Newman was asked by a friend how it was that the Pope placed so much dependence on the albino-like monsignore, he replied: "Ah, you know, the popes have always ridden on white asses"—referring to an old pontifical custom.

"THAT reminds me of a little anecdote," is what every bright man has heard over and over again, as his memory has been jogged by some one's telling a good story. When good stories and ready repartees are going on, one witty little thing is sure to suggest another. Thus we thought a day or two since when reading in an evening paper that Charles Sumner was no musician, and that a lady friend once told him that if he was to buy a music-box set to "Old Hundred," she did not believe that he could make it play "more than seventy-five." It was doubtless something in the same vein that prompted old Mrs. Rothschild, when ninety-seven, to say to her physician, "Doctor, you must keep me up for three years more at least; it would be discreditable for a Rothschild to go off *under par*."

THE parsons do, after all, tell the best stories. Rev. Dr. —— is responsible for the following:

In the early part of his ministry a very eminent clergyman of his own denomination visited him and spent a Sabbath with him. Of course he invited him to preach for him, and, to his great satisfaction, he consented. Rev. Dr. —— is tall, and his pulpit was rather high, to accommodate his manuscript to his sight; his visitor was short, rather stout, and had a shining bald head. Rev. Dr. —— proposed to lower the pulpit a little, but his friend declined, and, on the contrary, desired that it should be raised higher. It seemed that he was near-sighted, but for some reason preferred not to wear spectacles. The desk being raised, he proceeded to pile upon it the closed pulpit Bible, two hymn-books, a pile of about a dozen sermons, and finally his manuscript; and then, his bald head just glimmering over the top of his *extempore* fortification, he announced his text—"Thou shalt see greater things than these."

IL JACOBI.

A BURLESQUE OPERETTA. IN ONE ACT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Jacobi, *a retired boot-black, now a millionaire, who returns to his native land to wed the maiden of his youthful love.*
Lucy Ann, *the fair maiden of his choice.*
Sophronia, *a young lady of fortune and feeling.*

SCENE I.

A Street. Enter Jacobi, *his blacking-boxes, etc., slung over one shoulder, a huge bouquet in one hand. Struts across the stage. Pauses.*



Jacobi. At last! at last! my native land, good-night!—
I mean, good-morning! Years have taken flight
Since I, departing, sought a wider sphere,
And customers whom fate denied me here.
The goal is won. Now I'm a millionaire.
This well-earned fortune 'tis my wish to share
With one dear girl, my own, my early love,
My Lucy Ann, sweet gentle little dove!
This is her home. [*Points.*] I'm sure I recognize
Yon chimney, and—can I believe my eyes?
Is that the dust heap where of old we played?
It is, it is! Then where's my lovely maid?

[*Sings. Air, "Little Buttercup," from "Pinafore."*

I've roamed the world over,
Yet failed to discover
A maiden as sweet and true;
Now homeward returning,
My fond heart is burning
With ardor my treasure to view.

Once sure of this treasure,
I'll make it my pleasure
To grant every wish of her heart;
Her boots shall be shining,
No care or repining
In Lucy Ann's life shall have part.

Lucy Ann *springs out and courtesies to audience. Tableau.*



Jacobi. She comes! she comes! Fond heart, thy flutterings still!

Lucy. Ha! hist! 'tis he! I'll faint—I won't—I *will!*
[*Staggers.*
Ho! water! air! some smelling-salts! a fan!
I'm coming to; but, oh! your Lucy Ann
Is sensitive, my love. I can not bear
Rude shocks; and you have given me *such* a scare!
[*Pants. Puts her hand on her heart.*

Jacobi (*sadly*). I am a wretch—I know it—thus to fright
My Lucy Ann. Am I forgiven quite?

Lucy (*sings. Air, "Oh, cast that shadow from thy brow"*).

Oh, cast that shadow from thy brow;
Forget thy brushes for a while.
Hath Lucy's voice no magic now?
Is there no spell in Lucy's smile?
Once on my feet thy polish shone;
Thy blacking was so very black!
Ah! then thy heart was all my own:
Jacobi, wouldst thou take it back?

Jacobi (*weeping*). This is too much of muchness! Let me shed
One filial tear upon thy beauteous head!
[*Bends over her. She shrinks back.*

Lucy. No, weep no more. And, hark! my mother calls:
'Tis time for me to sweep my native halls.
I'll hie me to my well-worn broom—'tis late—
And meet you in the candy shop at eight.

Jacobi. 'Tis well; and I shall count the lagging hours.
Meanwhile let me present you with these flowers—
An emblem of your lover fond and true.

Lucy (*taking flowers, and pressing them to her heart*).
How sweet! how green! Yes, I shall think of *you*
Each moment gazing on their verdant hue.

Jacobi (*kisses her hand, points off the stage, and speaks*).
The heat, my love, increases fast;
And down your area steps just passed
A youth, who bore, as in a vise,
A glorious lump of gleaming ice.
And as that stalwart form I saw,
One magic word I murmured o'er—
Mint-juleps!

Lucy (*sings. Air, "Last rose of summer"*).

'Tis the best drink for summer,
'Twill cool thy warm brow;
'Tis cheap and refreshing,
Go drink of it now.
While thou art partaking,
Thy Lucy, at home,
Will quaff the mild lager,
All pearly with foam.

[*They embrace, and depart in opposite directions.*

SCENE II.

A bank parlor. Sophronia Skeggs *discovered looking at some large books. Sighs deeply.*

Sophronia. Alas! the truth will all be known to-day—
My father's flight, the millions stolen away.
Yet not for that I weep. That would be naught:
I only tremble lest he should be *caught.*
They'd make him pay as sure as eggs is eggs,
And poverty would blight the name of *Skeggs!*

[*Sings. Air, "A many years ago," from "Pinafore."*]

Afar from friends and home
My father's steps are tending:
While he abroad doth roam,
His millions I'll be spending.

Enter Jacobi *unperceived. He sings.*

Jacobi. My ears now I'll be lending.
His millions she is spending
While he abroad is wending
His way from friends and home.

Soph. He dropped a bitter tear,
And said, in tones deep-chested,
Good-by, my daughter dear,
Your money's safe invested.

Jacobi. Her money's safe invested!
His wisdom thus is tested.

His plans were well digested
Before he left his home!

Soph. What, ho! without! I hear a footstep there;
Methinks it is a youth with gallant air.
Thy name, fair stranger? 'tis suspense that kills.
Jacobi. My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his sheep.
Soph. And in this bank
My father fleeced his friends. But what is rank,
Or high position? I could both resign
If lowly love and true were only mine. [*Sighs.*
Sweet youth, I'm very sad: my sire has gone;
He— [*He interrupts her.*
Jacobi. Sought a foreign shore this very morn.
Soph. How know you that?
Jacobi. I listened to your song.
Soph. Ah, yes! I sang because the time was long;
I am a simple maiden, as you see—
A child of nature, artless, fond, and free.
If you will list my tale, I'll try to tell
Just what my father whispered in farewell.
Jacobi. Speak, I implore! thy auditor I'll be. [*Aside.*
Oh! what a catch this would have been for *me!*
Sophronia *rises and sings. Air,* "*No one to love,*" *etc.*

Soph. Simpletons talk of love in a cot,
And fortune despise; but, oh! trust them not!
Love can not live on smiles and sighs,
For love of late has grown worldly-wise.

Love likes to drive; love likes to dine;
Love fancies a glass of rare old wine.
What can love do but die in despair
When the purse gives out and the cupboard's bare?

Jacobi. Enough! I can assist you! let me look
One moment only on this tell-tale book.
He scans the book for a moment. Some chords. He blacks several pages with his blacking-brush. Sophronia *clasps her hands, rolls her eyes, and drops into her chair.*



Jacobi. The deed is done. I've saved your precious name.
Soph. Brave man! your own reward I bid you claim.
Jacobi. Fair creature, my despair I'll mildly state,
For I, alas! am promised—
Soph. (*shrieks*). Cruel fate!
And can it be that we have met too late?
But stay! the fatal words are not yet spoken,
And promises, like pottery, can be broken.
Jacobi. Nay, nay. I wed my Lucy Ann to-morrow.
Farewell! for I must leave you to your sorrow.
Jacobi *retires, but lingers.* Sophronia *sings. Song. Air, from* "*Pinafore,*" "*In uttering a reprobation.*"

Soph. In showing you the wild commotion
You've wakened in my heart—
My warmth of feeling, my devotion—
Is mine a forward part?
Your worth no envy can disparage:
Love, hear me while I say
That if you'd ask my hand in marriage,
I'd gladly answer *yea*—
I'd gladly answer *yea.*
Jacobi. She'll gladly answer *yea.*
Tableau. Plaintive music. Curtain falls.

Scene III.

The same as Scene I., *with the addition of a bench on one side. Enter* Lucy Ann. *Sings. Air,* "*Kathleen Mavourneen.*"

Lucy. Darling Jacobi, the young morn is winking,
The newsboys are bawling, afar from their home,
The lamp-lighter hastens, the lamps are all blinking—
Ah! why dost thou tarry, and where dost thou roam?
I'm waiting to greet thee; the night is enchanting;
Together we'll sup upon raspberry tart;
The taffy we loved once shall not be a-wanting:
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Music, at first plaintive, changing into "*Yankee Doodle.*" *Enter* Jacobi, *hastily. He sings to that air.*
Jacobi. See the conquering hero come!
Oh, such a charming fellow!
Eyes are bright, and sweet lips dumb,
While hearts, alas! grow mellow.
Chorus. "*Yankee Doodle.*"
(*Both joining hands as they sing, and keeping time.*)
Hearts at once before him fall,
Vain is all resistance;
Girls, beware the potent thrall,
And keep him at a distance!
Chorus. "*Yankee Doodle.*"

Lucy. Jacobi, thou art late. Why this delay?
Hast met another maiden on thy way?
Thou hast! thou hast! I read it in thine eye,
And thy poor Lucy Ann in vain may sigh.
Jacobi. Nay, hear me swear by all the stars above,
Thou art my first, my own, my only love!
Lucy. But hast thou to no other maiden spoken?
Jacobi. I—only said— [*Confusedly.*
Lucy (*interrupting*). Speak not! my heart is broken.
She weeps. He is agitated; kneels on one knee before her, and sings. Air, "*Take back the heart,*" *etc.*
Jacobi. I swear I am true, and to prove it,
I give thee this box for thine own—
[*Offering blacking-box.*
My blacking! Thou surely wilt love it—
Love it for my sake alone.
'Tis true that another is pining
For me—and the maiden is sweet—
But I vow by my polish so shining
To kneel evermore at thy feet. [*Rising.*
Lucy Ann *waves the box away, and sings to same air.*
Lucy. Take back the box thou hast given:
What is thy blacking to me?
Anguish my heart-strings hath riven:
Thou and thy polish are free.
Brighten her boots and her shoes-es;
Let them uncommonly shine—
Dark is her lot who refuses
Ever to call herself thine!
[Lucy *continues to weep during the following lines.*]
Jacobi. Lucy, I've had my sorrows. Many a time
Have I been cheated with a bogus dime;
I've blacked some boots whose owners ran away,
And left me waiting vainly for my pay;
Once I was fool enough—'tis true—to lend
Some money; well—I lost it with my friend.
But this is worse than all, to see you turn
From your Jacobi, and his fond words spurn.
'Tis madness overwhelms my throbbing brain!
Lucy (*rushing into his arms*). Jacobi, see! I trust thee once again.



A loud chord is struck. The lovers start. Enter Sophronia.

Jacobi. She's here!
Soph. She is.
Lucy. She sha'n't be, very long.
Jacobi. Forbear!
Soph. Beware!
Lucy. Take care! Let's have a song.

Song by all, Jacobi *in the middle of group. Air, "Never mind the why," etc., from "Pinafore."*

Here's a very sad affair, oh!
Lovers three can never pair, oh!
Neither maiden will surrender
Share of poor Jacobi's heart.
Love's young dream is fond and tender:
How can either bear to part!

Chorus. Up above the stars are shining;
Hearts are aching here below;
Smiles and sighs are intertwining,
While the moments come and go.

Jacobi. Smiles and sighs are intertwining.
Soph. (*aside*). Smiles upon *his* face are shining.
Lucy. I with jealous doubt am pining.
Soph. *She* with jealous doubt is pining.
All. 'Tis a wretched complication!
One may yet be blessed, it seems;
One must suffer separation
From the lover of her dreams.

Soph. Enough, Jacobi! Lucy Ann hath won.
Bless you, my children! I ask one favor—one:



We'll eat a *philopena* ere we part.

[*Giving a part of a pea-nut to each.*

Farewell, and pity my grief-stricken heart.

[Sophronia *retires, but does not leave the stage.*

Jacobi *sings. Air, "A life on the ocean wave."*

Jacobi. Mine was a foolish dream.
I loved not her, but her gold.
Awakened now, it would seem
Love can not be bought or sold.
Chorus. Love can not, love can not, love can not be bought or sold.
Jacobi. To-morrow the sun will shine
On our happy wedding-day.
Is thy heart as glad as mine?
Dost thou love me, darling, say?
Chorus. Dost thou love, dost thou love, dost thou love me? etc.

Lucy. That strain again!—it hath a dying fall.
Sing something new, or else don't sing at all.
Jacobi. Then, dearest, for a song on thee I'll call.
Lucy Ann *sings. Air, "Comin' thro' the rye."*

Lucy. Now Jacobi loves me only,
Never more I'll sigh,
Never more will wander lonely—
Doubts and fears good-by!
Every maiden needs a lover;
Best of all have I;
While poor Sophronia walks forlorn,
A tear-drop in her eye.

[*As she concludes her song she falters, puts her hand to her brow, and groans. He springs to support her.*

Lucy (*faintly*). Jacobi, I am poisoned! Never more
We'll play together on yon cellar door,
As in our childish days. Ah! life's a vapor,
A fleeting show, where we but dance and caper.
My breath is gone—my brain is dizzy—oh!
That fatal philopena! Hold me—so!
The moonlight fades; the stars are dim as tapers.
Jacobi, *don't* let this get in the papers!
If I could only—live—to—ascertain
That you won't—wed—Sophronia—ah, 'tis vain!

[*She dies.* Jacobi *weeps. He places her on the bench in an upright position and sits beside her. Plaintive music.*

Jacobi. Poisoned! then so am I! 'tis my last hour—
That deadly pea-nut proves its fatal power.
I'd like, before I take my last repose,
To put a little polish on her toes,
But feel my strength exhausted—I'm go-going—
Ha! there's Sophronia in dim distance showing!

[Sophronia *appears in full view as he speaks.*

Jacobi. Why have you doomed me to such cruel fate?
Soph. That poisoned pea-nut spoke a woman's hate!
Yet—quick! an antidote! hope has not fled—
Jacobi. Alas! I sink—I die. Support my head.

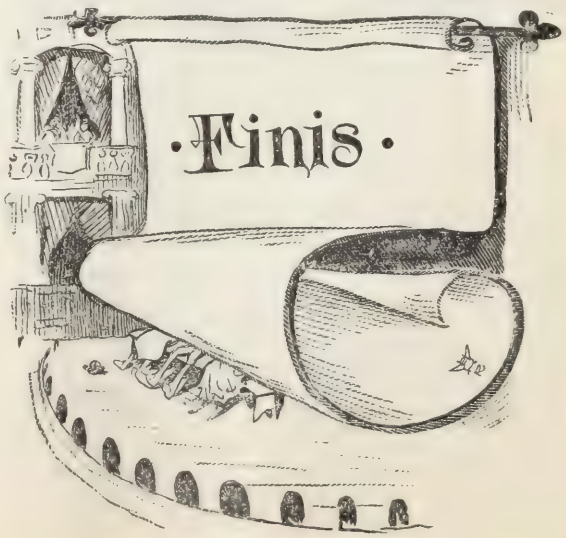
[*He dies, and* Sophronia *advances and sits beside him. Plaintive chords.*

Soph. The fatal deed is done! Jacobi's gone—
To live without him is to live forlorn.

[*Takes a pea-nut out of her pocket, and eats it slowly.*

But here's the remedy for all my woe.
Soon from this cold, ungrateful world I'll go.
Here close beside him let me sit and view
His lovely face, that did my peace undo.
Ha! ha! the poison works—'tis time to die—
Jacobi dear—a last—a long—good-by!

[Sophronia *dies, but remains upright. The three are now seated side by side on the bench before mentioned. Some bars of plaintive music.*



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ON THE SKIRT OF THE ALPS.

WE first touched the shore of modern civilization at Venice—a shore washed by the waters of antiquity and of quaint provincialism, and strewn with the flotsam and jetsam of all times and of many strange peoples, yet an entirely new land to one who comes from the haunts of the simple Tyrolese.

My rustic pen must refrain from a description of this sweet city of the sea. Where so many of the world's best artists have laid their smoothest verse and their most graceful periods in homage, no word of mine need seek a place. To the solemn, spell-bound spirit city of the past I offer only the tribute of silent love



AT THE PUBLIC WELL.—A MORNING SCENE IN VENICE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

and admiration. Its crumbling balconies and its slime-grown and water-lapped thresholds, the mellow glow of its over-ripe façades, and the soft shimmer of its color-fed lagoons, will attract and enchant the beauty-loving world without my help.

One of its aspects, however, seems to me to have received inadequate notice. Wreathed within the city of the canals and the gondolas, co-extensive with it, and growing from the same core of humanity, lies unobserved the quiet and hidden city of the streets—a city full of strange people, busy with the indolence and unthrift of Italian daily life.

Hoping to catch the first movement of the day, I went out at half past six. In France it should have been quite two hours earlier; but I struck the very beginning of the morning life. A sleepy and uncombed waiter was giving coffee to a few straggling guests on the Riva, drowsy fishermen were just hoisting their pointed sails, and one after another the gondoliers of the Piazzetta were creeping from under their awnings and stretching their languid arms in regret for the ended night. About the steps of the Campanile, and in every sheltered corner, beggars were still dreaming on the pavement. The Piazza was piled here and there with the chairs and tables at which last night delegates from all nations had sat under the moonlight, sipping coffee and ices, and drinking in the mellow glory of the golden mosaic portals of San Marco. The pigeons, lineal descendants of Dandolo's carriers, were picking the last crumbs from the clean pavement, and broad day filled the whole deserted square.

Turning the corner of the church, and crossing the canal which passes under the Bridge of Sighs, I left the Venice of the gondola, and penetrated a labyrinth of narrow streets—foot-ways only, for no hoof ever awakens their echoes—which led in and out among the houses and garden walls, up and down over narrow bridges, into little squares where fruit women were setting up their stands, and where seedy men were taking morning cocktails of black coffee and brandy at the tables in front of the caffè, to the doors of grand churches where matutinal women were attending mass, and into many a cul-de-sac whence the steps must be retraced.

I met respectable middle-aged clerks, in well-worn black, who bought their morning papers and trudged on to their desks—men who had come out from their own homes, and were going to their regular bread-winning work, whose round of life lies in this strange place, and whose familiar daily scenes are these marvels which we come so far to see—men to whom the name America brings only vague suggestions of New York and Brazil. I think this impressed me more than any thing else. To have a foreigner in the streets turn and look at me as though not he but I myself were the interesting object—this is the most unsettling sight of all my seeings.

Little by little business began to take possession of the streets. Bakers' shops and butchers' shops and fish stalls were opened; the din of countless blacksmiths and coppersmiths filled the air at every turn, as though the making of locks and kettles and chimney-pots were the one usurping industry of the world; loud-voiced women called all the people to come and partake of baked pumpkin, fresh and hot; and the melody of mingled street cries grew to a chorus of supplication.

Lately risen maidens lowered baskets from their balconies, and fished up cat-meat, or bread, or onions, or other household supplies, lowered the coppers for payment, gathered their scanty raiment about them, and withdrew. The vender—we knew him at the opera—pocketed his money, tossed his load to his head, and yelled his noisy way down the alley.

In the Piazza beyond the Rialto, where early activity most centres, I took up a commanding position at an out-of-door table, and ordered my "white coffee" and bread and butter. What a wonderful place it was for breakfasting—just for once! What pretty but carelessly clad women in black lace head-dresses came from each street and went toward the church; what a clatter the wooden pattens made, and what a gabble the newsboys; what loads of fresh fruit and vegetables the women carried past; how the urchins gambled for soldi; how unlike every thing was to what we see at home; and how unreal one grows to feel himself in watching it all!

The cheap dealers of the Rialto were taking down their shutters and displaying their low-priced wares. Boys sat on the broad steps munching bread and revelling in the yellow luxury of broad wedges of



BALCONY MARKETING.

hot and savory pumpkin. The purveyors of the adjacent quarters were climbing the steps with whole head-loads of grapes, or fish, or vegetables. Over the hand-rail, filling the whole width of the Grand Canal, lay a fleet of barges unloading, with produce from beyond the lagoons, or stowing away assorted cargoes of white and purple grapes, peaches, figs, lettuce, chiccory, radishes, shining white onions, carrots, beets, potatoes—the whole fresh-colored assortment of green-grocery. On shore the market people filled the streets and arcades with fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit, and flowers, and the whole air with a tumult of noisy traffic. I descended among the throng, where customers were importuned on every hand, and where sharp bargains were driving in sprats and snails and in fractions of the smallest fowl.

Entering a little square shut in by high houses, and, like most Venetian squares, dominated by the unfinished façade of a time-stained church, I noticed a singular activity among the people. They were scurrying in from every alley, and hastening from every house door, with odd-shaped copper buckets on hook-ended wooden bows, and with little coils of rope. Old men and women, boys and girls, all gathered closely about a covered well curb in the middle of the square; and still they hurried on, until they stood a dozen

deep around it. Presently the church tower slowly struck eight, and a little old man forced his way through the crowd, passed his ponderous iron key through the lid, and unlocked the well. The kettles went jangling into it, and came slopping out again at an amazing rate, and the people trudged off home, each with a pair of them swung from the shoulder. The wells are deep cisterns, which are filled during the night, and it is out of amiable consideration for those who love their morning nap that they are given as good a chance as their neighbors of getting an unsoiled supply. It is the first instance that has come to my notice of a commendable municipal restraint upon the reprehensible practice of early rising. Few, very few, of those who came for water had had time for their toilets. Their day evidently begins with this excursion to the public reservoir.

Later in my walk I saw a cistern being replenished. A barge filled with fresh-water lay in a canal near by, and a steam-pump forced the supply through a hose to the square, where a gutter carried it to the well. The water is of excellent quality. It is brought through conduits from the Euganean Hills, near Padua, but its distribution through the city is carried on in the original manner indicated. For a city where the salt sea is the scavenger, where ablutions are not *de rigueur*, and where water is not a beverage, the cost of laying distributing mains has wisely been spared.

By nine o'clock I had walked some miles, and had seen the populace subside from its brief spasm of activity and settle down to the sweet do-nothing of its daily life, and I turned my face homeward. I sought in vain for a ferry over the Grand Canal. I was lost in a maze of confusing streets. Defeated of my purpose, I called a gondola, and was rowed ignominiously back to my hotel.

From Botzen I had sent a trunk to Venice by freight-train, and I went to the station to get it. I was met by a porter who had served in the Austrian army, and who spoke German. He kindly took my case in hand. Armed with my receipt, I was conducted to a freight clerk's office. He looked through many pigeon-holes, and shrugged his shoulders—my trunk had not arrived. I expostulated. He looked again, and again shrugged. Fourteen days should have sufficed, but he had as yet received no notice of the arrival. My porter took me to the custom-house; there stood the trunk, covered with a week's dust. Back to the freight clerk; he looked again. No, the freight letter had not arrived. I did not want the letter, I wanted the trunk. He shrugged his shoulders; we must wait until the *chef* should come. At last the *chef* came. He remembered having seen the letter, and he looked through the pigeon-holes. He must be mistaken; it could not have come. No matter about the letter, my receipt was a duplicate, and I wanted the trunk. The *chef* shrugged his shoulders. Then he went off to rummage through a desk at another corner of the room, and at last he found the unlucky letter. Then we must take the letter to the custom-house. Official number one *viséd* it, and sanded it, and turned me over to official number two. This one looked at the trunk, wrote something on the paper, blotted it with a pinch of dust from the floor, and sent us to official number three, who did a long sum on it, in triplicate, opened a little drawer, took out some sand with an iron spoon, and sprinkled it again. Then number four wrote an illegible signature on each of the three sections, sprinkled on some sand from a box, poured most of the sand on to his desk, and sent us to number five, who verified the computation, wrote his name three times, sanded, and dispatched us to number one. The circumlocution was complete. Number one wrote something more, sanded the newspaper he had been reading, and set us free. Now we would get the trunk and be off. By no means, we must trudge back to the station, wait for the clerk to come back from somewhere, pay him some money, give him the letter, and get *his* permit, duly signed and sanded, and then go to the custom-house and carry away the property. It has taken the reader—who has not skipped—some minutes to read this tale. It took me fifteen minutes to write it; it took me six times fifteen minutes to go through the evolutions which it describes.

Feeling sure that I should never climb another mountain, I had brought from Cortina—as a trophy to hang under my Mosel oar—the alpenstock with which I struggled up Tofana: value, twenty-two cents. For convenience I would send it as freight to Havre. To allow for the slowness of the clerks, we assigned an ex-

tra three-quarters of an hour for the business of getting it off our hands, besides a half hour for buying tickets and registering the baggage. In front of the station money. Mark it 'Paid,' and send it as soon as possible."

But they manage these things better in Italy. I must go back and see what "Ex-



RIVA, FROM THE PONALE ROAD.

stands a little guard-house, with the deluding legend, "Expedizione."

"Might I send this stick to Havre?"

"Sicuro."

"How much will it cost?"

We must ask. The expeditor goes with us to the freight clerk, who answers, "More than it is worth."

"Probably, but how much?"

"How much does it weigh?"

"I don't know. Weigh it."

The expeditor hung it to the hook of a steelyard which another man held up: "One kilo" (two pounds). Then, after a calculation: "Two francs."

"Very well; I will stand two francs. No matter about the receipt. Here is the

pedizione" really means. I must give the details very clearly, and the official must make out the papers. I might go and get my tickets and fight my baggage through, and then come back. I came back, at the end of a half hour and of all my patience, and found him still writing. There were three "freight letters," each as long and intricate as a policy of insurance, and two long "declarations" for the custom-house—giving a description, value, etc., etc.* Then we went to the

* All concerning twenty-two cents' worth of wood and iron, which had not reached Havre twenty-eight days later, and probably never will reach there. One of those freight letters has got into a wrong pigeon-hole.

freight clerk, and he signed something, and I signed something (sanded), and the "Expedizione" man demanded three francs and a half. I referred to the contract for two francs.

"Ah! mais! the 'Expedizione' costs a franc and a half."

At last I was free. Every thing was attended to, and we had still seven minutes to get our seats. I separated Jane from a poodle with which, and with whose mistress, of course, she had made friends, gathered up my bags and bundles, and started gayly for the train.

As we turned into the corridor we saw the great doors swing to, and our porter shrugged his shoulders.

"But what does it mean?"

"Troppo tardi!"

"It is only ten minutes past nine, and the train leaves at a quarter past."

"The doors are closed five minutes before the train starts."

"Then why in—!" But no, the man did not understand English, and no poor words of mine could do justice to the situation. Jane thought otherwise, but then her words are never poor, and on this occasion she showed an approach to genius. As a piece of sketchy characterization, the estimate she expressed of Italian executive ability was worthy of permanent record; but she is overfastidious in such matters, and prefers that her achievement should be permitted to remain our private possession.

The train gone, we demanded to see the station-master. We were taken to his office, and were most politely received. He is a large man and a handsome man, with that suavity and grace of manner for which the rest of his race are noted. He listened to our plaint—our vituperation had expended itself behind that closed door—and he encouraged us to express our frank opinion of the administration of Italian railways. I told him of my trunk, and the stupid fuss about my stick, of the miseries of his baggage-room, and of much incident which one who is travelling in Italy finds ready to his tongue. In such a presence I could not give my opinion its ruder expression, but he took my meaning, and he accepted it in a sympathizing spirit. Unfortunately he could only execute his orders; he deeply regretted that they were such as to cause much annoyance to passengers; he could tell us of other things in which their system was still more at fault; they had made the grave mistake of copying the methods of France, which were full of imperfections, instead of those of England, which were so admirable.

"We are not English; we are American."

"Ah! You are American? I am glad to meet you. Kindly take seats, and tell me of your systems."

Thus the shrewd man turned our thoughts into the didactic channel—always so soothing—and he gave us by his attention as a listener almost a compensation for our annoyance. His interest in us grew warm. We had intended to lunch at Verona, and to go on by the next train to Lake Garda, and take the boat for Riva. We would make a great mistake; for the king and queen were at Verona, and there would be a festa, which we surely should not miss. Really—we knew our own plans best, but so it seemed to him—we ought by all means to pass the night at Verona. He actually dismissed us in a happy frame of mind.

In a calmer mood I return to my conviction that all we hear of the much vaunted "regeneration of united Italy" is a mere enthusiast's delusion. No nation tolerating such a system of railway administration as hers holds the germ of regeneration any where in its organization. If she is ever to acquire it, she must seek it in the blood of a race to which the organization of our best railroads was possible.

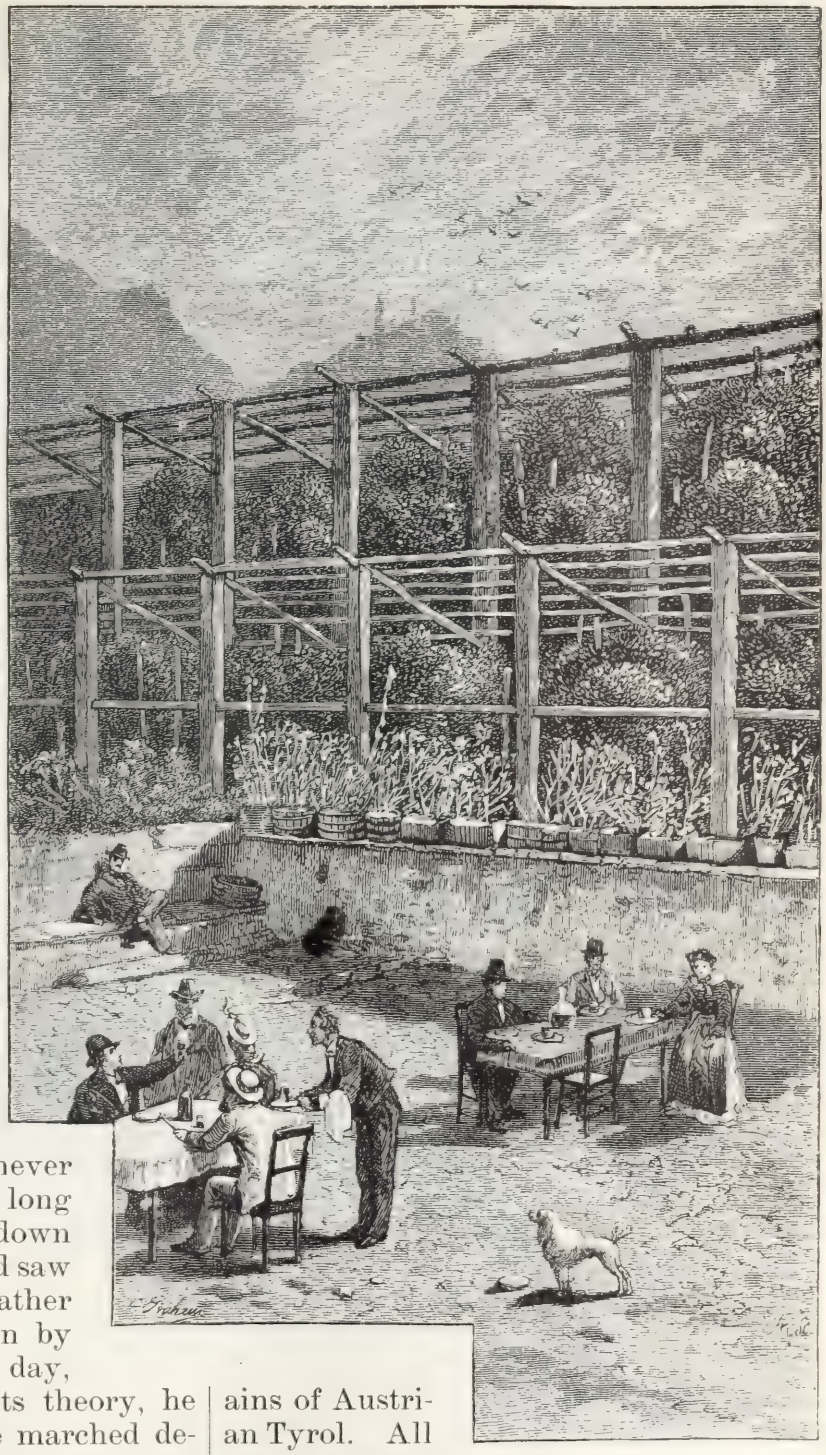
Now listen to the tale of our sorrows. See what it implies to lose a train in Venice, and give us your sympathy.

We rowed back to the Piazza; attended the splendid full mass at San Marco; wandered through the unequalled halls of the Ducal Palace—the gorgeous seat of the government of the great republic; lunched at Florian's caffè; went to Verona in the afternoon; spent the moonlight evening in its vast Roman amphitheatre, and in the crowded square, where the whole town turned out for its promenade, and where a good band gave an open-air concert; passed the next morning among the tombs of the Scaligers, and in the noted Veronese churches; and went comfortably to Peschiera in time for the afternoon boat. The king and queen had left Verona, and of course the "capo di stazione" knew it; but he had made them serve his appeasing purpose all the same.

We sat for two hours on the deck of the

little steamer, moored to the wharf, and dined there, watching the while the manœuvre of boats with pointed lateen-sails, and the work of red-capped sailors; gossiping with the cook, and playing with his dog; and dreaming over the shimmering blue water, and the hot, hazy, far-away shore, where Catullus lived and wrote, and over the fairy crests of the mountains which lead Tyrol down to bathe its feet in the blue waves of Garda.

Some one at the British Association's meeting at Dublin read a paper on the intellect of animals. He cited no case so remarkable as that of Cuchino's dog, which lives on this boat. This, and the steamer which runs to Desenzano—fifteen miles away, at the southwest corner of the lake—start from Riva, at the north end of Garda. The dog was familiar with the crews of both, and with the other craft, but he had never made a trip by her. For a long time he watched her course down the other side of the lake, and saw her drawing farther and father away, until she was hidden by the projecting point. One day, his mind fully settled to its theory, he proceeded to verify it. He marched deliberately over to Desenzano, took passage, came safely to Riva, and went back to his familiar kitchen with an air of entire satisfaction. He could not be induced to make another trip by that boat. He had "done" it, and had no more worlds to conquer in that direction. He had reasoned out a plan of action, and had found his reasoning correct.



LEMON GARDENS, LAKE GARDA.

Garda is the largest of the Italian lakes—thirty-six miles long. It was our first one, and it must be the bluest lake in the world. It starts in the fertile plain of Lombardy, and piercing the grand range by which this is sheltered, it runs quite into the heart of the bare-peaked mountains of Austrian Tyrol. All along its eastern shore Italian villages, monasteries, mountain chapels, vineyards, and chestnut groves give interest to every mile of the journey. After night-fall close-nestling Riva welcomed us to its pleasant lake-side hotel terraces.

Riva has a history such as belongs to all towns of good military position lying on the border-land between the plains of the south and the mountain fastnesses of the north. But it has a beauty—an undescribable lake-side and mountain-foot charm—which attracted us more. Leaving its past to those who are fresher and



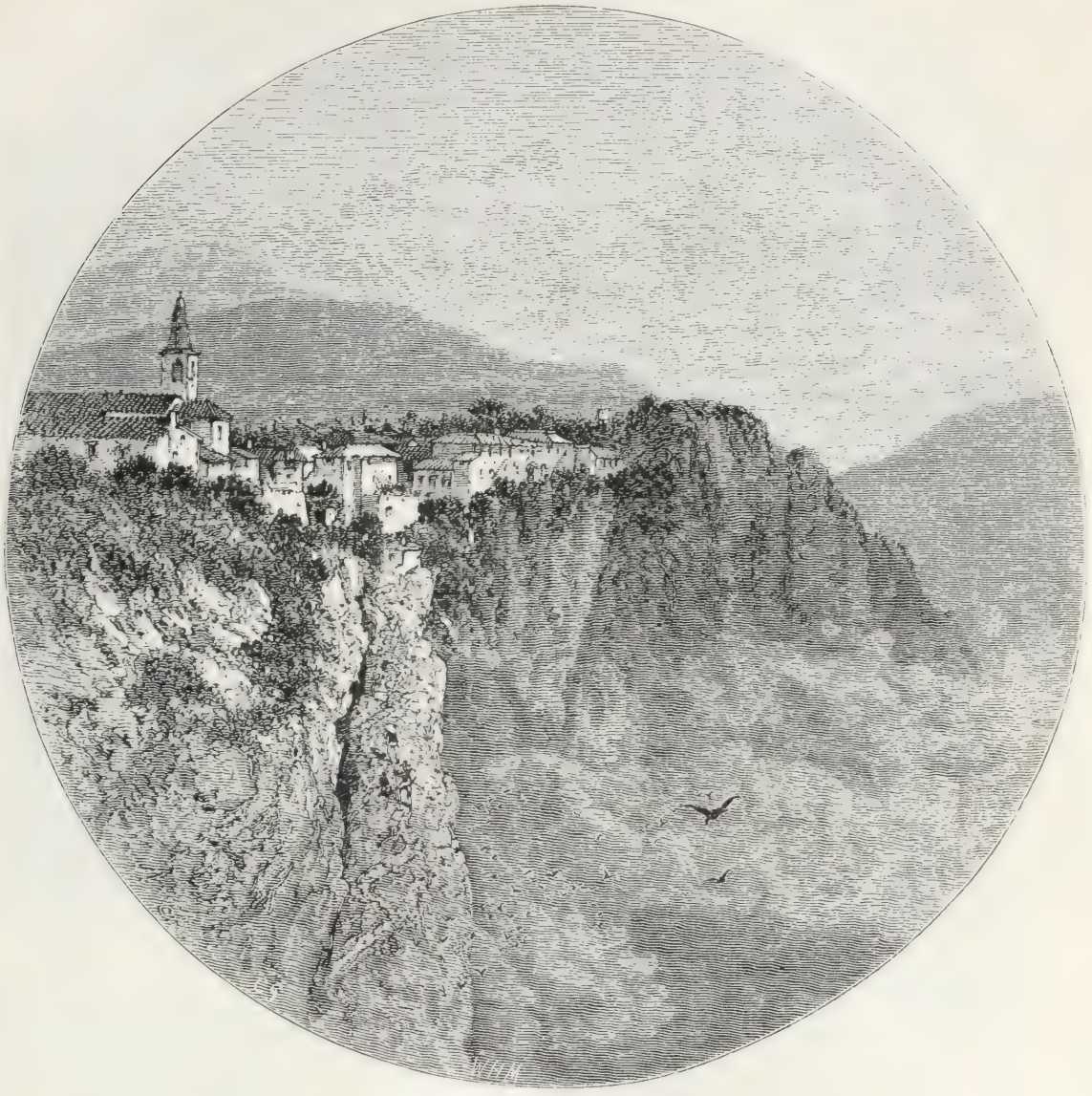
LIMONE, LAKE GARDA.

more eager students, we contented ourselves with a simple, inactive absorption of the unsurpassed natural beauty which clusters about this northern nook of the high-walled blue Lago di Garda. We were rowed to its plashing fall of Ponale, and at night-fall we wandered out over its cliff-side road—a road which absolutely clings to the side of the steep and sometimes overhanging limestone precipices, and is threaded through tunnels like a string through its beads. In more than one place a stone dropped from its parapet falls yards out into the water, while the rock above overhangs our heads, Mr. Ruskin to the contrary notwithstanding. Beginning at the level of the lake, it rises by an easy but constant inclination to the very top of the grand rock which sweeps round into the Val di Ledro. As it recedes, it seems hardly more than a chalk mark along the face of the cliff. Not the least good thing about Riva is the pleasure in leaving it—by no means the pleasure of leaving it, for a more delightful halting-place one need not seek.

Our return was by the Desenzano boat, touching along the western bank of the lake, which is more precipitous and far grander than the opposite shore, as it is more prosperous and more populous. Some of its villages are at the top of a precipice apparently a thousand feet above the level of the lake. One of these, Tremosine, a village of some importance, has no other means of communication with the outer world than by a zigzag footpath which leads up the almost vertical rock from the steamboat landing.

The great industry, wherever a little soil has been formed at the foot of the mountains, is the cultivation of the lemon, the gardens belonging to the rich nobles of the ducal cities. While the sum-

mer climate is well suited to the ripening of the fruit, winter shelter is imperative. The gardens are studded with tall columns of brick mason-work, which support the frame-work of the roof. This is in winter covered with boards, and the vertical openings between the columns are closed with glass. At some points, as in the neighborhood of the town of Limone, these gardens are so extensive as to give a most peculiar effect to the shore. Nothing could be more thoroughly Italian than the graceful, vine-grown, lazy, larger towns at which we touched. At Maderno, where much of the shore front was occupied by shaded terraces set round with pots of aloes and cacti, and where the terraces were occupied by slatternly, dull-looking women, there was a general air of abandonment and uselessness, after the best Italian manner. What happy, lazy, vegetative people these must be who while away their dreamy and untidy summers under the soft breezes which sweep this widest stretch of Italian water! Desenzano, where we landed, has not responded even to the summons of the steam-whistle. Judging from the manner of those who would have relieved me of the burden of my field-glass during the pleasant stroll to the station, I should say that beggary was its chief remaining industry. Of the station it is not worth while to say more than that it belongs to the railway which leads from Venice, and that it possessed no time-table by which we could determine our route and our connections. Under this same method of administration, instead of spending two hours at Brescia, as we might have done, and where we might have breakfasted like Christians, we were stranded



TREMOSINE, BY LAKE GARDA.



SAN GIOVANNI, BELLAGGIO, ON LAKE COMO.

for a longer time in an unfinished station-house in Southern Illinois. They called it Rovato, the people spoke Italian, the beggars were polite, and three car-loads of Italian soldiers who belonged to our party were playing morra—uno! ott! chinque! bam! thump! and there go your ten soldi. But for all that, I have never seen its match for newness and crudity save in our own benighted Egypt.

All things come to an end; so did our stifling and hungry halt, and we trundled on through the rich foot-hill country, among vineyards and campanili, past Palazzuolo and Bergamo, then beside the premonitory and enticing waters which lead down to Lecco, thence in an omnibus through unheeded streets, and hurriedly to our journey's end —the deck of a Como steamer. Here at last the spirit of haste was laid. Fast or slow, early or late, it mattered nothing now. We were afloat on Como. The afternoon was only so far gone as to give no lengthened shadows: the sky was clear, the air was soft, and we had gone out of this world into that realm of fancy where prose and poetry, art and photography, had builded our visions—

"A clear lake, margined by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles, glassing softest skies
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
As I would have thy fate."

Evening fell slowly; each headland, each hamlet, and each mountain-top became more and more unreal in the fading light, and as the low stars began to glim-

mer out of the fleeting western gold, we climbed the broad white steps of

"A palace lifting to eternal heaven
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage, musical with birds. . . .
The perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves, and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
I' the midst of roses."

For even this too was added to our cup. Our first halt was at the regal Villa Frizzoni, rich with every luxury which architecture and Italian lake-side gardening could, at the behest of wealth, offer for the acceptance of a wife. By that grace of good fortune by which the traveller often profits, the Villa Frizzoni, unspoiled of all its luxury, has become the "Grand Hotel Bellaggio," and all the season through its halls and balconies and terraces, and its orange-shaded walks, are gay with the life and dress and music of a pleasure-seeking throng. If the imagination, revelling in the charm of Como, needs the further stimulus of princes, baronen, contessi, and Ticino nurse-maids, they are all here to be had for the looking.

Regarded with the cold eye of the captious traveller, this hotel fills every requirement, and from the American standpoint its scale of charges is incredibly low. The best that Saratoga can offer is mean and commonplace compared with this, yet a bachelor must spend more there for his top-story cell and his caravansary feeding than need here a reasonable couple, content with a charming second story front room, and with simple claret at the delicate and exquisitely served table d'hôte.

We were easily tempted to borrow from the few days assigned to Paris, and to tarry here until conscience drove us forth. I had reserved for my last afternoon's walk a visit to the Villa Serbelloni, perched high up on the promontory between the Lecco and the Como arms of the lake. It was a question of taking this walk in a sad rain or not at all, for in the morning we must surely leave. Leave! As easily leave Eden itself. Conscience and duty all forgotten, I incontinently engaged quarters for three days more in this rambling old nobleman's house, now transformed into a quiet, homely hotel. We had rowed over the lake to the meretricious Villa Carlotta, we had lounged at Cadenabbia, and we had drunk in all the riparian delights of this delicious inland sea, but we had conceived no such wealth of beauty, of situation, of vegetation, and of scrupulous horticulture as greeted us here at every turn. It is useless to attempt description; I simply commend this charmed spot as the best earthly representation of a veritable fairy-land. The garden of Serbelloni is formal and artificial to the last degree; but its formality is ennobled by the majestic rock on whose summit it rests; and its art has made cunning use of the vegetation of every zone. Our fellow-guests, though few, were no less interesting than those we had left at the water-side.



LECCO.

It carried us back many a long year, and brought up the memories of a mad

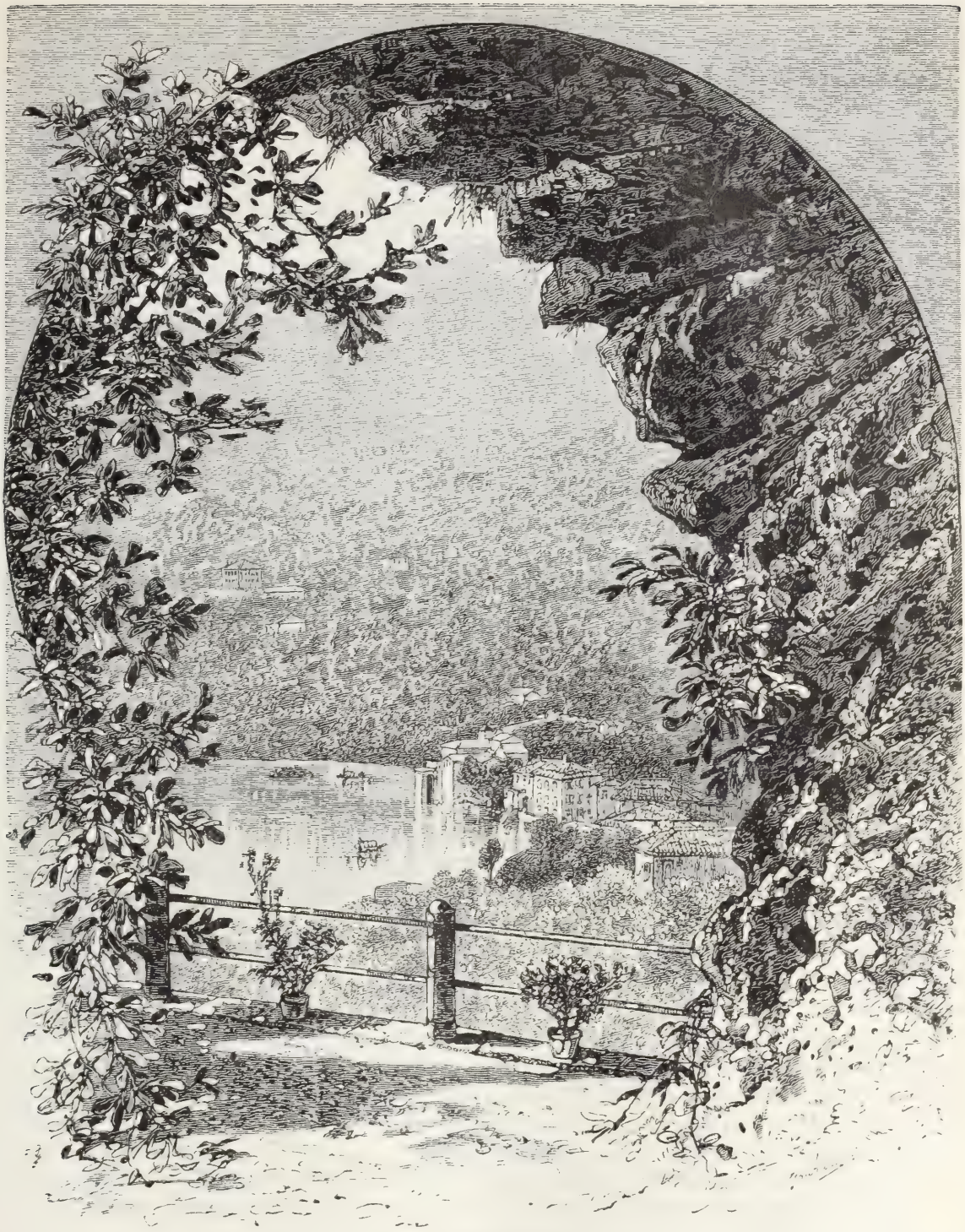
enthusiasm to see again, somewhat saddened by age and care, but still the same, that face which we all knew so well when



A STREET IN BELLAGGIO.

her wonderful voice and her magnetic presence stirred the most hidden chords of the thousands of hearts which beat in unison under the great dome of Castle Garden in 1851. She is a grandmother now, but we who had heard that matchless song saw her only as the Jenny Lind of our youth.

It is something in favor of these hotels that they lie at the edge of the quaint old town of Bellaggio. These Continental towns seem to be exempt from the influence which, with us, assimilates all communities to their conspicuous surroundings. Here, whither rich and extravagant tourists have flocked for years, their wealth and extravagance have had absolutely no effect upon the simple people whom they daily elbow in its narrow arcaded streets. Even the arts by which the tourist's money is enticed into their careful pouches are practiced with a simplicity and an unspoiled and unassuming



VILLA SERBELLONI.

politeness which make the payment of their modest demands a pleasure. I have in mind now a sturdy and hearty oarsman, rich with more or less authentic gossip of those whom he has seen and of those whom he has served, and as proud of his position of a Bellaggio peasant—a leader among the *bassi genti*—as he would be of ducal honors if he wore them. He has sat face to face, and has chatted familiarly, with thousands of men and women of every rank that travels; yet he carries himself with the dignity of conscious worth, and with the grace and native elegance of an Italian peasant.

We crossed the hills to Lugano in the coupé of a diligence in a light rain, which, as our occasional glimpses of the Simplon and the Bernardino showed, was the first autumn snow on the higher mountains. Still in the rain we sailed down the beautiful mountain lake to the town of Lugano. This journey was made interesting and memorable by one of those sudden and charming companionships which spring up in the fertile soil of a traveller's

experiences. We parted at the pier, and may never meet again, but our memory of this lovely Italian-Swiss lake will always recall this genial and congenial Briton.

It would be aside from my purpose to detail our experiences at Lugano and on Lago Maggiore. They continued and they varied the impressions received on Garda, and made eternal on Como. It is almost futile to write fresh lines at this late day of what has delighted the scribes of all times. Even in the first century of our era, the younger Pliny wrote to his friend Caninius Rufus: "What are you doing at Como? Do you study, hunt, or fish, or all three together? For on our beloved lake one can do all these. Her waters afford fish, her wooded heights game, and her deep solitude quiet for study. But whatever you do, I envy you, and I can not restrain the confession that it makes my heart heavy not to be able to share that with you for which I pine as a sick man for a cooling drink, a bath, or a living spring. Shall I tear with violence these closely fitting bonds, if no other solution is possible? Ah! I fear never. For before old occupations are ended, new ones are thrust upon me, and thus link after link is added to the chain of endless toil which holds me here enthralled. Farewell." From Pliny's time to ours the literature of all lands has lingered over these lovely lakes.

Our route led us to Milan, where we were favored with that rare clear atmosphere which reveals to the Lombard plain one of the most majestic of the world's sights. The Venetian Alps, the peaks of the Carinthian range, the great Dolomites, the Gross Glöckner, the Oetler, the entire range of Swiss peaks to Mont Blanc, with seven-peaked Monte Rosa in the foreground, the Cottian Alps, with their pyramidal Monte Viso, the Maritime Alps, the Apennines, and the Euganean Hills, near Padua, closed almost the entire horizon with the grandest mountain chain of Europe. This view in its entirety is rarely seen. Nor was our good fortune evanescent, for no cloud, no slightest film of vapor, came to screen this glorious panorama from all our long road to Turin. Throughout the whole day the grand army of mountain-tops marshalled itself for review, the majestic peaks marching slowly to their ever-changing positions as we sped swiftly on our way. The rich irrigated sub-Alpine plain was their parade-ground, and against the broad blue banner of an Italian sky stood the sharp outlines of their icy helmets. As the daylight died away, the red glory of the Alpine glow still lifted them out of the coming night.

Turin was for us only a halting-place, and not even the splendor of its famed Superga could delay us. We hastened on to those grim valleys where, resisting the wicked might of man, the children of God through so many sad centuries withstood the fiercest persecutions of Rome, and handed down unspoiled from generation to generation the stern hard faith of the pure Apostolic Church. As the assumptions and encroachments of Rome turned the power of the Church to the worldly aggrandizement of its rulers, those who held to the primitive faith were forced to seek shelter in obscurity. The rugged mountain valleys on the borders of Piedmont and Dauphiny became their ultimate retreat. Here, long before the protest of Luther, they held the torch of the ancient faith which he labored to restore. Here was the birth-place of Romish persecution, and here were concentrated, from 1308 to the downfall of the Inquisition, all the horrors of which fiendish fanaticism has been capable. Once, and once only, was the last remnant of this chosen people driven from these valleys to the refuge of Calvinistic Switzerland; but their *Glorieuse Rentrée* under Arnaud re-established the old faith in the ancient seat, whence, to this day, it sends its evangelists to every corner of Italy.

It is of the persecutions of this people that Milton wrote his grandest sonnet:

"Avenge, O Lord! Thy slaughter'd saints whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold:
E'en them, who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not; in Thy book record their groans,
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant, that from these may grow
An hundredfold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."



PAINTED GLASS, TWELFTH CENTURY, AT LIEGE.

PAINTED GLASS IN HOUSEHOLD DECORATION.

HOUSEHOLD decoration was never the subject of more ardent inquiry and pursuit than in the present day. Furniture, stuffs, silks, paper-hangings, carpets, tapestry, glass, metal-work, china, the ornaments and accessories of the table—*argentum et marmor vetus, æraque et artes*—lie before the eye of the seeker after æsthetic surroundings in a bewildering variety of styles. The Mediæval, the Louis Quatorze, the Queen Anne, the Chinese and Oriental, in their varieties, the Grecian, the Etruscan, and all the free Christian modes and fashions, are ransacked either to furnish relics or to provide means of inspiration to the artists who are decorating our halls, salons, boudoirs, flats, mansions, and cottages of every degree.

Among these efforts for obtaining lasting rather than ephemeral embellishment, and for rendering "ornament conducive to instruction," it need occasion no surprise to learn that the ancient and long-approved method of decoration furnished by painted glass is again taking its proper rank. Certainly the translucence of glass enables the art-collector, if he carefully and fittingly use it, to surpass all the other decorations of his room in special attractiveness. The window being the opening to admit light, is always the first attraction to catch the eye. The deep warmth of the ruby, the tender contentment of the sapphire, the glow and coruscation of the amethyst, the brilliancy and cheerfulness of the emerald, the glitter and distinctiveness of the diamond, may all be summoned to the satisfaction of the least cultivated eye by the infinite wealth of the glass-stainer's art. Eastlake conjectured that the increase of color in shade which is so remarkable in the Venetian and early Flemish pictures may have been suggested by the rich and fascinating effects of the light modified by the slight shading on the stained glass through which it was transmitted.

When the making of window-glass first came into practice is not even now absolutely certified. The Roman windows were filled with a semi-transparent substance called *lapis specularis*, a fossil of the class of mica, which readily splits into smooth laminæ, or plates, as every stove-owner probably knows. Glass, both white and colored, opaque and transparent, was made by the Egyptians upward of 3000 years ago, and perfected for certain uses, as the Cesnola treasures establish, by the Egypto-Phœnicians who worked in the isle of Cyprus. Until, however, the commencement of the Christian era, the material does not appear to have been



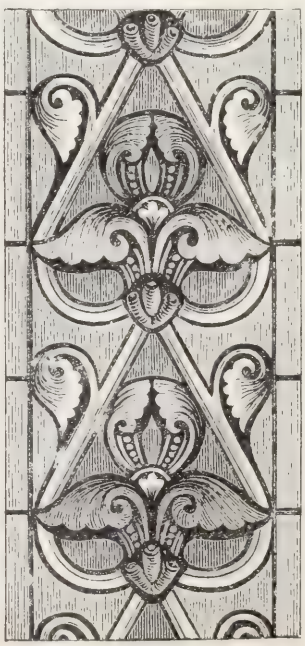
PAINTED GLASS, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

applied to any other purpose than the formation of various utensils and ornaments, of mosaic works, and the counterfeiting of precious stones. The Romans combined the most brilliant colors in their mosaics; and there can be little doubt that those mosaics gave the first idea of painted or stained glass for windows in the early Christian churches. St. John Chrysostom and St. Jerome speak of "windows of divers colors," and Leo the Third is said to have adorned the windows of the Lateran with colored glass—the earliest instance of the kind that can be cited with confidence. In the Abbey Church of St. Denis, in France, there are remains of glass windows in color which are supposed to have been the work of Abbot Suger, in the middle of the twelfth century. The first painted glass executed in England was in the time of King John; and it is in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, during which Norman architecture was best advanced, that the rich and superb illustrations of glass-painting were first presented. Specimens in Canterbury Cathedral which have never been surpassed remain to this day.

The colors at these periods were vivid and positive. "There was no spot left for the eye to rest upon; no neutral tints nor secondary colors were introduced. The whole of the ground and foliage was filled with intense color, ruby and blue invariably preponderating. The old windows in Strasburg Cathedral illustrate this remark. The leading forms were massive and simple, consisting chiefly of the circle and the square, filled up with foliated ornament. The figures, though correct in costume, were of wrong proportion, vivid in coloring, the outline being defined by the thick strong lines of the lead, resembling those highly titled personages represented on the old-fashioned packs of cards."

Some of the particulars of the manufacture of glass used for glass-painting may be interesting here. Mr. Winston's *Inquiry touching Ancient Glass* will furnish us with sufficient details for our purpose, as no writer on the topic of painted glass is more reliable, or has to such an extent facilitated investigation into this interesting art.

The glass used in glass-paintings is, in its original manufactured state, either

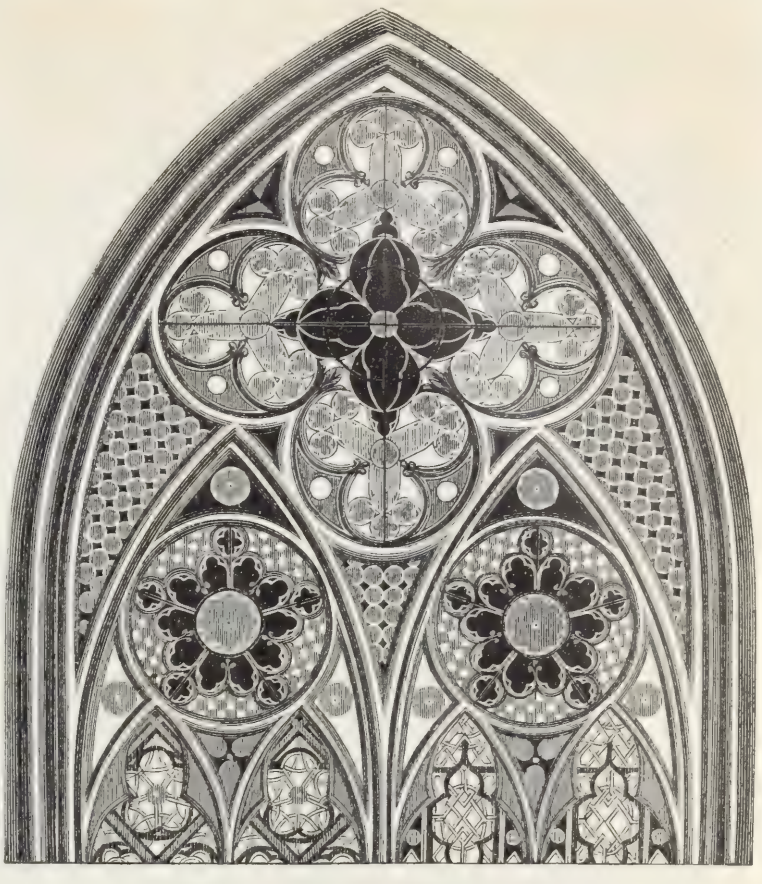


SPECIMEN FROM ST. DENIS.

white or colored. The ingredients of white glass, of which silex and alkali are the most important, are incorporated by fusion in the melting-pot of the glass-house, having been in general previously "fritted," *i. e.*, roasted with a strong fire in order to facilitate their union. When the vitrification in the melting-pot is complete, the glass is formed into sheets. These are afterward annealed, *i. e.*, suffered to cool very gradually—a process which renders them less brittle; and they are then ready for use.

Colored glass is of two kinds. One kind is colored throughout its entire substance, and is called pot-metal glass; the other is colored only on one side of the sheet, and is termed covered or coated glass, *i. e.*, white glass covered with a coat of pot-metal color.

Red or *ruby* glass is almost invariably coated glass; other kinds of colored glass are generally pot-metal glass, but they are not unfrequently manufactured as coated glass.



PAINTED GLASS—STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

Colored glass is formed by adding a certain quantity of coloring matter (metallic oxide) to the materials of white glass, and incorporating these ingredients by fusion in the melting-pot of the glass-house. It is manufactured into sheets in the same way as white glass, and is of the same transparency.

The glass-painter possesses the power of coloring white glass, and even of varying the tints of colored glass by the use of stains and enamel colors.

All shades of yellow, to a full orange red, may be imparted to white glass by the use of silver for staining it; other colors are produced by means of enamels. A stain penetrates the glass to some little depth, and is properly as transparent as white glass itself. An enamel color only adheres to the surface of the glass, without penetrating it, and is always more or less opaque.

There are three distinct systems of glass-painting, which may be termed the *mosaic method*, the *enamel method*, and the *mosaic-enamel method*.

Of these the most simple is the mosaic method. Under this system glass-paintings are composed of white glass—if they are meant to be white, or only colored with yellow, brown, and black—or else they are composed of different pieces of white and colored glass, arranged like a mosaic, in case they are intended to display a greater variety of colors. The pieces of white glass are cut to correspond with such parts of the design as are white, or white and yellow, and the colored pieces with those parts of the design which are otherwise colored. The glass-painter in the mosaic style uses but two pigments—a stain which produces a yellow tint, and a brown enamel called enamel brown. The main outlines of the design are formed, when the painting is finished, by the *leads* which surround and connect the various pieces of glass together, and the subordinate outlines and all the shadows, as well as the brown and black parts, are executed by means of the enamel brown, with which color alone a work done according to the mosaic system can be said to be *painted*. The yellow stain is merely used as a color. Under the mosaic method each color of the design, except yellow, brown, and black, must be represented by a separate piece of glass. A limited number of col-



SPECIMEN FROM THE CHAPEL DU ST. SANG, BRUGES.

ors may, however, be exhibited on the same piece of glass by the following processes: Part of a piece of blue glass may be changed to green by means of the yellow stain. The colored surface of coated glass may be destroyed by attrition or the application of fluoric acid, and the white glass beneath it exposed to view. This may, of course, be wholly or in part stained yellow, like any other white glass. Two shades of yellow may be produced on the same piece of glass by staining some parts on both sides. But unless he adopt one or other of the above-mentioned processes, the glass-painter under the mosaic system can not have more than one color on the same piece of glass. A variety of *tint* or *depth* may often be observed in the same piece of colored glass, arising from some accident in its manufacture. Of this a skillful glass-painter will always avail himself, to correct as much as possible the stiffness of coloring necessarily belonging to this system of glass-painting.

It is a remarkable fact that the early artists, before or at the time of Albert Dürer, not having the aids of modern chemistry and large factories as now, formed their glass in small disks; yet they obtained from their impure and compound oxides effects and colors unknown in modern glass. This "defect effective" was so highly appreciated by Pugin that he established small glass-works in London to produce disks not exceeding six inches in diameter, conveying similar effects of color.

Under the enamel method the picture is painted on white or tinted glass with enamel colors and stains.

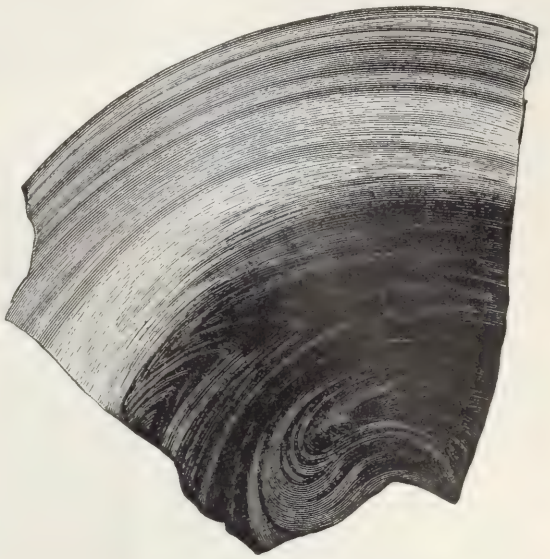
The mosaic-enamel method consists in a combination of the two former processes, white and colored glass as well as every variety of enamel color and stain being employed in it. The practical course of proceeding under each of these three methods is nearly alike. A cartoon of the design is made, upon which are also marked the shapes and sizes of the various pieces of glass. The glass is cut to these forms, and is afterward painted and burnt—*i. e.*, heated to redness in a furnace or kiln—which fixes the enamel colors, and causes the stains to operate. The number of burnings to which the glass is subjected varies according to circumstances. It is in general sufficient to burn glass with only one enamel color once or twice, the self-same operation sufficing also to give effect to the stain, if any is used. Where several enamel colors are employed, it is necessary to burn the glass more frequently, each color in general requiring to be fixed by a separate burning. It only then remains to lead the glass together, and to put it up in its place.

"The mosaic system of glass-painting as

now practiced," further writes Mr. Winston, "may, I think, be considered a revival of the system which prevailed throughout the Middle Ages, and until the middle of the sixteenth century. The glass employed during this period is similar to the modern in its general character, but materially differs from it both in texture and color. These differences are the more perceptible in proportion to the antiquity of the glass."

The successful application of glass-painting is, however, restricted very markedly. "The painter on glass," Mr. Weale urges, in his downright fashion, "must refrain from attempting to imitate oil-painting." On the contrary, he must acquire the conviction that, although these two arts have unquestionably a point of contact, they nevertheless possess sides extremely dissimilar. Painting on glass, on account of the distance at which the picture is usually placed from the spectator, requires to be treated in a perfectly distinct manner. It excludes detail, which on an opaque surface is susceptible of great effect, but which, through the transparency of the glass, is lost, even should not a defect in the burning have done injustice to the talent of the painter. But if, after all, the artist be bent upon giving to his performance all the harmony of an oil-painting, he must sacrifice the transparency and the liveliness of the colors, which constitute the most beautiful feature of this kind of painting. Besides, the "presence of the leading and the iron bars," which unite the various portions of a painted window, and which it is in vain to attempt to conceal entirely in the shadows of the picture, must ever prove the rock on which the claim of the artist to imitate oil-painting is sure to suffer shipwreck.

Mr. Winston is still more explicit in his caution that there are features in glass-painting which render it unfit for the representation of certain subjects. Such as essentially demand a picturesque treatment are better suited to an oil or water-color painting than to a glass-painting, the pictorial resources of which are more limited. A glass-painting is incapable of those nice gradations of color and of light and shade which are indispensable for close imitations of nature, and for producing the full effect of atmosphere and distance. And even if this defect could be overcome, the lead or other metal work would infallibly ruin the picture. For these reasons it would be improper to select a landscape, for instance, as the principal



FRAGMENT OF DISK OF ANTIQUE COLORED GLASS.

subject of a glass-painting. A subject of this description, though it might form a valuable auxiliary as a background to a design, would, if executed by itself, only betray the defectiveness of the art in its flatness and want of atmosphere. The same objection equally applies to long perspective views of interiors and the like. To these may be added groups of figures, or even single figures requiring a great display of foreshortening, and compositions which do not consist of figures confined to the foreground, but comprise distant groups carried far into the background of the picture.

The subjects best suited to glass-paintings are those which are of themselves pleasing objects, displaying the translucent qualities of glass. Of this kind are ornamental patterns and designs capable of being represented in a simple, hard, and somewhat flat manner, by broad masses of stiff coloring, clear outlines, and vivid contrasts of light and shade. A group sculptured in bass-relief would afford an excellent model, on account of its want of apparent depth and the means taken to counteract as far as possible this cause of indistinctness—the simplicity of the composition, namely, and the sharp lights and broad shadows of the figures. But the glass-painter is best left to his own powers of selecting his subjects, if he will but be careful to exhibit the translucency of the glass as far as circumstances

will reasonably allow. "I by no means entertain the opinion"—we are again quoting Mr. Winston—"that a glass-painting is to be estimated merely in proportion to its sparkling brilliancy and the beauty of its colors, without regard to its pictorial qualities. If this were so, pattern glass-



SCREEN.—[WILLIAM GIBSON.]

paintings should always be preferred to picture glass-paintings, and geometrical patterns formed of plain pieces of glass to patterns enriched with painting. I only assert that the best picture glass-painting is that which most fully combines the qualities of a good picture with display of the diaphanous property of glass. It ought, no doubt, to be a *translucent* picture; but it should, amongst other things, exhibit the greatest effect of atmosphere and distance that can reasonably be imparted to glass-painting, and which so materially promote the distinctness of the design."

Glass-painting is an art taxing the highest pictorial resources. The artist, if he is worth notice at all, is ever advancing. Warrington, a worker of European reputation, in his history of stained glass, insists that the artist in glass-painting should be a student of history, sacred and profane, well versed in ecclesiastical and civil costume, armor, heraldry, genealogy, conventionalism, symmetry, coloring, and the manufacture of colors; that he should draw geometrically, mechanically, and artistically, and strengthen himself with a mechanical knowledge of combining numberless parts to compose a whole, of the effect of which he has scarcely an opportunity of forming any other than a problematical judgment until the entire work is erected, and which, therefore, he can only acquire by habit and intuitive feeling.

We need not stop to inquire how many glass-painters in New York city fulfill these exacting conditions. We are only prepared to maintain that glass-painting of a high order of art is accessible in this city, and that there is a large and increasing demand for it as a means of household decoration at the present moment. A series of five windows lately



FRUIT AND GAME—DINING-ROOM DECORATION.—[WILLIAM GIBSON.]

painted for the dining-room of a mansion on the western side of the Hudson enables us to justify by direct example our emphatic commendation. The designs occupy the lower half of the windows, being four feet six inches in height by three feet six inches in width. With bold yet carefully composed outlines are depicted the gardener with the vegetables, the fisherman with his nets and baskets of fish and the various equipments of his craft, surrounded by colored mosaics of the fruits and growths of the garden. To these succeed the gamekeeper with his spoils from the preserve, the huntsman and his trophies and his prey, the domestic *proveditori*—the butcher, the baker, the confectioner, with the delicacies of his handicraft lending color and glitter to the subject—whilst close at hand are the vintner and his acolytes, and the several attendants ministering to a noble repast. The figures are partially in mediæval costume. The borderings of these inspirations of comfort, good-will, and hospitality symbolize the invitation and recep-

tion of the guest and the procession to the feast, with the cook and the obsequious domestics, all, by manner and the insignia they carry, striving to enhance the hospitality of the host himself. Conceive the rich and varied streams of color, the reliefs and contrasts of tone, which these brilliant mosaic transparencies bestow when the light, natural or artificial, streams through their several divisions! How the festive warmth and good cheer of the *salle à manger* are infinitely enhanced by the glowing hues of dress and dessert, costume and produce, all belonging, as it were, to the particular uses of the ample apartment!

Painted windows, it has been well said, and especially pattern windows, composed merely of round glass with a painted border, will, in many domestic buildings, be found as effectually to exclude the sight of some disagreeable object as panes of common ground or corrugated glass, besides being vastly more ornamental.

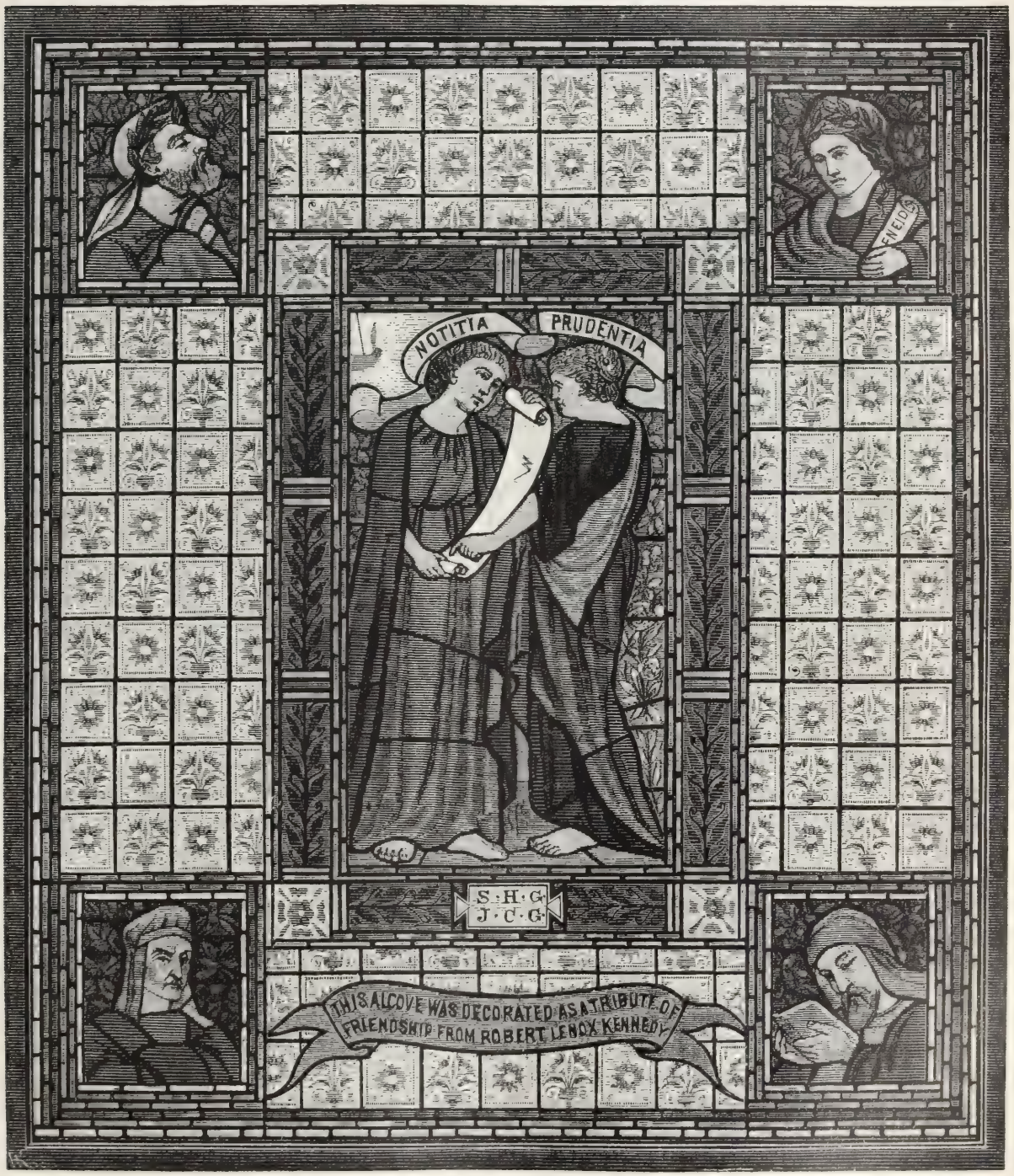
Increased evidences of stained glass coming into fashion in the shops, the houses, the flats, even in the dépôts of the elevated railway, poor as the specimens may be, are on every side of the city. Let us recall a few examples. The windows of the reception-rooms of a well-known physician present two historic full-length figures of the Anglo-Saxon period —studies of the quaint, bright, early costumes, reminding one of Enid, "where, like a shoaling sea, the lovely blue played into green"—having enrichments of color in the upper lights. A Brooklyn residence, of ordinary dimensions, possesses an extension dining-room with four windows representing the Seasons, and in the library casements are four charming medallion portraits of Bryant, Longfellow, Dickens, and Shakspeare. The Society Library has a solemn memorial alcove with a southern light showing figures of Knowledge and Prudence, flanked at the corners with heads of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Chaucer, well draped and habited. A scroll records the dedication: "This Alcove was decorated as a Tribute of Friendship from Robert Lenox Kennedy." No more elegant treatment occurs to us, for an example far away in a literary man's home, than the staircase window designed by the Messrs. Cottier for the poet Tennyson, in which figures of Dante, Homer, and Chaucer filled the principal lights, having three medallions in the fan-lights of Beatrice, Penelope, and Griselda, and emblematic fruits and flowers in the lower panels. The casual visitor has only to pass the Brunswick Hotel—which, though thoroughly modern, and only a few years in existence, has its dining-room surrounded with old casements, furnished from Boston, such as might have decorated a thriving hostelry on the great North Road of Old England —and take his course up Fifth or Madison Avenue. Adaptations of old stained-glass decorations may be here and there, and not sparsely, met with, serving as an ornament for the higher lights, and as a screen for the lower compartments of the first-floor windows looking on the public thoroughfare.

In the glass-painters' workshops—we write these remarks in one of the most noted—may be seen devices, at a cost within the reach of the majority, which would brighten and illuminate habitations large or small. Here are medallion windows filled with medallions, or panels, containing colored pictures, arranged in a symmetrical manner, and imbedded in a mosaic ornamental ground formed of rich colors, highly suggestive and agreeable in a sitting-room, whatever be its principal uses. Here are pictures without number, representing successive incidents in a parable, a story, or a legend, prose or verse, some even bearing effigies, having lighter colors for the edgings of the various panelling and outer border of the windows. Profuse in fancy are the groups of leaves, the maple, oak, ivy, and the parasitical plants, as well as the birds and insects, and the scroll-work formed of the twining tendrils of plants, or boughs, or branches. Borders with stalks running up the sides of the lights, either in a serpentine manner or straight, from which spring leaves, acorns, nuts, fruit, the stalks, maybe, of one color, the leaves of another, and these introduced on a colored ground. There is a very bewilderment, of course, of heraldic emblems and equipments, the shield, the helmet, crown, coronet, crest, mantling, motto, highly enriched with barbaric gems. At hand are ranged coats of arms, or badges, or merchants' marks, initials of a rich, extravagant form, and monograms highly decorated. Attractive enough will the common "decorated patterns" be found, consisting of a number of narrow fillets and bands, some colored, some ornamented, but for the most part

plain and white, disposed in the forms of circles, lozenges, ovals, quatre-foils, and other geometrical figures, or even simply reticulated and curiously interwoven with each other.

You will not find a prettier fashion of brilliant Japanese furniture does not afford.

Meanwhile certain simple professional advice may be remembered with profit by any novice thinking to use painted glass, in a considerable degree, as a household



MEMORIAL WINDOW IN SOCIETY LIBRARY.

putting a story into pictorial form, either an old ballad, or a scene or two from a play of Shakspeare, or a legend by Longfellow, than that of using the slides of a fire-screen for one or more diaphanous illustrations, bright with delicate and glistening color--a kaleidoscope that even the ornamentation. The positive colors ought to be employed sparingly, and confined to the chief points in the composition. When overloaded with color, the sparkling brilliancy so desirable in painted glass is entirely lost. The general ground of the window, for example, should be of a

neutral tint suitable in tone to its character and situation. In a southern aspect this tone should be of a cool gray, and the positive colors blue, green, and purple, ought to predominate over ruby, yellow, and orange. In a northern aspect the general ground should be of a warm, sunny tint, and the warm ought to predominate over the cold colors. An eastern window ought to approximate in color to a northern, a western to a southern window.

Forty-five years ago, says Mr. Gibson, there was no stained-glass manufactory in the United States. He may be considered the father of glass-painting on this side, and his museum, old books, and wondrous collections of bric-à-brac of all sorts, illustrate the numberless by-paths directly or indirectly connected with the glass-painter's art. At the period of Mr. Gibson's arrival, a father and two sons, named James, had built a furnace in New York city, but tried in vain to obtain orders sufficient to form a business. The two sons became scene-painters; the father painted curtains, but eventually returned to England, went into theatrical speculations, and redeemed his fortunes. Now, at least a score of glass-painters may be found within Fifth Avenue and Bleecker Street, while perhaps every city of note throughout the Union possesses one or more artists of this attractive craft.

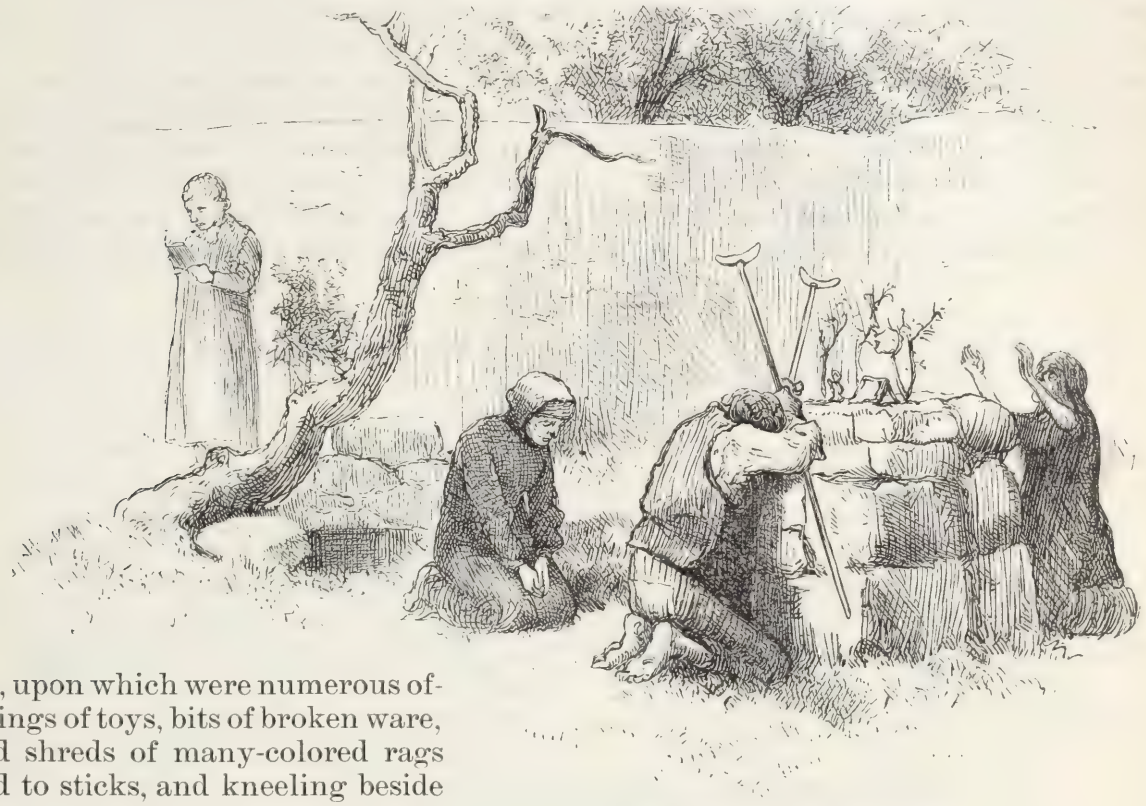
THE CONNEMARA HILLS.

THE rain in which I had begun my journey to Roundstone disappeared as the day advanced, when the sun came forth, and, driving the mist before it, revealed the beauty of the scenery through which we were passing. The purple heather blossoms, the green furze, and brown boggy banks dripping with moisture, seemed covered with innumerable diamonds; the air became musical with the songs of the birds; and Nature, joyous and hopeful, seemed recovering from some malady. As I looked back upon the mountains they assumed an entirely different aspect: they appeared heavy and sombre while we journeyed at their base, but now their lines were as varied and full of buoyant grace as those of the most noble Alpine scenery. The dreary moors were changed to beautiful lakes whose waters were dotted with islands, and the sky, so long hidden by its humid veil, was of the deepest blue, and melted with exquisite gradation of tint into the piled-up ranges of the distant mountains. The soft perfumed air, the glorious scenery, clear and splendid in the sun's rays, made me forget all fatigue, and my spirits ascended as rapidly as the birds, which seemed ecstatic in their new-found bliss. Lake Ballinahinch, on the borders of which our road lay for two miles, is one of the largest as well as the most picturesque of the watery chain that unites the Connemara Hills. The whole of this district formerly belonged to the Martins, whose castle is situated between the lake and the river, surrounded by a forest. As we loitered along I pondered upon the fate of this unfortunate family, whose sway was so recently almost royal. Most of us are familiar with the story through Lever's novel of the *Martins of Cro' Martin*. As I gazed upon the tumbling walls and the rudely boarded windows of what is now a ruin, my thoughts wandered to the times when these forests were filled by the warlike followers of the family, who heard so often sounded the note of preparation for those sallies in which they encountered their most formidable enemy, Edward O'Flaherty, surnamed Laider the Strong. These battles, in which the combatants were mounted and heavily armed, were frequent and severe, and when they returned from their victory or defeat, as the case might be, they celebrated the one or the other with the same prodigal festivities. These fightings and feastings were not the best means of improving an estate or the conditions of its occupants, and soon deprived the Martins of the greater part of what was the most extensive property owned by any untitled gentleman in Europe.

For several miles our road was bounded by bog on one side and rocks on the other. There were no evidences of human habitation, yet here and there we passed a peasant — some crippled, all plunged in profound misery. I inquired the errand of these poor creatures, and was informed that it was St. Somebody's Day, and they were going to her well near by to be healed.

"It's there beyond," said a trembling

old woman, pointing her skinny finger to a clump of trees and a stone wall a few hundred yards distant. I alighted, and walked down the valley to a small inclosure which surrounded a well and a withered tree. Near by was a rude stone altar, upon which were numerous offerings of toys, bits of broken ware, and shreds of many-colored rags tied to sticks, and kneeling beside it was a group of cripples; some moved slowly round the circle on their knees, muttering prayers, some were telling their beads, others partook of the water, while a priest stood by the tree reading. This, then, was one of the holy wells so numerous in Ireland, to which visits are still frequently made, in some cases as works of penance, either voluntary or enjoined, but generally for obtaining health, under the auspices of the saint, by drinking the waters of the well. Of course the day of the patron saint of each well is the one chosen for these visits; and some years ago, and even now in many parts of the country, crowds were attracted, not only for religious motives, but for love of gossip and meeting with distant friends. These wells have kept their reputation for centuries, the fame of some being coeval with Christianity, while that of others probably preceded it, the early Christian teachers having merely changed the object of worship, leaving the altars of idolatry undisturbed.



PILGRIMS AT THE HOLY WELL.

At Deraddia we pass the ruins of Toombeola Abbey, of which only a gable end now remains, as it was torn down during Elizabeth's reign, and the stones used for building purposes. As we descended into a valley, where the dampness of ages seemed to have collected, almost hidden beneath some trees was a forlorn mouldy chapel, which, to my mind, filled with gloomy reflections on the scene I had just left, looked unusually sad. Indeed, religion in Ireland seems full of pain and tears. All the misery and suffering of their unhappy lives go to make it one of gloom; their votive offerings are rags and thorny crowns, not gold and jewels; their chapels are invariably of the most melancholy aspect, and the beggars seen praying in their dark corners seem, as I remember them, entombed alive in suffering and despair. How different from the dainty and festive religion of the French!

As I looked over the flat moors, where lake and bog were intermingled, toward the sea, I saw Roundstone, perched like a sea-gull, white and shining in the sun, on a projecting tongue of land. Its gabled houses and irregular hilly streets, its little quay which seemed made for ornament rather than use, its little monastery that had crawled out as far as it could get toward the sea, gave it a peculiarly novel and striking aspect. Whenever I approach a town I am inclined to form my opinion of it from the first distant

glimpse, and prepare myself accordingly to be pleased or uncomfortable. Here every step increased my delight with the beautiful scenery around us; the sea, as if in love with the land, came winding through the hills and fields, and made its home among them, and in gratitude for their hospitality reflected on its bright bosom all their charms; on the right the moorlands crept up until they crowned with their purple heather the very summit of Urrisbeg; far back of us the Twelve Pins melted into the sky.

The hotel at Roundstone held forth no great promises to a tired traveller. On alighting I found my way into a parlor where gigantic sofas and repellent chairs of the fashion of the Empire were in incongruous association with a Connecticut clock guarded by two china dogs. I knocked and rung for some minutes, until a flurried servant came and regarded me in great trepidation before replying to my demand, and said the master must be consulted.

"Where is your master?" I asked.

"Troth I don't know, ma'am."

"Don't you see the lady is waiting?" said Flanigan, entering the room at this moment. "Be off with you and bring the proprietor." He rolled the last word out with such an emphasis that the girl was overcome into the most abject submission, and immediately disappeared.

"Did you ever see such animals?" said Flanigan, with the air of a naturalist proposing a knotty question: "sure it is not fit for a lady or gentleman to be talking to the likes of them. You should let me bate them into dacent manners, ma'am, before ye condescind to spake to them."

The proprietor soon made his appearance. A fat, smooth-shaven man, suffused with a perpetual blush that reached even the tips of his ears. This charming freshness of complexion was set off by gray hair cropped close, a gray cap, and gray clothes. He eyed me with an air of consternation, which I understood afterward when the servant told me in great confidence that he was a bachelor. For an Irish landlord, there was a surprising deficiency of jewelry about his person, which somewhat predisposed me in his favor.



ROUNDSTONE.

"Would you put up with poor convaniance, ma'am?"

"Yes, if supportable."

"It is too bad, tired as you are, you should be wanting shuitable accommodation. We will try and make you as comfortable as we can." He showed me to a neat little sitting-room, plainly yet tastefully furnished, with a charming view of

the sea, opening into a bedroom looking out upon the mountains. Its irreproachable neatness formed a shining contrast to what I had lately undergone, and it was so cozy and home-like that I at once felt relieved.

I ordered my dinner, and started out to see the town. It was a small sea-port that at one time seemed destined to become a place of great importance—that of being the starting-point from Ireland to America. A good road was made to it, and a fine pier, built by Nimmo, an engineer who saw in the capacious bay great capabilities. The houses and people were cleaner than in any village I had visited. There were no shops, except one in connection with the post-office, and a smaller establishment where they sold whiskey and tobacco. A few anxious invalids were standing about the doorway of a dispensary, as if the medicines given them could supply the life and strength which their poor food and hard lives could not afford.

This, like many other places in Ireland destined to become of great importance, seems to have been thrown into a magic spell of sleep by some fairy, and only the clink of gold and the spirit of enterprise can disenchant it. Constables stroll the streets looking as vainly for peace-breakers as the coast-guard strains his eyes through his glass for smugglers, and sees only a solitary law-abiding hooker floating in to the empty pier. The only rich and flourishing place was the monastery —a spot evidently selected as being the most salubrious as well as most fertile in the vicinity.

On my return to the hotel I found that, despite all the protestations to the contrary, there must be every "convaniance" here. The table was covered with snowy linen; wax candles gave forth their soft light in antique stands; beside my plate of fine old china was laid the *Times*, which I looked upon as a bachelor's delicate attention to a lone woman.

The dinner was so well cooked and served I had but one regret—that there was no one to share it. The absence of greasy, officious waiters, and the attending clatter of dish-covers and flirting of ancient napkins, permitted me to enjoy my repast undisturbed, and inspired me with a feeling of ease and comfort. After the cloth was removed I took up the paper and scanned every item. It was three days old, but I was assured it was the latest news they could get here, so that the horrors of some dreadful murder or other tragedy were already somewhat softened by time, and their keener edge was, as it were, removed.

I arose early the next day. It promising to be fine, I determined to ascend the Urrisbeg Mountain, which lies immediately behind the town. The landlord told me it would be an easy matter, and as he spoke of it as only a hill, I did not venture to ask for a guide. I started off fully confident of success, but felt a little discouraged when I found the ground was marshy. I supposed it would get better as I got higher, but it seemed to have collected and kept every drop of rain that had fallen for months. Stepping on a softer piece than usual, I sunk in far over my boots, and floundered helplessly, expecting every moment to disappear in the bosom of the mountain. I made a hasty exclamation, when a boy, whom I had observed had left his flocks and was following me with great curiosity, now gathered courage to approach me, and offering his staff, said, "Put your foot on this bunch of heather, ma'am." After some time I succeeded. He then pulled some heather and brushed the black mud from my boots, telling me meanwhile that he knew the mountain well, for he tended the cattle here all the year round. I asked him if he would go up with me and show me the best way. From his reply I understood it was just what he desired. He then said, "Always step on these tufts of heather; they will be sure to bear you."

We seemed to take so many turns I began to doubt his knowledge, and asked, "Why do you not go straight on?"

He said, "This is the way the cattle go, and they have gone so often, they know best."

I concurred in his opinion, and patiently followed him until we arrived at the point from which he assured me I could "see powerful."

It was a glorious sight, to which neither pen nor pencil could do justice. To the north lay the wide, level Urrisbeg and Urrismore, spotted by almost innumerable lakes, on the left sending forth long irregular tongues of land far out into the sea, and on the right overlooked by the range of the Twelve Pins, here taking shapes again new, the only sign of human habitation in the vast expanse being the village of Clifden, seen far in the distance.

The whole formed a scene of strange and savage grandeur. I felt at last the force of the name Connemara, which signifies bays of the sea. Toward the east the



"THERE, MA'AM, IS AMERICA."

mountains gave every variety of form and color, their rugged granite sides here bare and there clothed with the richest verdure. The golden grain fields that occasionally shone forth upon their base looked like precious gems dropped in these wilds from the hand of civilization. To the west was the broad Atlantic, dotted by islands as far as the eye could reach.

I began to feel the effects of my exertions, and selected a cozy nook behind a pile of stones—in Ireland there are so many stones, and people have so little to do, that the habit of piling them up has become a national peculiarity, like whittling sticks in America—and partook of my luncheon. I asked my guide of his life and hopes. He replied that he was an orphan, and earned his living as a herd, spending most of his time on the mountains with the cattle; but he was learning to read, and saving his earnings, such as they were, to buy books.

"And will you always be a herd?" I asked.

"No, ma'am," he replied, "for I will go to America when I am big enough." And mounting upon a rock above me, he pointed to where the sea and sky blended into a silver mist, and said, "There, ma'am, is America." As I looked into his handsome, thoughtful eyes I saw in them the hopeful gaze of his ancestors, who, from that same spot, perhaps, had pointed to where O'Breasil, the enchanted islands, lay. Is it too much to say that in the serious, handsome face and manly figure of this boy, who was saving pennies to pay his passage, as he said, to the Promised Land, I saw the father of a future President, or of one whose name would, perhaps, be a pride for Americans?

Having endeavored by a sketch to reproduce the singular scene afforded by the multitude of lakes below me, I prepared to descend. My guide trudged on patiently, carrying my basket, while I searched for secure footing. A sharp ledge of granite made such an inviting place of rest that I concluded to take my farewell of the scene before going on. While sitting there dreaming of the legends of sea and land that are so familiar to every peasant, I descried a curious little cabin perched in a nook. It was hardly large enough for a human habitation; I therefore inferred it might be the winter residence of the famous good people. I called to Tom to ask some particulars. At this moment the weird figure of an old man clothed in rags emerged from the cabin as if from the bowels of the earth. As he stood beside his habitation it was only breast-high. I told him I thought his habitation had been an abode for the fairies. He laughed, and said "it was not, but a very good warm place, God bless it!"

"But surely you can not stand up in it?"

"There is no need, your honor, ma'am. I can come outside to do that, and when I am within I can either go to bed or sit down. My daughter lives with me, and she's not very big; and so, you see, as far as regards a potato for the pot and comfortable wearables, we are as well off as any of the gentry. For that matter, better, for nobody bothers us at all."

His wearables, by which he meant his clothing, were composed of scraps gathered, one might think, from a variety of sources. I do not know whether it was because he had not had any one to talk to for a long time, or because I was a good listener, but he began with volubility and animation of gesture to tell me of the mountain and its legends.

"There's no respecting any thing in these times," he said. "Would you believe it, that nowadays they shoot the seals off on the islands there as carelessly as they would catch herrings?"

"Why, is it wrong to do so?" I asked.

"Indeed, then, it is; for, begging your honor's pardon, they are just the souls of the departed that have to put on them shapes for penance, but at the end of the world they will get free and go among the blessed. They say," he continued, "that once in every hundred years one of them has its natural form for twelve hours; that is, they lay aside their skins, which they must put on when the sun sets, and return to the water."



THE LITTLE CABIN.

While he was talking to me I saw a head emerge from the little doorway. Finally his daughter, as I supposed she was, grew impatient, and came in view, spoon in hand, to tell the old man that his stirabout awaited him.

"Would your honor look into the cabin, though it's a poor place to ask you to see?"

Curiosity as to its structure and accommodation led me to accept the invitation. It certainly was the smallest place two human beings ever contrived to exist in. A mass of heather and ferns was piled in one corner, which evidently served for beds; a fire smouldered on some stones, and the smoke found vent through the door, there being no chimney; a pot of stirabout hung upon a hook secured by a rope of straw; a small stool (on which stood an ancient candlestick), a curious three-legged chair, a wooden mug (called a mether), a basket (which served as a dish from which they ate their potatoes, and a cradle in families boasting of an infant), and an iron pot, completed the list of their household goods and chattels. The lover of *bibelots* who has sought in Holland and Belgium, or in a shop of a *marchand de bric-à-brac* in Paris, for the charmingly simple and graceful objects of daily use belonging to the Middle Ages, would readily recognize the antitypes of candlesticks and chairs which he has encountered in his researches. The pointed top of the candlestick forms the snuffers, the candle being taken from its socket, which is raised in order to open the apex to cut the wick. My host look-

ed about him with a certain pride, and told me it was very warm and comfortable, as there were no windows to let the air in. The woman bent over the pot, saying, "He has got used to it now, ma'am, but we had a snug home before the famine" (which seems the epoch from which they date all their misfortunes); "but we were glad to get a shelter any where, and the poor man takes as much care of this little place as though it was a great house. All the family are dead or gone to foreign lands, and I stay to care him." Here was another evidence of the love of kindred, and of patience under terrible privations, so common in Ireland, particularly in these highlands. I reluctantly bade adieu to the scene and my interesting host, in whose humble cabin I had found so much true contentment, affection, and hopefulness. As I descended, my friend cried after me a series of good wishes. Two of them struck me as peculiarly beautiful: "May the smile of the Lord light you to glory!" "May the sun never be too hot nor the wind too cold for you!"



THE BATHERS.

Looking from my window next morning, through which came the grateful sunshine, I found amusement watching the bathers on the beach. Roundstone, like Salt Hill, near Galway, is much frequented during the season by the peasantry from the interior, who come as regularly for their few weeks' idling by the sea-side, and enjoy it quite as much, I doubt not, as the strictest devotees of fashion in other countries. The women and girls, who were bathing *en chemise*, seemed in no wise annoyed by the admiration of the group of swains who smoked and commented and stared from the road.

I idled and dreamed amid the beautiful scenery of this delightful town until late in the afternoon, when I started for Clifden, beneath a cloudless sky and a sun that had a midsummer warmth. The scenery through which we passed, from its wildness and strangeness, made me feel as if I were in dream-land instead of in this world. Stones and bog and mountain lay on either side, and a perfect network of lakes encompassed us, while the only sounds which disturbed the silence were the shrill cry of the curlew and the plover's whistle.

I permitted Flanigan to turn off from the direct road, as he assured me the scenery was far more picturesque. There was every prospect of a cloudless night; and as the almanac had promised us the full moon, I desired to enjoy the view of this strange scenery under its weird and mysterious light. Like many of the atten-

tions of my guide, ostensibly prompted by disinterested motives, I found this divergence from our route, however, was in accordance with his own interests rather than mine. When we arrived at a by-road so rarely travelled that the mark of hoof or wheel was not discernible—a region so desolate that it looked like one of the rocky wildernesses described by Dante—the slanting sunlight gave the scene so wild and sad an aspect that it affected me like looking in the heart-broken face of a human being. Flanigan pulled up, and asked me would I object to his going to the cabin abroad for a bucket of water for his horse. I looked in vain for the cabin spoken of, and, in view of lakes and streams in every direction, began to doubt his sanity or sobriety.

"Isn't there water enough at every step for your horse, without searching an additional bucketful elsewhere?" I asked, indignantly.

"'Tis true for you, ma'am," he replied; "but, saving your presence, that water is colicky for the beast. And, to tell the truth, ma'am, there is a boy living just beyond where I am going for the water whom I have not seen these siven years, and he's a second cousin of my sister-in-law's own aunt. We used to be just like brothers, and I may never be so near again."

"And for this you brought me out of the way?" I was determined to make him turn back to the main road.

"By the death I owe to Heaven, 'twas not, ma'am!"

He poured forth so many protestations, and called on so many saints to witness the disinterestedness of his motives, that I was disposed to relent for the sake of quieting him. The disagreeable part of a lie is being detected in it; and as I did not desire to be on bad terms with an individual who certainly had always shown devotion to my service, I did not insist on my interpretation of his conduct.

"Maybe yourself would like to see the cabin, ma'am, for it is a curious trade they carry on. He makes 'stuff.'" He spoke below his breath, as if divulging an important secret.

"And what is 'stuff'?" I asked.

"Potheen—whiskey." He seemed to taste it in imagination. "It's a strange sight to see them making it in a wild place among the hills; and if you don't mind a little jolting—for it's a frightfully rough road—I'll drive there. If they should happen to be distilling now, 'tis the purtiest sight ye ever saw." I assented, and we



THE DANCE.

pursued our way over stones and through bog to a cabin which lay concealed from view in a glen.

Could it be possible that I heard music in this dreary and remote region? We stopped and dismounted, and as we approached the door the merry strains from Irish bagpipes fell upon my ear.

Flanigan pushed open the door and entered. "God save all here!" he cried.

As I looked in I saw a spacious room. In the centre a beautiful girl, with the large body, strong limbs, small head, and Grecian features that constitute the Connemara type—if I may be permitted to judge, they are the most beautiful women I ever saw—was treading a measure with

infinite grace and dignity upon the mud floor. An old piper gave voice to the untutored poetry of his soul through his pipes in an old Irish air, and by the fireplace sat two old men smoking. As Flanigan entered, one of them sprang up, and dropping his pipe, cried out, "God be good to us! is it Mike?" And the next moment they were locked in each other's arms.

This was apparently a comfortable household. There was no upper story, but a room branched off to the right and another to the left of the kitchen, parlor, and hall. There was a hen-roost in the corner, and the pig was outside. Upon a barrel were bottles of whiskey and cups. I thought perhaps I had arrived at the beginning of some festivity. I found that, it being the home of a potheen-maker, they were indulging in the customary gayety attending the commencement as well as the termination of distilling.

Illicit distilling, which is still extensively practiced in the remote parts of Ireland, is attended with great risk, as police and spies are numerous and constantly on the watch, and the punishments attendant upon conviction are very severe. The name of American is a passport every where in Ireland, and on this occasion I was unreservedly admitted to the fireside and confidence of the potheen-maker. He informed me that his daughter had never heard the pipes before that day; that a piper who chanced to be passing through that part of the country had been detained to aid their merriment. Since morning she had been practicing to the music, and had, untutored, arrived to the grace and precise movement which I had witnessed. I wondered at her skill, but her father informed me that she had always danced "natherally." She danced with her shadow, he said, when she went to the well; and indeed I observed that all her movements were full of lightness and grace.

The potheen-maker was a tall, raw-boned man of about fifty years, with a mouth made for tasting his own whiskey, and a searching, furtive gaze which showed that he loved deceit and cunning for their own sake. A wooden mug with a handle carved out of the same block—such as I have already indicated in another locality—was filled with boiling water and white, limpid potheen, and offered me. I recoiled, thunder-struck, from such a draught; but understanding that, as it was considered their most hospitable offering, to refuse would have been ungracious, I touched it with my lips. This wooden mether filled with hot water and whiskey is called the "screeching-hot tumbler," and I may here record my judgment upon it as the most horrible mixture I ever tasted. They laughed at my wry face, and assured me that it was the most healthy drink in the world. Of the buttermilk, bread, and butter offered me at the same time I partook with more relish, leaving Flanigan to finish the contents of the mether, which he did with a relish approaching ecstasy.

As the still was then "running," on an island near by, and as it lay upon our road to Clifden, I consented to accompany them to see the process of distillation.



FLANIGAN'S LUNCH.

III.

THE discovery of the gold mines of California was a signal for enterprise, daring, and achievement not only to our commerce and the thrift of our shifting millions of uneasy settlers, but also to the literature and landscape art of the United States. "To the kingdom of the west wind" hied artist and author alike, and the epic of the settlement of California, of the scaling of the Rocky Mountains, of the glory of the Columbia River, and the stupendous horrors of the Yellowstone was pictured on the canvas of the artist. Taylor and Scott conquered the Pacific slope, Fremont pointed out the pathway over the swelling ranges of the mountains, and our painters revealed to us the matchless splendor of a scenery which shall arouse increasing astonishment and reverential awe and rapture in the hearts of generations yet to be. In the gratitude we owe to these landscape painters who dared, discovered, and delineated for us the scenery of which we were hitherto the ignorant possessors, criticism is almost left in abeyance, for the service done the people has been a double one—in leading them to the observation of paintings, and informing them of the attractions of a little



"VIEW ON THE KERN RIVER."—[A. BIERSTADT.]



"THE YOSEMITE." —[THOMAS HILL.]

known possession. If the art of these paintings of our Western scenery had been in all respects equal to the subject, the country would have been rich indeed. Among the artist explorers to whom we are most indebted, Bierstadt, Hill, and Moran are the most famous. The former by his great composition entitled the "Rocky Mountains" threw the people into an ecstasy of delight, which at this time it is difficult to understand, and bounded at one step to celebrity.

Albert Bierstadt is a native of Düsseldorf, but came to this country in infancy. Subsequently he studied at Düsseldorf and Rome. On returning to America he accompanied the exploring expedition of General Lander that went over the plains in 1858. Fitz Hugh Ludlow, the well-known *littérateur*, was associated with him in a subsequent trip, and several graphic articles in which he afterward described the journey undoubtedly helped to bring Mr. Bierstadt into notice.

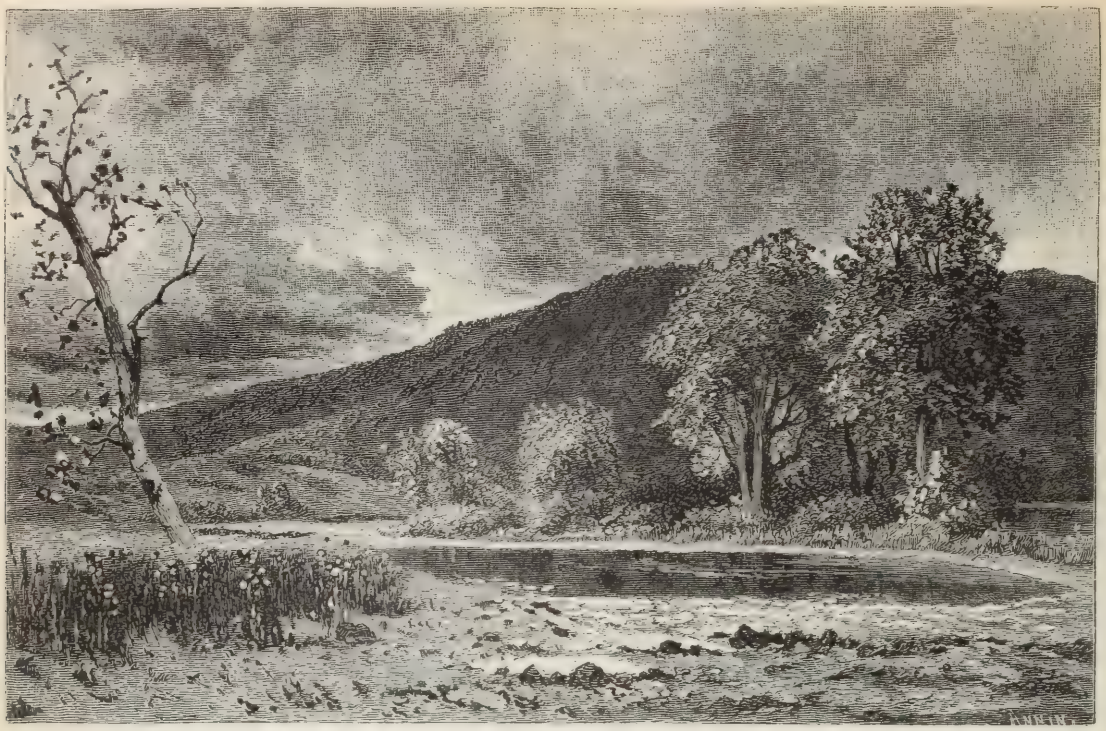
The "Rocky Mountains" is not the representation of an actual scene, but a typical composition, and, thus regarded, is a work of much interest. Since then this artist has executed a number of similarly ambitious paintings of our Western scenery, including a colossal painting of the gorge of the Yosemite Valley. Of these we prefer, as least sensational and most artistically correct, the painting of a storm on Mount Rosalie. Bierstadt's smaller California scenes are generally more valuable than his large ones for artistic quality, and one of the best compositions we have seen from his easel is a war sketch representing Federal sharp-shooters on the crest of a hill behind some trees. This is an excellent piece of work, fresh, original, and quite free from the Düsseldorf taint, and confirms us in the opinion that Mr. Bierstadt is naturally an artist of great ability and large resources, and might easily have obtained and held a reputation as such if he had not grafted on the sensationalism of Düsseldorf a greater ambition for notoriety and money than for success in pure art.

Some of the qualities we have learned to look for in vain in the canvases of Bierstadt we find represented and emphasized in the paintings of Thomas Hill, who succeeded him as court painter to the monarch of the Rocky Mountains. Hill began life as a coach painter at Taunton, Massachusetts. After deciding on a professional art career he visited Europe, and benefited by observation in foreign studios, especially of France, al-

though his style is essentially his own. His method of using pigments is sometimes open to the accusation of hardness; there is too often a lack of juiciness—a dryness that seems to remind us of paint rather than atmosphere. But Mr. Hill is a good colorist, bold and massive in his effects, and a very careful, conscientious student of nature. He has been happy in the rendering of wood interiors, as, for example, bits from the Forest of Fontainebleau. One of his most remarkable New England landscapes represents the avalanche in the Notch of the White Mountains, which was attended with such disastrous results to the dwellers in the valley. But Mr. Hill will be identified in future with California, where he has become a resident, and has devoted his energies to painting some of the magnificent scenery of that marvellous region, where the roar of the whirlwind and the noise of the thunder reverberate like the tread of the countless millions who evermore



"THE BATHERS."—[THOMAS MORAN.]



LANDSCAPE.—[JERVIS McENTEE.]

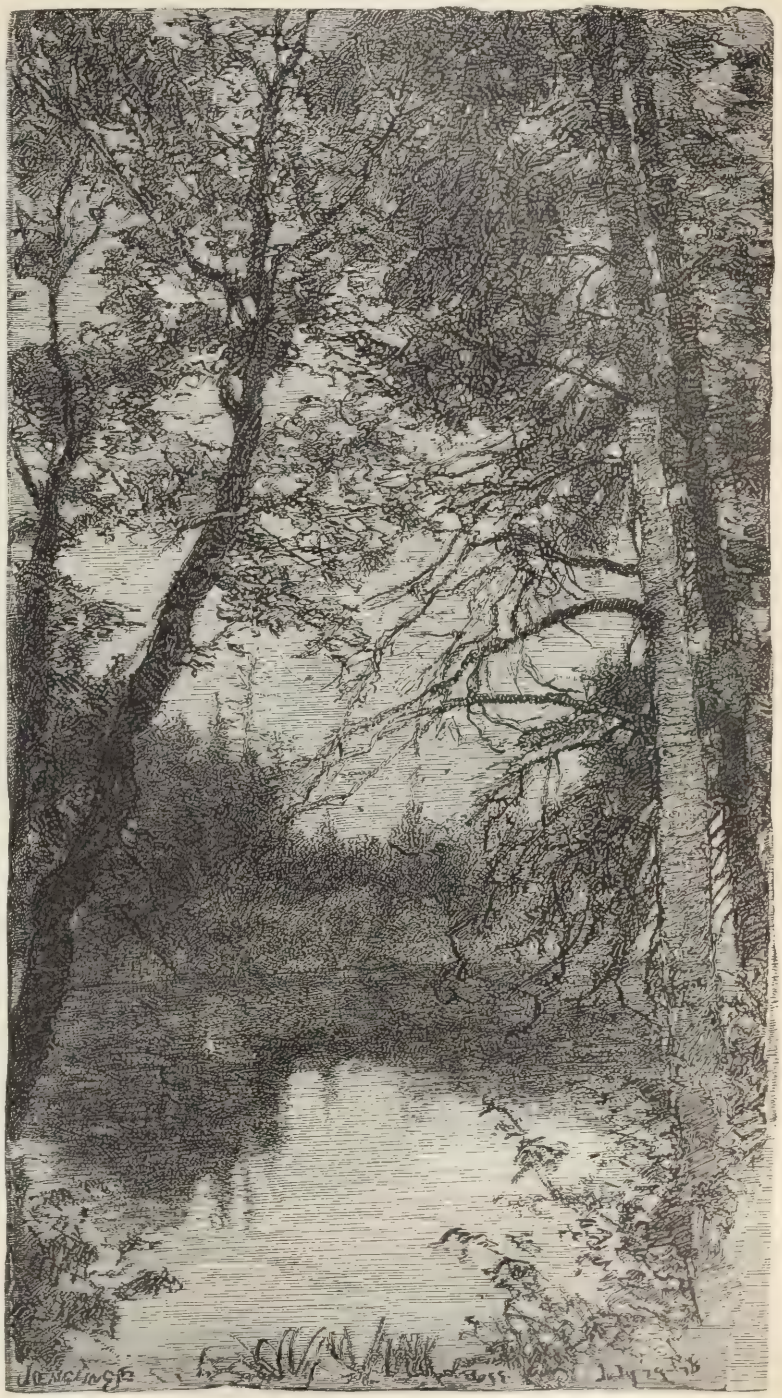
march to the westward. As he sat on the edge of the precipice, the forerunner of coming ages, and painted the sublime and solitary depths of the Yosemite, did the artist realize that with every stroke of the brush he was aiding the advance guard of civilization, and driving away the desolation which gave additional grandeur to one of the most extraordinary spots on the planet? In his great painting of the Yosemite he seems to have been inspired by a reverential spirit; he has taken no liberties with his subject, but has endeavored with admirable art to convey a correct impression of the scene. This work may be justly ranked with the best examples of the American school of landscape painting.



"COUNTY KERRY."—[A. H. WYANT.]

The first fever of the California rush had subsided when the uneasy explorer again stirred the enthusiasm of adventurous artists by thrilling descriptions of the Yellowstone River, its Tartarean gorges, and the lurid splendor of its sulphurous cliffs and steaming geysers. Once more the landscape artist of the country was moved to go forth and make known to us these unrevealed wonders; and Mr. Thomas Moran, "taking his life in his hands," as the deacons say in prayer-meeting, aspired to capture the bouquet, the first bloom, from this newly opened draught of inspiration. We all know the result. Who has not seen his splendid painting of the "Gorge of the Yellowstone," now in the Capitol at Washington? Granting the fitness of the subject for art, it can be frankly conceded that this is one of the best paintings of the sort yet produced. The vivid local colors of the rocks, which there is no reason to doubt have been faithfully rendered—for Mr. Moran is a careful and indefatigable student of certain phases of nature—appear, however, to give such works a sensational effect.

This appears to us to be the most valuable of the numerous paintings of Western subjects produced by this artist. It would be a mistake, however, to judge him wholly by the more ambitious compositions suggested by tropical or Western scenery. Some of his ideal paintings are very clever, and show us an ardent student and a mind inspired by a fervid imagination. But while granting thus much to the talents of this artist, who belongs to an artistic family, two of his brothers being also well-known painters, one in marine, the other in cattle painting, we can not accord him great original powers. He has studied the technique of his calling most carefully, and has bestowed great attention to the methods of several celebrated artists; but we are too often conscious in looking at his works that his style has leaned upon that of certain favorite artists. There is great cleverness, but little genius, apparent in the landscapes of Mr. Moran, for the imitative faculty has been too much for him.



"THE ADIRONDACKS."—[HOMER MARTIN.]

Contemporary with our school of grand nature, if we may so call it, we find evidences of another beginning to assert itself, of altogether a different character. The former deals wholly with externals, and the subject is the first end sought; it

concerns itself altogether with objects, and not with any ulterior thoughts which they may suggest to the sensitive imagination. The latter, on the other hand, searches out the mystery in nature, and he must be hurled, but knows not what are the shuddering possibilities that await the inevitable plunge.

Less subjective and morbid, but moved by a similar feeling for the suggestions of



"SHIP ASHORE."—[M. F. H. DE HAAS.]

analyzes its human aspect. It is the vague suggestions of hills and skies, of sere woods and lonely waters, and moorlands fading away into eternity, it is their symbolism and sympathy with the soul, that an artist like Jervis McEntee seeks to represent on canvas. This is, in a word, the subjective art, to which we have already alluded. To him the voice of nature is an elegy; the fall of the leaves in October suggests the passing away of men to the grave in a countless and endless procession; and whenever he introduces the agency of man into his pictures, it is as if he were fighting with an unseen and remorseless destiny. Exquisitely beautiful and poetic are the autumnal scenes of this artist, the reaches of russet woodlands, the expanses of skurrying clouds, gray, melancholy, wild. His art sings in a low minor key that finds response in the heart of multitudes who have suffered, to whom the world has been a battle-field, where the losses have outweighed the gains, and have left them gazing into the mysterious future like one who at midnight stands on the brink of a tremendous abyss into which

nature, Mr. A. H. Wyant has shown a sympathy with scenery and a masterful skill in reaching subtle effects which place him among the first landscape painters of the age. In the suggestive rendering of space and color, of the multitudinous phases of a bit of waste land, or mountain glen, or sedgy brook-side, simple enough at first sight, but full of an infinitude of unobtrusive beauty, he works with the magic of a high-priest of nature, broad in effect without being slovenly and careless, and giving a multitude of details while really dealing chiefly with one central and prevailing idea. Mr. Wyant's work occasionally shows traces of foreign influences, but he is an artist of too much original power to be under any necessity to stunt himself by the imitation of the style of any other artist, however great.

Mr. Homer Martin is another painter who views nature for the sentiment it suggests, while he is impressed chiefly by color and light; for form he seems to have less feeling. But he is a poet and a lyrist with the brush, and his sympa-

thy with certain aspects of nature is akin to idolatry. But we have no painter whose art is so unequal: in all his works there is absolute freedom, freshness, and originality; his scheme of color is altogether his own; but he is weak in technique, and he alternately startles us by the brilliance and beauty and suggestiveness of one painting, and the palpable failure to reach the desired end in another. However, this very irregularity in achievement shows that he is subject to inspirations, and thus partakes of the character of genius, but which, if it were of a higher order, would be more often successful in its attempts.

In the works of these artists we see abundant reason to believe in the permanent vitality of American landscape art, crops out in our landscape art. While it can not be said that his paintings suggest greatness, they breathe a true spirit, and possess a purity of color that is very attractive. Our marine art of the last twenty years has shown that the illimitable aspects of the sea are also receiving increased attention, and are calling forth some of the best art talent of the country. It may be partly due to the advent of Mr. M. F. H. De Haas, who came here from Holland already an accomplished artist, who had done so well in his native land as to be appointed court painter to the queen. He is an artist of brilliant parts, and although sometimes inclined to sensationalism, has undoubtedly created some splendid compositions, and his influence must have been of decided importance



"A FOGGY MORNING."—[W. E. NORTON.]

and evidence that it is not inclined to run in a conventional groove. The artists who represent it continue to assert their individuality, and just so long as that is done, art is in a healthy and progressive condition. If further evidence of this were needed, we might cite the landscapes of Mr. J. Appleton Brown, who, after a rather discouraging servitude to Corôt, is at last beginning to show us the reserve power of which he is capable when he is more concerned with nature than with methods. Mr. Ernest Longfellow, a son of the poet, is another exemplar of the personality which every where during this period. While he has been working in New York, two marine painters of Boston have also executed some striking and beautiful works. We refer to John E. C. Petersen and William E. Norton. The former died young, in 1876. He was by birth a Dane, and in personal appearance a viking: tall, handsome, tawny-haired, with a clear, sharp blue eye, and a bearing that reminded one of an admiral on the quarter-deck of his frigate swooping down with flying sheets across the enemy's bow and pouring in a raking fire. Those who have seen him will never forget the grand figure of Petersen, the



A MARINE.—[ARTHUR QUARTLEY.]

very impersonation of a son of the sea. When he first began to paint in Boston his pictures were weak in color and rude in drawing. But he improved with marvellous rapidity, and at the time of his death had few living peers in marine art. Every inch a sailor, to him a ship was no clumsy mass laid awkwardly on the top of the water, as too many painters represent it, but a thing of life, with an individuality of its own, and riding the waves like a swan. "Making Sail after a Storm," representing a clipper shaking out her topsails in the gray gloom that succeeds a storm, and rising massively but easily against the sky on the crest of the weltering seas, is a very strong picture. So also is his "After the Collision," and "A Ship Running before a Squall." When shall we see his like again?

Norton began as a house-painter, and is related to a family of ship-builders. He has himself made several voyages before the mast, and is therefore well equipped, so far as observation goes. He has painted many works, sometimes with more rapidity than comports with artistic success, and is occasionally hard, mannered, and mechanical. But he is an enthusiast for his art, and sometimes a happy inspiration enables him to turn off a painting that entitles him to a high position among the marine painters of the age. He has been most happy in quiet effects and fog scenes, and a composition called the "Fog-Horn," representing two men in a dory blowing a horn to warn away a steamer that is stealthily approaching them out of the fog, is a very interesting work.

Inferior to these artists as a draughtsman or in knowledge of ships, Mr. Arthur Quartley has, however, won a rapid and deserved reputation for coast scenes and effects of shimmering light on still water. Prettiness rather than beauty is sometimes evident in his work; but he is original, showing a real passion for the effects after which he strives, and his skies are often very strong. A "Storm off the Isles of Shoals" is one of his most interesting works. Mr. Lansil, of Boston, is ignorant of the first principles of drawing and perspective, but he has shown a feeling for color and light, and we have at present few artists who equal him in painting still harbor scenes, with reflections wavering on a glassy surface. Among our best coast painters we can not omit the mention of Mr. A. T. Bricher, who renders certain familiar scenes of the Atlantic shore with much realistic force, but little feeling for the ideal. Mr. J. C. Nicoll seems to show more promise in this direction. The color and technique of his pictures are very clever and interesting, and well illustrate the sea as it looks to a landsman from *terra firma*. Both of these artists have painted extensively in aquarelle, in which medium they have achieved some important results; which may justly be said regarding the marine paintings of Mr. F. A. Silva.

No fact better attests the active and prosperous character of American art than the rapid success which the culture of water-colors has achieved among us. In 1865 a collection of English water-color paintings was brought to this country, and exhibited in New York. It attracted much attention, and although a few artists like Mr. Falconer had already used this medium here, generally as amateurs, this seems to have been the first occasion that stimulated our artists to follow the art of water-color painting seriously. A society, headed by such men as Messrs. Samuel Colman, J. M. Falconer, and R. Swain Gifford, was formed within a year; Mr. Colman was the first president, and the first annual exhibition was held in the halls of the Academy of Design in 1867. Twelve exhibitions have now been held, and Messrs. James Smillie and T. W. Wood have in turn succeeded Mr. Colman in the presidency. A school of artists finding expression wholly in water-colors, like Henry Farrar, the able landscape painter, has sprung up, while many of our leading artists in landscape and genre have learned in this short period to work with equal success in aquarelle and oil. The later exhibitions have been characterized by an individuality and strength that compare most favorably with the exhibitions of the older societies of London.

Another interesting feature of the last part of the period under consideration is the increasing attention bestowed on the drawing of the figure. The number of genre artists has notably increased, and the quality of their work has, on the whole, been on a higher plane. The war gave an impetus to this department, with its many sad or comic situations, and the increasing immigration of the peasantry of Europe, and the growing variety of our national types and street scenes, have all contributed to attract and stimulate the artistic eye and fancy. To enumerate all the artists among us who have, especially of late, achieved more or less success in this line, would be to enumerate a long catalogue, and we must content ourselves with the brief mention of a few who seem, perhaps, to be the most noteworthy.



"ARGUING THE QUESTION."—[T. W. WOOD.]

J. B. Irving, who has but recently passed away, executed some very clever cabinet compositions, delicately drawn and painted, somewhat in the modern French style, generally interiors, with figures in old-time costume. A very favorable specimen of his work is represented in a painting entitled "The End of the Game." F. B. Mayer, of Annapolis, has also de-

voted himself to a similar class of subjects successfully. He is, however, very versatile, and gives us at will a gentleman in Louis Quatorze costume, elaborately painted, or a bluff tar on the forecastle on the look-out, or aloft tarring down the rigging, or a religious ceremonial in the wigwams of the Northwest. Marcus Waterman, of Providence, has displayed much dash in genre combined with landscape, and is fresh and vigorous in style, while such a carefully executed work as his "Gulliver at Lilliput" is very creditable to our art. J. W. Champney studied abroad under Frère, and also at Antwerp, and is one of the most broad-minded of our younger artists; indeed, it is refreshing to meet an artist so unbiassed by prejudice. His foreign studies have in no wise narrowed his intellectual sympathies. His small genre compositions, especially of child life, and often combined with landscape, have been carefully finished—latterly with an especial regard to the values. Professor John F. Weir, who comes of an artistic family, and is superintendent of the Academy of Art at New Haven, has shown capacity and nerve in his well-known painting called "Forging the Shaft," representing with much force one of the most striking incidents in a foundry; and A. W. Willard, of Cincinnati, has struck out in a similar vein. Energy of action, and an effort after effect verging on exaggeration and caricature, are the characteristics of the style with which



"THE ROSE."—[F. B. MAYER.]



"DRESS PARADE."—[J. G. BROWN.]

he has attempted such novel compositions as "Yankee Doodle" and "Jim Bludsoe." They suggest in color the literature of Artemus Ward and Walt Whitman. At the same time we recognize in such thorough individuality a very promising attempt to assert the possibilities of certain phases of our national genre. These traits have been treated with less daring but with more artistic success by two of our best-known genre painters—T. W. Wood and J. G. Brown. Mr. Wood, who is president of the Water-color Society, and employs both oil and water colors, spent several of the first years of his career at the South, and discovered of what importance our colored citizens might prove in our art—their squalor, picturesqueness, broad and kindly humor, and the pathos which has invested their fate with unusual interest. This artist's first successful venture in genre was with a painting of a quaint old negro at Baltimore, and since then he has given us many characteristic compositions suggested by the lot of the slave, although he has not confined himself to this subject, but has also picked up excellent subjects among the newsboys in our streets, and amid the homespun scenes of rural life. Mr. Wood's style is notable for chiar-oscuro, and his drawing is careful, correct, and forcible.

Mr. Brown has also found that success and fame in genre can be obtained without going abroad to seek for subjects. To him the *gamins* of our cities are as artistically attractive as those of Paris, and a girl wandering by our sea-shore is as winsome as if on the beach at Nice or Scheveningen, and an old fisherman at Grand Menan as pictorial as if he were under the cliffs at Etretât. Fault is sometimes found with the fact that the street lads painted by Mr. Brown have always washed their faces before posing, which is according to the commands of St. Paul, but not of art canons, if we accept Mr. Ruskin's dictum regarding the artistic value of dirt. Bating this apparently trifling difficulty, however, it must be admitted that he often gives us a very characteristic and successful bit of genre. Gilbert Gaul and J. Burns, pupils of Mr. Brown, merit a word of praise in this connection, for giving us reason to hope in time for some satisfactory work from their easels.

Child life finds a warm friend and delineator in Mr. S. J. Guy, who has made many friends by the kindly way in which he has treated the simple pathos and humor of childhood. He is an admirable draughtsman, and finishes his work with great nicety, sometimes to a degree that seems to rob the picture of some of its freshness and piquancy; but it can not be denied that Mr. Guy has often struck a chord in the popular heart, not merely by his choice of subjects, but by legitimately earned success in his art as well. Scenes of domestic life have also been treated



"A BED-TIME STORY."—[S. J. GUY.]

sometimes very interestingly by Messrs. B. F. Reinhart, Ehninger, Satterlee, Howland, Frost Johnson, Ryder, and Kappes. Mr. Oliver J. Lay, although not a prolific artist, has executed some thoughtful and refined in-door scenes, which show a thorough appreciation of the fact that art, for itself alone, is the only aim the true artist should pursue. E. L. Henry surprises one by the elaboration of his work, and is sometimes open to the charge of crudeness in color and hardness in his outlines; but occasionally he gives us a well-balanced composition, like the beach scene, with horses and a carry-all in the foreground, entitled "Waiting for the Bathers."

The historic art of the period has been neither prolific nor attractive, with a few exceptions. The late war has given rise to some important works, like Winslow Homer's notable "Prisoners to the Front;" and Julian Scott has been measurably successful in such paintings as "In the Corn Field at Antietam," representing a charge in that memorable battle, and which belongs to a class of pictures of which we hope to have more in the future. There is a striving after originality in his pictures that is in the right direction.

In Wordsworth Thompson we find an artist who seems to realize the possibilities of American historical art. Although a pupil of Gleyre, and for a number of years a resident abroad, there is no evidence of servile subserviency to any favorite school or method in the style of Mr. Thompson. He is an excellent draughtsman, his color is a happy medi-

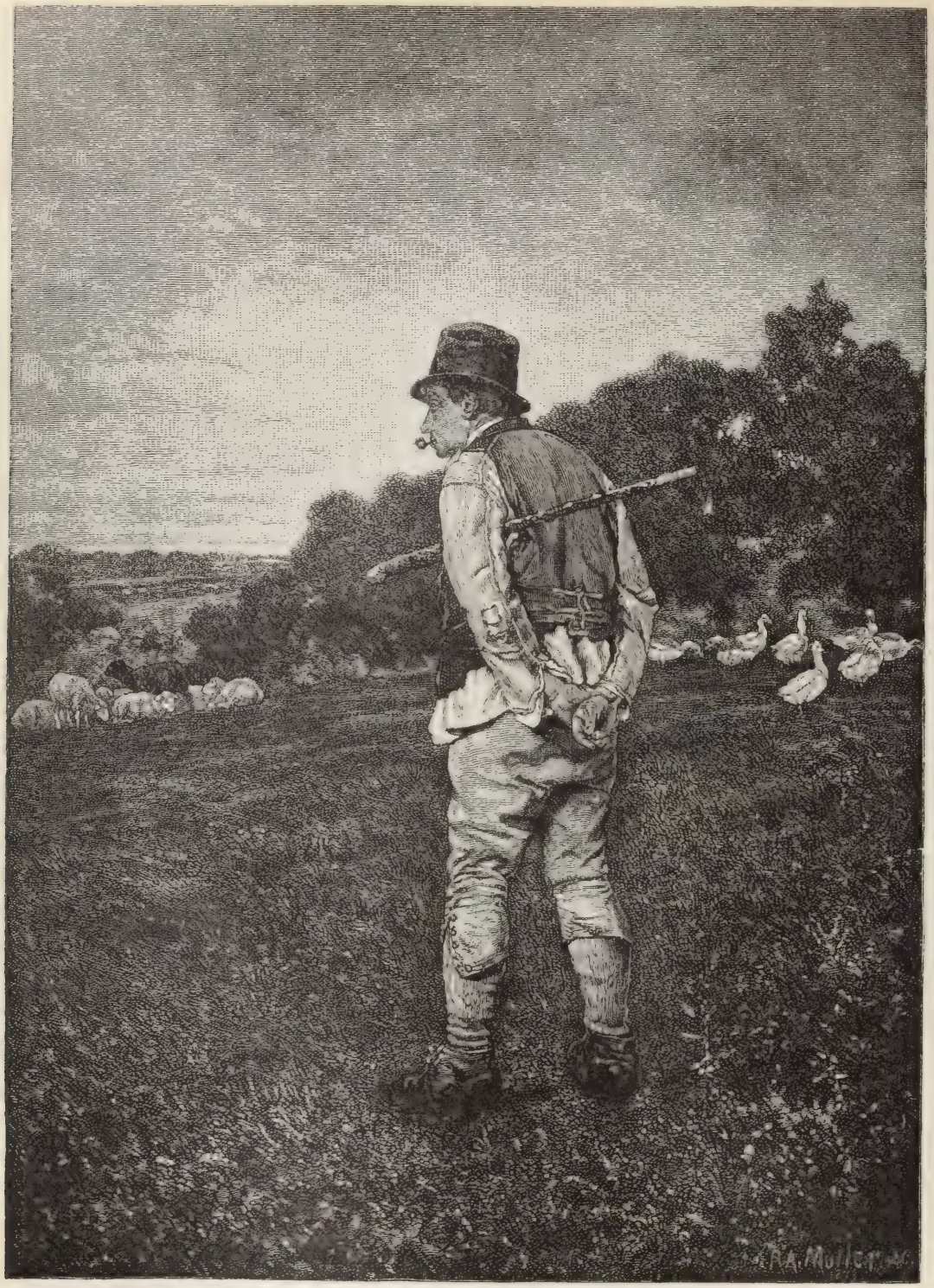


"THE SCOUT." —[WORDSWORTH THOMPSON.]

um between the high and low keys of different schools—fresh, cool, and crisp—and his work is thoroughly finished, and yet broad in effect. He evidently has no hobbies to ride. As a designer of horses he has few equals in this country. If we have a fault to find with him, it is in a certain lack of snap, of warmth, of enthusiasm in the handling of a subject, which renders it less impressive than it might otherwise be.

Mr. Thompson in his Mediterranean wanderings gathered material for a number of attractive coast scenes, effective in atmosphere and in the rendering of figures, feluccas, and waves, all tending to illustrate his versatility. But he deserves to be most widely known on account of scenes taken from Southern life, and historic compositions suggested by the late war, or illustrating notable events of the Revolution. For pictures of this description Mr. Thompson seems to us to rank next to Trumbull, whose masterly paintings of the "Death of Montgomery" and the "Battle of Bunker Hill," now at New Haven, have hitherto been by far the most remarkable military paintings produced by an American artist. There is less action, less fire, less brilliance of color, in Mr. Thompson's works, but they possess many admirable qualities that entitle them to much respect. Among the most notable is an elaborate composition representing the Continental army defiling before General Washington and his staff at Philadelphia. The group of officers and horses in the foreground is one of the best pieces of artistic work recently painted by an American, and the picture might be worthily placed by the side of those by Trumbull.

George Fuller, of Boston, is another artist in whom we see an additional proof of the growing importance attached to the painting of the figure in our art. His paintings indicate the presence among us of an actual distinct personality, that is, of a genius striving for utterance. They are incomplete, rarely altogether satisfac-



"ON THE OLD SOD."—[WILLIAM MAGRATH.]

tory; but we feel, in the presence of such a subtle, suggestive, mysterious composition as the "Rommany Girl," vaguely thrilling us with the deep meaning of her weirdly glancing eyes, and weaving a mystic spell over our fancy, that a mind akin to that of Hawthorne is here striving for utterance, and unconsciously infusing new vitality into our genre art.

As an influence in the same direction, the compositions of Mr. William Magrath command sincere attention. It is not so many years ago since he was painting signs in New York, and now we see him one of the strongest artists in genre on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Magrath generally paints single figures, associated with rural life—a milk-maid, or a farmer. Naturally there is inequality in the results achieved, and sometimes manifest weakness. But we note a constant progress in the quality of his art, and an evidence of imagination which has been unfortunately too rare in American genre

since the days of William Mount. By this we mean the identification of the artist with his subject, which renders it dramatic, and inspires it with that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. In this respect he occasionally suggests the inimitable humanity which is the crowning excellence of the paintings of Millet.

In passing from genre to our later portraiture we do not find the same proportionate activity and intelligent progress that we see in other departments of our art, although some very creditable painters in this department can be mentioned. Mr. Harvey A. Young, of Boston, has shown a good eye for color, and seizes a likeness in a manner that is artistically satisfactory, while he does not so often grasp the character of the sitter as his external traits. Mr. Custer, of the same city, charmingly renders the infantile beauty of childhood, its merry blue eyes, the dimpled roses of the cheeks, and the flaxen curls that ripple around the shoulders. There is, however, too much sameness in his work, a too apparent tendency to mannerism. Mrs. Henry Peters Grey has a faculty of making a pleasing likeness. She has executed some portrait plaques in majolica that are remarkable evidences of the progress ceramic art is now making in the United States. Mrs. Loop is at present one of our successful portrait painters. Her works are not strikingly original, but they are harmonious in tone and color, and poetical in treatment. Mr. George H. Story should be included among the most important portrait painters of this period. His work is characterized by vigor of style and pleasing color; he seizes a likeness without any uncertainty in technique. William Henry Furness, of Philadelphia, who died in 1867, just as he reached his prime, was allied in genius to the great masters of portraiture of the early stages of our art. He matured slowly. His first efforts showed only small promise, but he had the inestimable quality of growth, and he has been equalled by few of our painters in the study and rendering of character. When he had a sitter he would give days to a preliminary and exhaustive study of the mental and moral traits of the individual.

When we come to a consideration of natural history in this period of our æsthetic culture, we find that it is the most barren of good results of any branch of our art. We are at a loss to account for this, especially as the evidences of promise are also less prominent than in landscape and genre. Not only has the number of the artists who have pursued animal painting been proportionately small, but the quality of their work has been of a low average, and lacking in the originality elsewhere apparent.

In the painting of pastoral scenes, with cattle, Peter Moran, of Philadelphia, probably shows the most originality and force. and Mr. Robinson, of Boston, has displayed exceptional vigor in painting the textures of cattle, but without much invention in composition. Mr. James Hart for the past twelve years has made a specialty of introducing groups of cattle into his idyllic landscapes. They are often well drawn and carefully painted, and are in general effect commendable, although, like most of our animal painters, Mr. Hart does not seem to have got at the character of the animal as Snyders, Morland, or Landseer would have done. Mr. Dolph has painted some creditable cats and pugs in combination with interiors, and two young artists, Messrs. George Inness, Jun., and J. Ogden Brown, have executed some promising cattle pieces.

Our continent is not so plentifully stocked with wild beasts and game as some parts of the Old World, but we have the panther and the bison, now fast fading into a mere traditionary existence before the rifle of the pioneer. Mr. R. M. Shurtleff has a pleasant fancy for catamounts and deer, and has made a special study of them, of which the results appear in dramatic bits of the wild life of the woods introduced into effective paintings of forest scenery; and Mr. A. F. Tait has devoted his life to rescuing from oblivion species which are fast becoming extinct, unless our game laws are better enforced than they have been hitherto. There is often too finished a touch to the art of Mr. Tait, which deprives it of the force it might otherwise have; but he has, on the other hand, painted game with remarkable truth, and he brings to the subject an inventive fancy that greatly adds to the variety and interest of his works. We might add in this connection an allusion to the ingenious carvings of Alexander Pope, a young artist who not only cuts out groups of game from a block of wood with much cleverness, but also truthfully colors the grouse and teal his skillful knife carves out of pine.

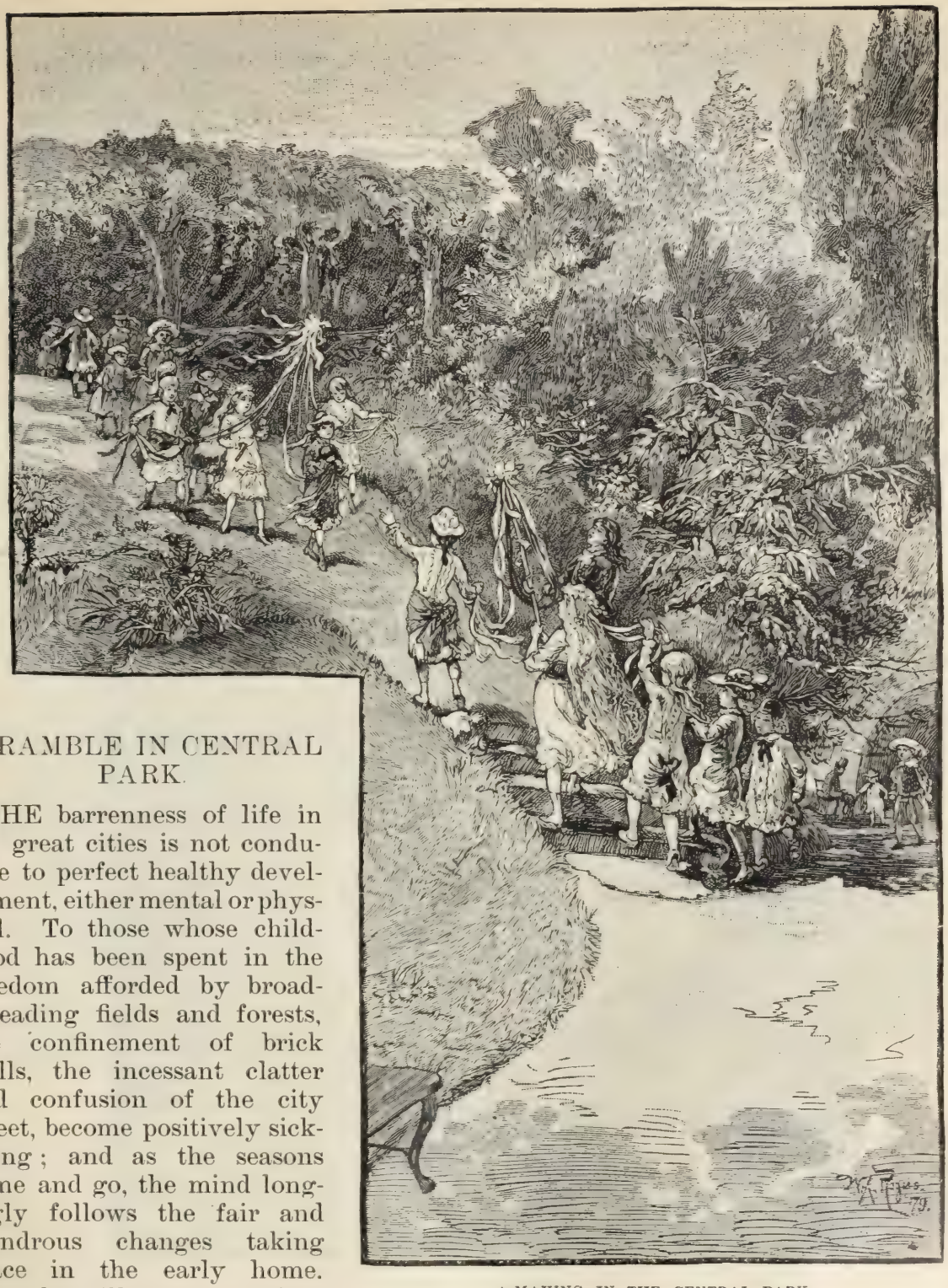
There is a branch of art which latterly has attracted much attention in this country. We refer to still-life. Mr. George H. Hall, who is also known as a genre painter, justly earned a reputation years ago for effective painting of fruit and flowers, in which he has hitherto had few equals in this country; and M. J. Heade has devoted his attention successfully to the rendering of the strange gorgeousness of tropical vegetation. The ideal flower painting of Mr. Lafarge we have already mentioned. Miss Robbins, of Boston, is at present one of the most prominent artists we have in the department of flower painting. She composes with great taste, and lays on her colors with superb effect. Some of her paintings not remotely suggest the rich, massive coloring of Van Huysams. Messrs. Seavey, of Boston, Way, of Baltimore, and Lambdin, of Philadelphia, have produced some interesting results in this direction, and Miss Dillon and Mrs. Henshaw have executed some very beautiful floral compositions. The list of ladies who have been measurably successful in flower painting is very large.

In reviewing the subject we find every where abundant evidences of a healthy activity in American art. While some phases of our art, after a growth of half a century, are passing through a transition period, and new methods and theories are grafting themselves upon the old, there is every where apparent a deeper appreciation of the supreme importance of the ideal in art, and a gathering of forces for a new advance against the strongholds of the materialism that wars against the culture of the ideal, combined with a rapidly spreading consciousness on the part of the people of the ethical importance of art, and a disposition to co-operate in its healthful development.



"LOST IN THE SNOW."—[A. F. TAIT.]

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—We are indebted to Messrs. T. B. Clarke and R. E. Moore (American Art Gallery), Mrs. A. T. Stewart, and Smith's College (Northampton, Massachusetts), for their courtesy in allowing copies to be made of pictures in their possession.]



A-MAYING IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

A RAMBLE IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE barrenness of life in great cities is not conducive to perfect healthy development, either mental or physical. To those whose childhood has been spent in the freedom afforded by broad-spreading fields and forests, the confinement of brick walls, the incessant clatter and confusion of the city street, become positively sickening; and as the seasons come and go, the mind longingly follows the fair and wondrous changes taking place in the early home. Now the willows are sending forth their downy "pussies;" the alders are graceful with tassels; under the shadow of the old stone wall anemones and violets are springing up among the dry leaves of last year. A little later the lilacs by the old well are gorgeous with purple clusters, and the sight of a few half-faded blossoms at the door of the corner grocery makes the heart sick for the sweet perfume blowing fresh over the fields. In the summer come the roses, and no end of wild flowers, and as the days shorten, and the night air grows chilly, covering the meadows with blue mists, there are wildernesses of purple asters and solidago, forests all scarlet and gold, and heaps of fallen leaves forming a soft rustling carpet. And so the mind runs on and on, forever following the changing seasons. Still, he who carries the enjoyment of Nature's changing beauties even in his mind only is happy in comparison to him who, born to city dust and noise, knows not even in his dreams of the soothing power of country sights

and sounds. There are many whose means allow them to leave the city during the hottest months; but even to them, as a rule, the secrets of Nature are secrets still, not to be revealed during a six weeks' sojourn in some farm-house, or still less observable from the piazza of a fashionable watering-place hotel. Multitudes there are in every large city who, needs but a little coaxing to come and make her dwelling-place even in the heart of a great city.

In early times, when New York city was in its youth, the inhabitants possessed ample space for open-air pleasuring. There was the Battery, with its grand view of the harbor, and its row of houses where the gentry lived in the stately fash-



A RUSTIC ARBOR.

closely confined by business, if not by poverty, can never taste the delights of even a single day in the country, and whose knowledge of it is limited at best to the dusty highways and tracks of market-gardens which are invariably the outlying precincts of large business centres. It would seem, indeed, as if Nature took fright in the presence of trade, and drew her garments away as far as possible from the jangle and confusion incident thereto. Still, Nature is kindly, and

ion of olden time; the Bowery was a quiet, shaded way, running northward to the open country, and fields and swampy meadows covered a broad space where to-day trade is thickest, hottest, and dirtiest. But as years rolled on, it seemed as if the great necessities of commerce would swallow up the whole of Manhattan Island, and leave no breathing-room for its inhabitants, who were rapidly hurrying and scurrying to secure homes at its up-town end. Then it was—some thirty years ago



RIDING THE DONKEY.

—that the necessity for a great pleasure-ground began to grow in the mind of the people. The idea first assumed stability after the publication of an article on "Public Parks," by the lamented A. J. Downing, who at that time was editor of the *Horticulturist*. Two years later, in 1850, Mr. Downing visited England, and in a series of letters written to his own paper he dwelt at length upon the great advantages derived by London and other foreign cities from their extensive parks, where the public found rest, recreation, and all kinds of healthful innocent enjoyment. New York, which had come to be one of the large cities of the world, possessed nothing within its extensive limits worthy the name of pleasure-ground, its whole wealth of grass-plots being insignificant bits occupying a few squares only, dotted here and there at random through the city. New York city is very slow to move toward improvements which require expenditure in place of producing income, but once fully under way, and the necessity recognized, no city in the world is so headlong in carrying out its project. Therefore a park once thought of and decided upon, it was already as a thing accomplished, and the wonder was that the people had existed so long without it. There was considerable consultation as to the ground to be chosen for the purpose. The site finally decided upon was almost in the centre of the upper portion of the city, covering an area of 850 acres.

Never was a more desolate piece of land chosen for a pleasure-ground. The bar-

ren ledges of gneiss were covered here and there with patches of unsightly vegetation, or, what was still worse, with clumps of squatters' shanties, such as may still be seen on many open lots in the northern portions of Manhattan Island. There were strips of marsh, covered with coarse grass, and in the hollows green, sluggish pools served as bathing-places for ducks and geese—a part of the numerous inhabitants of the shanties. Pigs and goats ranged over the rocks, and snuffled in the stubble and weeds. Indeed, the soil, spread in a thin layer over the gneiss, was too shallow to support any vigorous vegetable life. It is little less than a miracle the change wrought in so few years by skillful hands. Desolation has given way and vanished, and beauty reigns supreme. Nature responded heartily to the invitation of the landscape artist. Never were trees and shrubs more eager to grow, nor flowers more ready to spring forth; and the Central Park to-day is a resort where thousands upon thousands of people, weary with the noise and dust and tumult of the city street, come to rest and be refreshed. It is estimated that full thirty thousand visit the Park every pleasant summer day, and on Sundays and days when there is music on the Mall, the number is augmented by at least a hundred thousand.



EQUESTRIANS.

After the call for plans for laying out the Park had been issued, and a number of designs sent in, the one finally accepted bore the signature of "Greensward," and was found to be the joint production of two men, Frederick Law Olmstead, an American, and Calvert Vaux, an Englishman by birth, who had been associated in business with Mr. Downing before the death of that gentleman. The design once determined upon, nothing remained but to take desolation in hand, and make it bloom with beauty. The skillful landscape gardener comprehends at a glance the capacity of his material; he sees, as it were, the hidden spirit of rock and swampy pool, of gentle slopes and broad levels, and instinctively feels for what purpose Nature intended them. Huge bowlders, and even damp, muddy lowlands, in their natural state a deformity upon the landscape, become in his hands a nucleus around which he groups objects of poetic beauty.

A complete study of the Central Park may be made in a single day by any one who possesses a goodly share of the mania fashionable at the present time—the mania of pedestrianism. One may be whirled through the broad drives in a Park omnibus, or, if he be too fastidious to ride with the multitude, in a private carriage, and still gain but a faint conception of the wondrous beauty of New York's great pleasure-ground, its lovely vistas, its hidden dells, and romantic resting-places. For the pedestrian there is every comfort. He need not—indeed, he dare not—venture among the crowd of carriages on the grand drive, nor intrude upon the leafy, embowered bridle-road, but there is no end of shady, winding paths where he may saunter at will, resting himself at intervals on the rustic seats which are placed at every shaded turn.

Let us enter at the northern end, and follow the Park through its length and breadth downward to the southern boundary at Fifty-ninth Street. The northern portion is more quiet and secluded



A FLIRTATION.

and less thronged with people than the lower end, which is more easily accessible from the crowded portion of the city. Here are pools left more to follow nature's way than is the great Lake farther down. Grassy slopes run to the brink, and large willows droop gracefully, dipping their low-hanging twigs in the water. Here is a rustic bench among the willows, almost concealed from view by shrubs covered with white fragrant blossoms; but an old gentleman has taken possession, and with his hat, red silk handkerchief, and cane lying on the seat at his side, is quietly enjoying his morning paper. He must be left undisturbed, and we pass on, under the shade of oaks and maples, the air faint with the breath of wild cherry and pink and white spiræas, until we reach a seat under overhanging branches, where we stop to indulge in sylvan dreams. Before us stretches a broad clover field, over which flit thousands of tiny yellow butterflies; robins, big stalwart fellows, hop about in the grass; clumps of yellow lilies in full bloom are dotted here and there, making a brilliant contrast with the broad expanse of green and the pink clover blossoms. Here are heaps of fresh-mown hay scattered about; choirs of varied bird-notes fill the air with music, and only from afar off, almost like the monotone of waves on a beach, comes the faint hum of the great city.

The large Croton Reservoir, into which pours the flood which has already rushed through High Bridge on its headlong course to the city, extends nearly the whole breadth of the Park, there being barely space on either side for the drive and bridle-road, and a few belts of trees. Completely encircling it is a broad gravel-path for pedestrians, where a magnificent sun bath may be taken on any clear

day. Following the path at the east side of the lower or old Reservoir, which is older than the Park itself, in the midst of the lawn stretching toward Fifth Avenue, may be seen the new building of the Metropolitan Museum, where the famed Cesnola collection of antiquities is now being arranged, and will be opened to the public some time during the autumn of the present year.

Turning the lower corner of the old Reservoir, one comes suddenly upon the entrance to a long *alameda*, or trellis-covered walk, entirely shaded by luxuriant vines. Here are seats all along, sure to be filled with groups of pleasure-seekers, nurses accompanied by pretty rosy-cheeked children, quiet middle-aged couples silently enjoying the cooling shade, or a youth whispering sweet words to the maid at his side, who shyly draws figures in the gravel with the point of her parasol, and blushingly answers what none but her companion may hear. Through the trellis on one hand one may here and there catch a glimpse of the transverse road below, where a passing coal cart or a heavily laden wagon forms a strange contrast to the rest and rural quiet of the walk, and brings to mind the fact we are striving for the time to forget—that labor and trade and confusion go on forever. But the *alameda* comes to an end with a circle of rustic seats, and climbing a ledge of rock, we are in the presence of that miniature Norman-Gothic castle, the Belvedere. Built on a crag of gneiss which juts boldly into the water at the southwest corner of the lower Reservoir, this pretty children's play-house, for it can scarcely be called any thing more, gives one the impression of some German robber castle seen through the diminishing end of a spy-glass. There are the parapeted walls, the guard-room, and the tower, even the bold cliff with its water-washed base, but how diminutive! and, above all, how peaceful! If it be the afternoon of a holiday, when all the world is at liberty, the balcony of the Belvedere is likely to be crowded, and if we would ascend the very narrow winding stairs of the tower, in order to reach the upper balcony, from whence the view over the Park is well worth the climb, it must be with a patient spirit, and a willingness to be jostled by crowds of merry boys and girls who troop up and down the little stairway. With a slight stretch of the imagination, one can imagine himself to be winding upward and upward even to the summit of the Cologne Cathedral; that distant river might be the Rhine; and those buildings on the hillside beyond, crumbling ruins. But the river is the Hudson, and the buildings are Hoboken breweries, and there is an elevated railroad rattling and puffing on either side.



ISLAND IN THE LAKE.

The Ramble is where the romance of Central Park is concentrated. Lying between the lower Reservoir and the Lake, undisturbed by either drive or bridle-road, it presents a thickly shaded surface of undulating ground, positively hilly near the shores of the Lake. Paths wind back and forth in endless confusion; *glorietas*, or rustic summer-houses, are dotted about in odd and delightful corners. Large projecting rocks covered with woodbine and other creepers, and overhung by shade trees, add variety to the scene.

In sauntering through the Ramble one comes upon bits of open, sunny lawn, where perchance a gorgeous peacock is grandly trailing his long tail feathers over the short, soft grass, or a pea-hen takes a stately promenade with her young. Strange notes are heard from the thicket; there are guinea-fowl, white turkeys, pig-

eons, and other varieties of feathered chatterers which make their home there; the soft whistle of the quail trembles in the air, or an English pheasant scurries through the shrubbery. Large gray squirrels and lively chipmunks spring about from tree to tree, and rabbits' ears —two tiny, trembling points—peep out here and there from the grass.

As we approach the Lake there are many picnic parties in the summer-houses, from whence glimpses of the water may be had through the trees. These arbors are rustic, and overrun with blossoming creepers, wistaria, trumpet-creeper, or honeysuckle, and on the centre table, with which they are generally provided, a party of friends may spread the contents of the picnic basket, and pass a long afternoon in real country quiet, although in reality not a mile, perhaps, from their city home. Little streamlets flow under bridges covered with hanging vines, and tumble in tiny cascades downward toward the Lake. In the season the thickets are brilliant with rhododendrons; and here is the Cave, too, invested with romance as the reported hiding-place of smugglers in days of long ago. Entering the Cave, one is at first confused by the darkness and mystery of the rocky arch; but gradually the eye grows accustomed to the dim light, and the sparkling, damp walls are cool and refreshing. Following the faint ray which comes from a distance, one may soon get a glimpse of water—a small arm of the Lake—through an opening in the rock, over which hangs a swaying curtain of pendent vines. Climbing up a steep flight of steps cut in a crevice of the ledge, one may stand on a miniature headland overlooking the Lake, where pleasure-boats with striped red and white awnings pass up and down, and flocks of swans swim gracefully on the water. There are at present on the Lake thirty mute swans, six wild, three American trumpeters, and twelve black ones. There were six nests during the last brooding season. The swan chooses a solitary nook among the rocks, where, half in the water, she hatches her young brood of gray downy cygnets. One swan's nest of last spring appeared like a small floating island. Sitting in the midst of a good-sized raft of twigs and branches, the mother bird brooded her eggs. Did a boat approach, she would curve her long slender neck high in the air, and watch with keen, suspicious eye until the intruder had passed on, when the glistening, snow-white head would re-assume its reposeful attitude, and the maternal heart rest patiently at its work.

On the southern shore of the Lake,



THE CAVE.



FEEDING THE SWANS.

where the level lawns of the lower portion of the Park begin, the grass slopes gently to the water's edge. The swans waddle up and crouch in the shade of the bushes, or float round the arbors overhanging the water, where children gather to feed them with bits of cake and cracker, the remains of their picnic luncheon. The path winds along by the water, and there are seats under large drooping willows, and beds of scarlet geraniums and many-colored coleuses make bright spots of color on the grass.

The landing-place for the boats at the Esplanade, below the Terrace, where the large fountain fills the air with cooling spray, is always a scene of life. Boats are arriving and departing, crowds are watching the graceful play of water, or meditating the chances of finding an empty table under the arches of the Terrace, where they may study the ornamental tiling of floor and ceiling, and refresh themselves with ice-cream and other delicacies. On either side of the arches broad stone steps lead to the Terrace above, and it is worth while to linger in the ascent to notice the pretty pieces of carving on the stone side rails and posts. There is much real merit in these bits of sculpture—more, indeed, than in most of the more pretentious specimens of the sculptor's art scattered about the Park, which, with a few exceptions, like the "Shakspeare," by Mr. Ward, would much better have been left out altogether.

Crossing the drive by the Terrace we are at the head of the Mall, the grand promenade of the Park. On the left is a broad *alameda*, covered with blossoming creepers, reached by a narrow ascending path, where one may sit and watch the crowd of carriages circling around the Concourse, or overlook the Mall, the music pavilion, and the broad green lawn beyond. On Saturday afternoons in summer, when the band plays, the crowd of people moving up and down the Mall is numbered by thousands. It is a democratic crowd, made up of all classes and conditions of life. Elegant men and women, jaunty collegians, nurse-maids with their restless charges, German fathers of families, with wife, babies, and grandmother all together in a crowd, young sweethearts arm in arm, forgetting that they are not alone in the world—all are there; and fighting their way through the mass of people, the little patient goats trudge back and forth, drawing miniature barouches full of smiling children.

West of the Mall lies the Green, where a hundred South-Down sheep may be seen grazing, under the care of a veritable shepherd and dogs. Then there is the broad play-ground, the scene of many a well-contested game of base-ball, and a paradise for children, where they may play and roll in the grass unmolested by any of the gray-coated guardians of the Park, ride merrily on the little horses of the Carrousel, take naps in the arbors provided for their special resting-places, or refresh themselves with a draught of cool milk at the Dairy. The crowd of children seen on any pleasant afternoon in this portion of the Park is enough to bring a smile to the face of the grimmest



GOAT CARRIAGE.



CHILDREN AND LAMBS.

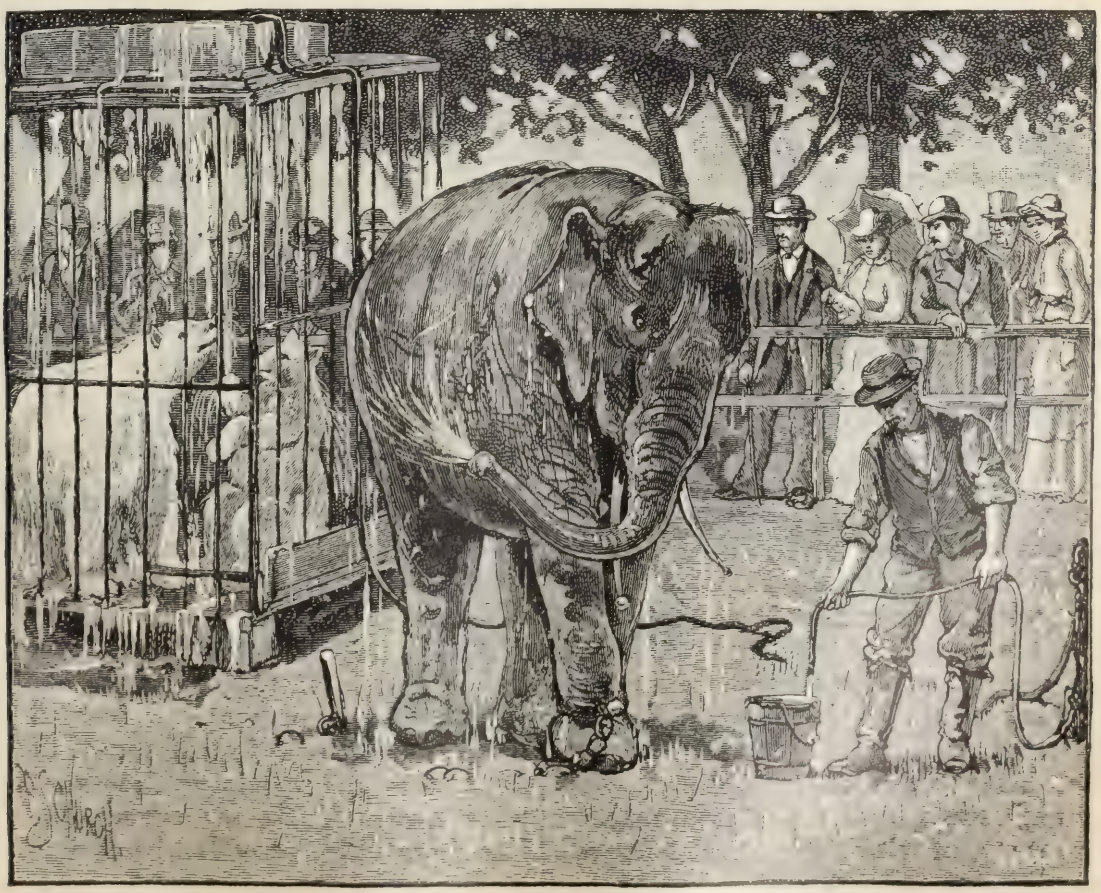
ascetic, and quite sufficient, were nothing more added, to prove the great blessing of this pleasure-ground to the surrounding city.

The Central Park Menagerie is a source of never-ending entertainment, not to the children alone, but to their guardians as well, for there are few people too dull to look with interest on "wild beasts." One never grows weary of watching a lion—if he be in a cage—and eagerness to see the monkeys is universal. The scene in the monkey-house at the Park on a crowded afternoon passes description. One must wait patiently for a chance to get to the cages, for men, women, and children push and struggle for a good look at these odd little beasts. The ubiquitous street boy wriggles through the crowd like a small worm to gain a front place, and household pets of a few summers, perched securely upon papa's shoulders, shriek with delight. There are at present in the cages baboons from Africa, capuchins from South American forests, macaques from India, spider-monkeys from Costa Rica, and numerous other varieties. All are alike amusing, and full of grotesque, half-human frolic. Now a serious big monkey, apparently full of years, dangles a rope, upon which the smaller ones twist and turn, until, the rope being dropped suddenly, they all tumble in a heap to the floor, only to scramble up and begin new tricks. And so the incessant monkey play goes on, and we crowd our way out into the fresh air, and linger before the cage where the great American bison stands, mournfully and in silence, as if longing for the freedom of the plains in the far West. The poor bison inspires pity; and so do the eagles, which flutter heavily about their cage, screeching in dismal discordant fashion, as if protesting against

confinement in the very land where they are the symbol of liberty. The pigeons, owls, and other birds in the large aviary appear contented enough. The pigeons plume themselves, and look contemptuously on the wranglings of a crowd of sparrows, which have taken possession of one of the large feed dishes, to the utter exclusion of all their feathered sisters. But the sparrow is always a loafer and a thief, and as such we must accept him.

During the summer, numbers of animals are chained on the grounds around the buildings, or confined in outside pens and cages. Here are different species of large-horned cattle quietly munching at heaps of fresh-cut grass, or resting in the shade. Here, too, is a hideous, flabby little elephant, standing patiently and quietly under a tree, the cynosure of a bevy of wondering boys and girls. Across the path is a cage through which a tank of water, placed on the top, pours a continuous shower, and in the refreshing dampness stand three white polar bears, swaying their heads to and fro without ceasing for an instant. There are black bears, too, trotting restlessly in their cages, and in a pen near by a group of solemn camels are wagging their jaws from side to side. Other pens contain graceful spotted deer (which push their soft noses through the railing for handfuls of fresh grass), zebras, llamas, Angora sheep, and other herbivorous animals. A large inclosure with a tank in the centre contains the seals; and here is the rare sight of a mother sea-lioness and her baby. The infant was born during the journey of the mother to this city. It appears to be a thriving child, and the mother's tenderness toward her offspring is very touching. As we gazed at this novel sight a tall, lordly English crane stalked across the inclosure, before whose presence the seals fled precipitantly, and at the door of the seal-house there appeared a large gray seal, which stood calmly gazing out upon the scene, as a hermit might sit in the doorway of his cell on a summer evening.

Within the buildings the vicious and savage animals are confined. There are panthers, tigers, wild-cats curled up asleep and looking more like "nice pussy" than a beast to be dreaded, and lions, noble, grand, and shaggy, looking out through the iron bars of their cages with stolid, disdainful glance at the gazing crowd. These great beasts, however, are not altogether wanting in affectionate feeling, for



A HOT DAY.



KING OF THE INCLOSURE.

one of the keepers of the menagerie having been removed not long since, the lions roared for him so at night that the slumbers of the inhabitants of the handsome residences along the Fifth Avenue side of the Park were disturbed and broken by terrible dreams of the "Dark Continent."

A menagerie is like a large family, and has its episodes of birth and death. The death list at the Park during last year includes an elephant, a lioness, a puma, bears, and several smaller animals. In nearly every case death was the result of hardships endured during a long voyage in confined quarters, the hygienic conditions of the Park menagerie being in themselves favorable to animal life. During the same period, nine lions, four prairie wolves, two camels, a zebu, several deer, and large numbers of the feathered tribe were born.

The old Arsenal Building, which stands in the midst of the menagerie grounds, and in the basement of which the beasts were formerly confined, now contains various Park offices, the Museum of Natural History, where may be seen collections of stuffed birds and beasts, minerals, and other curiosities, and the Meteorological Observatory, of which Mr. Daniel Draper is the director. In the observatory are all manner of delicate scientific instruments for determining the state of the atmosphere, the velocity of the wind, and the depth of rain-fall and snow. Yearly reports are published, in which all possible data of heat and cold, clouds and sunshine, rain, wind, and snow, are carefully recorded.

Although improvements are still going on in the Park, an immense amount of work has already been accomplished. There are nine miles and a half of smooth, well-graded carriageways, with an average breadth of fifty-four feet. There are twenty-eight miles of walks, and sufficient seats scattered through the grounds for nine thousand five hundred and fifty persons. There are fifty-five acres of open meadow and lawn surface, unbroken by ledges, and unshaded. Of this open space nineteen acres are contained in the great North Meadow, sixteen acres in the Green, ten in the Ball Ground, and the remainder divided into smaller grass-plots here and there. So much open land, together with about forty-three acres of water, allows a much freer circulation of air through the Park than were the whole surface overgrown with trees. There are numerous drinking fountains provided, large circular basins along the drive, for horses, and small hydrants scattered throughout the

grounds, for the benefit of the children, who are always eager as little fishes for a "drink of water." Amusements are well provided for. There are special houses for the accommodation of base-ball players and croquet players. There are thirty-eight boats on the Lake, with boatmen always ready to make the tour of its picturesque and winding ways, and wake the echoes of the "Bow Bridge" with their paddles. Besides the goat carriages on the Mall, there are saddle ponies and donkeys in the shaded paths, on whose backs young equestrians may take their first lessons in riding.

Planting and gardening in the Park have been carried on so extensively that there are now between four and five hundred thousand hardy trees, shrubs, and woody vines growing there, of which about one hundred and fifty thousand have been planted within the last ten years. Fifty thousand perennial plants and one hundred and sixty thousand hardy ferns and common wild plants have also been planted since 1876, while many wild plants have appeared of their own will, and are suffered to grow undisturbed. The lawns in the early spring are covered thick with dandelions, violets nestle among the shrubbery, and nearly every wild flower of the fields finds its congenial haunt. On either side of the broad Mall are two rows of American elms, and oak, beech, chestnut, pine, fir, and other varieties of forest trees may be found in all parts of the grounds. Among flowering trees may be seen horse-chestnuts, tulip-trees, catalpas, the *Tilia argentum*—a species of linden with white blossoms fragrant as honey clover—and the somewhat rare *Gleditschia triacanthus*, also bearing fragrant white flowers. Laurels and hundreds of varieties of flowering shrubs abound, and in the garden plots, here and there, are many species of annuals.



GARDENING IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE TWO BURDENS.

OVER the deep sea Love came flying;
Over the salt sea Love flew sighing—
  Alas, O Love, for thy journeying wings!
Through turbid light and sound of thunder,
When one wave lifts and one falls under,
  Love flew as a bird flies straight for warm springs.

Love reached the Northland, and found his own;
With budding roses, and roses blown,
  And wonderful lilies, he wove their wreath;
His voice was sweet as a tune that wells,
Gathers and thunders, and throbs and swells,
  And fails and lapses in rapturous death.



His hands divided the tangled boughs.
They sat and loved in a moist green house,
  With bird-songs and sunbeams faltering through;
One note of wind to each least light leaf:
O Love, those days they were sweet but brief—
  Sweet as the rose is, and fleet as the dew.

Over the deep sea Death came flying;
Over the salt sea Death flew sighing.
  Love heard from afar the rush of his wings,
Felt the blast of them over the sea,
And turned his face where the shadows be,
  And wept for a sound of disastrous things.

Death reached the Northland and claimed his own
With pale sweet flowers by wet winds blown
  He wove for the forehead of one a wreath.
His voice was sad as the wind that sighs
Through cypress-trees under rainy skies,
  When the dead leaves drift on the paths beneath.

His hands divided the tangled boughs.
One Love he bore to a dark, deep house
  Where never a bridegroom may clasp his bride—
A place of silence, of dust, and sleep.
What vigil there shall the loved one keep,
  Or what cry of longing the lips divide?





"MEBBE YOU'D LIKE TO GO QUAIL-BAGGIN'."

THROUGH TEXAS.

"MEBBE you'd like to go quail-baggin' to-night, young friend?"

It was a Texan who spoke, and he turned in his saddle, composing himself as if to allow time for due contemplation of the proposition.

"There'll be six of us—four to drive the birds, and two to mind the bags," he added, persuasively.

I consulted another friend of recent acquaintance, who, though a stranger like myself in that region, was versed in the ways of Texas.

"We're invited to go quail-bagging to-night. Is it hard work? Have you ever been? Do they bag many? Will you go?"

After a little reflection my friend assented, and an hour later a little group was very busily engaged upon the porch of the hotel in properly adjusting a couple of gunny sacks to barrel hoops, the work progressing but slowly, in consequence of the aggressive advice offered by a circle of quail-baggers and other by-standers.

The moon came up through a yellow fog, and a sextette, supplied with ample drinkables (not forgetting the bags and candles), left the hotel and filed down the main street, attracting so much attention from citizens generally as to lead to the conclusion that a quail-bagging expedition was regarded as an event of considerable importance.

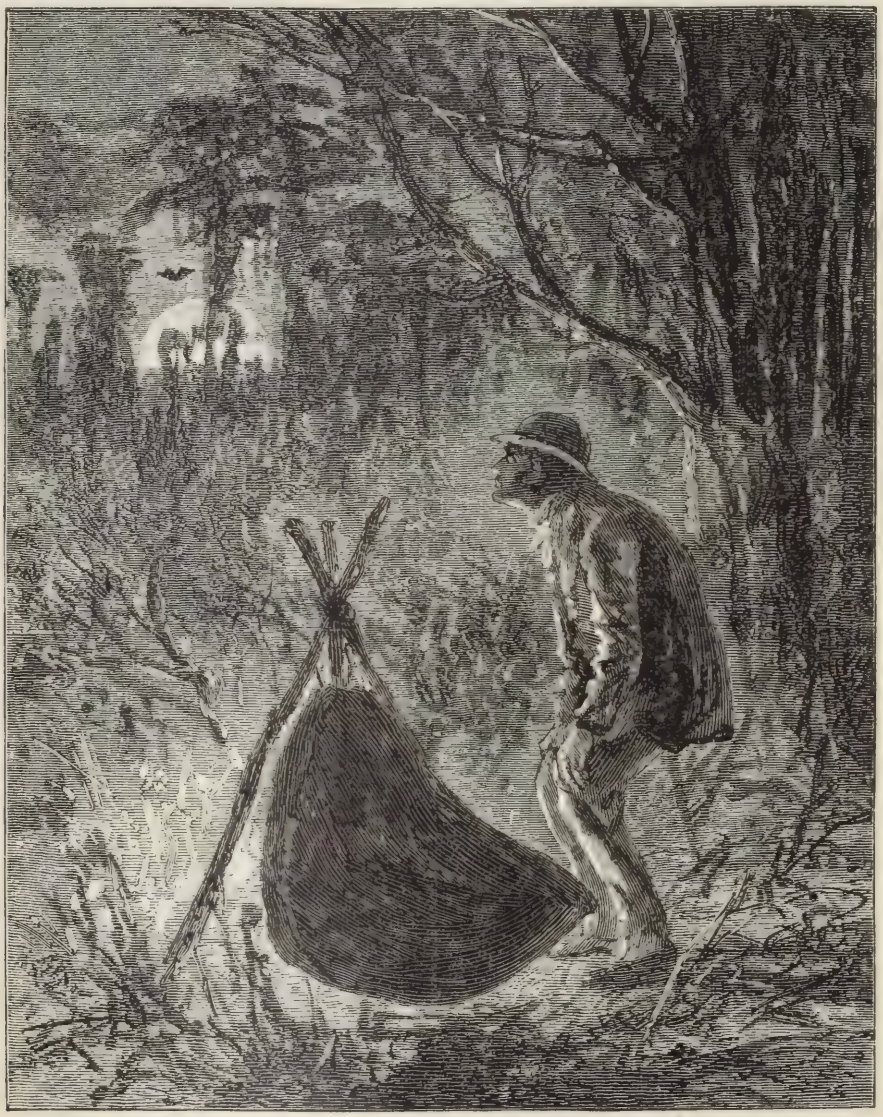
Three miles of tramping through fields and woodland by a faintly marked track brought us to a stream, where a precarious boat afforded us the means of crossing. Within five minutes' walk beyond lay the chosen field of operations. A halt was made, and considerable debate ensued in a low tone, concerning the bags, and which of the party should hold them. It was finally decided, very kindly, by the Texans, to allow the two strangers the posts of honor.

Ten minutes later we were both located, somewhat apart, guarding a pair of bags suspended from tripods made of branches, and each with a candle to attract the expected game, while the forms of the Texans were rapidly disappearing in a direction opposite to our line of approach. My fellow-watcher moved about a little while, and then came to my station.

"Seen any quail yet?" said he, some-

what quizzically. "Now, see here—don't you understand that those fellows will be back at the hotel in about an hour, laughing at us, while we sit here and hold bags to catch moonshine? Put your candle on a stake, and follow me."

A light broke upon my mental vision. Walking rapidly after my guide, we were so fortunate as to gain the ferry ahead of our entertainers, though they had almost



BAGGED.

circled the candles, and as we paddled quietly across the stream their footsteps were heard approaching. Concealed by a deep shadow upon the opposite shore, we struggled almost vainly with our risibles, while the discomfited practical jokers sought hopelessly for the boat, and finally departed for a ford two miles up stream, using language more emphatic than coherent.

We met at breakfast, but not a word was said concerning the adventure of the previous night. Thanks to my discreet and lamb-like friend, the Texans had good cause to respect the wisdom of their proposed victims, and I learned my first lesson in Texan ways.

A journey of several weeks' duration in the Lone Star State revealed the fact that in the eyes of every true Texan the particular location where he has taken root is the focal attraction, the garden centre of the earth, while the next town is the antipodes of all that is good, great, and prosperous. The native, and the man who came down in '46 as a soldier, remaining in the State through its short-lived era as a republic, and ever since, hold themselves as a sacred aristocracy, and however kindly their sentiments toward later occupants of the soil, they can not refrain from frequent allusion to the peculiarly construct-

ed laws, such as the "Homestead Act," which make Texas a desirable refuge for those who can not afford to live in a State where creditors can squeeze hapless debtors between the jaws of the legal vise. It is true that on account of such laws the modern population contains a large percentage of men who have tasted the bitterness of debt, of seizure and distraint, and not liking the flavor, have sought the friendly shadow of Texan statutes, and builded anew.

The significant initials "G. T. T." (*Gone to Texas*), inscribed on the bolted door of an involved merchant, are accepted as *prima facie* evidence that he, too, has *bolted*. It must not be inferred from this that all who have located within the domain of the Lone Star are to be suspected of financial short-comings. Through the northern and central portions of the State many well-to-do farmers and merchants are found who have migrated from the frost-lands of Minnesota and Wisconsin to a region which, at the worst, knows but a few days of cold and snow in the course of a twelvemonth. Such men have built up a condition of society of which they are justly proud, and jealous lest the sins of the frontier, which have too often made the name of Texas a synonym of lawlessness, be brought to their doors. In the cottage homes of such cities as Dallas, Austin, Houston, and the metropolis of the Western Gulf, Galveston, the chance guest will find scattered about the current literature of the two worlds. Libraries will be found replete with the more erudite forms of publication, and



G. T. T.

the daughters of the family may treat a friend to selections from the newest operatic compositions of the season. In point of fashion, the costumes of the ladies conform quite as closely to the edicts of the modistes as do those of their metropolitan sisters. The richly stocked shelves of the merchants in wearing apparel prove that the finest productions of the loom are in quite as active demand here as in the East.

Texas may be, for convenience' sake, divided into eastern, central, and western sections. The first, or timbered portion,



GALVESTON BAR AND ROADSTEAD.



IMMIGRANT'S CAMP.

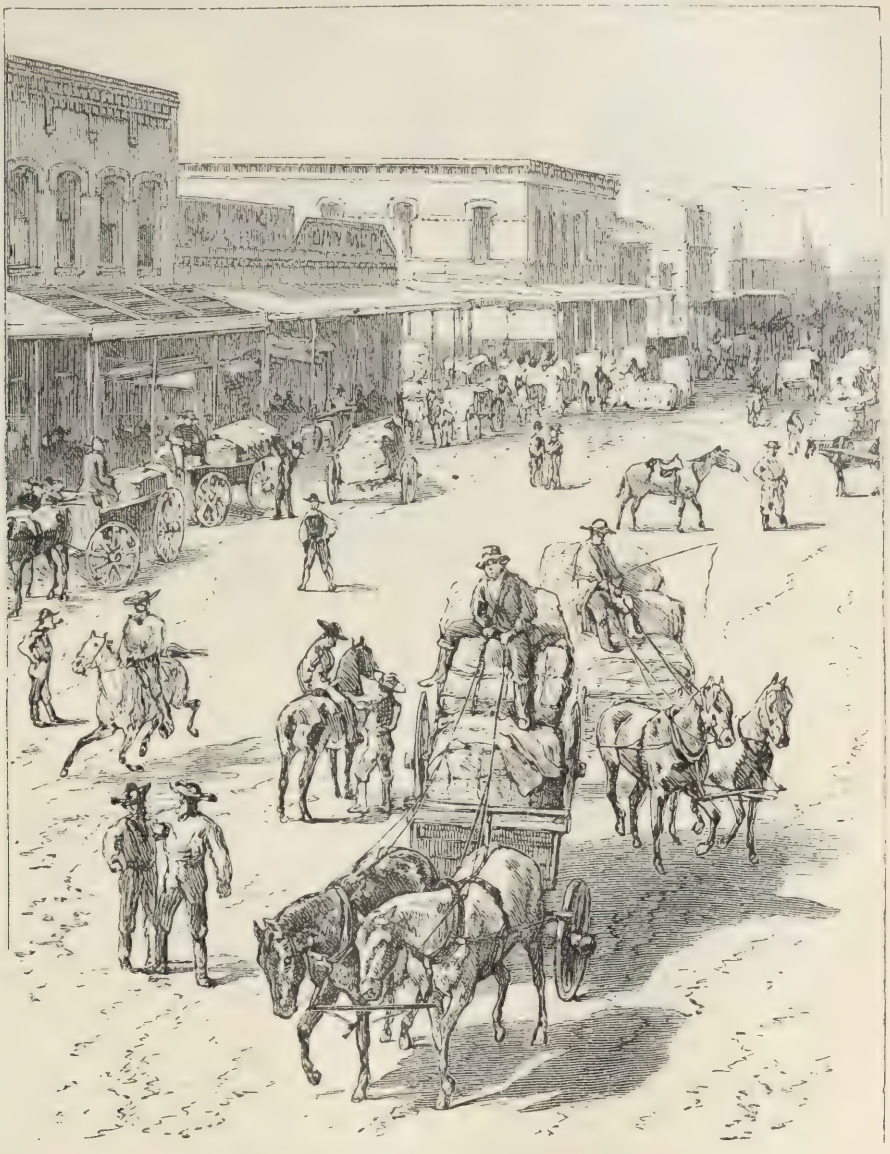
has the Trinity River as a western boundary. This region exceeds the area of the State of New York. Central Texas may be defined as including all of the vast prairie lands from the Trinity to the Colorado, leaving beyond a territory larger than both of the former, and exceeding the size of any four of our ordinary States, as the western portion. The first-named is the oldest in point of Anglo-Saxon civilization. The prairie loam lands are in a condition of evolution or progression, and being the most fecund, the great centres of population which multiplied generations will produce will be located within the boundaries given. Much of the far western lands is arid and uncultivable. The Staked Plains are the most notable example. Western Texas will be invaded in time by the miner; for its mineral wealth, as already revealed, is considerable. The tide of immigration to this section will doubtless reverse the general order of things, and move eastward through Arizona. Railway communication, hereafter spoken of, from the Pacific, will materially contribute to this result. At present the extreme point of eastern encroachment is the city of San Antonio, which is only a city of the Anglo-Saxon by virtue of conquest, and marks the limit of a daring, brilliant, and intellectual civilization, whose impulse was eastward, and which built a garden in the plain about the time that the French took root in Indiana, and the good people of New England were exercising themselves about the Salem witchcraft delusion. It is reasonable to assume that history may repeat itself in this instance.

The wooded country of Eastern Texas yields a rich variety of useful woods, yellow pine, cypress, red and white oaks, live-oak, hickory, pecan, and cedar predominating. The Trinity, Sabine, Neches, Angelina, San Jacinto, and other rivers afford rafting facilities and water-power at times, although water is an uncertain commodity in the State, and nearly all mills have steam-engines. A new road will soon bisect the lumber districts, springing from Denison, near the Red River, and traversing the State to Sabine Pass, which is sixty miles east of Galveston, and already an important lumbering point.

The transcontinental division of the Texas and Pacific, as well as its main line from Marshall westward, affords an outlet for the northern section, while the International and Great Northern road passes

through its western tier of counties, and a road toward New Orleans connects Orange, on the Sabine, with Houston. Before the construction of the railroads one of the greatest difficulties which the prairie settler had to encounter was the scarcity and extreme cost of lumber. It sold as high as sixty and seventy dollars per thousand feet, and was often hauled hundreds of miles by ox teams. The Texan lumberman finds his market toward each of the cardinal points of the compass. The cleared lands in the valleys yield a good quality of cotton, to the extent of a bale of five hundred pounds to the acre. Some rice is grown upon the lowlands bordering the Gulf, as well as the staple known as Sea Island cotton.

Seated securely beneath the head-light of a passenger locomotive, one day, the writer and a companion were projected across the prairies west of Longview, upon the Texas and Pacific Railway. Riding thus throughout the day, an unobstructed view was enjoyed of a land which was a revelation to us. Peopled yet but sparsely, it offers homes and harvests to millions who struggle clannishly with the poverty of the crowded cities in the East. This railway west of Longview has been built within five years. Prosperous towns and post stations are met now every few miles, where platforms are stored with cotton bales awaiting shipment. The soil is a wonderfully productive black sandy loam, averaging fourteen hundred pounds of seed cotton, fifteen bushels of wheat, twenty-five bushels of rye, and from forty to sixty bushels of oats to the acre.



COTTON WAGONS, ELM STREET, DALLAS.

Occasionally our iron path led through belts of the peculiar woodlands known as the "cross timbers." More than once we



COW-BOYS.

caught glimpses of bounding deer herds in the high grass. With an exhilaration born of the pure atmosphere we breathed, we partook of a sense of freedom of which the whole generous scene was typical. Far into the vague nothingness of distance the land arose and fell in great measured cadences of form—billows upon a "boundless, pulseless ocean." Garden Valley is but one of a hundred such scenes of that day, where all the slopes leading down to the little willow-wreathed streamlets were carpeted with a vast profusion of flowers, as bright and varied as the tints of the kaleidoscope. Here we noted, almost brushing our speeding steed, crimson poppies, the verbena, portulacas, daisies, the scarlet blossoms of the cypress plant, petunias, China-asters with blossoms white, blue, and purple, whose species we in our botanical innocence knew not. More than once, upon sidings, we passed the prison trains — forbidding-looking cars, where gangs of convicts are immured when not at work upon the road or in the woods. Their striped forms were scattered along the track, while guards watched them like hawks, rifle in hand, from some coigne of vantage.

At Dallas we crossed the line of the Texas Central Railway at a right angle. Dallas is a well-built and active city, whose one thought is cotton. A citizen, properly impressed with the importance of this staple in connection with the affairs of the world at large, remarked: "Wa'al, I guess 'cotton's king' yet, pretty much every where."

Texans seem to have learned the lesson which the Georgians and other people of the older cotton States have just now comprehended, namely, that it "pays" to alternate crops, and that no lasting prosperity can be reared upon a single and exclusive staple. Cotton will always hold a chief place in the agriculturist's affections, because it is the only product which will command ready cash at its market value in the nearest town. The stranger who has crossed the large open square, or plaza, which is found in every Texan town, at an early hour in the day, will marvel at the change of a few hours. Before mid-day the cotton teams have arrived from the surrounding country, clustering upon every available space in the square and along the adjacent streets. It would be impossible to portray a more animated or varied scene. Clumsy wagons, drawn by little compact oxen, or pos-

sibly by an ox and a mule, are constantly arriving, the men, women, and children mounted high upon the roughly bound cotton bales; the expert in cotton staple, who jumps nimbly, note-book in hand, from wagon to wagon, buying here, rejecting there, and bartering everywhere; the itinerant Hebrews, who press their cheap but showy goods upon the rustics—these and hundreds who have each his own little bargain to drive, and, above all, the great Babel of purchase and sale. The journey to town on market-day is an event in the monotone of life with most of these cotton-growers. They throng the stores, the walks, and patronize the grotesque fakirs, the side shows, and all the wandering brotherhood of minstrelsy, sure to be there when trade is lively.



COURT-HOUSE, FORT WORTH.

Texas is charged with some three hundred murders within the past twelve months, against which is credited eleven executions. An examination of the records will probably show that the great majority of these crimes, and all the train of attendant lesser outrages, were committed in the frontier towns, or just beyond. The termini of the several lines of railroad tending westward are favorite points of assemblage with the irresponsible and dangerous classes, which are swept on before the advance of civilizing influences like dust before a broom. I found an entertaining and not altogether safe field for the study of human nature at its very worst in a variety show at Fort Worth. Two hundred "cow-boys" composed the audience, whose broad felt hats bobbed approval in unison of the vile jests upon the stage, and gave the effect of a bed of toad-stools, while half a dozen worn-out graduates, male and female, of Eastern "vaudevilles" made up the company, whose stock in trade consisted of "gags" and conundrums of an age which was the only respectable feature of the entertainment. At Fort Worth the railroad ends, as I have said, and the stage line begins. The route thence to Fort Concho, and *viâ* El Paso to Yuma, on the southern border of Arizona, is said to be the longest in the world. It covers nearly sixteen hundred miles. Thirteen days are required to traverse the entire route. The mails are brought through with uniform regularity. The veteran stager Colonel Chidester, who held the ribbons on routes in Central New York before the completion of the Erie Canal, and who knows every turnpike in Pennsylvania, is the manager and chief promoter of this line.

The arrival and departure of the daily stage are a matter of considerable impor-



YUMA STAGE LEAVING FORT WORTH.

tance. It is the only means by which officers of the army can reach their far-distant posts toward the Rio Grande. These and the ranchers, the tourists, with fine outfits and breech-loaders, bound on a hunt, the prospectors, the itinerant merchants, make up the passenger list. The great "boot" is strapped down over the baggage behind; small packages are tossed upon the roof; the driver and outside riders are well blanketed in the early season; and as the Jehu cracks his whip over the leaders' heads, the long ride begins. Through passengers are rare, most of the party dropping out within the first three hundred miles. He only can realize such a journey's trials who has waked at morn from uneasy sleep in a corner of a frontier coach, and gazed out of the little windows all day upon mountain, plain, and ford, to drop asleep wearily again in the evening, waking to a repetition of the previous day's journey, broken only by the occasional change of horses and stoppage for meals: thus for nearly two weeks. Probably none will more cheerfully welcome the union of the lines of railroad, the one advancing eastward from the Pacific, and this side of Yuma at this writing, growing at the rate of a mile per diem, and the other soon to reach westward from San Antonio toward El Paso.

Railroad projection in Texas deserves a chapter intact. The easy nature of the topography renders engineering a simple problem. Through lines, short-cuts, and branches are being constantly incubated.

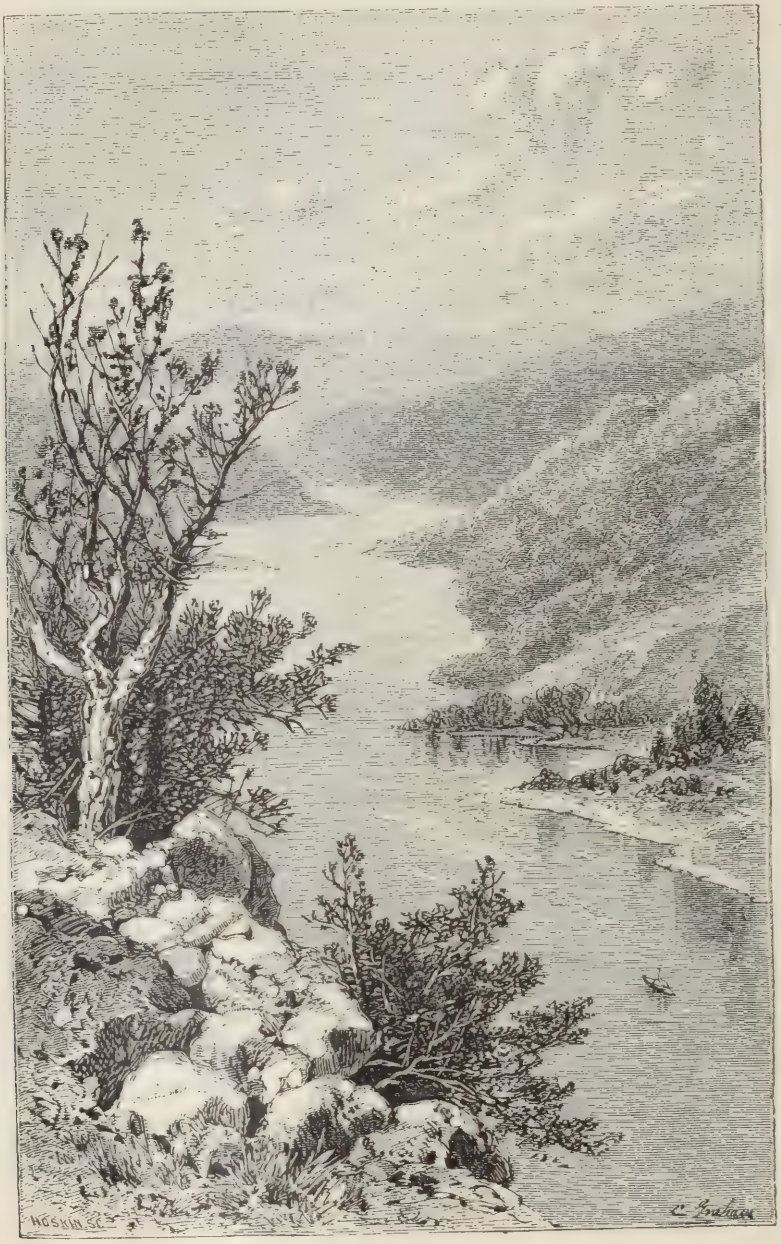
Following—or more often leading—the drift of population, the railroads are seen athwart the horizon everywhere. This great plain has become a chess-board whereon moves and countermoves are constantly made by magnates of the rail, and towns are only pawns. Post stations grow, by virtue of selection as termini, into villages, and soon into towns of broad avenues, four-story brick blocks, opera-houses, fire-brigades, and brass-bands, when, lo! the road is extended thirty or forty miles, and the whilom metropolis becomes a way-station, drooping to a mean and spiritless existence. Such is the present prospect before Fort Worth and Sherman, which are set at the two western extremes of the Texas and Pacific Railroad. And yet these cities are in the centre of rich and productive sections of the State. It is reasonable to expect that, after they have languished for a time, they will accept the inevitable, and become prosperous again under the conditions of their natural supplies of trade. The former place is no longer a fort except in name, the old military post established by General Worth having long since disappeared.

In a picturesque sense Texas will not compare with regions to the northward; for instance, the wild and beautiful Indian Territory, within half a day's ride of Denison, and the Red River boundary. Austin, I think, presents the finest general effect. The Capitol is set well up above the river, and a mile distant, facing down a broad street, not unlike Pennsylvania Avenue, at Washington. The city is built of a cheerful tone of light brick, and a cream-colored native stone of fine texture, resembling that used by the Parisians. The main street is set at a right angle to the Colorado River, which is guarded by rounded heights. The most considerable



GROUP OF TEXAN HUNTERS.

of these is Mount Burnell, which affords an outlook ranking with the vistas of the Pennsylvanian uplands. Daring horsemen ride their steeds to its rocky crest. More prudent and less skillful, I dismounted below a forbidding terrace, and toiled to the summit just in time to catch the wing of a passing shower.

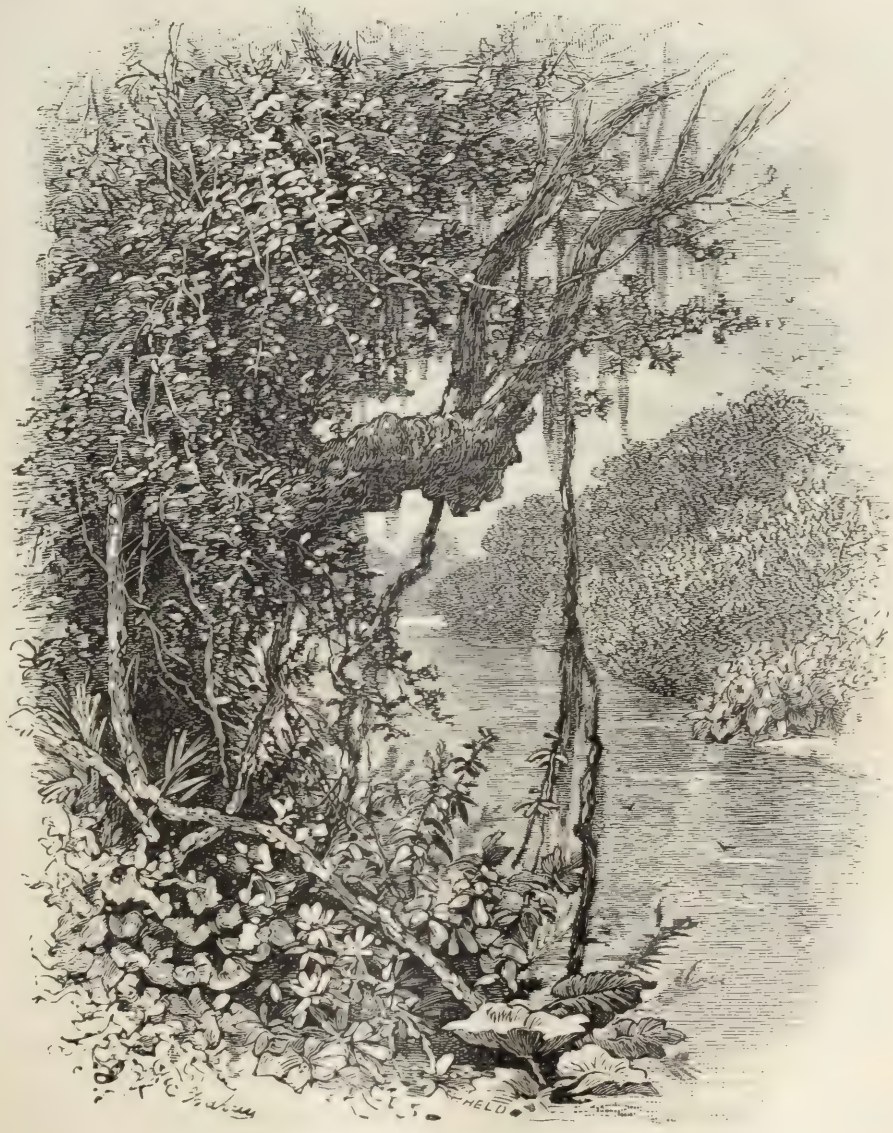


COLORADO RIVER, FROM MOUNT BURNELL.

Between Austin and San Antonio is a region which must be traversed by stage-coaches or in the saddle. The scene approaches in its perfect cultivation and prosperous air the famed Dutch country of Pennsylvania. Here Hollanders and Germans have long since settled in large numbers, clustering about the wonderful and unfailing springs which abound in this portion of the State. The town of New Braunfels, with a population of twenty-five hundred, is said to contain but two American families. The district is watered by the Comal and Guadalupe rivers—brawling streams, which gather themselves into deep and quiet pools anon, reflecting vividly the brilliant foliage and far-reaching moss-draped branches which overarch them, and give stage passengers pretty glimpses that would win the heart of a landscape artist.

San Antonio rests its claims to the attention of the tourist upon its rich store of antiquities, including the Alamo and ruins of the missions. This little city is just now awaking from the lethargy which has for many years given it the effect of a Mexican town.

The railway reached it two years ago, and within a few seasons many of the old Spanish adobes have given way to large and modern business buildings. The march of trade has touched it with quickening impulse. Its plazas are thronged with motley crowds such as we have met at Fort Worth, with the Mexican or "greaser" element added. These latter people are not inclined to assimilate their costumes and modes to those of the whites, but persist in sombreros, slashed breeches, and ornamental buttons *ad infinitum*. They live or exist about the suburbs in "jacals," or huts composed of a conglomerate of sticks, mud, and straw, and of the most miserable description. Small-pox and kindred diseases are common among them. The Little San Antonio River has its head in powerful springs near the city. It winds and rewinds through the town, giving cause for numerous bridges and fords, where we find vistas of almost Venetian beauty. Muslin-draped bathing-houses float at the foot of gardens, and the limpid little stream is in high favor as a refuge during the heated term. San Antonio is a perfect paradise for the lazy man. Coaches are very numerous and cheap—quite as much so as in Havana. Good saddle-horses may be had for something like twenty-five dollars, and even the most poverty-stricken are able to ride. A local celebrity is the "beggar on horseback." He and others of his craft are permitted to ply their vocation on Saturday only, being favored upon that day under the provisions of an ancient Spanish law. A neighboring height is crowned by a fort-like structure just completed for the Quartermaster's Department, U.S.A., at an expense of about one hundred thousand



VIEW ON THE COMAL RIVER.



STREET SCENE IN SAN ANTONIO.

dollars. It is built of native rough-hewn stone, in the form of a quadrangle, with offices occupying one front, and a handsome water-tower in the centre, from which the city and surrounding country may be viewed at advantage.

Thus far I have said nothing of the second great interest of the State—that of stock-raising. San Antonio is a general rendezvous for the ranchers, and any stranger wishing to rough it for a while can readily obtain an invitation to accompany the hardy Texans upon their annual "rounding up," which occurs in the early summer, when all the cattle upon a range are brought together, the calves ear-marked and branded, and the selection made for market. The visitor will be expected to provide himself with a pony and equipments. Plenty of smoking and plug tobacco will prove a potent means of insuring popularity. It is quite probable that the neophyte will discover more than one among his fellow-horsemen whose conversation and bearing bespeak the man of culture and travel. Many such have sought these prairies from the close confinement of Eastern mercantile life to renew failing health; and what medicine among all the drugs in the physician's pharmacopœia can vie with a free canter across these glorious plains upon a June morning? All the senses are alert; all the brain, brawn, and vitality of a man are brought into play. Under a life such as this the wan invalid will soon learn to lie down with his fellows beneath the stars, a saddle for his pillow, with no fear of colds. I never sat in a south or west bound train in Texas that I did not note some consumptive who journeyed toward the dry plains with hope and good prospect of regaining his lost heritage of health. The ranches are full of brown and bearded men, in full possession of glorious strength, who came hither under such conditions.

Western Texas teems with vast herds of cattle, roaming in a semi-wild state throughout the whole year. The owners make common cause in rounding up, and young calves are identified and claimed by the marks upon the mother. Texas beef such as we find in our Northern markets gives but a poor idea of the succulent steaks eaten around the camp fire, with the zest of a perfect appetite for sauce. It is a Texan boast that better meat is thrown to the dogs among the ranches than the people of the North can get in their mar-

kets. Indeed, I heard of one man who killed, a year or so ago, more than ten thousand head of cattle for the hides and tallow. Such a condition of prodigal waste could not exist in a land of less magnificent distances or better means of freightage.



A STAMPEDE.

Instances of this kind, however, are rare, and the more far-sighted stock-men of the State are taking alarm at the rapid advances in the business making in Kansas and Colorado. Competition has reduced profits, as the following, from a late San Antonian paper, will show:

"Several prominent stock-raisers and drovers have been in the city the past week or ten days, and they almost unanimously unite on an estimate of 175,000 to 200,000 head as the number of this year's cattle drive from Texas. The first number is considered low, and the last the greatest that can be expected. The greater proportion of the drive will be yearlings and two-year-olds. Prices are considered high, but holders are firm. The demand for cattle is very good, but the transactions have been rather light of late, many who came here to buy preferring to wait for better rates, or, failing in that, to take their chances after the cattle reach the North. The margin in the cattle-driving business is now considered so close that buyers hesitate before they close a contract. Profits are estimated by cents, almost, where they were formerly calculated by dollars. Cattle in Western Texas are scarce, and with the little profit now made, there are many advocates of stopping the drive entirely for a few years, in order to restock the country, and thereby reduce the supply, and consequently increase the demand in the North. This plan would, no doubt, be the money-making one, if our stock-raisers could afford to wait; but the eagerness to drive every hoof that can find a market will keep the supply in Kansas so great that the prices necessary to make the business here self-sustaining will remain too high to make it safe for speculators to drive. Let the Northwest become drained of its cattle, and the old prices for Texas cattle would revive, and then our stock could readily be sold at rates far in advance of what is now considered as entirely too high. This, it is believed, could be accomplished by stopping the drive for a year or two."

The management of a vast herd of cattle upon the open plain is a difficult and hazardous feat. It requires both nerve and an intimate knowledge of cattle nature to ride into the midst of the thronging, pushing beasts, and single out those destined for the corral. Should a panic ensue, both horse and rider will be borne along before the resistless tide to certain destruction. A herd has been stampeded at the sight of a man dismounted from



BUFFALO-HUNTERS' CAMP.

his horse. They regard the man and beast as a single creature, whose will dominates, and to see this being *take himself apart* is a little more than bovine nature can stand.

As a general thing, the animals are quite docile and ready for the "rounding up." Possibly they may look forward to it with some instinctive pleasure at the grand sight of their own numerical strength. Stand here with me upon this grassy knoll. Beneath us, at yon three scrub oaks, is the station agreed upon. From three directions we may see long dotted skirmish lines growing from little black bead-like spots in a row into moving beasts. The lines rapidly become more dense, gathering up the individuals which stop grazing, look with wondering eyes a moment, and then, evidently having reflected, "Let's see, this is June, isn't it? they're rounding us up," obediently join the grand advance. Those knowing ones who have been under the brand may have some vague remembrance of its torture. The "Mavericks," as unclaimed cattle have been called, and the calves, have yet to feel the terrible iron as it burns its way through the quivering cuticle.

It is an old Texan story, the origin of the name "Maverick," but perhaps it will bear transplanting to the East. A certain well-known "colonel" of the name bought an island in one of the rivers, and stocked it with a few cattle, proposing to keep his animals where he could find them when he wanted beef or hides. Business entanglements claimed the worthy colonel's attention, and in course of time he well-nigh forgot his island colony. Rounders began to find among their herds ancient bulls and cows, all guiltless of owner's mark. They came to be counted by thousands, and it was finally discovered that they were runaways from Colonel Maverick's island. The old colonel was informed by the herders of his good luck, and told, among other things, that some two thousand bulls were subject to his orders. The last thing recorded in connection with this legend is the colonel's excited speech upon the occasion: "For Heaven's sake, boys, go and help yourselves!" Thereafter any animal found without a brand was called a "Maverick," and duly stamped with the finder's mark.

The shipment of Texan beef out of the State by rail last year probably aggregated one hundred and sixty thousand head, while at least an equal number were driv-

en to Colorado, Kansas, etc. In addition, large numbers are sent *viâ* the Gulf to New Orleans and Cuba.

During the Cuban war a number of resident capitalists "cornered" all of the beef in the market, forcing prices to an unprecedented figure, but the inopportune arrival of several cargoes of Texan beef broke the ring, and ruined the ringsters.

Large sums have been expended in experimental shipments of dressed beef to Europe. The future will probably develop this outlet, and through improved refrigerator compartments in ships built especially for the purpose, do much to solve the leading question which agitates the Texan mind: "What shall we do with our beef?"

Hunters still roam over the half-explored western counties in quest of the buffalo, and the coach traveller may chance to come upon their picturesque but not oversavory camps. Skins are stretched about upon poles, spread upon the turf, and disposed of in various ways during the process of curing. They are then packed on mules to the nearest town, where the merchant bales them and ships them to the tanneries. Many buffaloes are shot in wanton sport; and indeed one can hardly find it in his heart to condemn the practice who has once experienced the exultant thrill at the moment he has seen a fine bull "drop in his tracks" beneath a well-aimed rifle.

Going eastward from San Antonio, we have a glimpse of the great sugar tract, second only to that of the Bayou Teche, near New Orleans. We note the groups of field hands with horses dotting the serrated acres, and away in the distance the mill with its towering stack. It is worthy of note that a large proportion of the laborers are white. Many negroes emigrate hither from the old sugar, cotton, or rice lands, but they are often found desirous of getting "back to Georgy." Plantation life as depicted in the literature of the South, and through the medium of negro minstrelsy, finds far less hold upon Texan soil than among the pines of the Atlantic coast.

Frequent stations are passed, where most of those in waiting look as though they had some specific errand. Waiting stage-coaches make up, with the train, a picture often animated and picturesque, and divert the mind from the monotone of the prairie vistas.

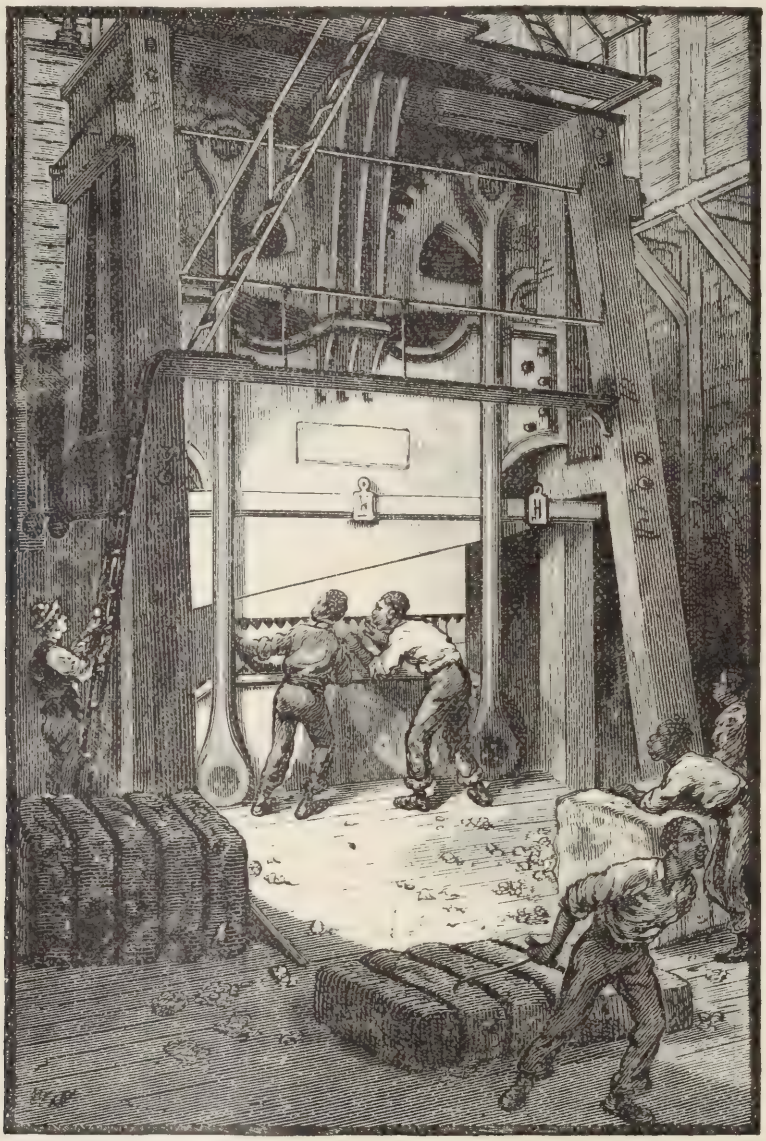
At Houston we feel that we are again in Cottondom. This city and Galveston enjoy a very large proportion of the shipments of the staple, which last year brought the State about forty million dollars. Considerably more than one million dollars is paid for the item of compressing. Houston has two compresses at



"GWINE HOME TO GEORGY."

work, and Galveston supports five. These ponderous machines cost from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars each, and are usually highly profitable, often clearing a sum greater than their original cost in a single season. A first-class press will turn out from five to six hundred bales per diem, at a price varying from seventy-five cents to one dollar per bale. A visit to one of the compresses at night reveals an interesting sight. The monster machine rearing upward into the gloom; the glare of lamps reflecting upon salient points, and the active workers, who tumble the bales into the huge jaws, band them, and haul away the blocks of fleecy staple reduced to one-fourth of their former dimensions; the groaning, shuddering frame; and the loud, deep expiration of the steam —all these hold the visitor spell-bound.

Compress rates are paid by transportation companies or ship captains, who charge freight by the bale, and are large gainers by the compress system. Swedish and Norwegian ships are doing a large portion of the carrying trade. Their white gull-like forms are always seen at the roadstead beyond the outer bar. Galveston still labors under the disadvantage of a want of adequate depth of water at the harbor mouth for the admission of large ships. The national government has expended, under the direction of able engineers, a large amount of money in the construction of a system of jetties upon the gabionade principle, by which the influx and reflux of the tides assist in scouring out a channel. The working of this system, it being a novel one, has been watched by the engineering fraternity with almost as much interest as the works of Captain James B. Eads at the South Pass of the Mississippi. It is regarded as entirely successful, and may lead to the unsealing of other Southern harbors by the same method. Galveston bar has a depth of about sixteen feet of water at present, being more than double that existing formerly. Large ships are loaded by means of lighters, and lighterage tolls form a heavy item of expense in mercantile transactions.



COTTON COMPRESS.

The Cotton Exchange Building at Galveston is extremely ornate, and as a specimen of mercantile architecture, has few peers upon this side of the Atlantic. Galvestonians never forget to remind strangers of their fine beach, which reaches along the Gulf for many miles. It is indeed fine, but not superior to those bordering the Georgian islands, or some portions of the New Jersey coast.



CHAPTER VIII.

PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS.

NOW the Laird has a habit—laudable or not—of lingering over an additional half cup at breakfast, as an excuse for desultory talk; and thus it is, on this particular morning, the young people having gone on deck to see the yacht get under way, that Denny-mains has a chance of revealing to us certain secret schemes of his over which he has apparently been brooding. How could we have imagined that all this plotting and planning had been going on beneath the sedate exterior of the Commissioner for the Burgh of Strathgovan?

"She's just a wonderful bit lass!" he says, confidently, to his hostess; "as happy and contented as the day is long; and when she's not singing to herself, her way of speech has a sort of—a sort of music in it that is quite new to me. Yes, I must admit that; I did not know that the Southern English tongue was so accurate and pleasant to the ear. Ay, but what will become of her?"

What, indeed! The lady whom he was addressing had often spoken to him of Mary Avon's isolated position in the world.

"It fairly distresses me," continues the good-hearted Laird, "when I think of her condeetion—not at present, when she has, if I may be allowed to say so, *several* friends near her who would be glad to do what they could for her; but by-and-by, when she is becoming older—"

The Laird hesitated. Was it possible, after all, that he was about to hint at the chance of Mary Avon becoming the mistress of the mansion and estate of Denny-mains? Then he made a plunge:

"A young woman in her position should have a husband to protect her; that is what I am sure of. Have ye never thought of it, ma'am?"

"I should like very well to see Mary married," says the other, demurely. "And I know she would make an excellent wife."

"An excellent wife!" exclaims the Laird; and then he adds, with a tone approaching to severity: "I tell ye he will be a fortunate man that gets her. Oh, ay; I have watched her. I can keep my eyes open when there is need. Did you hear her asking the captain about his wife and children? I tell you there's *human nature* in that lass."

There was no need for the Laird to be so pugnacious; we were not contesting the point. However, he resumed:

"I have been thinking," said he, with a little more shyness, "about my nephew. He's a good lad. Well, ye know, ma'am, that I do not approve of young men being brought up in idleness, whatever their prospects must be; and I have no doubt whatever that my nephew Howard is working hard enough—what with the reading of law-books, and attending the courts, and all that—though as yet he has not had much business. But then there is no necessity. I do not think he is a lad of any great ambeetion, like your friend Mr. Sutherland, who has to fight his way in the world in any case. But Howard—I have been thinking now that if he was to get married and settled, he might give up the law business altogether; and if they were content to live in Scotland, he might look after Denny-mains. It will be his in any case, ye know; he would have the interest of a man looking after his own property. Now I will tell ye



"THE EASEL IS HANDED OUT TO HIM, AND FINALLY MARY AVON HERSELF."—[SEE PAGE 725.]

plainly, ma'am, what I have been thinking about this day or two back: if Howard would marry your young lady friend, that would be agreeable to me."

The calm manner in which the Laird announced his scheme showed that it had been well matured. It was a natural, simple, feasible arrangement, by which two persons in whom he took a warm interest would be benefited at once.

"But then, Sir," says his hostess, with a smile which she can not wholly repress, "you know people never do marry to please a third person—at least, very seldom."

"Oh, there can be no forcing," said the

Laird, with decision. "But I have done a great deal for Howard: may I not expect that he will do something for me?"

"Oh, doubtless, doubtless," says this amiable lady, who has had some experience in match-making herself; "but I have generally found that marriages that would be in every way suitable and pleasing to friends, and obviously desirable, are precisely the marriages that never come off. Young people, when they are flung at each other's heads, to use the common phrase, never will be sensible and please their relatives. Now if you were to bring your nephew here, do you think Mary would fall in love with him because she ought? More likely you would find that, out of pure contrariety, she would fall in love with Angus Sutherland, who can not afford to marry, and whose head is filled with other things."

"I am not sure—I am not sure," said the Laird, musingly. "Howard is a good-looking young fellow, and a capital lad, too. I am not so sure."

"And then, you know," said the other, shyly, for she will not plainly say anything to Mary's disparagement, "young men have different tastes in their choice of a wife. He might not have the high opinion of her that you have."

At this the Laird gave a look of surprise, even of resentment.

"Then I'll tell ye what it is, ma'am," said he, almost angrily, "if my nephew had the chance of marrying such a girl, and did not do so, I should consider him —I should consider him *a fool*, and say so."

And then he added, sharply:

"And do you think I would let Dennymains pass into the hands of *a fool*?"

Now this kind lady had had no intention of rousing the wrath of the Laird in this manner, and she instantly set about pacifying him. And the Laird was easily pacified. In a minute or two he was laughing good-naturedly at himself for getting into a passion; he said it would not do for one at his time of life to try to play the part of the stern father as they played that in theatre pieces: there was to be no forcing.

"But he's a good lad, ma'am, a good lad," said he, rising as his hostess rose; and he added, significantly, "he is no fool, I assure you, ma'am; he has plenty of common-sense."

When we get up on deck again we find that the *White Dove* is gently gliding out of the lonely Loch Scresorst, with its solitary house among the trees, and its crofters' huts at the base of the sombre hills. And as the light cool breeze—gratefully cool after the blazing heat of the last day or two—carries us away northward, we see more and more of the awful solitudes of Haleval and Haskeval, that are still thunderous and dark under the hazy sky. Above the great shoulders and under the purple peaks we see the far-reaching corries opening up, with here and there a white water-fall just visible in the hollows. There is a sense of escape as we draw away from that overshadowing gloom.

Then we discover that we have a new skipper to-day, *vice* John of Skye, deposed. The fresh hand is Mary Avon, who is at the tiller, and looking exceedingly business-like. She has been promoted to this post by Dr. Sutherland, who stands by; she receives explanations about the procedure of Hector of Moidart, who is up aloft lacing the smaller top-sail to the mast; she watches the operations of John of Skye and Sandy, who are at the sheets below; and, like a wise and considerate captain, she pretends not to notice Master Fred, who is having a quiet smoke by the windlass. And so past those lonely shores sails the brave vessel—the yawl *White Dove*, Captain Mary Avon, bound for anywhere.

But you must not imagine that the new skipper is allowed to stand by the tiller. Captain though she may be, she has to submit civilly to dictation, in so far as her foot is concerned. Our young doctor has compelled her to be seated, and he has passed a rope round the tiller that so she can steer from her chair, and from time to time he gives suggestions, which she receives as orders.

"I wish I had been with you when you first sprained your foot," he says.

"Yes?" she answers, with humble inquiry in her eyes.

"I would have put it in plaster of Paris," he says, in a matter-of-fact way, "and locked you up in the house for a fortnight; at the end of that time you would not know which ankle was the sprained one."

There was neither "with your leave" nor "by your leave" in this young man's manner when he spoke of that accident. He would have taken possession of her. He would have discarded your bandages

and hartshorn, and what not; when it was Mary Avon's foot that was concerned —it was intimated to us—he would have had his own way in spite of all comers.

"I wish I had known," she says, timidly, meaning that it was the treatment she wished she had known.

"There is a more heroic remedy," said he, with a smile, "and that is walking the sprain off. I believe that can be done, but most people would shrink from the pain. Of course, if it were done at all, it would be done by a woman: women can bear pain infinitely better than men."

"Oh, do you think so!" she says, in mild protest. "Oh, I am sure not. Men are so much braver than women, so much stronger—"

But this gentle quarrel is suddenly stopped, for some one calls attention to a deer that is calmly browsing on one of the high slopes above that rocky shore, and instantly all glasses are in request. It is a hind, with a beautifully shaped head and slender legs; she takes no notice of the passing craft, but continues her feeding, walking a few steps onward from time to time. In this way she reaches the edge of a gully in the rugged cliffs where there is some brush-wood, and probably a stream; into this she sedately descends, and we see her no more.

Then there is another cry: what is this cloud ahead, or water-spout, resting on the calm bosom of the sea? Glasses again in request, amid many exclamations, reveal to us that this is a dense cloud of birds; a flock so vast that toward the water it seems black. Can it be the dead body of a whale that has collected this world of wings from all the northern seas? Hurry on, *White Dove*, for the floating cloud with the black base is moving and seething—in fantastic white fumes, as it were —in the loveliness of this summer day. And now, as we draw nearer, we can descry that there is no dead body of a whale causing that blackness, but only the density of the mass of sea-fowl! And nearer and nearer as we draw, behold! the great gannets swooping down in such numbers that the sea is covered with a mist of water-spouts; and the air is filled with innumerable cries; and we do not know what to make of this bewildering, fluttering, swimming, screaming mass of terns, guillemots, skarts, kittiwakes, razor-bills, puffins, and gulls. But they draw away again. The herring shoal is moving northward. The murmur of cries becomes more remote, and the seething cloud of the sea-birds is slowly dispersing. When the *White Dove* sails up to the spot at which this phenomenon was first seen, there is nothing visible but a scattered assemblage of guillemots—*kurroo! kurroo!* answered by *pe-yoo-it! pe-yoo-it!*—and great gannets ("as big as a sheep," says John of Skye), apparently so gorged that they lie on the water within stone's-throw of the yacht, before spreading out their long, snow-white, black-tipped wings to bear them away over the sea.

And now, as we are altering our course to the west—far away to our right stand the vast Coolins of Skye—we sail along the northern shores of Rum. There is no trace of any habitation visible; nothing but the precipitous cliffs, and the sandy bays, and the outstanding rocks dotted with rows of shining black skarts. When Mary Avon asks why those sandy bays should be so red, and why a certain ruddy warmth of color should shine through even the patches of grass, our F.R.S. begins to speak of powdered basalt rubbed down from the rocks above. He would have her begin another sketch, but she is too proud of her newly acquired knowledge to forsake the tiller.

The wind is now almost dead aft, and we have a good deal of jibing. Other people might think that all this jibing was an evidence of bad steering on the part of our new skipper; but Angus Sutherland—and we can not contradict an F.R.S.—assures Miss Avon that she is doing remarkably well; and, as he stands by to lay hold of the main-sheet when the boom swings over, we are not in much danger of carrying away either port or starboard davits.

"Do you know," says he, lightly, "I sometimes think I ought to apply for the post of surgeon on board a man-of-war. That would just suit me—"

"Oh, I hope you will not," she blurts out, quite inadvertently; and thereafter there is a deep blush on her face.

"I should enjoy it immensely, I know," says he, wholly ignorant of her embarrassment, because he is keeping an eye on the sails. "I believe I should have more pleasure in life that way than any other—"

"But you do not live for your own pleasure," says she, hastily, perhaps to cover her confusion.

"I have no one else to live for, anyway," says he, with a laugh; and then he corrected himself. "Oh yes, I have. My father is a sad heretic. He has fallen away from the standards of his faith; he has set up idols—the diplomas and medals I have got from time to time. He has them all arranged in his study, and I have heard that he positively sits down before them and worships them. When I sent him the medal from Vienna—it was only bronze—he returned to me his Greek Testament that he had interleaved and annotated when he was a student; I believe it was his greatest possession."

"And you would give up all that he expects from you, to go away and be a doctor on board a ship!" says Mary Avon, with some proud emphasis. "That would not be my ambition if I were a man, and —and if I had—if—"

Well, she could not quite say to Brose's face what she thought of his powers and prospects; so she suddenly broke away and said:

"Yes; you would go and do that for your own amusement. And what would the amusement be? Do you think they would let the doctor interfere with the sailing of the ship?"

"Well," said he, laughing, "that is a practical objection. I don't suppose the captain of a man-of-war, or even of a merchant vessel, would be as accommodating as your John of Skye. Captain John has his compensation when he is relieved; he can go forward and light his pipe."

"Well, I think, for *your father's sake*," says Miss Avon, with decision, "you had better put that idea out of your head, once and for all."

Now blow, breezes, blow! What is the great headland that appears, striking out into the wide Atlantic?

"Ahead she goes! the land she knows!
Behold! the snowy shores of Canna—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

"Tom Galbraith," the Laird is saying, solemnly, to his hostess, "has assured me that Rum is the most picturesque island on the whole of the western coast of Scotland. That is his deleeberate opinion. And indeed I would not go so far as to say he was wrong. Arran! They talk about Arran! Just look at those splendid mountains coming sheer down to the sea; and the light of the sun on them! Eh, me, what a sunset there will be this night!"

"Canna?" says Dr. Sutherland to his interlocutor, who seems very anxious to be instructed. "Oh, I don't know. *Canna* in Gaelic is simply a can; but then *cana* is a whale; and the island in the distance looks long and flat on the water. Or it may be from *canach*—that is the moss-cotton; or from *cannach*—that is the sweet-gale. You see, Miss Avon, ignorant people have an ample choice."

Blow, breezes, blow! as the yellow light of the afternoon shines over the broad Atlantic. Here are the eastern shores of Canna, high and rugged and dark with caves; and there the western shores of Rum, the mighty mountains aglow in the evening light. And this remote and solitary little bay, with its green headlands, and its awkward rocks at the mouth, and the one house* presiding over it amongst that shining wilderness of shrubs and flowers? Here is fair shelter for the night.

After dinner, in the lambent twilight, we set out with the gig, and there was much preparation of elaborate contrivances for the entrapping of fish. But the Laird's occult and intricate tackle—the spinning minnows and spoons and India rubber sand-eels—proved no competitor for the couple of big white flies that Angus Sutherland had busked. And of course Mary Avon had that rod; and when some huge lithe dragged the end of the rod fairly under water, and when she cried aloud, "Oh! oh! I can't hold it; he'll break the rod!" then arose Brose's word of command:

"Haul him in! Shove out the butt! No scientific playing with a lithe! Well done!—well done!—a five-pounder, I'll bet ten farthings!"

It was not scientific fishing; but we got big fish—which is of more importance in the eyes of Master Fred. And then, as the night fell, we set out again for the yacht; and the doctor pulled stroke; and he sang some verses of the *biorlinn* song as the blades dashed fire into the rushing sea:

"Proudly o'er the waves we'll bound her,
As the stag-hound bounds the heather—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!

* Sir, our gratitude to you! Better milk, and more welcome, never came from any dairy.

Through the eddying tide we'll guide her,
Round each isle and breezy headland—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

The yellow lamp at the bow of the yacht grew larger and larger; the hull of the boat looked black between us and the star-lit heavens; as we clambered on board there was a golden glow from the saloon sky-light. And then, during the long and happy evening, amid all the whist-playing and other amusements going forward, what about certain timid courtesies and an occasional shy glance between those two young people? Some of us began to think that if the Laird's scheme was to come to anything, it was high time that Mr. Howard Smith put in an appearance.

CHAPTER IX.

A WILD STUDIO.

THERE is a fine bustle of preparation next morning—for the gig is waiting by the side of the yacht, and Dr. Sutherland is carefully getting our artist's materials into the stern; and the Laird is busy with shawls and water-proofs; and Master Fred brings along the luncheon basket. Our admiral-in-chief prefers to stay on board; she has letters to write; there are enough of us to go and be tossed on the Atlantic swell off the great caves of Canna.

And as the men strike their oars in the water, and we have a last adieu, the Laird catches a glimpse of our larder at the stern of the yacht. Alas! there is but one remaining piece of fresh meat hanging there under the white canvas.

"It reminds me," says he, beginning to laugh already, "of a good one that Tom Galbraith told me—a real good one that was. Tom had a little bit yacht that his man and himself sailed when he was painting, ye know; and one day they got into a bay where Duncan—that was the man's name—had some friends ashore. Tom left him in charge of the yacht; and—and—ha! ha! ha!—there was a leg of mutton hanging at the stern. Well, Tom was rowed ashore; and painted all day; and came back to the yacht in the afternoon. *There was no leg of mutton!* 'Duncan,' says he, 'where is the leg of mutton?' Duncan pretended to be vastly surprised. 'Iss it away?' says he. 'Away?' says Tom; 'don't you see it is away? I want to know who took it.' Duncan looked all round him—at the sea and the sky—and then says he—then says he, 'Maybe it wass a dog!'—ha! ha! hee! hee! hee!—'maybe it wass a dog,' says he; and they were half a mile from the shore! I never see the canvas at the stern of a yacht without thinking o' Tom Galbraith and the leg of mutton;" and here the Laird laughed long and loud again.

"I have heard you speak once or twice about Tom Galbraith," remarked our young doctor, without meaning the least sarcasm: "he is an artist, I suppose?"

The Laird stopped laughing. There was a look of indignant wonder—approaching to horror—on his face. But when he proceeded, with some dignity, and even resentment, to explain to this ignorant person the immense importance of the school that Tom Galbraith had been chiefly instrumental in forming, and the high qualities of that artist's personal work, and how the members of the Royal Academy shook in their shoes at the mere mention of Tom Galbraith's name, he became more pacified; for Angus Sutherland listened with great respect, and even promised to look out for Mr. Galbraith's work if he passed through Edinburgh on his way to the South.

The long, swinging stroke of the men soon took us round the successive headlands, until we were once more in the open, with the mountains of Skye in the north, and far away at the horizon a pale line which we knew to be North Uist. And now the green shores of Canna were becoming more precipitous; and there was a roaring of the sea along the spurs of black rock; and the long Atlantic swell, breaking on the bows of the gig, was sending a little more spray over us than was at all desirable. Certainly no one who could have seen the doctor at this moment—with his fresh-colored face dripping with the salt-water and shining in the sunlight—would have taken him for a hard-worked and anxious student. His hard work was pulling stroke oar, and he certainly put his shoulders into it, as the Laird had remarked; and his sole anxiety was about Mary Avon's art materials. That young lady shook the water from the two blank canvases, and declared it did not matter a bit.

These lonely cliffs!—becoming more grim and awful every moment, as this

mite of a boat still wrestles with the great waves, and makes its way along the coast. And yet there are tender greens where the pasturage appears on the high plateaus, and there is a soft ruddy hue where the basalt shines. The gloom of the picture appears below—in the caves washed out of the conglomerate by the heavy seas; in the spurs and fantastic pillars and arches of the black rock; and in this leaden-hued Atlantic springing high over every obstacle to go roaring and booming into the caverns. And these innumerable white specks on the sparse green plateaus and on this high promontory: can they be mushrooms in millions? Suddenly one of the men lifts his oar from the rowlock, and rattles it on the rail of the gig. At this sound a cloud rises from the black rocks; it spreads; the next moment the air is darkened over our heads; and almost before we know what has happened, this vast multitude of puffins has wheeled by us, and wheeled again further out to sea—a smoke of birds! And as we watch them, behold! stragglers come back—in thousands upon thousands, the air is filled with them—some of them swooping so near us that we can see the red parrot-like beak and the orange-hued web-feet, and then again the green shelves of grass and the pinnacles of rock become dotted with those white specks. The myriads of birds; the black caverns; the arches and spurs of rock; the leaden-hued Atlantic bounding and springing in white foam: what says Mary Avon to that? Has she the courage?

"If you can put me ashore?" says she.

"Oh, we will get you ashore somehow," Dr. Sutherland answers.

But, indeed, the nearer we approach that ugly coast, the less we like the look of it. Again and again we make for what should be a sheltered bit; but long before we can get to land we can see through the plunging sea great masses of yellow, which we know to be the barnacled rock; and then ahead we find a shore that, in this heavy surf, would make match-wood of the gig in three seconds. Brose, however, will not give in. If he can not get the gig on to any beach or into any creek, he will land our artist somehow. And at last—and in spite of the remonstrances of John of Skye—he insists on having the boat backed in to a projecting mass of conglomerate, all yellowed over with small shell-fish, against which the sea is beating heavily. It is an ugly landing-place; we can see the yellow rock go sheer down in the clear green sea; and the surf is spouting up the side in white jets. But if she can watch a high wave, and put her foot there—and there—will she not find herself directly on a plateau of rock at least twelve feet square?

"Back her, John!—back her!" and therewith the doctor, watching his chance, scrambles out and up to demonstrate the feasibility of the thing. And the easel is handed out to him; and the palette and canvases; and finally Mary Avon herself. Nay, even the Laird will adventure, sending on before him the luncheon basket.

It is a strange studio—this projecting shell-crusted rock, surrounded on three sides by the sea, and on the fourth by an impassable cliff. And the sounds beneath our feet—there must be some subterranean passage or cave into which the sea roars and booms. But Angus Sutherland rigs up the easel rapidly, and arranges the artist's camp-stool, and sets her fairly agoing; then he proposes to leave the Laird in charge of her. He and the humble chronicler of the adventures of these people mean to have some further explorations of this wild coast.

But we had hardly gone a quarter of a mile or so—it was hard work pulling in this heavy sea—when the experienced eye of Sandy from Islay saw that something was wrong.

"What's that?" he said, staring.

We turned instantly, and strove to look through the mists of spray. Where we had left the Laird and Mary Avon there were now visible only two mites, apparently not bigger than puffins. But is not one of the puffins gesticulating wildly?

"Round with her, John!" the doctor calls out. "They want us—I'm sure."

And away the gig goes again—plunging into the great troughs, and then swinging up to the giddy crests. And as we get nearer and nearer, what is the meaning of the Laird's frantic gestures? We can not understand him; and it is impossible to hear, for the booming of the sea into the caves drowns his voice.

"He has lost his hat," says Angus Sutherland. And then, the next second, "Where's the easel?"

Then we understand those wild gestures. Pull away, merry men! for has not a squall swept the studio of its movables? And there, sure enough, tossing high and low

on the waves, we descry a variety of things—an easel, two canvases, a hat, a veil, and what not. Up with the boat-hook to the bow! and gently with those plunges, most accurate Hector of Moidart!

"I am so sorry," she says (or rather shrieks), when her dripping property is restored to her.

"It was my fault," our doctor yells; "but I will undertake to fasten your easel properly this time"—and therewith he fetches a lump of rock that might have moored a man-of-war.

We stay and have luncheon in this gusty and thunderous studio—though Mary Avon will scarcely turn from her canvas. And there is no painting of pink geraniums about this young woman's work. We see already that she has got a thorough grip of this cold, hard coast (the sun is obscured now, and the various hues are more sombre than ever); and though she has not had time as yet to try to catch the motion of the rolling sea, she has got the color of it—a leaden gray, with glints of blue and white, and with here and there a sudden splash of deep, rich, glassy, bottle-green, where some wave for a moment catches, just as it gets to the shore, a reflection from the grass plateaus above. Very good, Miss Avon; very good—but we pretend that we are not looking.

Then away we go again, to leave the artist to her work; and we go as near as possible—the high sea will not allow us to enter—the vast black caverns; and we watch through the clear water for those masses of yellow rock. And then the multitudes of white-breasted, red-billed birds perched up there—close to the small burrows in the scant grass; they jerk their heads about in a watchful way, just like the prairie-dogs at the mouth of their sandy habitations on the Colorado plains. And then again a hundred or two of them come swooping down from the rocky pinnacles and sail over our heads—twinkling bits of color between the gray-green sea and the blue and white of the sky. They resent the presence of strangers in this far home of the sea-birds.

It is a terrible business getting that young lady and her paraphernalia back into the gig again; for the sea is still heavy, and, of course, additional care has now to be taken of the precious canvas. But at last she, and the Laird, and the luncheon basket, and everything else, have been got on board; and away we go for the yacht again, in the now clearing afternoon. As we draw further away from the roar of the caves, it is more feasible to talk; and naturally we are all very complimentary about Mary Avon's sketch in oils.

"Ay," says the Laird, "and it wants but one thing; and I am sure I could get Tom Galbraith to put that in for you. A bit of a yacht, ye know, or other sailing vessel, put below the cliffs, would give people a notion of the height of the cliffs, do ye see? I am sure I could get Tom Galbraith to put that in for ye."

"I hope Miss Avon won't let Tom Galbraith or anybody else meddle with the picture," says Angus Sutherland, with some emphasis. "Why, a yacht! Do you think anybody would let a yacht come close to rocks like these? As soon as you introduce any making up like that, the picture is a sham. It is the real thing now, as it stands. Twenty years hence you could take up that piece of canvas, and there before you would be the very day that you spent here; it would be like finding your old life of twenty years before opened up to you with a lightning flash. The picture is—why, I should say it is invaluable, as it stands."

At this somewhat fierce praise Mary Avon colors a little. And then she says, with a gentle hypocrisy,

"Oh, do you really think there is—there is—some likeness to the place?"

"It is the place itself!" says he, warmly.

"Because," she says, timidly, and yet with a smile, "one likes to have one's work appreciated, however stupid it may be. And—and if you think that—would you like to have it? Because I should be so proud if you would take it—only I am ashamed to offer my sketches to anybody—"

"That!" said he, staring at the canvas as if the mines of Golconda were suddenly opened to him. But then he drew back. "Oh no," he said; "you are very kind; but—but, you know, I can not. You would think I had been asking for it."

"Well," says Miss Avon, still looking down, "I never was treated like this before. You won't take it? You don't think it is worth putting in your portmanteau."

At this the young doctor's face grew very red; but he said, boldly:

"Very well, now, if you have been playing fast and loose, you shall be punished. I *will* take the picture, whether you grudge it me or not. And I don't mean to give it up now."

"Oh," said she, very gently, "if it reminds you of the place, I shall be very pleased; and—and it may remind you too that I am not likely to forget your kindness to poor Mrs. Thompson."

And so this little matter was amicably settled—though the Laird looked with a covetous eye on that rough sketch of the rocks of Canna, and regretted that he was not to be allowed to ask Tom Galbraith to put in a touch or two. And so back to the yacht, and to dinner in the silver-clear evening; and how beautiful looked this calm bay of Canna, with its glittering waters and green shores, after the grim rocks and the heavy Atlantic waves!

That evening we pursued the innocent lithe again—our larder was becoming terribly empty—and there was a fine take. But of more interest to some of us than the big fish was the extraordinary wonder of color in sea and sky when the sun had gone down; and there was a wail on the part of the Laird that Mary Avon had not her colors with her to put down some jotting for further use. Or if on paper: might not she write down something of what she saw, and experiment thereafter? Well, if any artist can make head or tail of words in such a case as this, here they are for him—as near as our combined forces of observation could go.

The vast plain of water around us a blaze of salmon-red, with the waves (catching the reflection of the zenith) marked in horizontal lines of blue. The great headland of Canna, between us and the western sky, a mass of dark, intense olive-green. The sky over that a pale, clear lemon-yellow. But the great feature of this evening scene was a mass of cloud that stretched all across the heavens—a mass of flaming, thunderous, orange-red cloud that began in the far pale mists in the east, and came across the blue zenith overhead, burning with a splendid glory there, and then stretched over to the west, where it narrowed down and was lost in the calm, clear gold of the horizon. The splendor of this great cloud was bewildering to the eyes; one turned gratefully to the reflection of it in the sultry red of the sea below, broken by the blue lines of waves. Our attention was not wholly given to the fishing or the boat on this lambent evening: perhaps that was the reason we ran on a rock, and with difficulty got off again.

Then back to the yacht again about eleven o'clock. What is this terrible news from Master Fred, who was sent off with instructions to hunt up any stray crofter he might find, and use such persuasions in the shape of Gaelic friendliness and English money as would enable us to replenish our larder? What! that he had walked two miles and seen nothing eatable or purchasable but an old hen? Canna is a beautiful place; but we begin to think it is time to be off.

On this still night, with the stars coming out, we can not go below. We sit on deck and listen to the musical whisper along the shore, and watch one golden-yellow planet rising over the dusky peaks of Rum, far in the east. And our young doctor is talking of the pathetic notices that are common in the Scotch papers—in the advertisements of deaths. "*New Zealand papers, please copy.*" "*Canadian papers, please copy.*" When you see this prayer appended to the announcement of the death of some old woman of seventy or seventy-five, do you not know that it is a message to loved ones in distant climes, wanderers who may forget but who have not been forgotten? They are messages that tell of a scattered race—of a race that once filled the glens of these now almost deserted islands. And surely, when some birthday or other time of recollection comes round, those far away

"Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe"

must surely bethink themselves of the old people left behind—living in Glasgow or Greenock now, perhaps—and must bethink themselves too of the land where last they saw the bonny red heather, and where last they heard the pipes playing the sad "Farewell, MacCruimin," as the ship stood out to sea. They can not quite forget the scenes of their youth—the rough seas and the red heather and the islands; the wild dancing at the weddings; the secret meetings in the glen with Ailasa, or Morag, or Mairi, come down from the sheiling, all alone, a shawl round her head to shelter her from the rain, her heart fluttering like the heart of a timid fawn. They can not forget.

And we, too, we are going away; and it may be that we shall never see this

beautiful bay or the island there again. But one of us carries away with him a talisman for the sudden revival of old memories. And twenty years hence—that was his own phrase—what will Angus Sutherland—perhaps a very great and rich person by that time—what will he think when he turns to a certain picture, and recalls the long summer day when he rowed with Mary Avon round the wild shores of Canna?

CHAPTER X.

"DUNVEGAN!—OH! DUNVEGAN!"

COMMANDER MARY AVON sends her orders below: everything to be made snug in the cabins, for there is a heavy sea running outside, and the *White Dove* is already under way. Farewell, then, you beautiful blue bay—all rippled into silver now with the breeze—and green shores and picturesque cliffs! We should have lingered here another day or two, perhaps, but for the report about that one old hen. We can not ration passengers and crew on one old hen.

And here, as we draw away from Canna, is the vast panorama of the sea-world around us once more—the mighty mountain range of Skye shining faintly in the northern skies; Haleval and Haskeval still of a gloomy purple in the east; and away beyond these leagues of rushing Atlantic the pale blue line of North Uist. Whither are we bound, then, you small captain with the pale face and the big, soft, tender black eyes? Do you fear a shower of spray, that you have strapped that tightly fitting Ulster round the graceful small figure? And are you quite sure that you know whether the wind is on the port or starboard beam?

"Look! look! look!" she calls, and our F.R.S., who has been busy over the charts, jumps to his feet.

Just at the bow of the vessel we see the great shining black thing disappear. What if there had been a collision?

"You can not call *that* a porpoise, anyway," says she. "Why, it must have been eighty feet long!"

"Yes, yacht measurement," says he. "But it had a back fin, which is suspicious, and it did not blow. Now," he adds—for we have been looking all round for the re-appearance of the huge stranger—"if you want to see real whales at work, just look over there, close under Rum. I should say there was a whole shoal of them in the Sound."

And there, sure enough, we see from time to time the white spoutings—rising high into the air in the form of the letter V, and slowly falling again. They are too far away for us to hear the sound of their blowing, nor can we catch any glimpse, through the best of our glasses, of their appearance at the surface. Moreover, the solitary stranger that nearly ran against our bows makes no re-appearance; he has had enough of the wonders of the upper world for a time.

It is a fine sailing morning, and we pay but little attention to the fact that the wind, as usual, soon gets to be dead ahead. So long as the breeze blows, and the sun shines, and the white spray flies from the bows of the *White Dove*, what care we which harbor is to shelter us for the night? And if we can not get into any harbor, what then? We carry our own kingdom with us; and we are far from being dependent on the one old hen.

But in the midst of much laughing at one of the Laird's good ones—the inexhaustible Homesh was again to the fore—a head appears at the top of the companionway, and there is a respectful silence. Unseemly mirth dies away before the awful dignity of this person.

"Angus," she says, with a serious remonstrance on her face, "do you believe what scientific people tell you?"

Angus Sutherland starts, and looks up; he has been deep in a chart of Loch Bracadaile.

"Don't they say that water finds its own level? Now do you call this water finding its own level?"—and as she propounds this conundrum, she clings on tightly to the side of the companion, for, in truth, the *White Dove* is curveting a good deal among those great masses of waves.

"Another tumbler broken!" she exclaims. "Now who left that tumbler on the table?"

"I know," says Mary Avon.

"Who was it, then?" says the occupant of the companionway; and we begin to tremble for the culprit.

"Why, you yourself!"

"Mary Avon, how can you tell such a story!" says the other, with a stern face.

"Oh, but that is so," calls out our doc-

tor, "for I myself saw you bring the tumbler out of the ladies' cabin with water for the flowers."

The universal shout of laughter that overwhelms Madame Dignity is too much for her. A certain conscious, lurking smile begins to break through the sternness of her face.

"I don't believe a word of it," she declares, firing a shot as she retreats. "Not a word of it. You are two conspirators. To tell such a story about a tumbler—"

But at this moment a further assault is made on the majesty of this imperious small personage. There is a thunder at the bows; a rattling as of pistol-shots on the decks forward; and at the same moment the fag-ends of the spray come flying over the after-part of the yacht. What becomes of one's dignity when one gets a shower of salt-water over one's head and neck? Go down below, madam!—retreat, retreat, discomfited!—go, dry your face and your bonny brown hair—and bother us no more with your broken tumbler!

And despite those plunging seas and the occasional showers of spray, Mary Avon still clings bravely to the rope that is round the tiller; and as we are bearing over for Skye on one long tack, she has no need to change her position. And if from time to time her face gets wet with the salt-water, is it not quickly dried again in the warm sun and the breeze? Sun and salt-water and sea-air will soon chase away the pallor from that gentle face: can not one observe already—after only a few days' sailing—a touch of sun-brown on her cheeks?

And now we are drawing nearer and nearer to Skye, and before us lies the lonely Loch Breatal, just under the splendid Coolins. See how the vast slopes of the mountains appear to come sheer down to the lake; and there is a soft, sunny green on them—a beautiful, tender, warm color that befits a summer day. But far above and beyond those sunny slopes a different sight appears. All the clouds of this fair day have gathered round the upper portions of the mountains; and that solitary range of black and jagged peaks is dark in shadow, dark as if with the expectation of thunder. The Coolins are not beloved of mariners. Those beautiful sun-lit ravines are the secret haunts of hurricanes that suddenly come out to strike the unwary yachtsman as with the blow of a hammer. *Stand by, forward, then, lads! About ship! Down with the helm, Captain Avon!*—and behold! we are sailing away from the black Coolins, and ahead of us there is only the open sea, and the sunlight shining on the far cliffs of Canna.

"When your course is due north," remarks Angus Sutherland, who has relieved Mary Avon at the helm, "and when the wind is due north, you get a good deal of sailing for your money."

The profound truth of this remark becomes more and more apparent as the day passes in a series of long tacks which do not seem to be bringing those far headlands of Skye much nearer to us. And if we are beating in this heavy sea all day and night, is there not a chance of one or other of our women-folk collapsing? They are excellent sailors, to be sure—but—but—

Dr. Sutherland is consulted. Dr. Sutherland's advice is prompt and emphatic. His sole and only precaution against sea-sickness is simple: resolute eating and drinking. Cure for sea-sickness, after it has set in, he declares there is none: to prevent it, eat and drink, and let the drink be *brut* Champagne. So our two prisoners are ordered below to undergo that punishment.

And perhaps it is the *brut* Champagne, or perhaps it is merely the snugness of our little luncheon party, that prompts Miss Avon to remark on the exceeding selfishness of yachting, and to suggest a proposal that fairly takes away our breath by its audacity.

"Now," she says, cheerfully, "I could tell you how you could occupy an idle day on board a yacht so that you would give a great deal of happiness—quite a shock of delight—to a large number of people."

Well, we are all attention.

"At what cost?" says the financier of our party.

"At no cost."

This is still more promising. Why should not we instantly set about making all those people happy?

"All that you have got to do is to get a copy of the *Field*, or of the *Times*, or some such paper."

Yes; and how are we to get any such thing? Rum has no post-office. No mail calls at Canna. Newspapers do not grow on the rocks of Loch Bracadaile.

"However, let us suppose that we have the paper."

"Very well. All you have to do is to sit down and take the advertisements, and write to the people, accepting all their offers on their own terms. The man who wants £500 for his shooting in the autumn; the man who will sell his steam-yacht for £7000; the curate who will take in another youth to board at £200 a year; the lady who wants to let her country house during the London season; all the people who are anxious to sell things. You offer to take them all. If a man has a yacht to let on hire, you will pay for new jerseys for the men. If a man has a house to be let, you will take all the fixtures at his own valuation. All you have to do is to write two or three hundred letters—as an anonymous person, of course—and you make two or three hundred people quite delighted for perhaps a whole week!"

The Laird stared at this young lady as if she had gone mad; but there was only a look of complacent friendliness on Mary Avon's face.

"You mean that you write sham letters?" says her hostess. "You gull those unfortunate people into believing that all their wishes are realized?"

"But you make them happy," says Mary Avon, confidently.

"Yes—and the disappointment afterward!" retorts her friend, almost with indignation. "Imagine their disappointment when they find they have been duped! Of course they would write letters and discover that the anonymous person had no existence."

"Oh no!" says Mary Avon, eagerly. "There could be no such great disappointment. The happiness would be definite and real for the time. The disappointment would only be a slow and gradual thing when they found no answer coming to their letter. You would make them happy for a whole week or so by accepting their offer; whereas by not answering their letter or letters you would only puzzle them, and the matter would drop away into forgetfulness. Do you not think it would be an excellent scheme?"

Come on deck, you people; this girl has got demented. And, behold! as we emerge once more into the sunlight and whirling spray and wind, we find that we are nearing Skye again on the port tack, and now it is the mouth of Loch Bracadaile that we are approaching. And these pillars of rock, outstanding from the cliffs, and worn by the northern seas?

"Why, these must be Macleod's Maidens!" says Angus Sutherland, unrolling one of the charts.

And then he discourses to us of the curious fancies of sailors—passing the lonely coasts from year to year, and recognizing as old friends, not any living thing, but the strange conformation of the rocks, and giving to these the names of persons and of animals; and he thinks there is something more weird and striking about these solitary and sea-worn rocks fronting the great Atlantic than about any comparatively modern Sphinx or Pyramid; until we regard the sun-lit pillars, and their fretted surface and their sharp shadows, with a sort of morbid imagination; and we discover how the sailors have fancied them to be stone women; and we see in the largest of them—her head and shoulder tilted over a bit—some resemblance to the position of the Venus discovered at Milo. All this is very fine; but suddenly the sea gets darkened over there; a squall comes roaring out of Loch Bracadaile; John of Skye orders the boat about; and presently we are running free before this puff from the northeast. Alas! alas! we have no sooner got out of the reach of the squall than the wind backs to the familiar north, and our laborious beating has to be continued as before.

But we are not discontented. Is it not enough, as the golden and glowing afternoon wears on, to listen to the innocent prattle of Denny-mains, whose mind has been fired by the sight of those pillars of rock? He tells us a great many remarkable things—about the similarity between Gaelic and Irish, and between Welsh and Armorican; and he discusses the use of the Druidical stones, as to whether the priests followed serpent-worship or devoted these circles to human sacrifice. He tells us about the Picts and Scots; about Fingal and Ossian; about the doings of Arthur in his kingdom of Strathclyde. It is a most innocent sort of prattle.

"Yes, Sir," says Brose, quite gravely, though we are not quite sure that he is not making fun of our simple-hearted Laird, "there can be no doubt that the Aryan race that first swept over Europe spoke a Celtic language, more or less akin to Gaelic, and that they were pushed out,

by successive waves of population, into Brittany, and Wales, and Ireland, and the Highlands. And I often wonder whether it was they themselves that modestly called themselves the foreigners or strangers, and affixed that name to the land they laid hold of, from Galicia and Gaul to Galloway and Galway. The Gaelic word *gall*, a stranger, you find everywhere. Fingal himself is only *Fionn-gall*—the Fair Stranger; *Dubh-gall*—that is the familiar Dugald—or the Black Stranger—is what the Islay people call a Lowlander. *Ru-na-Gaul*, that we passed the other day—that is the Foreigner's Point. I think there can be no doubt that the tribes that first brought Aryan civilization through the west of Europe spoke Gaelic, or something like Gaelic."

"Ay," said the Laird, doubtfully. He was not sure of this young man. He had heard something about Gaelic being spoken in the Garden of Eden, and suspected there might be a joke lying about somewhere.

However, there was no joking about our F.R.S. when he began to tell Mary Avon how, if he had time and sufficient interest in such things, he would set to work to study the Basque people and their language—that strange remnant of the old race who inhabited the west of Europe long before Scot, or Briton, or Roman, or Teuton had made his appearance on the scene. Might they not have traditions, or customs, or verbal survivals to tell us of their prehistoric forefathers? The Laird seemed quite shocked to hear that his favorite Picts and Scots—and Fingal and Arthur and all the rest of them—were mere modern interlopers. What of the mysterious race that occupied these islands before the great Aryan tide swept over from the East?

Well, this was bad enough; but when the doctor proceeded to declare his conviction that no one had the least foundation for the various conjectures about the purposes of those so-called Druidical stones—that it was all a matter of guess-work, whether as regarded council-halls, grave-stones, altars, or serpent-worship—and that it was quite possible these stones were erected by the non-Aryan race who inhabited Europe before either Gaul or Roman or Teuton came west, the Laird interrupted him, triumphantly.

"But," says he, "the very names of those stones show they are of Celtic origin—will ye dispute that? What is the meaning of *Carnac*, that is in Brittany—eh? Ye know Gaelic?"

"Well, I know that much," said Angus, laughing. "Carnac means simply the place of piled stones. But the Celts may have found the stones there, and given them that name."

"I think," says Miss Avon, profoundly, "that when you go into a question of names, you can prove anything. And I suppose Gaelic is as accommodating as any other language."

Angus Sutherland did not answer for a moment; but at last he said, rather shyly:

"Gaelic is a very complimentary language, at all events. *Bean* is 'a woman'; and *beannachd* is 'a blessing.' *An ti a bheannaich thu*—that is, 'the one who blessed you.'"

Very pretty; only we did not know how wildly the young man might not be falsifying Gaelic grammar in order to say something nice to Mary Avon.

Patience works wonders. Dinner-time finds us so far across the Minch that we can make out the light-house of South Uist. And all these outer Hebrides are now lying in a flood of golden-red light; and on the cliffs of Canna, far away in the southeast, and now dwarfed so that they lie like a low wall on the sea, there is a paler red, caught from the glare of the sunset. And here is the silver tinkle of Master Fred's bell.

On deck after dinner; and the night air is cooler now; and there are cigars about; and our young F.R.S. is at the tiller; and Mary Avon is singing, apparently to herself, something about a Berkshire farmer's daughter. The darkness deepens, and the stars come out; and there is one star—larger than the rest, and low down, and burning a steady red—that we know to be Ushinish light-house. And then from time to time the silence is broken by "*Stand by, forrard! 'Bout ship!*" and there is a rattling of blocks and cordage, and then the head-sails fill, and away she goes again on the other tack. We have got up to the long headlands of Skye at last.

Clear as the night is, the wind still comes in squalls, and we have the top-sail down. Into which indentation of that long, low line of dark land shall we creep in the darkness?

But John of Skye keeps away from the

land. It is past midnight. There is nothing visible but the black sea and the clear sky, and the red star of the light-house; nothing audible but Mary Avon's humming to herself and her friend—the two women sit arm in arm under half a dozen of rugs—some old-world ballad to the monotonous accompaniment of the passing seas.

One o'clock: Ushinish light is smaller now, a minute point of red fire, and the black line of land on our right looms larger in the dusk. Look at the splendor of the phosphorous stars on the rushing waves.

And at last John of Skye says, in an under-tone, to Angus,

"Will the leddies be going below now?"

"Going below!" he says, in reply. "They are waiting till we get to anchor. We must be just off Dunvegan Loch now."

Then John of Skye makes his confession:

"Oh yes; I been into Dunvegan Loch more as two or three times; but I not like the dark to be with us in going in; and if we lie off till the daylight comes, the leddies they can go below to their peds. And if Dr. Sutherland himself would like to see the channel in going in, will I send below when the daylight comes?"

"No, no, John; thank you," is the answer. "When I turn in, I turn in for good. I will leave you to find out the channel for yourself."

And so there is a clearance of the deck, and rugs and camp-stools handed down the companion. *Deoch-an-doruis* in the candle-lit saloon? To bed—to bed!

It is about five o'clock in the morning that the swinging out of the anchor chain causes the yacht to tremble from stem to stern; and the sleepers start in their sleep, but are vaguely aware that they are at a safe anchorage at last. And do you know where the brave *White Dove* is lying now? Surely if the new dawn brings any stirring of wind—and if there is a sound coming over to us from this far land of legend and romance—it is the wild, sad wail of Dunvegan! The mists are clearing from the hills; the day breaks wan and fair; the great gray castle, touched by the early sunlight, looks down on the murmuring sea. And is it the sea, or is it the cold wind of the morning, that sings and sings to us in our dreams:

"Dunvegan!—oh! Dunvegan!"

THE STATE OF THE ALCOHOL QUESTION.

THE alcohol question is distinctly two-fold, physiological and moral, though at bottom there is no contradiction between the two. In this paper I shall keep mainly to the physiological side of the inquiry, giving the results of the latest researches, and answering particularly these questions:

1. Is alcohol assimilated in the human body, or rejected by it?

2. What are its effects, in small doses, upon the system?

These questions were among the most important that physiology could entertain. Here was a substance—alcohol—that had been used as a beverage from the beginning of history by most of the known nations of the world, and science was undecided until lately whether to call it a food or a poison. That would seem much more of an opprobrium to science than its failure thus far to discover cures for cancer or rabies, or to prevent the ravages of any other contagious fever than the small-pox. But these questions turned in part upon another question of the greatest difficulty—one that is not yet completely solved—namely, what are the transformations of alcohol in the system? This question I shall answer, like the others, briefly, according to the state of our knowledge.

Before about 1860 it was taught that nature treated alcohol, whether in larger or smaller quantity, simply as an intruder, to be expelled from the human system with all speed and by every channel, whether by the lungs, the kidneys, or the skin. The results of the older experimenters (Percy, Strauch, Masing, Perrin, Lallemand) seemed to indicate that this was the case. A physician of the old school—Professor Miller, of Edinburgh—sums up the old notion of its effects in the following words, which I quote as summatory of the last generation's physiologic creed upon the subject:

"Alcohol," he says, "is a narcotic stimulant, one of a class of substances which, given in repeated small doses, will produce a stimulant effect, which may be kept up for some time—an effect, however, which will be certainly followed by a depression profound in proportion to the length of time during which it has been delusively postponed."

But within a few years this question has been re-investigated with great care. Prominent among the contributors to our better knowledge of it are Schulinus, Anstie, Dupré, Subbotin, and Binz. It was Dr. Anstie who first clearly showed to the English-reading public, arguing from original investigations, that alcohol, *in small doses*, was not a poison; that, on the contrary, it was a true food; and that it was a stimulant to the system in precisely the same sense as that in which food is a stimulant. He pointed out that we had been using terms loosely; that oxygen is, for instance, both a true stimulant and a true food. "It prevents or relieves pain, averts the disposition to muscular convulsion, tremor, and spasm, reduces excessive secretion, calms all unduly frequent circulation, removes general debility and special fatigue of particular organs, quiets the disturbed brain, compensates in great measure the absence of ordinary food, promotes local nutrition." And these, he adds, are also precisely the effects that are produced by alcoholic stimulants *in small doses*.

Dr. Anstie did not underrate the injurious effects, from every point of view, of large doses. What he pointed out was the essential difference between the effects of large and small quantities of alcohol—a difference of kind, and not at all of degree. The effect of the small dose, he said, was often beneficial; the effect of the large or narcotic dose was injurious. A similar distinction has long been recognized between small and large quantities of certain medicines and foods. Small doses of arsenic, of quinine, of strychnine, for instance, are tonic; large doses are poisonous. Common salt in moderate quantity is necessary to health, and even to life, for if it be entirely withdrawn from the food, death results; but in too large quantity it is an irritant poison, and has been known to be a fatal one. In the case of all the substances called stimulants, a clear line of demarcation may be drawn between the beneficial or "stimulant" effect of the smaller and the injurious or "narcotic" effect of the larger dose.

But what is a stimulant? According to Dr. Anstie, stimulants are agents which "by their *direct* action" tend to rectify some deficient or too redundant natural action or tendency; that is to say, "they differ from foods, as commonly defined, by their producing a speedier effect, stimulants not requiring to go through the digestive process, but finding their way rapidly into the circulation. We should hesitate long," he says, "before committing ourselves to the statement that there is a radical difference between foods and true stimulants, when we perceive that with regard to so many pathological and vital conditions their observed effects appear to coincide."

Distinguishing thus between the stimulant or nutrimental and the narcotic effects of alcohol, Dr. Anstie went on to show the error of the old doctrine that "stimulus is followed by reaction." The origin of this belief, he says, is found in the old vitalistic ideas. "It is our old acquaintance, the Archæus, whose exhaustion, after his violent efforts in resentment of the goadings which he has endured, is represented in modern phraseology by the term depressive reaction. In point of fact," he adds, "absolutely no such recoil occurs after the small or true stimulant dose. The *narcotic* dose of alcohol is alone responsible for the symptoms of depressive reaction.....What depression is there as an after-consequence of a glass or two of wine taken at dinner, or a glass of beer taken at lunch, by a healthy man? What recoil from the stimulus of heat applied in a hot bath, or of oxygen administered to a half-drowned man? *Absolutely none whatever.* The visible immediate results of these measures do, indeed, after a time, disappear, not being exempt from the ordinary conditions of temporal things. Just as food requires from time to time to be renewed, so does the oxygen which has been artificially driven into the drowned man's thorax require to be renewed by his own respiratory efforts, when he has once recovered the power to make any; and so does the glass of wine which we took today to relieve our sense of fatigue require to be repeated when similar circumstances present themselves."

So far had the doctrine of stimulant effects as distinguished from narcotic, and as closely allied to the effects of food, been carried by Anstie and others in 1864. It was based upon laborious research and experiments, which this is not the place to describe; and a further series of experiments was reported in the *Lancet* of 1868. Dr. Anstie died, his work still unfinished, in 1875; but subsequent experimenters —especially Sydney Ringer, Binz, and

Thudichum—have much advanced our knowledge of the question. Their labors have tended to verify and to complete the "reconstructed doctrine of stimulants" put forward by Dr. Anstie, and have proved the view that alcohol and other of the so-called stimulants, being in small doses, are entirely assimilated in the system, and are to be regarded in some respects as true foods, rather than called by the insufficiently descriptive name of stimulants. But what is food? Let us define it as we have just sought to define stimulants. The definition of Dr. Binz, among many other good ones, is perhaps the best. He says: "We must regard as a food any substance which, when taken into the system, can serve (1) toward building up the tissues, or (2) toward supplying the warmth and vital force necessary for the proper performance of the various functions of the body.....Alcohol fails, perhaps, to fulfill the first office of food, according to the foregoing definition, since it is incapable, as far as we know, of supplying materials to build up the tissues. But when given in small doses, oft repeated, especially in the case of a sick person, it may be said to surpass all other substances as a species of easily burning fuel, from whose combustion the heat required to generate vital force may be derived. Indirectly it answers the first of the aforesaid purposes. For though it may furnish actually no new building material, it spares the reserve supply of fat in the body, which would otherwise have to be burned to give the necessary warmth." The heating powers of alcohol, of pure coal, of cod-liver oil, and of hydrogen gas are as 7, 8, 9, and 34.5 respectively. Contrast with this, now, a *mere* stimulant (ether), as filling exactly the place which the earlier physiologists assigned to alcohol. The same writer says: "Ether is a cardiac stimulant, but as such it contributes no new force to the heart, all it does being to excite the heart so as to make it put forth what force it already has more energetically. Instead of contributing fresh power, it draws away more rapidly that which is left."

In health no need is felt for a specially combustible form of fuel; and so we see how many persons in good health, under the combined influences of good living, alcohol, and bodily inactivity, grow very fat, the alcohol supplying a good deal of the heat required by the system, and some unburned fat continuing to be stored away year after year.

Is alcohol consumed in the human body, or eliminated from it? In large doses it is eliminated; but so is sugar, if eaten in excess. *In moderate quantities it is entirely assimilated.* This is the last step gained in the elucidation of the question, and we owe it in large part to the recent researches of Dr. Binz (1876). The important fact was first remarked by him that when *pure* alcohol (with water) is taken, it does not leave the least smell upon the breath, so completely is it consumed in the system. What we smell is never, except in the case of an excessive or *narcotic* dose, alcohol; it is an ether, or fusel-oil. This will be a new saying to many of my readers. I hasten to quote Dr. Binz's words:

"Alcohol is completely destroyed in the animal organism. If pure, it leaves no taint upon the breath, and where this is present it is attributable to some of the ethers or fusel-oil.....The urine may, under very favorable circumstances, contain as much as three per cent. of all the alcohol consumed.....The facts observed all seem to lead to the conclusion that alcohol in the body, just as in the flame of the spirit-lamp, is oxidized to carbonic acid and water."*

A main physiological argument of the old time against alcohol thus falls to the ground, and in the reconstructed argument, as I have said, we are brought to a clear point of articulation. Alcohol, like other alimentary substances, is thrown off when it is taken in excess; when it is taken in moderation, it is consumed *entirely* in the body. What are some of its effects and uses there? It checks pain, it lessens the oxidation of the tissues, it blunts the special senses, it stimulates the appetite and the digestion. It first depresses, then raises slightly, the temperature of the body. It does not increase muscular strength. In excess it produces a chronic catarrh of the coats of the stomach, diminishing their assimilative power, and thus is "craved to supply a self-engendered want," and alcohol becomes finally the main sustenance of the individual whose powers of digestion it has destroyed.

There is no longer any question as to the power of alcohol to support life, and

* Dr. C. Binz, in *The Practitioner*, May, 1876.

without any subsequent reaction. Bricheteau, a French surgeon, relates the case of a boy affected with diphtheria, upon whom the operation of tracheotomy was performed, and who for a month afterward would take nothing but sweet wine, of which he consumed one and a half bottles daily, besides two ounces of rum, and who during the whole time did extremely well. In this case the sugar of the wine, of course, contributed something as a food to the whole effect, but being present in the sweetest wine only in small proportion, it could have accomplished very little. Last winter a "stowaway" hid himself in the fore-hold of an Atlantic steamer, and was locked up under the hatches with one bottle of whiskey as his sole provision. After a voyage of eleven days from Liverpool to New York, he was discovered alive and in pretty good condition.

In such cases it would be unreasonable to suppose that the vital powers of the patient are kept up solely by the stimulating properties of the alcohol. The nervous system and heart require nourishment as well as any of our other organs, and they can not be kept going so long by stimulants alone. On the contrary, by so urging them on to activity day after day, without supplying any food to compensate for the wear and tear resulting from such augmented action, it is certain that we should exhaust their forces more quickly than by any other plan of proceeding.

Thus far we have considered mainly the effects of pure alcohol. But in practice we have not much to do with pure alcohol, though some physicians prefer to prescribe it, sweetened and flavored and well diluted with water, to any of the distilled or fermented drinks. It is, however, from one of these great classes of alcoholic stimulants that choice in practice is to be made. And we come here upon an important practical distinction: that, as a rule, outside of the sick-room, the distilled liquors are comparatively noxious, the fermented comparatively harmless. In each the alcohol, so far as chemistry can discover, is the same substance. But whether from some different property which has eluded chemical definition, or from the higher percentage of alcohol in brandy, whiskey, and the allied liquors, or from the less proportion of nutrient substances than that of the ales and wines, or from all these reasons combined, there seems to be little reason why any healthy person should use the stronger forms of stimulant. There is a remarkable unanimity among the authorities upon this point. Dr. William Fergusson, quoted by Dr. Parkes in his valuable work on hygiene, says that "the vulgarity of the prejudice that ardent spirits impart strength and vigor to the human frame is disgraceful to educated men." A large observation of their use in the armies and navies of various nations has proved that the grog ration does no good. Dr. Parkes concludes: "If spirits neither give strength to the body nor sustain it against disease, are not protective against cold and wet, and aggravate rather than mitigate the effects of heat; if their use even in moderation increases crime, injures discipline, and impairs hope and cheerfulness; if the severest trials of war have been not merely borne, but most easily borne, without them; if there is no evidence that they are protective against malaria or other diseases—then I conceive the medical officer will not be justified in sanctioning their issue."

These remarks, however, apply to the distilled liquors; they do not apply to beer or to the light wines, which are tonic, antiscorbutic, and gently stimulating to the digestion. The amount of alcohol they contain varies from four to ten per cent. The amount which is entirely disposed of in the body in the course of twenty-four hours has been determined by careful experiment: it ranges from one to one and a half ounces of absolute alcohol. One ounce is equivalent to ten ounces of the mild wines—the clarets and hocks—with ten per cent. of alcohol, or to twenty ounces of beer with five per cent. "If these quantities are increased one-half," says Dr. Parkes, "the limit of moderation for strong men is reached." He adds that "for the large class of people who live on the confines of health, whose digestion is feeble, circulation languid, and nervous system too excitable," alcohol in small quantities is beneficial: by small quantities meaning half a bottle of mild wine daily, or twice as much of malt liquor.

And here, I think, we touch upon the vital distinction, from the physiological point of view, to be made respecting the use of fermented liquors. They are the

most subtle and rapidly assimilated of medicinal foods. In robust and perfect health they are entirely superfluous; and they are sometimes injurious, by promoting too much assimilation, making too much blood. "Where the digestion is healthy," says Dr. Binz, "and where a sufficient transfer of nutritive material takes place from the food to the blood, the human body is capable of accomplishing all the functions for which it is designed without the aid of spirituous drinks. But the case assumes a different aspect as soon as these two conditions fail." For those of us, in a word, who have not robust and perfect health, the use of wine or beer may be beneficial. Either gives direct aid to the digestion, and an indirect aid also by its office, in Von Bibra's expressive phrase, as "a *care-breaking* luxury."

BELLE'S DIARY.

JUNE 1, 1877.—*Sunday.*—We had such a stirring preacher to-day—a home missionary. He set the whole business before us in a new light; he urged upon us the necessity of action. If nearer duties detained us, we ought to give tithes of our income, he said. Mr. Andover added a few remarks to emphasize the missionary's, and then the box was passed. Of course I hadn't any money. I thought somewhat of putting in the ring Aunt Holyoke left me, but didn't dare. Afterward Mr. Andover said if any one had come to church unprepared, she could leave her mite in his hands at any time, to be forwarded for the good cause. I told Philip, who overtook me on the way from church, how much I was interested, and how much I wished I were rich enough to contribute; and he only laughed and poohpoohed, and called me a religious enthusiast. Mother says she wishes Philip wouldn't haunt me so much; that since he has broken our engagement because we were too poor to marry, and no likelihood of growing richer, as his father had just failed, he ought not to act as if I belonged to him still. I suppose she thinks it diminishes my chances; but I don't want any more "chances." I don't believe I shall ever marry now; neither will Philip; and why should we not be friends? Old Mrs. Abernethy told me, directly after the engagement was off, that she always knew Philip Devereaux was selfish and mercenary. I should have given her a piece of my mind if she hadn't been old enough to be my grandmother, and hadn't meant it kindly. How unhappy I was when Nell Williams got angry with me, and said she didn't believe that Philip ever meant to marry me, and would never marry any girl without a fortune! That ended *our* friendship.

Thursday.—Philip is going away! It is like a thunder-bolt. He is going into business in New York. Perhaps he will make a fortune: who knows? Not that I care for money. Mr. Andover brought me a book to read to mother, and a bunch of scarlet columbines. How I wish she could see their rich color and grace! I told him that I had grown a sudden interest in home missions, and wished there was something I could do for the poor people the Rev. Mr. Gerrish told us about. "Your mission is already marked out for you," he said. "You are eyes to the blind, and sunshine to those who sit in shadow." I always think Mr. Andover is a plain man till he smiles.

Tuesday.—Philip is gone. He bade me good-by at the gate last night, under the stars. He is going to write often. It is horribly lonesome to-day: what would a lifetime be without him! I've beguiled myself thinking over a plan for raising money for the home missions. I've sold Aunt Holyoke's ring. It was a pretty ring, but the jeweller only gave me two dollars for it, with which I have bought a lottery ticket. It doesn't draw till the 1st of July, and then how proud I should be to take a thousand dollars over to the parsonage for the cause, and how surprised Mr. Andover would be!

Wednesday.—Very dull. Read "Paradise Lost" to mother.

Thursday, 20.—Mr. Andover called; asked if I had heard from Mr. Devereaux. I'm afraid something has happened to him.

June 30.—A short but delightful letter from Philip. He is too busy to write much or often. Mr. Andover is going to give me German lessons.

July 5.—The lottery ticket drew nothing. I could have cried. I built so many castles. The very next number to mine drew five hundred dollars. I painted a little horseshoe—German forget-me-nots on a gold ground—and Mr. Ashley, the stationer, sold it for me for five dol-

lars. I was thunder-struck. Who *could* have thought it worth so much? I mean to buy a ticket in the Royal Havana Lottery this time. Perhaps this is the beginning of luck.

July 11.—Wrote to Philip. Mr. Andover came to give me a German lesson, and afterward read to mother and me from the German authors. I told him, just as he was leaving, that I had heard from Philip, because he asked before. Thought he looked displeased or something: perhaps he thinks I'm wanting in proper spirit, to correspond with Philip since our engagement is broken.

August.—Philip is so busy that he can't find time to write often. I've had only three letters since he left, but he says that mine make sunshine in a shady place for him. Squire Cutts told Nell Williams that his daughter Annette, who is visiting at Coney Island, met Philip there at a hop. "I'm glad the poor fellow has some diversions," I said, but I was very sorry she mentioned it before Mr. Andover and mother. Of course a man can not work day and night.

August 11.—Such weather is too splendid to enjoy alone. Mr. Andover rowed me up to the Artichoke River. It was like fairy-land, all the boughs of the trees leaning across from shore to shore, and the moonlight and stars sifting through, and painting weird shadows upon the still water. Resting upon his oars, he sang to me a gondelied which he learned abroad, that seemed just a part of the moonlight, the smooth river, and the summer. What they were to the eye, his song was to the ear. I wish Philip could sing.

August 12.—The most astonishing thing has happened. I can hardly believe it. I have been in a state of supreme excitement ever since the mail came in. What *will* Philip say? I have never been so happy since the day he told me he had made up his mind that he was selfishly standing in my light, and that our engagement must be broken till he should see his way clear to a fortune. Nothing I urged could change his noble resolve. But now there is no longer any need of separation. His way is clear to a fortune. I have drawn a prize in the Royal Havana Lottery! Good luck under a horseshoe.

August 13.—Mr. Andover came to give me my lesson. He said I looked as if I had heard good news. I wrote Philip all about it, and how happy I am to know that our days of separation are ended—that he must feel it as much his money as mine, and that now he will not need to slave himself to death, and that though we will not be very, very rich—not nearly as rich as Squire Cutts—yet we can live in comfort and happiness, unhampered by debt or poverty. How surprised, how happy, he will be!

August 14.—Philip has received my good news by this, and is in the seventh heaven.

16.—No letter from Philip. Perhaps it is too early to look for one.

20.—I shall never have the happiness of expecting a letter from Philip again. Perhaps I am only punished for my selfishness. I bought the lottery ticket, to be sure, in order to benefit the home missions, but the temptation to benefit Philip and myself was too great. When I drew the prize I doubted at the time whether I did not owe it all to the home mission, but as I had only hoped to draw a thousand dollars at most for that cause, my scruples were overruled by selfishness. My religious enthusiasm, as Philip once called it, died out when it came into competition with my own happiness. I am punished, indeed. I was so happy, too, when I started under Mr. Andover's convoy for the church picnic. I had no doubt but Philip was on his way to meet me and make arrangements for our marriage, because he had not written. Perhaps he would be at home waiting for me when I returned, talking it over with mother. I was so sure of his love. By-and-by I got tired strolling in the woods and hunting for maiden-hair fern with Mr. Andover, and sat down by some trees, a little apart from the others, to think and enjoy. And presently I heard Miss Anne Cutts reading a letter aloud to Mrs. Blair, and her droning voice was hushing me off to sleep.

"Our wedding is fixed for October. I wanted to wait till Christmas, but my lord and master objected. My gown is already ordered of Worth. I shall be married in church by Mr. Andover.

"Your affectionate niece, ANNETTE CUTTS."

Was Miss Anne Cutts still reading aloud, or had I dreamed this about the wedding and Mr. Andover? I opened my eyes, and saw a little bird tilting on a spray, and immediately Mrs. Blair broke the spell by saying, "Bless me, Anne! it's

a good match for Philip Devereaux, now isn't it? A lucky day for him when he broke off with Belle Ford!" And I heard no more; the trees and the bird seemed to swim before me in a cloud of mist. I stood up and steadied myself against a bowlder, and Mr. Andover came and put my arm in his and took me home. And this is the end.

Philip untrue; Philip the lover of another! It is unreal. I can not seem to grasp it.

August 22.—A letter from Philip Devereaux. After all, I thought, maybe it was gossip and hearsay. The sight of the familiar handwriting sent the blood spinning through my veins. He congratulated me on my good luck, and added: "Having broken our engagement when we were both beggars, how could I renew it now because you have become rich? Would not the world—our world—have the right to point the finger of scorn at me? I can not accept such generosity, Belle, even for your sake, but must still plod on." Once I should have thought these sentiments so noble. Whereas I was blind, now I see. He thinks that I know nothing about the affair of Annette Cutts, or he has not courage to break it to me.

September 15.—I have resumed my German studies, to divert my mind. Everybody is talking of the approaching marriage. I told Mr. Andover about the prize, and asked if he would take it for home missions.

"Have you the money in hand?" he asked.

"No; I have not even sent on my ticket. I have merely been notified that I had drawn the amount."

"My dear Miss Belle," he said, "pardon me—but I do not approve of lotteries."

"Neither do I, any longer."

"It may be a foolish scruple," he pursued; "most people would laugh at it; but it seems to me that money obtained in that way does more harm than good—will not be blessed in the use."

"Perhaps not," I said; "but what shall I do with it? I feel like the man who drew the elephant."

"Suppose you destroy the ticket, and do nothing about it?"

"Very well," I returned. "I wish I had never bought it." And so I held it in the gas jet, and reduced the fortune that was to have made me happy to a pinch of ashes.

October 1.—A dreadful thing has happened. Squire Cutts has died insolvent. It will postpone Annette's wedding. I hear that the order for her wedding gown has been countermanded. But if Philip loves her, she is still rich. All the kingdoms of the earth can not buy love.

June, 1878.—It is more than a year since I began this diary, and how much has occurred! I have often wondered how Philip Devereaux bore himself after Annette Cutts married old General Battles, with his millions and his gout, preferring a palace without love to love in a cottage. Yesterday I wandered into the pine woods alone. Mr. Andover and I have been there so often that all its treasures of shade and sunlight, of soaring pines and humble mosses, seemed to belong to us. Its winding ways are like enchantment, luring us on to more beauty and serenity. It is like walking through dim cathedral aisles as we tread upon the carpet of pine needles, and hear the wind fluting through the branches, while spicy incense is wafted about, and sweet thoughts come like a benediction. You scarcely hear an approaching footstep, and I was gathering some ferns, when some one close beside me said, "Isabelle! Isabelle!"—a voice that sounded strangely familiar, but was not Mr. Andover's; a voice that seemed to conjure a vision of starry summer nights, and sweet scents, and tender words, in the instant before I could turn. I never once thought of Philip Devereaux, but there he stood, smiling and debonair, as if we had only parted an hour ago. "Your mother told me I should find you here," he said, taking my unwilling hand. "See, I picked a four-leaved clover as I came across the meadow; that means luck. Isabelle, can you forgive me?"

"Yes, indeed," I answered, heartily, "and thank you too."

"I was a fool, Isabelle."

"And so was I."

"Isabelle, don't turn away your head. I never loved Annette. I love you. You have no cause for jealousy. I have come back to marry you, Isabelle."

"I shall never marry you, Philip," I said. "I do not love you any longer."

"Not love me?" he cried. "Oh, I understand; you have some natural resentment—"

"But no love." And then he fell to protesting and expostulating, while we walked out of the pine woods together; and just as we emerged into the road we met Mr. Andover. He bowed and passed on. I knew he had come to look for me. I parted with Philip at the gate, where we parted once before, and to-day it is all over town that our engagement is renewed.

June 16.—Mr. Andover has not been to see me since the day I met him coming out of the pine woods with Philip. Philip called, but I declined the interview.

June 18.—Met Mr. Andover walking on the causeway by the river. He turned and joined me. An old woman came out of a fishing hut presently, and begged for money. As he opened his purse something glittering fell out at his feet. It was Aunt Holyoke's ring. He picked it up. "You used to wear this," he said; "that was why I bought it."

"You were very good. Did you mean to give it to me?" I asked.

"If you will take my heart with it, Belle."

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.



CHAPTER X.

THEY were standing together, the young husband and wife, "at their ain door," in the long Northern twilight, the midsummer twilight, beautiful as I have never seen it anywhere but in Scotland—cold, gloomy, rainy Scotland. But, as if Nature herself wished to be kind to the souls that loved her, and unto whom the world was just a little unkind, from the day they reached Blackhall there had set in an extraordinary long spell of fair weather. Scent of roses, songs of nest-building birds, sunshiny days, and nights such as this one, when the earth lay sleeping in a pale amber light, and the far-off mountains looked like the gates of heaven—such had been their compensations for a good many painful, troublesome, difficult things in their brief married life, and especially their life at Richerden.

Now had come to them the hallowed time, which even in happy marriage comes to few, and never comes for very long, so fast life's cares are sure to follow. The so-called honey-moon is rarely a time of complete happiness, everything being so new and strange. But they had now had three months in which to grow used to one another, to smooth down passing differences, to find out and get over little mutual faults, to see and avoid the thorns among the roses, and to make acquaintance with what have been wittily dubbed the "two bears" of matrimony—"bear" and "forbear."

Already both were a good deal changed—the mysterious change which marriage makes to all, but to none so much as to those who marry early. Already they had learned to forget themselves each in the other, with the hope of a long future in which to rub down opposing angles, striving to become "heirs together of the kingdom of heaven"—that kingdom of heaven which begins on earth.

It seemed to have begun for them. Roderick's arm was round his wife's shoulders, instead of a shawl; for he had felt her shiver in the white dress which had now replaced her black one. Her head leaned against his breast, her little hand had sought his, and lay safe in the soft firm clasp which was to her such a heaven of rest.

"How quiet everything is!" she said; "how plainly we can hear the burn singing down below—hear and not see—so that you can not complain of the mill which has spoiled it so, nor grumble at

the sins of your—our—misguided great-great-grandfather!"

This was an impecunious Jardine of the last century, who had sold two acres of land, half a mile below the house, on which was built a cotton mill, now owned by Mr. Black, the factor, their only near neighbor, and the only person who had yet called upon young Mrs. Jardine. He was an old bachelor—there was no Mrs. Black to call—which fact, remembering Mrs. Maclagan, was a great consolation to Roderick, who betrayed sometimes a lurking dislike both of the mill and its master.

"Yes, Blackhall is very quiet," he answered, "especially after Richerden. You don't regret Richerden, though you are 'no longer dressed in—' How does the line run?"

Silence sang out into the clear still night—no fear of listeners!—the verse:

"'No longer dressed in silken sheen,
No longer decked wi' jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?'"

"Those 'jewels rare' about which I got so angry with you, my darling, and yet which purchased for us so much peace of mind, to say nothing of Mr. Maclagan's declaration 'that he had not met for years a lady he so much respected as young Mrs. Jardine!' Good, honest man! He never said so, but I think my poor opals will appear on Mrs. Maclagan's fat neck next winter."

"Never mind; they will make her happy; and I—my happiness does not lie in ornaments."

"What does it lie in, then?"

"Love."

He knew the whispered answer, without need of her giving it. Still, as he pressed his wife closer to him, he liked to hear it.

"Love is not everything, perhaps. I mean—as our good friend Maclagan suggested when we bade him good-by—

'Will the flame that you're so rich in light a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little God of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?'

We must be prudent. And we shall be, now the wife is Chancellor of the Exchequer. Still, we may have a good deal to fight against, which even love will not shield us from. But, after all, 'Love is best!'"

"Is it? Do you really think so? For me it is; but you—" She stopped.

Silence was, as her husband often told her, "a very woman." Until her marriage she had been, as she sometimes owned, smiling, utterly ignorant of men and their crotchets; their ambitions, lawful and unlawful; their faults and virtues, both larger, maybe, than ours. Such knowledge, in short, which, whether for good or ill, no unmarried woman can possibly acquire. But this young wife was learning it day by day. Slowly she began to feel—and in her large heart, wholly absorbed in her husband, to feel without pain—that to a man love is not all, nor ought to be. His life, meant to stretch far outside the home, should be sheltered, but not shut up, within it, else it will assuredly wither at the root, like a tree which has neither air to breathe nor room to grow in. And sometimes, though he never said it, never hinted that his marriage had cost him anything, there came a certain dullness over Roderick's face—the wistful dreariness of a man who has nothing to do, no special aim or ambition in life, which told its own tale.

—Told just so much, no more. And Silence, being a practical rather than a sentimental woman, had made for herself no unnecessary misery out of it. She knew her husband too well to imagine he counted as sacrifices the small, selfish, personal luxuries in which young men indulge, and which he had to give up in marrying. Doubtless he had liked them well enough, but they were not necessary to him, for the very refinement of his nature gave it a simplicity almost ascetic. Frugal as their table was, he ate what was set before him without complaining; and day after day he took long walks across country, without ever hinting that never in his life before had he been without his great enjoyment—a good horse to ride. No, these were not the things he missed, and his wife knew it. But he missed work, and—just a very little—society. Also, there was one pang, not always there (for, deceive ourselves as we may, we parents, our children can be happy without us); still, a sore pang whenever it did come—the total silence of his own people toward him. Since—except that one state dinner, and the call afterward, when Mrs. Alexander Thomson was "not at home"—even Bella had been too indifferent, or too cowardly, to make any further sisterly sign. The acquaintance had tacitly dropped.

"We are just ourselves—our own two selves," said Roderick, answering his wife's words, and perhaps the unspoken thoughts of both. "We shall have to fight the world together, and alone; but we will do it, never fear. You shall help me, and I will help you—if I can. By-the-way—if one dare name such a thing in face of those glorious hills—did your new kitchen range work well to-day?"

She laughed merrily.

"Yes, everything is beginning to work well, after a good deal of trouble."

"I know that, my darling. Anybody less happy-minded than you would have made a mountain of misery out of the chaos I have brought you into. Poor Cousin Silence! it could not have been so in her lifetime; she was very dainty and orderly, I believe; but she has been dead more than a year now."

"Dear Cousin Silence!"—with a sudden pathos in her voice which struck her husband. "I think a good deal of Cousin Silence. It seems so strange that we should be here—and so happy—we two. Did you know, Roderick, that this was her favorite walk—this terrace—hers and Cousin Henry's?"

"Cousin Henry—that must have been my father!"

"Yes, my father always called him so. He used to speak of him sometimes, not very often. I have never told you"—here her voice fell into the tenderest whisper—"but I have sometimes thought, if they all knew it, they would be very glad that we two were married. Because, as I found out by some letters I had to look over after mamma died, Cousin Silence ought to have married Cousin Henry, if my father had not come between them in some cruel way. He was very sorry afterward—poor papa! but it was too late, I suppose. And they are all dead now, and we are here. Is it not strange?"

"Very strange. Poor Cousin Silence!" Then, with a sudden and inexplicable revulsion of feeling, Roderick added: "We will not talk of this any more. You see, I am my mother's son. She loved him dearly, and he was the kindest of husbands to her—my poor father!"

"And so was papa to mamma. But, oh, Roderick!"—and clinging to him with a sudden passionate impulse, she burst into tears—"love is best—love is best! O my God, I thank thee! Take what Thou wilt from me, but leave me this; let me never live to hear my husband say that love was *not* best!"

Roderick soothed and quieted her. She had been very tired that day, working, as he declared, "like a nigger slave," over her domestic affairs. Then they sat down together, still under the starlight—it was impossible to go in-doors that lovely night—and began talking of the future, planning out their life, the long sweet life they were to pass together. Full of work—of hard work, maybe—but work, each for each, and after that for even the outside world. In which, the young man owned, he should like dearly to play a man's part, somehow, in some way, so as to leave it a little better than he found it. Nothing strange in this, nothing new, and yet it seemed all deliciously new to these two young people, and especially to the wife, who thought her husband capable of everything great or noble.

"That may be all very true," said Roderick, laughing. "Let us suppose that I could be a king or an emperor, if I tried, and if anybody asked me. But no fear of that. No doubt it is foolish to complain of having nothing to do, when there is endless work to be done in the world. Only, how am I to find it?"

"That is what puzzles me too," answered Silence. And her husband laughed at the grave judge-of-session expression of her face, as he saw it in the wonderfully clear glimmer of the zodiacal light. "You have been brought up to no profession, no business, though you are growing more business-like every day. It is useless trying for any appointment, for we have got no friends—no grand friends, that is, with influence to help us. Besides, that would entail our quitting Blackhall—and you want to live at Blackhall—and we have decided that we can do it if—"

"If you will take care of all the money, and spend it carefully, sending me about the world with a pound note in my pocket, which I have the strictest injunctions never to change—"

"Roderick!" They were such innocent merry children still.

Very soon "young Mrs. Jardine," as he was fond of calling her, put on her wise face again—and both it and her words often had a curious wisdom—not worldly wisdom, but that wisdom which has been characterized as coming "from God"—"first pure, and then peaceable."

"There is a saying, Roderick—you read it out of the Bible this very morning at prayers—'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' That means, as it seems to me at least, do not go beating about the bush, and vexing yourself with trying after a hundred things that you can not do, but do something which you can do. I have been thinking of you a great deal, my husband, and one thing has occurred to me. You are very clever; you know you gave me a whole heap of MSS.—prose and poetry—which you wrote at college."

"When I was so foolish as to think I should be an author some day."

"Well, why not? All other professions cost oceans of money and years of labor. Authorship costs nothing but pen, ink, and paper."

"And a few brains, which you think I have, my wife, but—query?"

She looked up with tender admiration at the handsome face—thoroughly manly, and yet with a strange feminine sweetness, such as is often supposed to imply that mysterious quality called genius. He might have had it in degree, or else, more likely, his nature belonged to the border-land of the appreciative rather than the creative. Still, his wife believed in him, wholly, utterly.

"I would give my life to see my husband a great man, and to help him to become one!" said she, with a suppressed passion which quite startled Roderick. Then, laughing again, as if half ashamed of her own earnestness: "Suppose, since we can not afford to buy books, you were to set to work and write one?"

"You little Solon!" cried Roderick, and said no more. But there was a gleam in his eye, a hope in his heart. Something in his wife's words had stirred in him that ambition which every man has, or ought to have, else he is no true man at all—the wish to do something, to be something, to cease drifting aimlessly down the stream of life, in the passing pleasures of the day; but to take firm root somewhere; strike root downward, and bear fruit upward. And the woman that hinders him from doing this is no true wife, but a mere parasite that smothers and impedes the growth of the tree. Ay, even though she may garland him, as gorgeously as the lianas do the trees in Western forests, with what she calls love, but which is in truth the merest selfishness.

Such was not—never could have been—the love of Silence Jardine. From that night, when, having called her "a little Solon," he said no more, but sat beside her, looking across at the dim mountains and amber sky, and thinking his own thoughts—uncommunicated, perhaps uncommunicable—Roderick began in good earnest the work she had suggested. It involved his shutting himself up many hours daily, and being so absorbed when he did appear—after the fashion of young writers before they learn that true authorship is a duty, not a passion, a daily labor, and not an accidental "mood"—that sometimes he had hardly a word to say to her, and she scarcely knew whether to smile at or stand in awe of his silence and abstraction. He had his weak points, no doubt, this lovable and well-loved Roderick; perhaps his wife saw them, perhaps she did not. And she had hers, which doubtless he had also found out by this time. But, as she sometimes said, in the gravely simple way she had of putting things, the great secret of domestic life is to be able to recognize, first, our own incapacities, and next, the incapacities of those dear to us, so as to conquer the one, and be happy with, even in spite of, the other. And they were happy, no doubt of that, for their happiness lay in the safe strength of satisfied affection, which, like the keynote of a tune, settled the music of their life, guiding its perplexed measure into one harmonious end.

Happy—even though as months went on the great problem of making ends meet gradually became more difficult. Silence, brought up in that best school, poverty—when not actually grinding poverty—had started their small ménage on the safe principle of paying for everything at once, and buying nothing that she could not pay for. But the differences between Swiss housekeeping and Scotch were considerable; she often found herself at fault. She had to learn her lesson all afresh, and sometimes it was rather a hard one. At first she brought all her difficulties and distresses to her husband; he listened with his usual sweet patience, but she soon found that he did not understand, or was grieved and troubled; so, by degrees, she took all these domestic burdens on herself alone. "It is easy for me to bear them," she argued; "but he—"

And then, he was writing a book! She, who, without being literary, had lived in

an atmosphere of literature, at least of book-loving people, looked on him with a tender awe, and kept from him everything that could annoy him, or hinder his important work; going quietly about her own, which she thought so inferior, yet which in her secret heart—despise her not, ye learned ladies!—she was woman enough not merely to do, but to enjoy doing. To some wives, and not the worst of them, half the pleasure of marriage is to be mistress of a house! The faculty of arrangement—of touching with that wonderful rod of the fairy Order all the confused elements of domestic life, and converting them into smoothness and peace; the power of government, as essential in a family as a state, of setting all the wheels working, and taking care that they are well oiled, so that the machinery is kept going; pleasing the eye and soothing the heart with a sense of comfort and of the fitness of things: all these qualities Silence possessed in a very large measure. And to use what one possesses, to have occasion for doing what one feels one can do well, is a pleasant thing to all women.

She was a born mistress of a household, this young Mrs. Jardine; none the less so because of a something in her beyond it all, which made her often stop a moment in her daily labors to look at "the blue hills far away," to listen to the singing of the burn in the glen, or the birds in the garden, and perhaps carol a ditty herself there, when she was gathering flowers or pulling fruit, out in the open air, for they had no piano, and she would not hear of buying one till the book was done, and they had plenty of money.

Plenty of money—out of a first book, by a "prentice han'!"—they must have been most innocent and ignorant souls to believe this. Yet they did. That MS. was a novel, of course; but owing to the author's small experience of life, and the difficulty he found in painting nature, thrown back out of nature into the far past, into that classic time which the young collegian, who was a good Greek scholar, fancied would be as interesting to others as it was to himself. He discussed it incessantly, in that sweet companionship which was a reflection of himself, till he almost felt like a modern Pericles, inspired by a nobler, holier, and purer Aspasia.

And she—she smiled and listened; not always thinking everything perfect because Roderick did it, but still much inclined that way, and in any doubtful case giving him the benefit of the doubt. Between whiles she did her own work, as he his, so conscientiously that very often they scarcely saw one another all day long. But then came the blessed evenings together, which healed all the day's worries and cares. They walked out when the weather was possible, and then when the inevitable rain came on, they nestled down by the welcome fire—made more delicious, perhaps, by the beating of the storm outside.

"Yes, I think I rather like the rain," said Silence once as they were sitting "four feet on a fender," the lamp between them, and she was putting a stitch or two into his coat—alas! his clothes began to need mending a little, he that had been "the glass of fashion and the mould of form;" but he scarcely noticed it, being absorbed in other things. "You know, dear, we were winter lovers, and half our courtship was done in snow and rain. I shall always love the rain."

"My darling, you are in one thing unlike all women—at least all that I ever knew; you invariably prefer what you have, instead of what you have not. Suppose now, just for a change, you were to begin worrying my life out because I can not give you half a dozen servants and a carriage and pair, or take you out into society? My wife, do you mind being poor?"

"Do you? When you are a Jardine—we are both Jardines, for that matter—and you are to be a great author, or a great man, some day?"

"Evidently my wife does not believe the two synonymous," said Roderick, laughing and coloring.

"Not quite, because the author may fail; whereas the man who does his work—any work—as conscientiously as you are doing it, must always be, in one sense, a great man. Also, the one is the world's property, the other is mine."

She put her arms round his neck; he leaned against her, for he was, in truth, a good deal tired. His book had been "bothering" him, and he was not used to being bothered, not accustomed to the endless labor, the perpetual struggle between impulse and perseverance, moods of errant fancy and deliberate, mechanical, matter-of-fact toil, which all professional authors understand but too well.

He might or might not have been a genius; he certainly did not think himself one, poor Roderick! being always painfully alive to his own short-comings; but all the more it comforted him that his wife did think so, and had the faith in him which he had not always in himself. Human nature may be weak, but there is often a pathos in its weakness; and few laments have been more touching than that of the Prophet Mohammed, whom even the young, fair, second wife could not console for the loss of his old Cadiga. "Ah, but it was Cadiga who *believed in me.*"

That Silence Jardine believed in her Roderick might have been a mistake, even a folly; but she did believe, and it made her happy. Through all their weariness, solitude, and poverty—not actual need, but still hearing sometimes the distant bark of the "wolf" that might soon come to their door—the young husband and wife were, nevertheless, thoroughly happy. All people might not have been so—not even married people, who took their stand-point in external things, thought a great deal of "What will the world say?" or delighted in material pleasures not obtainable at Blackhall. But it had been a just criticism passed by old Mrs. Grierson on Roderick's young wife, that she was "in the world, and not of it;" therefore she was happy, and she made him happy too.

"It's done at last!" said he, almost with a shout, as, one late autumn morning, with the scent of clematis and jasmine coming in at the open window, he finished his book, writing, in his best and neatest hand, "The End" on the final page. "And yet I am half sorry! I have killed them all, or married them—made them quite comfortable, anyhow—and now I rather miss them. They had grown such companions, had they not, dear?"

Silence smiled; but yet, as she tenderly tied up the MS., carefully counting the pages, to be sure that none were missing, a tear fell on the last one. It was so dear to her, this first work of her husband's, done in their first year of married life, and full of so many associations. She was sure, even if it came to the twentieth edition, she should never cease to remember and cherish it, every line.

"Twentieth editions do not come every day, even to celebrated authors," said Roderick, sapiently. "I should be glad to sell even the first five, and get the money."

"Money—I am afraid I had forgotten the money," said Silence, as, indeed, she had. But for a good many days after, when, the excitement of work over, a reaction came, and Roderick looked more pale and ill than she had ever seen him, she began to count over her little store, as if by counting she could double it, and to long, day by day, for the letter which was to bring the hope of that despised necessity—pounds, shillings, and pence.

Celebrated authors are usually treated with courtesy and kindliness by eminent publishers, well aware that

> "the value of a thing
> Is just as much as it will bring;"

but unknown and amateur authors who rashly send their MSS. to busy firms, unto whom their small venture is a mere drop in the bucket, an unconsidered nothing, received and laid indefinitely aside, do not always meet the same consideration.

Day after day Roderick and Silence stood together at their gate—somehow, without planning, it always did happen that they met together there at the precise hour when the postman might be seen slowly winding up the long road: but in vain. He seldom left them any letters: never the letter which would have been such a priceless boon.

Roderick wrote a second time: a third time Silence hinted at; but he shook his head.

"I am a proud man; I would as lief be the unjust judge as the woman who, by her continual coming, wearied him into justice. What a strange, sad world it is, my darling!"

And then by degrees he fell into that deep depression so much commoner to men than to women, in which women often have to stand by, quite powerless, thankful only if there still remains, untouched, that sweet nature, that pathetic appeal for sympathy, which was in Roderick's eyes when he said "my darling."

But this could not last; he would have been more than human else—or less. A young man in his prime, with strong ambitions, high aspirations—all, in fact, that makes the difference between the man who wishes really to live, for this world and the next, and the man who is content to feel, or act as if he felt, "Let us eat and

drink, for to-morrow we die"—for such a man to be shut up in a narrow Eden, even with his beloved Eve by his side—it could not be. And in one sense it ought not to be. When at last he grew irritable, and Silence had to recognize the fact that women have a good deal to bear, not only for, but from, those whom they deeply myself than ever you can be with me. Now you—nothing ever seems to vex you."

"That's all you know," she answered, gayly. "I may turn out to be 'a goodly villain with a smiling cheek,' as your Shakspeare has it."

"Smiling, but just a little too pale, my



"DAY AFTER DAY RODERICK AND SILENCE STOOD TOGETHER AT THEIR GATE."

love—still, she did not blame him; how could she? "It is so much harder for him than for me," she argued; and perhaps it was.

"I try to be good—I do try!" he would sometimes say, with an almost child-like pathos, after he had been "cross" with her. "Believe me, I am more vexed with 'villain,'" said Roderick, stroking it tenderly. And then they kissed and forgave one another.

It is not true, as some special pleaders for sinners try to make out, that the more one forgives, the better one loves; but it is true that the strongest rivet in the fabric of domestic love is mutual forgiveness,

when followed by mutual amendment. These sore weeks of suspense, which tried them both so much, haply taught these young people a few lessons, which they would never forget for the remainder of their lives.

The last and hardest came one day when they had been rather brighter than usual. Silence had persuaded her husband to walk down with her to the obnoxious cotton-mill, in which she had become much interested — having instituted, or rather carried on anew, a school for the mill girls, which had been the favorite work of Miss Jardine. "You will let me do it, just because she did it?" was the entreaty, which Roderick could not resist. So every Sunday, while he took the long stretch across the country which she insisted upon after the labors of the week, she had gone down to an empty room at the mill, and kept school there for two hours.

To-day the girls recognized her with delight, and her husband, pleased with her pleasure, glad, too, of any relief in his monotonous life, had talked to the "hands," examined the machinery, and acknowledged there might be a worse lot in life than to be master of a mill.

"At one time I wanted to be an engineer, but my mother thought the profession not 'genteel' enough. She would have put me into 'the house,' but though I loved machinery, I hated trade. You would not have wondered had you ever known my grandfather Paterson—" Roderick stopped. "But he is dead—and he was a clever man, and an honest, in his own way."

It was one of the things which Silence most loved in her husband, part of the infinite respect deepening every day, which would have made her pass over ever so many little faults in him, that she never heard him speak ill-naturedly or unkindly of any human being.

"I almost wish I had been in our firm, or some other, that you might

> 'walk in silk attire,
> And siller hae to spare.'

But, after all, my wife, you would not have cared to see me a millionaire and a money-grubber—Grub Street seems a deal nearer my mark."

They both laughed, and entered the house gayly—almost for the first time without looking on the hall table, for the vague expectation of something. It was not till Silence had taken off her hat, and began to make the tea, that she saw a large carrier's parcel, with the "eminent publisher's" label outside—one of those neatly done up, innocent-looking parcels which often carry with them a stroke of absolute doom.

"Let me open it," said Silence—and her husband let her.

It was a civil note, a very civil note, placed on the top of the MS., and expressing great regret that the latter was found "unsuitable." In reading it Roderick's hands shook nervously, and his color went and came.

"Never mind; it does not matter; it was what I should have expected," was all he said.

"No, it does not matter," said Silence, firmly. "They only say it is 'unsuitable' to them. It may suit some one else. Let us try."

"Yes, let us try," echoed Roderick, mechanically, his hand before his eyes. "And if we fail—"

> "'We fail;
> But screw our courage to the sticking-place,
> And we'll not fail.'"

"My Lady Macbeth!" said he, scarcely able to forbear a smile at the sweet broken English, and the brave heart which tried so hard to keep up his own. "Then let us once more go together to 'murder sleep'—or only a publisher. Whom shall the MS. be sent to next?"

What endless power of reaction, what unconquerable hope, there is in youth! We elders often look back on our own, wondering at the daring ignorance that could breast such unknown monster waves, or fancy we could ride in our little cock-boats over seas where many a good ship has gone hopelessly down. Yet so it was, and so it always will be.

That very day—for Silence never let any grass grow under her feet—she repacked the MS. and sent it to another house. From whence it came back at once, unopened, as all arrangements were made up; in fact, the head of the firm was just starting for Switzerland. He, honest man—for publishers are but men, though poor authors will not always believe it—being, perhaps, a little worn out with a year of worries—the *genus irritabile* are the most worrying folk alive—added a well-meant but quite unnecessary sting to the effect that "he would

advise the author to try another tack—historical novels never sold."

"Then I had better burn it," said Roderick, quietly. But as he advanced to the fire there was an expression in his face which his wife had never seen before. She flung herself before him in an agony of tears.

"You shall not. It is mine, mine, whether the world likes it or not. We will never give in; we will try and try again. Don't you remember Bruce and the spider?"

"A good simile; because in the mean time I might lie in this horrid cave and starve. Thank you, my dear. No, I had rather go out, take my sword in my hand, and die fighting—die fighting!"

He laughed loudly, and then, utterly breaking down, he too burst into tears.

"I am ashamed of myself," he said at last. "But you do not know—no woman could know—how terrible this sort of life is to a man. To sit with my hands bound, and watch the tide come in, wave after wave—the tide that will drown us both. Oh, if I could go anywhere, do anything! But I can do nothing, I was brought up to nothing. If I had ten sons"—he spoke wildly, nor noticed the sudden change of the downcast face—"ay, and a fortune for each of them, I would still bring them up to earn their honest bread. Mother, mother, you have been very cruel to me!"

It was months since he had named his mother or any of his family. By common consent he and she had kept silence, even between one another, on this point, and they did so still.

Without any words, Silence laid her husband's head on her shoulder, soothing him less like a wife than a mother—or rather a combination of both. The worshipped ideal, the "queen" of boyish fancy, had long ago melted into the mere woman—not perfect, but yet trying hard to be "as good as she could," both for love's sake, and for the sake of that Love Divine which is at the root of it all. And so she was gradually becoming what a man so sorely needs his wife to be—comfort, solace, strength; his fellow-laborer as well as his counsellor; neither superior nor inferior to himself, only different.

And in this character she made the wisest suggestion that could have been made, and which the day before he had absolutely scouted—that they should go away for a few days: accept the latest of the many invitations of good old Mrs. Grierson, and visit her—not at Richerden, but at the coast.

"You know she said all the Richerden people will have left by now," added Silence, hesitating.

"That means, we need not fear meeting any of our relations or friends, we tabooed folk," answered Roderick, bitterly. Nevertheless, in his present condition, the very thought of change had a certain relief in it. "She is a dear soul—old Mrs. Grierson. I told you you would like her, and you did."

"Very much."

"Suppose, then, we were to strain a point and go?"

Silence did not tell him that straining a point was, as regarded money matters, more difficult than he knew; but she did somehow manage it, and they went; not, however, until, after many consultations, the luckless MS. had again gone forth on its quest for a publisher; this time almost without hope, but simply in the carrying out of that "dogged determination" which Roderick declared he now for the first time recognized in his wife.

"If I had had it," he said, wistfully, as they sat together on the deck of one of those river steamboats where all the *désagrémens* of overcrowding and holiday-making can not neutralize the pleasure of sea and sky, mountain and loch—"if I had had it, how much more I might have done!"

"You never know you have not got it till you try."

"My dear heart!" In the sanctity of very private life Roderick sometimes called his wife "my heart," or "my soul," which was a great deal nearer the truth than many an idle pet name. "Oh, this is delicious!" said he, as he drank in the salt air, and amused himself with Silence's delight in a beauty which she declared made Scotland "better than Switzerland," the broad estuary running up into long hill-encircled lochs, where porpoises tumbled, and white gulls wheeled screaming overhead, and the lights and shadows came and went, producing "effects" such as are seen nowhere but in this rainy, sunshiny land—a country which beyond all others seems to be a country with a soul, especially on its coast. And Silence, who, though brought up among

mountains, had never seen the sea except when she crossed it at Calais, watched all these wonders with perfectly childish delight.

"How happy you are!" said Roderick, looking at her.

"Why not? when we two are together—always together."

Roderick smiled, not in gratified vanity—he had very little of that; but recognizing—as in selfish passion men can never recognize—the sweetness of being able to make another human being perfectly happy.

Mrs. Grierson's welcome was a treat to get. She was one of those old people whom all young people love—sympathetic, unexacting, expending wherever she could, and especially upon any one that needed it, the warmth of her childless, motherless heart. Narrow she might be in her opinions—at least some of the new generation, even Roderick himself, had thought so—but in her acts she was wide as charity itself. And her house was one of those—not too many in this world—where guests feel entirely "at home." Not from its luxuries, though these were enough to make Roderick sometimes say, mournfully, "I wish, my darling, I could give you such and such things at Blackhall!" but from the spirit of kindliness and peace that pervaded it all. You always found everything done for you that you wanted, and nothing that you did not want. Nobody ever attempted to "amuse" you, and yet you were never neglected, never allowed to feel that under the polite smile was the secret wish: "I wonder when they are going away!"

The young folks were left almost entirely to themselves, sitting out on the lovely shore or climbing the heights—the same where Roderick had a year ago sat and dreamed of the then unseen and incredible she, as he told her once when she sat beside him. They wandered about, perfectly content, till dusk, when they came in, and submitted placidly to the sweet severities of late dinner. Mrs. Grierson belonged to one of the "old" Richerden families, and cherished the refined formality vainly imitated by the *nouveaux riches* of that society.

"But you seem quite at home," said Roderick to his wife. "You might have been a Richerden lady all your days, so well you play your part."

"I don't play it at all, dear. I really enjoy myself—I enjoy everything—with you. How terrible it must be"—with a sudden shiver—"I hardly know which would be most terrible, having to part from one's husband, or parting conscious that one was not sorry to part. Now you and I are not always 'good,' my Roderick. Sometimes we vex one another: I don't believe a bit in your Dunmow flitch of bacon. Why, we have not been married six months, and I am sure we have quarrelled at least twelve times."

"Not quarrelled, only differed," answered he, laughing. "And I suppose all people do differ, and yet love one another to the end. You love me still?"

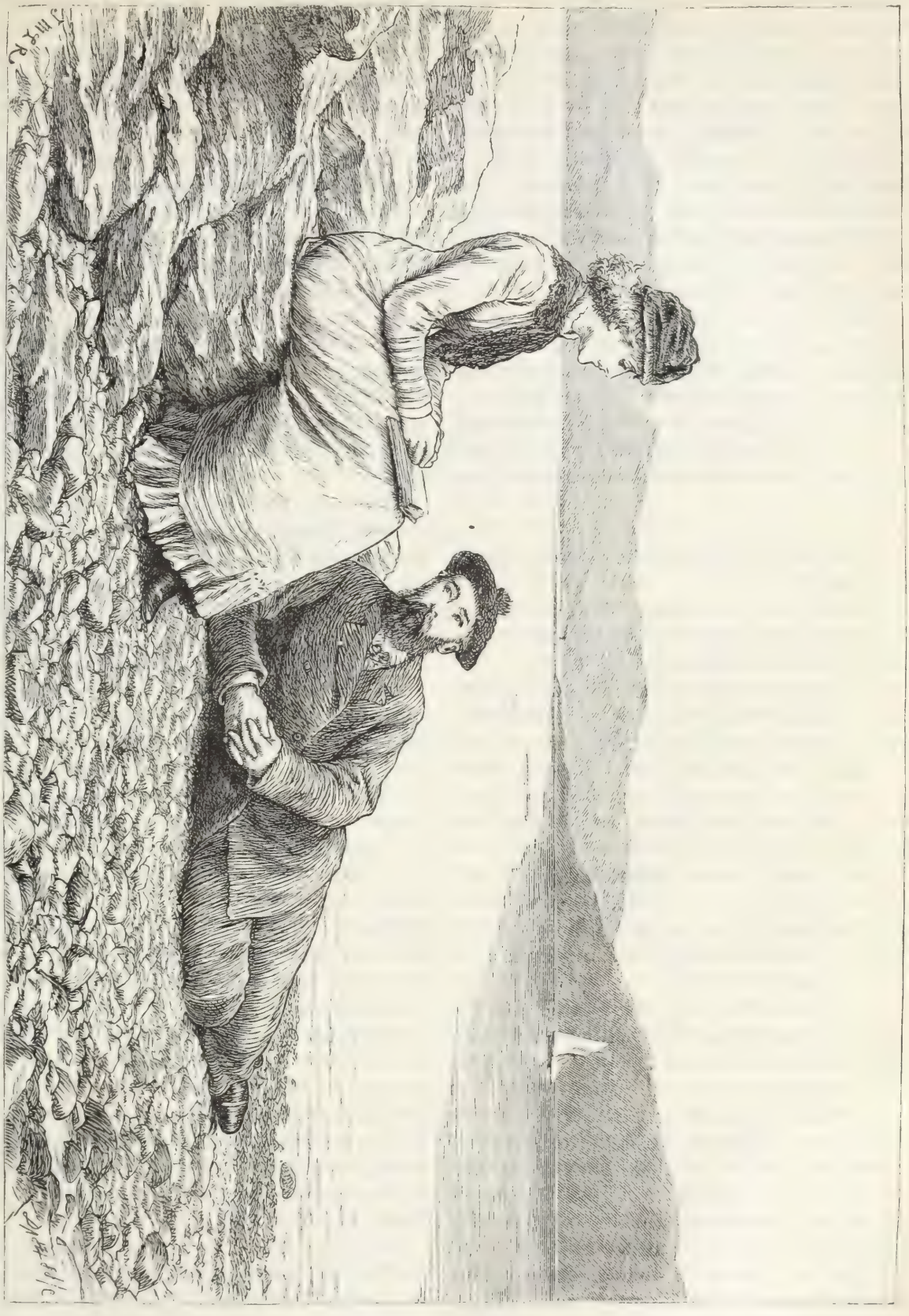
"Yes"—with a sudden gravity—"because I respect you. I think there is one only thing which could kill my love—if I ceased to respect you. I should do my duty still, but all love would go dead out, like a fire when one tramples on it. And then I think no power on earth could ever light it up again."

"God forbid!" Roderick said, startled by a kind of sad sternness which came into the gentle face. But it did him good, after all, to feel that there was that in his wife which would never suffer any man to make her into either a plaything or a slave. The next minute she had slipped her hand into his.

"Don't let us talk such nonsense, my Roderick; you will always love me and hold me fast. I can bear anything so long as you hold me fast."

He did hold her fast, and through more trials than she guessed. To his sensitive nature, the continual dread of meeting Richerden people—old acquaintances who might speak to him or her of painful things—became a perfect bugbear. And though Mrs. Grierson, with her usual delicate tact, had managed to let him understand that his own family had all returned to town—that is, Richerden—for the winter, still he caught himself looking into every carriage that passed along the one beautiful sea-side road, every steamer that stopped at the now half-deserted quay, with a nervous anxiety lest he should see some familiar face; familiar still, but welcome no more.

Suppose he did meet them—he only said "them" without individualizing—what should he do? Would nature and instinct triumph over reason, so that he could not ignore them, his own flesh and blood, look and pass by as if they were



"THE YOUNG FOLKS WERE LEFT ALMOST ENTIRELY TO THEMSELVES."

common strangers? And once Silence, who after a time began to divine his unspoken thoughts, brought him face to face with them by a sudden question, put with a tender anxiety, but very earnestly.

"Roderick, I have often wanted to ask —what should you do if you were to meet your mother?"

"If *we* were to meet her, you mean; for we are never apart." In truth he took care they never should be apart, lest somebody or something should chance to wound her, the defenseless creature whom every day he felt more bound to cherish, and concerning whom his indignation continually higher rose. A

"tragedy in a tea-pot" maybe, but none the less a tragedy; a shadow that was always coming between them and the sun; and worse here, after a little, when the first pleasantness of the change had worn off—worse certainly than at Blackhall. By-and-by, he spoke of going back to Blackhall, but good Mrs. Grierson entreated they would stay on a little longer.

"It would do your wife good, and me too," she said. "Remember, I have no daughter, and she no mother."

"That is true, poor child!" And he looked sadly across to where, in sweet unconscious peace, Silence sat, making with her deft fingers a cap for the old lady.

"Why call her 'poor?' Pardon me, my dear Roderick, but may I ask one question—has your mother ever seen your wife?"

"No."

"She ought to see her. Do you not think so?"

"What do you mean, Mrs. Grierson? But, excuse me, this is a subject upon which we had better not speak."

"I agree with you, and should never have spoken," said the old lady, nervously, "were it not almost my duty to tell you that Mrs. Jardine is at Fairfield, close by, come unexpectedly on a three days' visit. She may not come to see me, and she may. If she does—"

"We will leave immediately," said Roderick, rising. "Indeed, my dear Mrs. Grierson, it is much better so. We should grieve to cause you a moment's inconvenience."

"My dear," laying her hand on his arm, and looking at him with sweet calm eyes that were so near the other world as to have half forgotten the sorrows of this —"my dear, I knew you as soon as you were born. Forgive an old woman who never had a child; but mothers are mothers—don't you think that instead of going away, you should rather stay, on the chance of seeing your mother?"

"See my mother? what, she— But indeed I can not talk over these things, which, I suppose, you know all about. Everybody does know everybody else's affairs in Richerden."

"Yes, I know."

"Then it is kind not to have spoken to me before. Let us continue that wholesome silence. Let me take my wife and go."

"Suppose your wife and I were to settle that question. She is the dearest little woman in all the world. I only wish I had had her for my daughter. Women understand women best," she added, with a gentle smile. "I think, my dear boy, you had better walk away."

Roderick did not walk away, but he suffered Mrs. Grierson to go over and speak to his wife. Finally, the ice once broken, they were able to talk over these painful things all three together. The younger ones poured out their grief and wrath; at least, Roderick did; Silence said nothing. The elder woman listened patiently and tenderly, yet took a little the opposite side, for there are two sides to every subject, and those are the wisest people who in youth can see with old, in age with young, eyes.

Deep as her sympathy was, seventy views things a little differently from twenty-seven. The warm motherly heart could not choose but to put itself in the mother's place—the mother who had so wholly lost, or persuaded herself she had lost, her beloved and only son.

"I have known Mrs. Jardine ever since her marriage," Mrs. Grierson explained to Silence. "She is a woman of strong prejudices, strong passions, but generous and kindly; doing wrong things sometimes, as we all do, but doing them with the best intentions, which not all of us do. But I beg your husband's pardon for criticising his mother, who is so totally opposite to his wife that, on the principle that extremes meet, I should not wonder if, when you do meet, you were to like one another amazingly."

Roderick made no answer; but whether he believed it or not, the idea certainly seemed to comfort him. He listened with a patience that surprised himself to a further homily and many gentle arguments, ending with one which youth is so slow to understand—that life is too short for anything but love and peace.

Yielding at last to her earnest entreaty, and to the mute appeal of his wife's eyes, Roderick consented that Mrs. Grierson should write a brief note to his mother, mentioning formally what guests she had in her house, and how happy she should be to see Mrs. Jardine, "were it convenient and agreeable."

The next six hours, spent within-doors —they shrank from the chances of the road without—were not very happy hours to any of the trio.

It was nearly night—a red stormy sunset fading over the sea, the "white horses" rising, a gale beginning to blow and dash the waves wildly against the rocks under the drawing-room windows. Roderick and Silence had been watching the twilight shadows upon the mountains, beyond which lay Blackhall and home.

"I almost wish we were at home," she whispered; and he had put his arms tenderly round her, when suddenly Mrs. Grierson entered with a letter in her hand.

"Read that, my dears. It is, I own, rather—surprising."

It was—from a mother. "Mrs. Jardine's compliments to Mrs. Grierson, and she does not intend going out to-day; but if Mr. Roderick Jardine has anything to say to her, he may come, provided he comes alone, at ten o'clock to-morrow."

These brief lines were passed round, and then the three regarded one another; doubtful who should speak first, and still more doubtful what to say.

At last Roderick, pressing his hostess's hand, bade her not to be troubled. She had done her best. "But you see, dear Mrs. Grierson, that I was right. We had better go home."

"And not go and see your mother?"

"Certainly not—without my wife. Dear," turning to her affectionately, "we did not have it in our Swiss marriage service, though, I believe, it is in the English one; but there is a text: 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' I do not mean to be put asunder from my wife—not even by my own mother."

He spoke smilingly, caressing her the while, but Silence burst into tears.

"And it is I that have been the cause of this—I, who— Does she know, Roderick, that my mother is dead? And would any one whose mother is dead wish to keep a son away from his living mother? Go to her with or without me—only go!"

And, argue as he might, she refused to see the matter in any other light. A mother was a mother always. Mrs. Jardine had wished to see him, and he must go.

Roderick thought differently. To him it appeared the most arrant cowardice; desertion of the wife he had deliberately chosen; acknowledgment of an error he had never committed. Besides, it was a weak truckling to the stronger side—the wealthy side.

"For (you may not know it, Mrs. Grierson, though it seems to me that everybody does get to know everything, especially at Richerden) my mother's money is all in her own hands; and I—we—are as poor as church mice."

Mrs. Grierson smiled. "Money is a good thing, and a bad thing, but not half such an important thing as some folks imagine. It need not hinder a man from going to see his own mother."

Roderick winced slightly. "Then you think my pride wrong?"

"Not pride for her," with a tender glance at Silence. "But as for yourself—a man satisfied of his own real motives should be indifferent to any imputed ones. That is not his concern at all."

"You are right; I admit it. Still, as to my wife—"

But Silence flung herself, in one of her rare outbursts of emotion, on her knees beside her husband. "Go, I beseech you, go! She is alive—you can hear her speak—you can make her understand you love her. Oh, Roderick, you don't know what it is to call when there is none to answer—to weep when there is no one to comfort you. Go, go! You have no idea what it is to feel that one's mother is dead!"

He kissed and comforted her into calmness; but something struck and startled him, something which, under all her sweet cheerfulness, he had never found out before—that mystery of being "*acquainted* with grief." He himself had known vexation, annoyance, disappointment; but sorrow, heart-sorrow, he had never known. She had. Young as she was, he felt from that hour that in many things his wife was both older and wiser than he.

"I will do exactly as you wish," he said. "Mrs. Grierson, will you write to my mother, and say I shall be with her at the appointed hour? But, remember—as indeed I shall tell her myself—that it is wholly and solely because my wife desires it."

So he went. When he came back, which was almost immediately, he sat down beside Silence, and kissed her without a word.

"Well, dear?"

"Well, my love, I have done as you wished, and—there is an end of it."

"What did she say?"

"We had neither of us any opportunity of saying anything. She had, or discov-

ered, important business at Richerden, and left at eight this morning."

"Without any letter or message?"

"Without one single word. And now, my wife, that page is turned over. Let us close the book and begin again. Is it not best, Mrs. Grierson?"

The old lady hesitated. There were tears in her kindly eyes.

"It shall be best," said Roderick, firmly. "Come, my darling, let us thank our dear friend here for all her goodness to us. Let us pack up our boxes and return to Blackhall."

To Roderick, as perhaps to most men, anything decided was easier than a thing uncertain. He recovered his spirits sooner than Silence, who was greatly distressed, could at all have expected. Perhaps, like many of us, having resolved to do a painful thing, he was not sorry when fate stepped in to prevent his doing it. And he listened patiently to Mrs. Grierson's arguments against rashly judging what might have been pure accident or unavoidable necessity.

"We shall see," he said. "In the mean time, need we say any more? My wife and I have an equal dislike to talking it over. Let us all forget it, and spend a happy last day together."

It was happy, and the next day too. Mrs. Grierson, who, while consenting to their departure, had sorely regretted it, accompanied them part way on their journey, and made it as easy as she could. Her farewell words, too, were given with unmistakable, earnest affection. "Roderick, take care of your wife."

He did take care of her, with an instinct new, but strangely sweet. Most men have passion in them; many have a kindly good nature and a sort of ever-craving affectionateness which passes for love; but very few have that tenderness, that generous devotion, of the strong to the weak, the helpful to the helpless, which constitutes the highest manliness, and which is best described by the Scripture phrase, "I was as a husband unto them." Roderick had it.

Lovely as the day was—one of those rare late autumn days which in Scotland make earth look like paradise—and beautiful as was the scenery through which they passed, Silence was so tired with her journey that for the last few miles she lay with her head on Roderick's shoulder, scarcely speaking a word, and only rousing herself when she saw, glimmering like stars in the distance, the window lights of Blackhall.

"Ah!" she sighed, "that must be home."

"'East or west, hame is best.' 'Home is home, be it ever so homely,'" said Roderick, as he lifted her in doors, and set her in the large arm-chair by the blazing fire, seeing nothing, heeding nothing, except the little pale face which to him was so infinitely dear.

Not until tea was over, and her cheerful smile had fully returned, did he notice, among the small heap of papers lying waiting for him, the fatal well-known book-packet—the MS. returned.

He tried to cover it over, and not let his wife see it, but her eye was too quick. Vain, too, was the innocent deception of his protest that he had "fully expected this," and "did not care."

"But I care," said Silence, mournfully. And then the poor young things sat down face to face with their bitter disappointment, and tried to bear it as well as they could.

The third "stony-hearted" publisher had taken a good deal of trouble over the rejected MS. He had had it read carefully, and inclosed the "reader's" opinion—a shrewd, kindly, and if severe, not unjust, analysis of the whole, holding out a hope that after long years of patient study the author might succeed in finding a public, not for that, but for something else, of a different sort.

"Very kind of him," said Roderick, passively; "and in the mean time we may starve."

"Not quite that, dear," said Silence, gently. "You know we have enough for ourselves, if we live wholly to ourselves. Remember what Mrs. Grierson was saying the other day, that the greatest evil of poverty was because people will not spend their money upon their own family and its needs, but in making a show before the eyes of the world. Now this might be necessary at Richerden, but here, where we live so quietly—"

"Quietly!—quietly! Blackhall will soon set me mad with its quietness! To vegetate here upon a pound or two a week, so long as there was the remotest chance of working my way to something better! I can't do it; no man could."

"And no woman who really loved her husband would let him do it."

"Thank you, my darling. I thought you would say so. Even though you are a woman, you can understand. You will not be a coward? You will buckle on my breastplate and let me plunge into the fight? Then, like our friend Macbeth,

"'At least I'll die with harness on my back.'"

She laughed; they both laughed. Ay, even through all their distress. There was in them that wonderful ever-renewed spring of hope, which in pure natures is long before it runs dry.

"So that is settled. I will see Mr. Black to-morrow about the possibility of letting Blackhall; and then, if we can let it, we will go to London at once."

Silence made no reply. Her drooped face turned white—then scarlet—then white once more.

"Come, wise little woman, what is the matter with you? You have given your consent, now give your opinion. Where shall we go, and when?"

"I think, if you will let it be so, I should like us to stay quietly here until the spring."

"Why? What possible reason—"

Silence put both her arms round her husband's neck, and looked at him, right into his eyes—a strangely solemn, tender, absolutely speechless look.

Then—he knew.

THE REVOLUTION IN THE LIFE OF MR. BALINGALL.

I.

THE afternoon had been fine, but when young Mr. Balingall stepped out of Miss Vancourt's drawing-room, he found that a black drift had blown across the moon, the air had chilled, and drops of rain were falling slow and cold, as if the low-hanging clouds were fringed with melting icicles. He drew on his gloves, buttoned his great-coat over a pink flower, and walked fast, with his head bent slightly to the wind. It was nearing midnight, and the streets were almost deserted. Turning a corner, he came rather suddenly on two people, a man and a woman, who were talking earnestly together. Barely glancing at them, he gave the inside of the walk, and was about to pass them by, when the woman—a mere girl—raised her hand and stopped him.

"Will you be so kind," said she, with an exquisite gentleness, "as to direct us to a carriage stand? We are strangers in the city, and are somewhat hurried, wishing to take the Southern train."

Her voice shook a little as she ended, and before Mr. Balingall could reply, her companion—a young man with a handsome, irresolute face—burst out in a tone of excessive agitation: "Don't you do it, Sir—don't you do it. She is going to Kilbuck, where the yellow fever is raging. Twenty-five new cases yesterday—frost a month off. I am responsible to her family. She will die; she can't help dying."

"I beg of you not to make a scene," said the girl, sharply. Then, to Mr. Balingall: "Sir, I am compelled to go. It is a matter of life and death. This is entirely my own affair. I am of age. This gentleman promised to take me to the station. We have been walking about for more than an hour. He pretended to lose his way, and I know he has purposely misled me. You are a stranger, but if you have a heart in your bosom"—and she made a passionate gesture—"will you not help me?"

"Her death will be on your head," cried the young man. "Don't dare to give up to her. She is not with her mother, and she is out of her wits with trouble."

To this moment Mr. Balingall had not spoken. He had looked from one to the other of the strange pair. The man, flushed, frightened, with an air of deprecation rather than of authority; the girl, quiet, pale, and cold but for her angrily burning eyes. She was muffled from head to foot in some dark-looking stuff, a veil was wound lightly round her small hat, and pushed up just above square, delicate dark brows. They stood near a gaslight, and these details stamped themselves half unconsciously on Mr. Balingall's mind and memory.

"Oh, my God!" she cried, "while we stand here the time passes, and the Southern train leaves at midnight." She turned her great angry eyes upon her companion. "I will never forgive you while my reason lasts," she said, "if I do not get off. How many times must I tell you that this is no affair of yours? What are you to me?"

"Your brothers will hold me responsible," he said, half sullenly.

"My brothers shall *not* hold you responsible. I made my will this morning, and it exonerates you and every other human being. I act for myself. No one

has a right to oppose me, you least of all. I shall kill myself if I do not go. How dare you keep me with your inane talk? You coward! Because you are afraid of fever yourself, you think every one else ought to be. And you tried to deceive me, pretending you could not find a carriage. It is a shame. You may leave me. I will trust myself to this stranger. Will you take me to the station? There is no time to lose."

She poured out the quick sentences in a low but passionately angry voice. It struck Mr. Balingall that the extreme gentleness of her first address to him had been that of a violent repression.

He found his voice, and bowed profoundly. "There is a cab stand not three squares away," he said; "if you will permit me, I will conduct you to it."

Her escort interposed. "Since the young lady will have her way," he said, not without dignity, "I will attend her. There is no need of troubling you, Sir."

"I do not trust him," she repeated. "Come with us, if you please."

They started off, the girl almost leading, with quick, long steps. She would not take the arm of either young man, but walked between them in a silence so magnetic that the whole air seemed to vibrate with her pain. The rain was falling faster now. Around the lamp-posts were little circles of light, and each interval of gloom, as they passed from one to another, seemed longer and blacker than the last. Mr. Balingall felt himself in a dream where all is unreal and nothing natural. The only words that would have come to his lips, had he spoken, would have been: "I did not think a woman could take such long steps."

As they neared the cab stand the girl's companion made one more effort. "For God's sake, Miss Idal—" he began, impetuously.

"Do not call out my name on the street, if you please," said she, "and do not speak to me again. I can't bear it."

He shrugged his shoulders and was silent, while she made her own bargain with the cabman, promising him a double fee should he reach the station in time. Mr. Balingall obeyed her motion, and followed her into the carriage. No one spoke during the short drive. The girl leaned back and closed her eyes. It seemed to him almost a dishonorable thing to watch her, but as the carriage rolled in and out of the light he could not for his life restrain an eager glance at the cold young face opposite. Was she always so white? Or was it the effect of all that black about her head and shoulders? And was it the little black hat, tipped low over her brow, that made those deep shadows under her reddened eyelids? The face was clean cut, with a short sensitive nose, and a wide full mouth, now drawn to a straight line of endurance. Her form was of large and noble proportions. Her gloved hands were crossed in front of her, and now and then they trembled slightly.

Arriving at the station, Mr. Balingall stood with the young lady in the waiting-room, while her friend hurried off to buy her ticket.

"He would play me false now if he could," said she, nervously. "He had promised to call for me at ten o'clock, and then he came without a carriage, saying he had hoped to make me change my mind. I insisted on going out with him, and he pretended to be so unfamiliar with the streets that he couldn't find a cab stand. One day's delay might have made me too late. *And the minutes are centuries!*" she cried, in a tone that pierced her hearer's heart.

"I am glad I was able to serve you," he said.

The ticket was secured, and the three hastened to the train. Entering the Southern bound sleeping-car, an oppressive odor of carbolic acid assailed them. To Mr. Balingall the strong sickly smell brought a sudden horror—a realization of poisoned air, and the foulness that disinfectants fight. He looked at the poor young girl so strangely met, and pity, like a wave, surged over his soul. He trembled to think of the result of her wild courage.

Only a few passengers were in the car—a little band of nurses and doctors, a Catholic priest reading his prayers. They all looked curiously at the party who joined them. And the conductor, when he found that only the girl was to go under his guidance into the land of peril, said to her, as a friend might, "Young lady, have you had the fever?"

"No," she said.

"Then I wish I could put you off my train."

"Good-by, Miss Idal," said the young man who had aided her so unwillingly. "You have had your own way all your

life, and I might have known you would get the better of me. I know I shall never see you again, and I feel that I am to blame." He broke down, and put his hand to his eyes.

"Good-by," said the girl, her lips parting in a smile. "You meant to take care of me, and so I forgive you for the way you made me walk about the streets this cold evening. Good-by. I am off in spite of you!" And she fairly laughed.

It was Mr. Balingall's turn. But what could he say? Never in all his life had he been agitated by so powerful an emotion. Here was a sweet and strong young life going to face Death in his den as cheerily as ever Sintram rode; and he, staying behind in safety, could only look on dumbly.

The long train of cars quivered with the first throes of its movement. Miss Idal held out her hand.

"Good-by," she said. "I can not tell you how I thank you. I was almost in despair when I met you. As long as I live I shall remember you with gratitude."

Mr. Balingall bowed over her hand. He should have liked to kiss the hem of her dress. Then he passed quickly through the car, catching snatches of conversation that, like the odor of the carbolic acid, brought to him a realization of what all this meant.

"Merely to offer spiritual consolation to the dying," he heard the pale priest say.

And one of the doctors, a gay, boyish-looking fellow, lifted his cap as he caught Mr. Balingall's eye.

"*Morituri te salutamus!*" he said, lightly.

Curiously shaken and bewildered, Mr. Balingall watched the train plunge forward into the darkness.

"It's a bad business," said a gloomy voice at his elbow; and turning, he saw the girl's late companion. "I wish to Heaven that I were not mixed up in it. You see, the way of it was this: her mother and father and all the family are spending the summer up in Minnesota. And when the fever broke out, she insisted on coming here, that she might get news more quickly. She rules the family—you noticed what a temper she had?—so her father brought her here to some friends, and hurried back. The old gentleman wanted to get as far off as possible," said the young man, with a chuckle; "said there were too many refugees here to suit him; and he didn't want Yellow Jack served up as a breakfast, dinner, and supper dish. But Miss Idal, you see, had a lover down there, and he wouldn't run away—got crazy about his duty, staid to help the people. What queer streaks there are in some fellows! Well, he took it at last, of course. Lord bless you! fever doesn't discriminate, you know. It just hits out like a blind man fighting in a crowd—martyr or nigger, it's all the same to Yellow Jack. Soon as ever Miss Idal heard that he had it, she made up her mind to go to him. She has sent a dispatch every hour, and the last one from his doctors said, 'Doing well.' That was enough for her. We've noticed that they always die when the dispatches say, 'Doing well.' Her friends did everything except lock her in her room. So she pounced on me, and forced me to help her. Of course she will die—they all do—and I shall be blamed for it."

Mr. Balingall bit his tongue in the effort to avoid asking a question. He would not take advantage of the strange chance that had led him into this young girl's life. Yet he did not even know her name, except "Miss Idal," which was no name at all. Somebody's "Idol" he could well believe, but not this loquacious young man's, whose chief regret about the whole matter seemed to be that some one might hold him responsible.

They had reached the cab that had brought them to the station, and which Mr. Balingall had ordered to wait.

"Will you get in?" he said to his companion.

"No, thank you. I won't go home just yet; I'm all upset; I must get some beer. Good-night. I hope you won't regret this business."

Mr. Balingall gave the order for home, and soon reached his rooms. As he got out of the cab he noticed a shining something caught in one of the flapping curtains. He was reminded of a gleam of gold he had seen at the young lady's throat, and quickly disengaged it. In his own room he examined it with a singular interest. It was a scarf-pin shaped like a sabre, with the name "Idalia" engraved delicately in the handle.

"Idalia!" he repeated; "and they call her Miss Idal."

II.

Mr. Balingall was an engaged man. He had engaged himself with the deliberateness that up to this time had character-

ized every action of his life. He was an ambitious young fellow, with a fixed determination to make himself a man of note and position, and while he never demanded help, he was quite as far from disdaining it. He was poor, but had friends of influence. He had graduated at the best medical college in this country, and had practiced two years in the French hospitals. While in Paris he had made the acquaintance of Dr. Vancourt and his daughter. Dr. Vancourt was the leading medical man in the Western city where Mr. Balingall thought his chance was best of making a brilliant name. Miss Fanny Vancourt was pretty, sprightly, winning, kittenish—the adjectives are almost as plentiful as the type. Naturally Mr. Balingall was attracted toward her, and quite as naturally, being a practical man, he understood the advantage that such a marriage might be to him. The result was an engagement pleasing not only to Fanny, but to Fanny's papa. He accepted Mr. Balingall with admirable promptness, and offered to take him into partnership as soon as he should call him son-in-law. From that time the young physician saw his way clear. His future was blocked out as squarely before him as a geometric figure cut into marble. He was accustomed to say that there was no such thing as chance—or fate, as some people named it—that every man was the architect of his own life. For himself he declared that nothing had ever happened to him, but that every effect in his life could be traced directly to its cause, which was always his own deliberate action.

On the night succeeding his adventure, Mr. Balingall went as usual to call on Miss Vancourt. He found her flashing some long needles in and out of a glittering stuff that she called ice wool. She held the sparkling meshes before her face, laughing through them, and her lover was struck anew with her beauty.

"Come, admire me," said she, saucily.

"I am so glad you are pretty, Fanny," he said, with a smile; "it does you so much good."

"Don't you like it yourself, George?" she said, with a slight pout.

"Of course, dear. But in the abstract I don't care so much for beauty. I like something grave and noble in a woman's face."

"Something very grave will come into my face if you are not more complimentary. Why, you do not seem to be thinking of me at all."

"I have thought of you all day, Fanny. In fact, I do not believe there has been a time since I have known you that I have thought of you more. I have been wondering if you loved me well enough to die for me."

"What a very queer mood you are in this evening!" said Miss Fanny, slipping her hand into her lover's arm, and looking up into his face with a little coaxing smile.

Her endearments were not to be resisted, and George pressed the yellow head against his heart.

Fanny was never too impassioned to observe details. "What have you in your waistcoat pocket?" she said, rubbing a small pink ear against it.

"Oh, nothing—a little box," said he, reluctantly.

It was Idalia's scarf-pin that he had that evening taken to a jeweller's to have fitted to a box.

"Ah! you have brought me a present," cried Miss Fanny, smiling, and slipping her privileged fingers into his pocket.

"No, dear; do not open it," he exclaimed, impulsively, but too late. She had drawn out the pin.

"Why, George!" she said, in round-eyed surprise.

Mr. Balingall had been the master-spirit through all this courtship; but, for all that, he stood abashed before that innocent "Why, George!" He wondered why he hated to have her hold the little sabre pin, and why he felt like placing his hand over the name she was deciphering slowly, holding it close to her near-sighted eyes.

"'J'—is it a J or an I?—'I-d-a-l-i-a'—Idalia. What does it all mean, George?"

George felt like a foolish figure in a witness stand. The sensation was not agreeable. Besides, he did not wish to tell Fanny of his adventure.

"Fanny," said he, slowly, "I would rather not tell you—just yet—what it all means. It is another person's secret. Can you not trust me?"

"Trust a man!" said Miss Fanny, with a toss of the head. "I know better."

"Why, I thought you were such a sweet, confiding, innocent little soul."

"I am not so foolish as I look," said Fanny, composedly. "And now I want to hear about Idalia."

"I wonder if I've got to tell it," mused Mr. Balingall. "Is this one of the duties of an engaged man?" Then: "Give me until to-morrow, child, to think it over," he said.

"Indeed I won't. It must be now."

After all, his scruples might be far-fetched, thought Mr. Balingall. He would tell, and she would sympathize with that brave girl now at the bedside of her lover. So in a few moments more Miss Fanny was in possession of the facts in the case.

"Was she pretty?" said she, eagerly.

"Not exactly. She had a noble face, but it was too pale and worn for me to judge of its beauty."

"I never heard of anything so queer in all my life," said Mr. Balingall's sweetheart, with stinging emphasis.

"Queer! In what way?"

"Oh, the whole thing: the promenading around the streets at that hour with a man who did not want to go with her, and stopping you, a stranger, and actually making you go to the station with her! Why, she is the sort of girl *I* should call fast."

"Fast! My God!"

"George, how dare you say such a word in my presence? And how dare you look at me as if I were a little—viper?" Miss Fanny showed symptoms of tears.

"It is only that I was somewhat surprised at your lack of sympathy."

"George dear, to tell the whole truth, I was a little jealous. Now isn't that a confession for me to make? You know it isn't ten minutes since you said that you liked something grave and noble in a woman's face, and didn't care for beauty. Then you say that this girl's face was noble and grave. Hateful words! hateful Idalia! George, don't you love me any more?"

"Why, my dear little goose, what are you talking about? Put up your handkerchief now, and show your eyes in their natural color. What would become of us, Fanny, if we should begin to get jealous of each other?"

"You will never be jealous of me," said Fanny, astutely; "you are too sure of me."

"And are you not quite as sure of me?" asked Mr. Balingall, too indifferently, in Miss Fanny's opinion; so she gave her small head another toss, and said,

"Perhaps so, considering the partnership with papa."

"*Fanny!*"

Mr. Balingall stood up, pale and wrathful. Miss Vancourt was frightened; she flung herself into his arms, but he repulsed her.

"You degrade me," he said, hoarsely.

"George, you are turning into a tragedy hero," cried Fanny, with a stamp of her foot. "You know I didn't mean anything. I only wanted to vex you a little. And you shouldn't be cross with me. Am I not your own, own?"

It was their first quarrel, and they made it up, of course. But when Mr. Balingall stepped out into the night once more, it was with a feeling, new to him, of dissatisfaction with himself. He had never put into words the benefits of his alliance with Miss Vancourt, but now an ugly sense of being self-seeking and mercenary disturbed his composure. The splendid emotion that a fine deed arouses filled his soul, and his personal consciousness became intensified and concentrated, as if he drank a fiery wine. He seemed to be walking in a valley, while clouds rolled away from distant and glorious heights, toward which were climbing others whose ambitions were nobler than his own.

For many days after this, Mr. Balingall found himself reading with avidity the fever reports from the South. Heretofore he had avoided the long columns, vitalized with offensive detail, and had sneered at their sensational headings: "Bronze John still Mowing the Harvest;" "The Breath of the Fiery Dragon;" "No Light in the East;" "The Wrath of God Unbroken." But now the lurid words flickered before his eyes like torches leading to dismal depths, into which he looked, not sparing his sickened sense. But of Idalia he could find nothing. How was it possible? Her very name was unknown to him. Occasionally there was a brief dispatch from Kilbuck, rendering thanks for aid, or giving a list of dead. Again and again Mr. Balingall, weary of conjecture, tried to shake off the wild, sad impression of the night when he had helped the young girl on her perilous way. He was a man whose thoughts had always been as controlled and methodical as his well-regulated habits; but he found now, as most of us do at one time or another, that there was a rebel in his brain whose wings he could not clip. If he could only know the fate of Idalia, he believed that she would cease to torment his visions; but

to a decided nature uncertainty was the most harrowing of feelings. So he reasoned; and at last the time came when he could test this belief.

He was standing one day in the box office of a theatre, buying some tickets for an entertainment to which Miss Vancourt had expressed a wish to go. Among the men awaiting their turn at the ticket stand he saw the young fellow who had been with Idalia. The recognition between them was mutual.

"How do you do?" said the Southerner, with a cordial nod.

"I neglected to exchange cards with you," said Mr. Balingall, after a little talk. "Pray allow me to do so now."

"My name's Ormsby," said his companion; "but it isn't much use to make acquaintance now. I get off to-morrow to a colder country. Yellow Jack is creeping up, and I shouldn't wonder if it got to this very city. Give it time enough before frost, and it will travel to Maine. That's my dead-solemn opinion. It's like a coil of rope that's unwinding."

"May I be allowed to ask after the young lady who went to the South a few weeks ago?" said Mr. Balingall, quietly. "I hope she found her friend recovering."

"She found her friend dying," said Mr. Ormsby, shortly; "and she—she died last week in the Louisville hospital."

Mr. Balingall's heart gave a great sick bound. But he expressed his regrets steadily. Then for a while he walked about the streets, seeing nothing. Dead—that strong, cool face, that smile of heaven's sweetness, that fearless heart—dead! "I had not thought she would die," he muttered; and a fury took possession of him, as of all who suffer and strike with their feeble force against the invisible, invincible monster we call death.

Mr. Balingall did not go to the theatre that evening, but sent an excuse and a substitute to Miss Vancourt. The young lady found neither to her taste, and was as incredulous to the one as indifferent toward the other. Indeed, this was not her lover's first offense; for the past few weeks he had failed to please Miss Fanny entirely. His attentions had been as unremitting as ever, but they lacked flavor. He was sometimes abstracted in her presence; he was less patient than usual with her caprices. Fanny was a born gossip, and a great talker. Mr. Balingall had often laughingly declared that the relation between them was that of fountain pen and diary; and one of the chief joys of her engagement had been the amused interest with which he had listened to her exhaustless detail of the small affairs of her circle. But now he lost the thread occasionally of her long narratives. She had to repeat, which she always did very fully, and with an air of indignant surprise.

"Indeed, he is not the same man," she declared to her intimate friend, to whom she was not too proud to complain of her lover.

The confidante, properly sympathetic, as the maid in white muslin should be, suggested that there must be a reason for such change, which her dear Fanny must find out.

"I believe," said Fanny, thoughtfully, "that I date it all from the night he met that girl."

"The yellow-fever heroine, you mean, with the romantic name?"

"With the very silly name," said Miss Fanny, with an injured look. "*Idalia* indeed! You know we had a little quarrel about her to begin with, and since then I've noticed that he avoids speaking of her, though I've asked him a thousand questions. And it is only since then that he has had that air of being a thousand miles away when I've been talking of the most interesting things."

"Perhaps he is worried about some of his patients? Young doctors sometimes are."

"No; he has no practice apart from papa's, unless it is at the hospitals or among the poor. Of course he wouldn't bother himself about charity patients," said Fanny, with fine indifference.

"So you think it is Idalia?"

"What else can it be? Nothing has happened to him out of the common run of things, except that adventure, as far as I can find out. And I know that he admired her immensely."

"I should not submit to it if I were you."

"Why, what would you do?" cried the helpless Tilburina.

"Oh, I should have all sorts of scenes with him," replied her friend, with pleasing vagueness. "And I should not be too amiable with him, Fanny. You must assert yourself, if you mean that he shall respect your rights."

If it had pleased Heaven to give Miss

Vancourt either a little less wit or a little more, the trouble between herself and her lover would have died a natural death. With less quickness of perception, it would have never occurred to her to be jealous of so distant a rival; with more, she would have realized that Idalia was but a shadow on his imagination that she could have effaced by pouring upon him a love that was all sunshine. But when she established a grievance, her good sense failed her; and a grievance in a woman is about as attractive to a man as a scarecrow in a field to a flying bird. She talked "Idalia" with "damnable iteration." She made Mr. Balingall tell over and over again the incidents of his meeting with the poor girl. She repeated the story to all of her intimate friends, and to many who were not intimate. She turned it into ridicule, and being clever with her pencil, drew an absurd caricature of the scene under the street lamp, in which its heroine was represented as tall and gaunt, dragging two young men after her, while tears the size of billiard balls tumbled from her eyes on their heads. To be frank, Miss Fanny revealed herself as a vulgar little soul; and Mr. Balingall had to shut his teeth tight together to keep the very silence that irritated her so much.

"I have thought of something for you to do," said her confidante, one day, with delightful vivacity.

Fanny was in a dejected mood, and looked only a listless interest.

"It is a sure way for you to find out if he really cares anything for Idalia," proceeded her friend, triumphantly.

"What! how is it possible?"

"You say that he still has the scarf-pin that she dropped in the carriage?"

"Yes," said Fanny, with a shrug; "he keeps the tarnished old thing done up in cotton-wool as carefully as if it were a black pearl or a baby."

"Now listen: you are going to the fancy ball for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers?"

"You know that I am," said Fanny, "and that I am to dress as a vivandière."

"Well, borrow Idalia's scarf-pin to wear in your cap."

Miss Vancourt stared.

"Don't you see," cried her friend, "that if he gives it to you readily, it will prove that he doesn't attach much importance to the whole affair. Once in your possession, you might easily manage to lose it."

"And what good would that do?"

"Oh, it would snap a link, as it were. As long as he has the scarf-pin he will think of the girl who wore it. And it may be in his mind that he ought to look her up to return it. Fancy him running over the South, tracing her by that pretty name of hers, as Becket's sweetheart did, you know, speaking only two English words, 'Gilbert' and 'London.' Really, my dear, if you were not a very, very charming Fanny, and the sweetest thing in the whole world, and Mr. Balingall did not know so well on which side his bread was buttered, I do not see how he could resist the romance of the thing."

If Miss Fanny had been a man she would have slapped her dear friend in the face. As it was, she colored high with resentment, and said, "Very well; if he prefers the romance of the thing, as you call it, to Fanny Vancourt, then he is welcome to his choice, and all it may bring him."

"Keep up that spirit, my dear," said her friend, soothingly, "and you will bring him to terms. You must make him let you have the pin."

Fanny lost not much time in following the advice that had been given her, and, as she had more than half expected, her request met with a decided refusal from Mr. Balingall.

"I will get you any ornament you like for your cap, my dear," he said; "but I can not—I have no right—to give you that scarf-pin."

"Have you any right to keep it yourself?"

"All in the world, until I shall restore it to some member of her family."

"Why do you not say to *her*?" cried Fanny, whose mind in some directions was as acute as a fox's nose. "Have you heard anything from her?"

"Yes. I heard that she had died of the fever."

"Died! Poor girl!" and Fanny was sobered and shocked for a moment. But soon her jealous suspicion was again aroused. "Why did you not tell me sooner, George? You know how interested I have been. How strange to keep it from me!"

"I've only known it myself for a little while. Now do let the subject drop, Fanny."

"Well, I will, since it is too sacred to

be talked about, if you will only let me have the pin. I won't wear it to the ball, of course. But just let me keep it for you. I'm sure it will be a great deal safer in my jewel-box than in knocking about among your things."

He moved his head as if a gnat were buzzing about his ears, and began to talk of something else. Fanny brought him back to the subject with an expression of irritation.

To follow a lover's quarrel when it is not meant that the lovers should "kiss again with tears," is a reckless waste of narration. The end of it all was that when Mr. Balingall left Miss Vancourt, he had a sort of feeling that the world had tumbled about his ears, and he rather liked the sensation. In his hand he held the engagement ring that he had fitted to Miss Fanny's finger some months before. Idalia from her grave had parted them.

III.

One never knows what to do just after a great crisis in life. Mr. Balingall found himself thrown into confusion in more ways than one. Dr. Vancourt's dismissal of the young man had followed his daughter's, and a season of involuntary idleness more clearly than anything else marked the change in his affairs. He could not even apply himself to study with the old vigor, and the hours hung as heavy on his hands as if fate had thrust them there as forfeits that no one would redeem.

At this juncture he met one day an old friend of his, who owned and commanded a steamer that plied between Cincinnati and New Orleans. Captain Masterson, who was a man extremely hospitable, and fond of having people about him, had often urged him to make the river trip on the *Lady Gay* to New Orleans and back. It had, in fact, become a matter of habit for the captain to press the invitation on his friend.

"You had better come with us this trip, Balingall," he said. "The *Lady Gay* is in tip-top order—first trip of the season, you know. You'll enjoy New Orleans. It's a city you can do in three days—just the time we stop. There's nothing much to see but the lake and the jolly old houses. It will do you good. You're a little off your color, I can tell you—look as if you've been going through the mill. Haven't killed any of your patients, have you, experimenting on them? I know you doctors. You've lost flesh too. If you could sit on a stump and catch shrimps for a week, it would make a new man of you. Come with us, won't you?"

The invitation was opportune. It chimed with Mr. Balingall's vagrant humor. He felt the need of something vivid and distinct during this pale interlude in his life, and without making any words he gave the captain his hand and an acceptance.

It was a snowy and cold day when the *Lady Gay* left Cincinnati, but soon warm airs blowing from the Gulf met them with a soft welcome. It grew pleasant enough to sit all day on deck, watching with constant interest the woods changing from scarlet and gold to green, the lazy negroes fishing sleepily, the low swamp lands with their clotted growth and serpent-winding vines, the plantations and their tributary fields. The boat moved slowly through the thick waters of the Mississippi. It seemed to drift rather than to be propelled, and each turn of her wheel was like a great sobbing breath. Stoppages were frequent at the plantation landings and small towns along the river, and it was one such chance as this that brought to a climax the revolution in the life of Mr. Balingall.

Early in the afternoon a small town, perched on a bluff, appeared in sight.

"There is the last hill you will see," remarked the captain, who stood on deck near Mr. Balingall. "All low land from this on to Orleans."

"What an air it has of looking down on the river, like a little cock on a fence about to crow!" said Mr. Balingall, with a smile.

"It has had the crow pretty well taken out of it, I guess," replied the captain. "It has gone through devil's days since the *Lady Gay* passed the last time."

"The same old story, I suppose—the fever?"

"Just so. Not a place on the river suffered more. For a while the people were shut in from outside help. And they died like the fellows in the Black Hole; dropped in the streets; and had regular plague-spots on their bodies. It's too bad to think of! And such a clean, healthy place as Kilbuck used to be!"

"Kilbuck! I did not know that was a river town?"

"Oh yes; though it's only five miles from Vicksburg, which makes it easy enough to get there by rail."

"Do you stop here?"

"For a couple of hours. Why don't you go on shore and look around?"

"I will."

As soon as the gang-plank was lowered, Mr. Balingall crossed it, and walked up into the town. With its irregular paths, steep ascents, and many trees, it had a cool air of appearing to hide itself from an obtrusive gaze; but he sought out the houses, trying to fancy in which one of them Idalia had lived. He soon became aware of a confused impression of dead flowers and old clothes. Odd conjunction! In every garden blackened blossoms hung from withering stalks; and along the railings of the verandas, about the houses, on the fences, and on ropes stretched from one tree to another, hung a motley assortment of garments—men's clothes, for the most part—flapping in the wind. There was something ludicrous about the sight, until, with a sudden creeping of the flesh, he understood its dreary significance. These were garments of the dead that living love dared not fold away until air and frost had done their work on the mystery of poison that nothing kills save cold. Doors and windows were open to admit the chill November wind. No sound of laughter was heard. Memories of horror seemed to be in the very air.

Nor was it more cheerful in the business part of the town, though here, at least, there were people to be seen. But everything looked woful and half alive. In front of some of the shops sat old men, their hats pulled down far over their eyes. One could readily imagine that a business transaction would begin with an apology. No one noticed Mr. Balingall. The time had gone by when a trivial interest could move the people of Kilbuck. They had stood too long facing and fighting great terrors. In every face was a look of gloom, whether that of some pale convalescent, or the ruddy countenance of some refugee who had saved himself by flight. The point of interest appeared to be at the door of a small office, over which was written: "Relief Committee Rooms." Here a motley crowd was gathered trying to push a way inside. Through the windows one could see boxes and bales of goods, provisions and half-worn clothing, which some boys and ladies were distributing as fast as possible to the applicants.

After twice making the circuit of the square, Mr. Balingall followed a well-worn path that led him on until he saw stretching before him that sacred expanse of ground where the dead are hidden from the sun. He opened the gate and went in. Ah! sight of thrilling sadness! Filling every glance of the eye as it restlessly sought relief were fresh, thick-planted graves. Red and sinister spots on the green earth, they lay there like bloody swords on a deserted battle-field, each telling its own tale of unimaginable horror.

"And this is the end of every man's desire," he murmured. A profound sense of despair and isolation seized his soul. Twilight was falling, and the mists of the distance seemed like exhalations from the dreadful earth. He turned to leave, when, coming through the gate, he saw a woman's figure. All the glooms of the November day seemed to have gathered about her. Close and black, like a gathered cloud, she came toward him, with a step so gliding that she seemed to float rather than walk. Her hands were slightly extended, to hold a great mass of flowers that trailed to the hem of her dress in falling scarlet. As she passed Mr. Balingall a cluster of blossoms dropped. He stooped to restore it. She bowed mechanically, without looking at him. A thick veil was over her face, but for him only a glance was needed. Through the folds of blinding crape he recognized—Idalia.

The young man could have laughed aloud. "She did not die, then," and "I knew Ormsby was a fool," thought Mr. Balingall in one flash of the mind.

The place was no longer desolate and forbidding. The graves were no more to him than the leaves that strew the earth after a hurricane. Idalia was alive—that was enough.

He watched her as she went to a distant grave, and laid the flowers upon it in lines and clusters. Then, kneeling, she pressed her face upon the earth, remaining thus so long that Mr. Balingall's professional instincts were aroused, and he wanted to say to her, "Don't you know you will give yourself a dreadful cold?"

"You're a stranger here, Sir, I see," interrupted a voice.

He turned and saw an old negro man, with a spade and a watering-pot in his hand—presumably the sexton.

"Yes," he said; "I've never been to Kilbuck before."

"It's a sorrerful time, marster, for you to see de place for de fust time. I seen all

de trouble straight t'rough, an' a powerful misery it was; but dis here tryin' to piece things together agin is de hardest thing yit. 'Tain't no use. De end o' de worl' is at han'. Dey shall see signs an' prophecies. An' de signs an' prophecies is already come to pass."

"You remained through all the epidemic?"

"Yes, marster. Dar warn't no partikeler use in my runnin' off. I've had a misery in my back for so many years dat I'm ready to go whenever de good Lord calls. An' dar was work for me to do. Who'd have buried de po' critters if I hadn't 'a been here? I s'pose dey would have hired some fool nigger, an' he might have made some *holes* to put 'em in. *I* made *graves*—good graves every one of 'em—even in de greatest of de rush."

"Trying work for you."

"Yes, marster, but you know de edge of a thing soon w'ars off. I knowed 'em all, an' loved a many of 'em, and wid de fust dat I put away I shook an' cried like a baby. But pretty soon it got to be business. I was proud o' seein' how many I could git under-groun' in a day. I couldn't eat nor sleep if a corpse was a-waitin' for me. An', Lord! Lord! de very day dat Gineral Cincinnatus Hewett was buried—you've heered of Gineral Cincinnatus Hewett?"

"I think so," said Mr. Balingall, cautiously.

"Oh yes, marster, he was de biggest man in de State—reglar Moses an' Aaron rolled into one! Always on han' at fairs an' barbecues to make de speeches, an' *great* in politics. Take you right off yer feet, he would. An' a good man, generous as de flowin' streams. Nobody was too po' or triflin' for him to help. Often an' often have I watched him as he stood on de platform a-talkin' grand talk in dat ringin' voice o' his, an' de boys a-cheerin', an' everybody a-hangin' on his words; an' I've thought to myself, what a funeral he would have! Wid de Masons an' military, an' half de church pews full o' mourners—for de gineral had a great family connection—an' de shops closed, an' de papers wid black around 'em, an' de coffin all a-shinin' wid silver. I used to love to think it over. An', Lord! Lord! de day he was buried, I jes counted him in wid Hinkley's chillen, eight niggers, an' a lot o' po' white-trash emigrants—jes counted him in, you know, *one—Gineral Cincinnatus Hewett!*" and the old sexton shook his head as if scarcely believing now in his insensibility or temerity.

At this moment Idalia passed them.

"Who is that young lady?" asked Mr. Balingall.

"Dat's Miss Ida Carey, po' chile! She was a-gwine to marry young Evans—Fane Evans—a risin' young lawyer here. He'd been a soldier—fought under Morgan when he was a boy. I reckon dat's whar he learnt to be so brave. Den he was good stock, too. No coward's blood in any of 'em. He snapped his fingers at Yellow Jack jes as he'd snapped 'em at de Yankees, an' he played a big part here in Kilbuck. Ever been in a plague city, Sir?"

"No."

"Nor seed a panic?"

"No."

"Den you can't form no imagination, marster, o' dis town. You see, it was on us befo' we knowed it. Twenty cases befo' de doctors would even give up dat it was yellow fever, till de las' day of August. Den ole Dr. Davenport he stood on de street corner wid his han's stretched out as if ter push away de people dat was crowdin' aroun' him, an' his white hair a-blowin' in de wind, an' he said, 'Stan' not on de order of your goin', but go at once!' Lord! to see dat crowd scatter, as if a bum-shell had bust among 'em. An' it was time. Many whose clo's was in deir trunks to go never had need for nothin' more dan a sheet ter wrap 'em in. Dey fell as if fever was a sharp-shooter, an' died—died. Of de fust hundred, jes ten got well. God o' mercy! save dat deir souls ascended to dy throne, how could dy servants bear de burden dat dou hast put upon dem?"

The old man took off his scrap of straw hat and lifted his furrowed face to the sky.

"And Mr. Evans?"

"Yes, marster. He was a public-spirited man. Dar was a little band of 'em—a dozen or mo'—who took it inter deir po' young heads dat dey ought ter stay—hol' de fort, you know. God knows help was needed. Folks was dyin' like pizened dogs in a ditch. An' young Evans he kind o' took de lead. You know niggers is crazy, bad stock, an' in some towns dey carried on like de devil, a-burnin' an' a-robbin'. But dere warn't nothin' like dat in Kilbuck. Mars' Fane let it be known dat he believed in de shot-gun, an'

dey was as skeered of him as if he had 'a been de Lord or de devil. He had a mighty great influence wid 'em, keered for 'em, too. Doctors, nusses, an' Champagne jes as plentiful in a nigger's cabin as in de white folks' houses. He'd 'a been as big a man as Gineral Cincinnatus Hewett if he had lived. Dar ain't a nigger in dis county but would 'a voted for him for President, roarin' Democrat dough he was, an' dey straight Republicans."

"But he died?"

"Lord! Lord! yes, marster—dey all died. He was spar'd, an' spar'd, till none of us but t'ought he'd git t'rough. De oders all went, an' dat seemed to make his chance all de better. But he got fuller an' fuller of de pizen, an' weak wid seein' his frien's go, an' tired wid de hard, hard work, an' den, when de cup was full, he was struck down. He made a fight. But pretty soon dem aroun' him saw he was a-goin'. Den Miss Ida come. Dey say she had encouraged him in stayin', an' dat's one reason why she takes it so hard. He was a-lyin' dar, numb an' stupid—for de pizen was a-creepin' t'rough his veins slow an' soft like de smell of an orange bloom—an' he t'ought he was a-gittin' well. De doctors was all aroun'—six of 'em; enough to kill him; but dey was good. Dey was cryin' as if he was deir own flesh an' blood. But Miss Ida didn't cry. An' when one of de doctors, a young, rash sort of fellow—when he said, 'I swear, I would take his place if I could,' she jes said, hard an' scornful, 'Why did you not take his place here, an' send him away?'

"She would not let dem tell him dat he must die, but all night long she stay beside him, a-smilin' an' a-talkin' of de cool air of de mountains. An' at daybreak he started up wild an' mad in convulsions, an' he jumped from de bed, a-strikin' out an' a-callin', 'Water! water!' Den he fell, an' when dey lifted him dere warn't no mo' ter do but ter bury him."

The old sexton's voice sounded hollow and dim. Mr. Balingall put his hand to his head with a confused sense of being some other than himself.

"I'm gwine now to water his grave," said the sexton. "I helps Miss Ida take keer of it."

"Did she have the fever?" asked Mr. Balingall.

"Yes, Sir, up in Louisville. An' we did hear dat she died. But she got well, an' came back here—not de same pretty young lady dough, but a *shadder*, all broke wid grief."

They reached Fane Evans's grave, and Mr. Balingall stooped to read some lines on the rude head-board:

For their dear country, these, her quenchless glory,
Won for themselves the dusky shroud of death.
By that same death they live, whose echoing story
Rings through the halls Hades inhabiteth.

"One o' de doctors wrote dat on de boa'd," said the sexton. "He said it would do for 'em all. In all dese graves you see aroun' Mr. Evans's is buried de young men who died as he did—for de sake of po' humanity. An' as our blessed Redeemer died," he added, after a pause, again uncovering his head.

Mr. Balingall looked down upon the grave. "And she loved you," he thought —"she loved you, and you could die!"

His name was called. Captain Masterson came hurrying through the gate.

"I've sent all over town after you, Balingall," he cried. "Finally some one directed me here. You've overspent your time. The *Lady Gay* has been waiting for you this last hour."

"Masterson," he replied, earnestly, "do you know, I've taken a fancy to stay a while in this town. You know everybody. Give me an introduction to some of your acquaintances."

"Man, have you lost your wits?"

"Not a bit of it. But it happens that I have a little leisure on my hands. I want a vacation. I may as well spend it here as anywhere."

"All right," said the captain, philosophically. "Haven't time to discuss it. Will give you a line to a preacher here I happen to know. You'll get tired of it soon enough, and the *Lady Gay* will pick you up on her return trip."

Mr. Balingall, however, is still in Kilbuck. He has made friends, and it is intimated that he is building up a practice. Idalia has not recognized him, and he has not yet spoken to her. But in his heart he has vowed to win her back to forgetfulness and a new love. He watches her in her daily pilgrimages to Fane Evans's grave. He sees with sharp pangs that month by month her features are more sharply cut, her form more slight, and her step drags more wearily. But not to himself, in his most fearful dream, does he whisper that she will die. And the future holds her secrets securely.

MARY ANERLEY.

CHAPTER X.

ROBIN LYTH.

HALF a league to the north of bold Flamborough Head the billows have carved for themselves a little cove among cliffs which are rugged, but not very high. This opening is something like the grain shoot of a mill, or a screen for riddling gravel, so steep is the pitch of the ground, and so narrow the shingly ledge at the bottom. And truly in bad weather and at high tides there is no shingle ledge at all, but the crest of the wave volleys up the incline, and the surf rushes on to the top of it. For the cove, though sheltered from other quarters, receives the full brunt of northeasterly gales, and offers no safe anchorage. But the hardy fishermen make the most of its scant convenience, and gratefully call it "North Landing," albeit both wind and tide must be in good humor, or the only thing sure of any landing is the sea. The long desolation of the sea rolls in with a sound of melancholy, the gray fog droops its fold of drizzle in the leaden-tinted troughs, the pent cliffs overhang the flapping of the sail, and a few yards of pebble and of weed are all that a boat may come home upon harmlessly. Yet here in the old time landed men who carved the shape of England; and here, even in these lesser days, are landed uncommonly fine cod.

The difficulties of the feat are these: to get ashore soundly, and then to make it good; and after that to clinch the exploit by getting on land, which is yet a harder step. Because the steep of the ground, like a staircase void of stairs, stands facing you, and the cliff upon either side juts up close, to forbid any flanking movement, and the scanty scarp denies fair start for a rush at the power of the hill front. Yet here must the heavy boats beach themselves, and wallow and yaw in the shingly roar, while their cargo and crew get out of them, their gunwales swinging from side to side, in the manner of a porpoise rolling, and their stem and stern going up and down like a pair of lads at seesaw.

But after these heavy boats have endured all that, they have not found their rest yet without a crowning effort. Up that gravelly and gliddery ascent, which changes every groove and run at every sudden shower, but never grows any the softer—up that the heavy boats must make clamber somehow, or not a single timber of their precious frames is safe. A big rope from the capstan at the summit is made fast as soon as the tails of the jackasses (laden with three cwt. of fish apiece) have wagged their last flick at the brow of the steep; and then with "yo-heave-ho" above and below, through the cliffs echoing over the dull sea, the groaning and grinding of the stubborn tug begins. Each boat has her own special course to travel up, and her own special berth of safety, and she knows every jag that will gore her on the road, and every flint from which she will strike fire. By dint of sheer sturdiness of arms, legs, and lungs, keeping true time with the pant and the shout, steadily goes it with hoist and haul, and cheerily undulates the melody of call that rallies them all with a strong will together, until the steep bluff and the burden of the bulk by masculine labor are conquered, and a long row of powerful pinnaces displayed, as a mounted battery, against the fishful sea. With a view to this clambering ruggedness of life, all of these boats receive from their cradle a certain limber rake and accommodating curve, instead of a straight pertinacity of keel, so that they may ride over all the scandals of this arduous world. And happen what may to them, when they are at home, and gallantly balanced on the brow line of the steep, they make a bright show upon the dreariness of coast-land, hanging as they do above the gullet of the deep. Painted outside with the brightest of scarlet, and inside with the purest white, at a little way off they resemble gay butterflies, preening their wings for a flight into the depth.

Here it must have been, and in the middle of all these, that the very famous Robin Lyth—prophetically treating him, but free as yet of fame or name, and simply unable to tell himself—shone in the doubt of the early daylight (as a tidy-sized cod, if forgotten, might have shone) upon the morning of St. Swithin, A.D. 1782.

The day and the date were remembered long by all the good people of Flam-

borough, from the coming of the turn of a long bad luck and a bitter time of starving. For the weather of the summer had been worse than usual—which is no little thing to say—and the fish had expressed their opinion of it by the eloquent silence of absence. Therefore, as the whole place lives on fish, whether in the fishy or the fiscal form, goodly apparel was becoming very rare, even upon high Sundays; and stomachs that might have looked well beneath it, sank into unobtrusive grief. But it is a long lane that has no turning; and turns are the essence of one very vital part.

Suddenly over the village had flown the news of a noble arrival of fish. From the cross-roads, and the public-house, and the licensed head-quarters of pepper and snuff, and the loop-hole where a sheep had been known to hang, in times of better trade, but never could dream of hanging now; also from the window of the man who had had a hundred heads (superior to his own) shaken at him because he set up for making breeches in opposition to the women, and showed a few patterns of what he could do if any man of legs would trade with him—from all these head-centres of intelligence, and others not so prominent but equally potent, into the very smallest hole it went (like the thrill in a troublesome tooth) that here was a chance come of feeding, a chance at last of feeding. For the man on the cliff, the despairing watchman, weary of fastening his eyes upon the sea, through constant fog and drizzle, at length had discovered the well-known flicker, the glassy flaw, and the hovering of gulls, and had run along Weighing Lane so fast, to tell his good news in the village, that down he fell and broke his leg, exactly opposite the tailor's shop. And this was on St. Swithin's Eve.

There was nothing to be done that night, of course, for mackerel must be delicately worked; but long before the sun arose, all Flamborough, able to put leg in front of leg, and some who could not yet do that, gathered together where the land-hold was, above the incline for the launching of the boats. Here was a medley, not of fisher-folk alone, and all their bodily belongings, but also of the thousand things that have no soul, and get kicked about and sworn at much because they can not answer. Rollers, buoys, nets, kegs, swabs, fenders, blocks, buckets, kedges, corks, buckie-pots, oars, poppies, tillers, sprits, gaffs, and every kind of gear (more than Theocritus himself could tell) lay about, and rolled about, and upset their own masters, here and there and everywhere, upon this half acre of slip and stumble, at the top of the boat channel down to the sea, and in the faint rivalry of three vague lights, all making darkness visible.

For very ancient lanterns, with a gentle horny glimmer, and loop-holes of large exaggeration at the top, were casting upon anything quite within their reach a general idea of the crinkled tin that framed them, and a shuffle of inconstant shadows, but refused to shed any light on friend or stranger, or clear up suspicions, more than three yards off. In rivalry with these appeared the pale disk of the moon, just setting over the western highlands, and "drawing straws" through summer haze; while away in the northeast over the sea, a slender irregular wisp of gray, so weak that it seemed as if it were being blown away, betokened the intention of the sun to restore clear ideas of number and of figure by-and-by. But little did anybody heed such things; every one ran against everybody else, and all was eagerness, haste, and bustle for the first great launch of the Flamborough boats, all of which must be taken in order.

But when they laid hold of the boat No. 7, which used to be the *Mercy Robin*, and were jerking the timber shores out, one of the men stooping under her stern beheld something white and gleaming. He put his hand down to it, and, lo! it was a child, in imminent peril of a deadly crush, as the boat came heeling over. "Hold hard!" cried the man, not in time with his voice, but in time with his sturdy shoulder, to delay the descent of the counter. Then he stooped underneath, while they steadied the boat, and drew forth a child in a white linen dress, heartily asleep and happy.

There was no time to think of any children now, even of a man's own fine breed, and the boat was beginning much to chafe upon the rope, and thirty or forty fine fellows were all waiting, loath to hurry Captain Robin (because of the many things he had dearly lost), yet straining upon their own hearts to stand still. And the captain could not find his wife, who had slipped aside of the noisy scene, to have her own little cry, because of the dance

her children would have made if they had lived to see it.

There were plenty of other women running all about to help, and to talk, and to give the best advice to their husbands and to one another; but most of them naturally had their own babies, and if words came to action, quite enough to do to nurse them. On this account, Cockscroft could do no better, bound as he was to rush forth upon the sea, than lay the child gently aside of the stir, and cover him with an old sail, and leave word with an ancient woman for his wife when found. The little boy slept on calmly still, in spite of all the din and uproar, the song and the shout, the tramp of heavy feet, the creaking of capstans, and the thump of bulky oars, and the crush of ponderous rollers. Away went these upon their errand to the sea, and then came back the grating roar and plashy jerks of launching, the plunging, and the gurgling, and the quiet murmur of cleft waves.

That child slept on, in the warm good luck of having no boat keel launched upon him, nor even a human heel of bulk as likely to prove fatal. And the ancient woman fell asleep beside him, because at her time of life it was unjust that she should be astir so early. And it happened that Mrs. Cockscroft followed her troubled husband down the steep, having something in her pocket for him, which she failed to fetch to hand. So everybody went about its own business (according to the laws of nature), and the old woman slept by the side of the child, without giving him a corner of her scarlet shawl.

But when the day was broad and brave, and the spirit of the air was vigorous, and every cliff had a color of its own, and a character to come out with; and beautiful boats, upon a shining sea, flashed their oars, and went up waves which clearly were the stairs of heaven; and never a woman, come to watch her husband, could be sure how far he had carried his obedience in the matter of keeping his hat and coat on; neither could anybody say what next those very clever fishermen might be after—nobody having a spy-glass—but only this being understood all round, that hunger and salt were the victuals for the day, and the children must chew the mouse-trap baits until their dads came home again; and yet in spite of all this, with lightsome hearts (so hope outstrips the sun, and soars with him behind her) and a strong will, up the hill they went, to do without much breakfast, but prepare for a glorious supper. For mackerel are good fish that do not strive to live forever, but seem glad to support the human race.

Flamburians speak a rich burr of their own, broadly and handsomely distinct from that of outer Yorkshire. The same sagacious contempt for all hot haste and hurry (which people of impatient fibre are too apt to call "a drawl") may here be found, as in other Yorkshire, guiding and retarding well that headlong instrument the tongue. Yet even here there is advantage on the side of Flamborough—a longer resonance, a larger breadth, a deeper power of melancholy, and a stronger turn up of the tail of discourse, by some called the end of a sentence. Over and above all these there dwell in "Little Denmark" many words foreign to the real Yorkshireman. But, alas! these merits of their speech can not be embodied in print without sad trouble, and result (if successful) still more saddening. Therefore it is proposed to let them speak in our inferior tongue, and to try to make them be not so very long about it. For when they are left to themselves entirely, they have so much solid matter to express, and they ripen it in their minds and throats with a process so deliberate, that strangers might condemn them briefly, and be off without hearing half of it. Whenever this happens to a Flamborough man, he finishes what he proposed to say, and then says it all over again to the wind.

When the "lavings" of the village (as the weaker part, unfit for sea, and left behind, were politely called, being very old men, women, and small children), full of conversation, came, upon their way back from the tide, to the gravel brow now bare of boats, they could not help discovering there the poor old woman that fell asleep because she ought to have been in bed, and by her side a little boy, who seemed to have no bed at all. The child lay above her in a tump of stubbly grass, where Robin Cockscroft had laid him; he had tossed the old sail off, perhaps in a dream, and he threatened to roll down upon the granny. The contrast between his young, beautiful face, white raiment, and readiness to roll, and the ancient

woman's weary age (which it would be ungracious to describe), and scarlet shawl which she could not spare, and satisfaction to lie still—as the best thing left her now to do—this difference between them was enough to take anybody's notice, facing the well-established sun.

"Nanny Pegler, get oop wi' ye!" cried a woman even older, but of tougher constitution. "Shame on ye to lig aboot so. Be ye browt to bed this toime o' loife?"

"A wonderful foine babby for sich an owd moother," another proceeded with the elegant joke; "and foine swaddles too, wi' solid gowd upon 'em!"

"Stan' ivery one o' ye oot o' the way," cried ancient Nanny, now as wide-awake as ever; "Master Robin Cockscroft gie ma t' bairn, an' nawbody sall hev him but Joan Cockscroft."

Joan Cockscroft, with a heavy heart, was lingering far behind the rest, thinking of the many merry launches, when her smart young Robin would have been in the boat with his father, and her pretty little Mercy clinging to her hand upon the homeward road, and prattling of the fish to be caught that day; and inasmuch as Joan had not been able to get face to face with her husband on the beach, she had not yet heard of the stranger child. But soon the women sent a little boy to fetch her, and she came among them, wondering what it could be. For now a debate of some vigor was arising upon a momentous and exciting point, though not so keen by a hundredth part as it would have been twenty years afterward. For the eldest old woman had pronounced her decision.

"Tell ye wat, ah dean't think bud wat yon bairn mud be a Frogman."

This caused some panic and a general retreat; for though the immortal Napoleon had scarcely finished changing his teeth as yet, a chronic uneasiness about Crappos haunted that coast already, and they might have sent this little boy to pave the way, being capable of almost everything.

"Frogman!" cried the old woman next to her by birth, and believed to have higher parts, though not yet ripe. "Na, na; what Frogman here? Frogmen ha' skinny shanks, and larks' heels, and holes down their bodies like lamperns. No sign of no frog aboot yon bairn. As fair as a wench, and as clean as a tyke. A' mought a'most been born to Flaambro'. And what gowd ha' Crappos got, poor divils?"

This opened the gate for a clamor of discourse; for there surely could be no denial of her words. And yet while her elder was alive and out of bed, the habit of the village was to listen to her say, unless any man of equal age arose to countervail it. But while they were thus divided, Mrs. Cockscroft came, and they stood aside. For she had been kind to everybody when her better chances were; and now in her trouble all were grieved because she took it so to heart. Joan Cockscroft did not say a word, but glanced at the child with some contempt. In spite of white linen and yellow gold, what was he to her own dead Robin?

But suddenly this child, whatever he was, and vastly soever inferior, opened his eyes and sent home their first glance to the very heart of Joan Cockscroft. It was the exact look—or so she always said—of her dead angel, when she denied him something, for the sake of his poor dear stomach. With an outburst of tears, she flew straight to the little one, snatched him in her arms, and tried to cover him with kisses.

The child, however, in a lordly manner, did not seem to like it. He drew away his red lips, and gathered up his nose, and passion flew out of his beautiful eyes, higher passion than that of any Cockscroft. And he tried to say something which no one could make out. And women of high consideration, looking on, were wicked enough to be pleased at this, and say that he must be a young lord, and they had quite foreseen it. But Joan knew what children are, and soothed him down so with delicate hands, and a gentle look, and a subtle way of warming his cold places, that he very soon began to cuddle into her, and smile. Then she turned round to the other people, with both of his arms flung round her neck, and his cheek laid on her shoulder, and she only said, "The Lord hath sent him."

CHAPTER XI.

DR. UPANDOWN.

THE practice of Flamborough was to listen fairly to anything that might be said by any one truly of the native breed, and to receive it well into the crust of the

mind, and let it sink down slowly. But even after that, it might not take root, unless it were fixed in its settlement by their two great powers—the law, and the Lord.

They had many visitations from the Lord, as needs must be in such a very stormy place; whereas of the law they heard much less; but still they were even more afraid of that; for they never knew how much it might cost.

Balancing matters (as they did their fish, when the price was worth it, in Weigh Lane), they came to the set conclusion that the law and the Lord might not agree concerning the child cast among them by the latter. A child or two had been thrown ashore before, and trouble once or twice had come of it; and this child being cast, no one could say how, to such a height above all other children, he was likely enough to bring a spell upon their boats, if anything crooked to God's will were done; and even to draw them to their last stocking, if anything offended the providence of law.

In any other place it would have been a point of combat what to say and what to do in such a case as this. But Flamborough was of all the wide world happiest in possessing an authority to reconcile all doubts. The law and the Lord—two powers supposed to be at variance always, and to share the week between them in proportions fixed by lawyers—the holy and unholy elements of man's brief existence, were combined in Flamborough parish in the person of its magisterial rector. He was also believed to excel in the arts of divination and medicine too, for he was a full Doctor of Divinity. Before this gentleman must be laid, both for purse and conscience' sake, the case of the child just come out of the fogs.

And true it was that all these powers were centred in one famous man, known among the laity as "Parson Upandown." For the Reverend Turner Uproud, to give him his proper name, was a doctor of divinity, a justice of the peace, and the present rector of Flamborough. Of all his offices and powers, there was not one that he overstrained; and all that knew him, unless they were thorough-going rogues and vagabonds, loved him. Not that he was such a soft-spoken man as many were, who thought more evil; but because of his deeds and nature, which were of the kindest. He did his utmost, on demand of duty, to sacrifice this nature to his stern position as pastor and master of an up-hill parish, with many wrong things to be kept under. But while he succeeded in the form now and then, he failed continually in the substance.

This gentleman was not by any means a fool, unless a kind heart proves folly. At Cambridge he had done very well, in the early days of the tripos, and was chosen fellow and tutor of Gonville and Caius College. But tiring of that dull round in his prime, he married, and took to a living; and the living was one of the many upon which a perpetual faster can barely live, unless he can go naked also, and keep naked children. Now the parsons had not yet discovered the glorious merits of hard fasting, but freely enjoyed, and with gratitude to God, the powers with which He had blessed them. Happily Dr. Uproud had a solid income of his own, and (like a sound mathematician) he took a wife of terms coincident. So, without being wealthy, they lived very well, and helped their poorer neighbors.

Such a man generally thrives in the thriving of his flock, and does not harry them. He gives them spiritual food enough to support them without daintiness, and he keeps the proper distinction between the Sunday and the poorer days. He clangs no bell of reproach upon a Monday, when the squire is leading the lady in to dinner, and the laborer sniffing at his supper pot; and he lets the world play on a Saturday, while he works his own head to find good ends for the morrow. Because he is a wise man who knows what other men are, and how seldom they desire to be told the same thing more than a hundred and four times in a year. Neither did his clerical skill stop here; for Parson Uproud thought twice about it before he said anything to rub sore consciences, even when he had them at his mercy, and silent before him, on a Sunday. He behaved like a gentleman in this matter, where so much temptation lurks, looking always at the man whom he did not mean to hit, so that the guilty one received it through him, and felt himself better by comparison. In a word, this parson did his duty well, and pleasantly for all his flock; and nothing imbittered him, unless a man pretended to doctrine without holy orders.

For the doctor reasoned thus—and

sound it sounds—if divinity is a matter for Tom, Dick, or Harry, how can there be degrees in it? He held a degree in it, and felt what it had cost; and not the parish only, but even his own wife, was proud to have a doctor every Sunday. And his wife took care that his rich red hood, kerseymere small-clothes, and black silk stockings upon calves of dignity, were such that his congregation scorned the surgeons all the way to Beverley.

Happy in a pleasant nature, kindly heart, and tranquil home, he was also happy in those awards of life in which men are helpless. He was blessed with a good wife and three good children, doing well, and vigorous and hardy as the air and clime and cliffs. His wife was not quite of his own age, but old enough to understand and follow him faithfully down the slope of years. A wife with mind enough to know that a husband is not faultless, and with heart enough to feel that if he were, she would not love him so. And under her were comprised their children—two boys at school, and a baby-girl at home.

So far, the rector of this parish was truly blessed and blessing. But in every man's lot must be some crook, since this crooked world turned round. In Parson Upround's lot the crook might seem a very small one; but he found it almost too big for him. His dignity and peace of mind, large good-will of ministry and strong Christian sense of magistracy, all were sadly pricked and wounded by a very small thorn in the flesh of his spirit.

Almost every honest man is the rightful owner of a nickname. When he was a boy at school he could not do without one, and if the other boys valued him, perhaps he had a dozen. And afterward, when there is less perception of right and wrong and character, in the weaker time of manhood, he may earn another, if the spirit is within him.

But woe is him if a nasty foe, or somebody trying to be one, annoyed for the moment with him, yet meaning no more harm than pepper, smite him to the quick, at venture, in his most retired and privy-conscienced hole. And when this is done by a Nonconformist to a Doctor of Divinity, and the man who does it owes some money to the man he does it to, can the latter gentleman take a large and genial view of his critics:

This gross wrong and ungrateful outrage was inflicted thus. A leading Methodist from Filey town, who owed the doctor half a guinea, came one summer and set up his staff in the hollow of a lime-kiln, where he lived upon fish for change of diet, and because he could get it for nothing. This was a man of some eloquence, and his calling in life was cobbling, and to encourage him therein, and keep him from theology, the rector not only forgot his half guinea, but sent him three or four pairs of riding-boots to mend, and let him charge his own price, which was strictly heterodox. As a part of the bargain, this fellow came to church, and behaved as well as could be hoped of a man who had received his money. He sat by a pillar, and no more than crossed his legs at the worst thing that disagreed with him. And it might have done him good, and made a decent cobbler of him, if the parson had only held him when he got him on the hook. But this is the very thing which all great preachers are too benevolent to do. Dr. Upround looked at this sinner, who was getting into a fright upon his own account, though not a bad preacher when he could afford it; and the cobbler could no more look up to the doctor than when he charged him a full crown beyond the contract. In his kindness for all who seemed convinced of sin, the good preacher halted, and looked at Mr. Jobbins with a soft, relaxing gaze. Jobbins appeared as if he would come to church forever, and never cheat any sound clergyman again; whereupon the generous divine omitted a whole page of menaces prepared for him, and passed prematurely to the tender strain which always winds up a good sermon.

Now what did Jobbins do in return for all this magnanimous mercy? Invited to dine with the senior church-warden upon the strength of having been at church, and to encourage him for another visit, and being asked, as soon as ever decency permitted, what he thought of Parson Upround's doctrine, between two crackles of young griskin (come straight from the rectory pig-sty), he was grieved to express a stern opinion long remembered at Flamborough:

"Ca' yo yon mon 'Dr. Uproond?' I ca' un 'Dr. Upandoon.'"

From that day forth the rector of the parish was known far and wide as "Dr. Upandown," even among those who loved him best. For the name well described

his benevolent practice of undoing any harsh thing he might have said, sometimes by a smile, and very often with a shilling, or a basket of spring cabbages. So that Mrs. Upround, when buttoning up his coat—which he always forgot to do for himself—did it with the words, "My dear, now scold no one; really it is becoming too expensive." "Shall I abandon duty," he would answer, with some dignity, "while a shilling is sufficient to enforce it?"

Dr. Upround's people had now found out that their minister and magistrate discharged his duty toward his pillow, no less than to his pulpit. His parish had acquired, through the work of generations, a habit of getting up at night, and being all alive at cock-crow; and the rector (while very new amongst them) tried to bow—or rather rise—to night-watch. But a little of that exercise lasted him for long; and he liked to talk of it afterward, but for the present was obliged to drop it. For he found himself pale, when his wife made him see himself; and his hours of shaving were so dreadful; and scarcely a bit of fair dinner could be got, with the whole of the day thrown out so. In short, he settled it wisely that the fishers of fish must yield to the habits of fish, which can not be corrected; but the fishers of men (who can live without catching them) need not be up to all their hours, but may take them reasonably.

His parishioners—who could do very well without him, as far as that goes, all the week, and by no means wanted him among their boats—joyfully left him to his own time of day, and no more worried him out of season than he worried them so. It became a matter of right feeling with them not to ring a big bell, which the rector had put up to challenge everybody's spiritual need, until the stable clock behind the bell had struck ten and finished gurgling.

For this reason, on St. Swithin's morn, in the said year 1782, the grannies, wives, and babes of Flamborough, who had been to help the launch, but could not pull the laboring oar, nor even hold the tiller, spent the time till ten o'clock in seeing to their own affairs—the most laudable of all pursuits for almost any woman. And then, with some little dispute among them (the offspring of the merest accident), they arrived in some force at the gate of Dr. Upround, and no woman liked to pull the bell, and still less to let another woman do it for her. But an old man came up who was quite deaf, and every one asked him to do it.

In spite of the scarcity of all good things, Mrs. Cockscroft had thoroughly fed the little stranger, and washed him, and undressed him, and set him up in her own bed, and wrapped him in her woollen shawl, because he shivered sadly; and there he stared about with wondering eyes, and gave great orders—so far as his new nurse could make out—but speaking gibberish, as she said, and flying into a rage because it was out of Christian knowledge. But he seemed to understand some English, although he could only pronounce two words, both short, and in such conjunction quite unlawful for any except the highest Spiritual Power. Mrs. Cockscroft, being a pious woman, hoped that her ears were wrong, or else that the words were foreign and meant no harm, though the child seemed to take in much of what was said, and when asked his name, answered, wrathfully, and as if everybody was bound to know, "Izunsabe! Izunsabe!"

But now, when brought before Dr. Upround, no child of the very best English stock could look more calm and peaceful. He could walk well enough, but liked better to be carried; and the kind woman who had so taken him up was only too proud to carry him. Whatever the rector and magistrate might say, her meaning was to keep this little one, with her husband's good consent, which she was sure of getting.

"Set him down, ma'am," the doctor said, when he had heard from half a dozen good women all about him; "Mistress Cockscroft, put him on his legs, and let me question him."

But the child resisted this proceeding. With nature's inborn and just loathing of examination, he spun upon his little heels, and swore with all his might, at the same time throwing up his hands and twirling his thumbs in a very odd and foreign way.

"What a shocking child!" cried Mrs. Upround, who was come to know all about it. "Jane, run away with Miss Janetta."

"The child is not to blame," said the rector, "but only the people who have brought him up. A prettier or more

clever little head I have never seen in all my life; and we studied such things at Cambridge. My fine little fellow, shake hands with me."

The boy broke off his vicious little dance, and looked up at this tall gentleman with great surprise. His dark eyes dwelt upon the parson's kindly face, with that power of inquiry which the very young possess, and then he put both little hands into the gentleman's, and burst into a torrent of the most heart-broken tears.

"Poor little man!" said the rector, very gently, taking him up in his arms and patting the silky black curls, while great drops fell, and a nose was rubbed on his shoulder; "it is early for you to begin bad times. Why, how old are you, if you please?"

The little boy sat up on the kind man's arm, and poked a small investigating finger into the ear that was next to him, and the locks just beginning to be marked with gray; and then he said, "Sore," and tossed his chin up, evidently meaning, "Make your best of that." And the women drew a long breath, and nudged at one another.

"Well done! Four years old, my dear. You see that he understands English well enough," said the parson to his parishioners: "he will tell us all about himself by-and-by, if we do not hurry him. You think him a French child. I do not, though the name which he gives himself, 'Izunsabe,' has a French aspect about it. Let me think. I will try him with a French interrogation: 'Parlez-vous Français, mon enfan?'"

Dr. Upround watched the effect of his words with outward calm, but an inward flutter. For if this clever child should reply in French, the doctor could never go on with it, but must stand there before his congregation in a worse position than when he lost his place, as sometimes happened, in a sermon. With wild temerity he had given vent to the only French words within his knowledge; and he determined to follow them up with Latin if the worst came to the worst.

But luckily no harm came of this, but, contrariwise, a lasting good. For the child looked none the wiser, while the doctor's influence was increased.

"Aha!" the good parson cried. "I was sure that he was no Frenchman. But we must hear something about him very soon, for what you tell me is impossible. If he had come from the sea, he must have been wet; it could never be otherwise. Whereas, his linen clothes are dry, and even quite lately fullered—ironed you might call it."

"Please your worship," cried Mrs. Cockscroft, who was growing wild with jealousy, "I did up all his little things, hours and hours ere your hoose was up."

"Ah, you had night-work! To be sure! Were his clothes dry or wet when you took them off?"

"Not to say dry, your worship; and yet not to say very wet. Betwixt and between, like my good master's, when he cometh from a pour of rain, or a heavy spray. And the color of the land was upon them here and there. And the gold tags were sewn with something wonderful. My best pair of scissors would not touch it. I was frightened to put them to the tub, your worship; but they up and shone lovely like a tailor's buttons. My master hath found him, Sir; and it lies with him to keep him. And the Lord hath taken away our Bob."

"It is true," said Dr. Upround, gently, and placing the child in her arms again, "the Almighty has chastened you very sadly. This child is not mine to dispose of, nor yours; but if he will comfort you, keep him till we hear of him. I will take down in writing the particulars of the case, when Captain Robin has come home and had his rest—say, at this time to-morrow, or later; and then you will sign them, and they shall be published. For you know, Mrs. Cockscroft, however much you may be taken with him, you must not turn kidnapper. Moreover, it is needful, as there may have been some wreck (though none of you seem to have heard of any), that this strange occurrence should be made known. Then, if nothing is heard of it, you can keep him, and may the Lord bless him to you!"

Without any more ado, she kissed the child, and wanted to carry him straight away, after courtesying to his worship; but all the other women insisted on a smack of him, for pity's sake, and the pleasure of the gold, and to confirm the settlement. And a settlement it was, for nothing came of any publication of the case, such as in those days could be made without great expense and exertion.

So the boy grew up, tall, brave, and comely, and full of the spirit of adventure, as behooved a boy cast on the winds. So far as that goes, his foster-parents would rather have found him more steady and less comely, for if he was to step into their lost son's shoes, he might do it without seeming to outshine him. But they got over that little jealousy in time, when the boy began to be useful, and, so far as was possible, they kept him under by quoting against him the character of Bob, bringing it back from heaven of a much higher quality than ever it was upon the earth. In vain did this living child aspire to such level; how can an earthly boy compare with one who never did a wrong thing, as soon as he was dead?

Passing that difficult question, and forbearing to compare a boy with angels, be he what he will, his first need (after that of victuals) is a name whereby his fellow-boys may know him. Is he to be shouted at with, "Come here, what's your name?" or is he to be called (as if in high rebuke), "Boy?" And yet there are grown-up folk who do all this without hesitation, failing to remember their own predicament at a by-gone period. Boys are as useful, in their way, as any other order; and if they can be said to do some mischief, they can not be said to do it negligently. It is their privilege and duty to be truly active; and their Maker, having spread a dull world before them, has provided them with gifts of play while their joints are supple.

The present boy, having been born without a father or a mother (so far as could yet be discovered), was driven to do what our ancestors must have done when it was less needful. That is to say, to work his own name out by some distinctive process. When the parson had clearly shown him not to be a Frenchman, a large contumely spread itself about, by reason of his gold, and eyes, and hair, and name (which might be meant for Isaak), that he was sprung from a race more honored now than a hundred years ago. But the women declared that it could not be; and the rector desiring to christen him, because it might never have been done before, refused point-blank to put any "Isaac" in, and was satisfied with "Robin" only, the name of the man who had saved him.

The rector showed deep knowledge of his flock, which looked upon Jews as the goats of the Kingdom; for any Jew must die for a world of generations ere ever a Christian thinks much of him. But finding him not to be a Jew, the other boys, instead of being satisfied, condemned him for a Dutchman.

Whatever he was, the boy throve well, and being so flouted by his playmates, took to thoughts and habits and amusements of his own. In-door life never suited him at all, nor too much of hard learning, although his capacity was such that he took more advancement in an hour than the thick heads of young Flamborough made in a whole leap-year of Sundays. For any Flamburian boy was considered a "Brain Scholar," and a "Head-Languager," when he could write down the parson's text, and chalk up a fish on the weigh-board so that his father or mother could tell in three guesses what manner of fish it was. And very few indeed had ever passed this trial.

For young Robin it was a very hard thing to be treated so by the other boys. He could run, or jump, or throw a stone, or climb a rock with the best of them; but all these things he must do by himself, simply because he had no name. A feeble youth would have moped, but Robin only grew more resolute. Alone he did what the other boys would scarcely in competition dare. No crag was too steep for him, no cave too dangerous and wave-beaten, no race of the tide so strong and swirling as to scare him of his wits. He seemed to rejoice in danger, having very little else to rejoice in; and he won for himself by nimble ways and rapid turns on land and sea, the name of "Lithe," or "Lyth," and made it famous even far inland.

For it may be supposed that his love of excitement, versatility, and daring demanded a livelier outlet than the slow toil of deep-sea fishing. To the most patient, persevering, and long-suffering of the arts, Robin Lyth did not take kindly, although he was so handy with a boat. Old Robin vainly strove to cast his angling mantle over him. The gifts of the youth were brighter and higher; he showed an inborn fitness for the lofty development of free trade. Eminent powers must force their way, as now they were doing with Napoleon; and they did the same with Robin Lyth, without exacting tithe in kind of all the foremost human race.

CHAPTER XII.

IN A LANE, NOT ALONE.

STEPHEN ANERLEY'S daughter was by no means of a crooked mind, but open as the day in all things, unless any one mistrusted her, and showed it by cross-questioning. When this was done, she resented it quickly by concealing the very things which she would have told of her own accord; and it so happened that the person to whom of all she should have been most open, was the one most apt to check her by suspicious curiosity. And now her mother already began to do this, as concerned the smuggler, knowing from the revenue officer that Mary must have seen him. Mary, being a truthful damsel, told no lies about it; but, on the other hand, she did not rush forth with all the history, as she probably would have done if left unexamined. And so she said nothing about the ear-ring, or the run that was to come off that week, or the riding-skirt, or a host of little things, including her promise to visit Bempton Lane.

On the other hand, she had a mind to tell her father, and take his opinion about it all. But he was a little cross that evening, not with her, but with the world at large; and that discouraged her; and then she thought that being an officer of the king—as he liked to call himself sometimes—he might feel bound to give information about the impending process of free trade; which to her would be a breach of honor, considering how she knew of it.

Upon the whole, she heartily wished that she never had seen that Robin Lyth; and then she became ashamed of herself for indulging such a selfish wish. For he might have been lying dead but for her; and then what would become of the many poor people whose greatest comfort he was said to be? And what good could arise from his destruction, if cruel people compassed it? Free trade must be carried on, for the sake of everybody, including Captain Carroway himself; and if an old and ugly man succeeded a young and generous one as leader of the free-trade movement, all the women in the country would put the blame on her.

Looking at these things loftily, and with a strong determination not to think twice of what any one might say who did not understand the subject, Mary was forced at last to the stern conclusion that she must keep her promise. Not only because it was a promise—although that went a very long way with her—but also because there seemed no other chance of performing a positive duty. Simple honesty demanded that she should restore to the owner a valuable, and beyond all doubt important, piece of property. Two hours had she spent in looking for it, and deprived her dear father of his breakfast shrimps; and was all this trouble to be thrown away, and herself, perhaps, accused of theft, because her mother was so short and sharp in wanting to know everything, and to turn it her own way?

The trinket, which she had found at last, seemed to be a very uncommon and precious piece of jewelry; it was made of pure gold, minutely chased and threaded with curious workmanship, in form like a melon, and bearing what seemed to be characters of some foreign language: there might be a spell, or even witchcraft, in it, and the sooner it was out of her keeping the better. Nevertheless she took very good care of it, wrapping it in lamb's-wool, and peeping at it many times a day, to be sure that it was safe, until it made her think of the owner so much, and the many wonders she had heard about him, that she grew quite angry with herself and it, and locked it away, and then looked at it again.

As luck would have it, on the very day when Mary was to stroll down Bempton Lane (not to meet any one, of course, but simply for the merest chance of what might happen), her father had business at Driffield corn market, which would keep him from home nearly all the day. When his daughter heard of it she was much cast down; for she hoped that he might have been looking about on the northern part of the farm, as he generally was in the afternoon; and although he could not see Bempton Lane at all, perhaps, without some newly acquired power of seeing round sharp corners, still it would have been a comfort and a strong resource for conscience to have felt that he was not so very far away. And this feeling of want made his daughter resolve to have some one at any rate near her. If Jack had only been at home, she need have sought no further, for he would have entered into all her thoughts about it, and obeyed her orders beautifully. But Willie was quite different, and hated any trouble, being spoiled so by his mother and the maidens all around them.

However, in such a strait, what was there to do but to trust in Willie, who was old enough, being five years in front of Mary, and then to try to make him sensible? Willie Anerley had no idea that anybody—far less his own sister—could take such a view of him. He knew himself to be, and all would say the same of him, superior in his original gifts, and his manner of making use of them, to the rest of the family put together. He had spent a month in Glasgow, when the whole place was astir with the ferment of many great inventions, and another month in Edinburgh, when that noble city was aglow with the dawn of large ideas; also, he had visited London, foremost of his family, and seen enough new things there to fill all Yorkshire with surprise; and the result of such wide experience was that he did not like hard work at all. Neither could he even be content to accept and enjoy, without labor of his own, the many good things provided for him. He was always trying to discover something which never seemed to answer, and continually flying after something new, of which he never got fast hold. In a word, he was spoiled, by nature first, and then by circumstances, for the peaceful life of his ancestors, and the unacknowledged blessings of a farmer.

"Willie dear, will you come with me?" Mary said to him that day, catching him as he ran down stairs to air some inspiration. "Will you come with me for just one hour? I wish you would; and I would be so thankful."

"Child, it is quite impossible," he answered, with a frown which set off his delicate eyebrows and high but rather narrow forehead; "you always want me at the very moment when I have the most important work in hand. Any childish whim of yours matters more than hours and hours of hard labor."

"Oh, Willie, but you know how I try to help you, and all the patterns I cut out last week! Do come for once, Willie; if you refuse, you will never, never forgive yourself."

Willie Anerley was as good-natured as any self-indulged youth can be; he loved his sister in his way, and was indebted to her for getting out of a great many little scrapes. He saw how much she was in earnest now, and felt some desire to know what it was about. Moreover—which settled the point—he was getting tired of sticking to one thing for a time unusually long with him. But he would not throw away the chance of scoring a huge debt of gratitude.

"Well, do what you like with me," he answered, with a smile; "I never can have my own way five minutes. It serves me quite right for being so good-natured."

Mary gave him a kiss, which must have been an object of ambition to anybody else; but it only made him wipe his mouth; and presently the two set forth upon the path toward Bempton.

Robin Lyth had chosen well his place for meeting Mary. The lane (of which he knew every yard as well as he knew the rocks themselves) was deep and winding, and fringed with bushes, so that an active and keen-eyed man might leap into thicket almost before there was a fair chance of shooting him. He knew well enough that he might trust Mary; but he never could be sure that the bold "coast-riders," despairing by this time of catching him at sea, and longing for the weight of gold put upon his head, might not be setting privy snares to catch him in his walks abroad. They had done so when they pursued him up the Dike; and though he was inclined to doubt the strict legality of that proceeding, he could not see his way to a fair discussion of it, in case of their putting a bullet through him. And this consideration made him careful.

The brother and sister went on well by the foot-path over the uplands of the farm, and crossing the neck of the Flamburn peninsula, tripped away merrily northward. The wheat looked healthy, and the barley also, and a four-acre patch of potatoes smelled sweetly (for the breeze of them was pleasant in their wholesome days), and Willie, having overworked his brain, according to his own account of it, strode along loftily before his sister, casting over his shoulder an eddy of some large ideas with which he had been visited before she interrupted him. But as nothing ever came of them, they need not here be stated. From a practical point of view, however, as they both had to live upon the profits of the farm, it pleased them to observe what a difference there was when they had surmounted the chine and began to descend toward the north upon other people's land. Here all was damp and cold and slow; and chalk looked slimy instead of being clean; and shadowy places had an oozy cast; and trees

(wherever they could stand) were facing the east with wrinkled visage, and the west with wiry beards. Willie (who had, among other great inventions, a scheme for improvement of the climate) was reminded at once of all the things he meant to do in that way; and making, as he always did, a great point of getting observations first—a point whereon he stuck fast mainly—without any time for delay he applied himself to a rapid study of the subject. He found some things just like other things which he had seen in Scotland, yet differing so as to prove, more clearly than even their resemblance did, the value of his discovery.

"Look!" he cried; "can anything be clearer? The cause of all these evils is not (as an ignorant person might suppose) the want of sunshine, or too much wet, but an inadequate movement of the air—"

"Why, I thought it was always blowing up here. The very last time I came, my bonnet strings were split."

"You do not understand me; you never do. When I say inadequate, I mean, of course, incorrect, inaccurate, unequable. Now the air is a fluid; you may stare as you like, Mary, but the air has been proved to be a fluid. Very well; no fluid in large bodies moves with an equal velocity throughout. Part of it is rapid and part quite stagnant. The stagnant places of the air produce this green scum, this mossy, unwholesome, and injurious stuff; while the overrapid motion causes this iron appearance, this hard surface, and general sterility. By the simplest of simple contrivances, I make this evil its own remedy. An equable impulse given to the air produces an adequate uniform flow, preventing stagnation in one place, and excessive vehemence in another. And the beauty of it is that by my new invention I make the air itself correct and regulate its own inequalities."

"How clever you are, to be sure!" exclaimed Mary, wondering that her father could not see it. "Oh, Willie, you will make your fortune by it! However do you do it?"

"The simplicity of it is such that even you can understand it. All great discoveries are simple. I fix in a prominent situation a large and vertically revolving fan, of a light and vibrating substance. The movement of the air causes this to rotate by the mere force of the impact. The rotation and the vibration of the fan convert an irregular impulse into a steady and equable undulation; and such is the elasticity of the fluid called, in popular language, 'the air,' that for miles around the rotation of this fan regulates the circulation, modifies extremes, annihilates sterility, and makes it quite impossible for moss and green scum and all this sour growth to live. Even you can see, Mary, how beautiful it is."

"Yes, that I can," she answered, simply, as they turned the corner upon a large windmill, with arms revolving merrily; "but, Willie dear, would not Farmer Topping's mill, perpetually going as it is, answer the same purpose? And yet the moss seems to be as thick as ever here, and the ground as naked."

"Tush!" cried Willie. "Stuff and nonsense! When will you girls understand? Good-by! I will throw away no more time on you."

Without stopping to finish his sentence he was off and out of sight both of the mill and Mary, before the poor girl, who had not the least intention of offending him, could even beg his pardon, or say how much she wanted him; for she had not dared as yet to tell him what was the purpose of her walk, his nature being such that no one, not even his own mother, could tell what conclusion he might come to upon any practical question. He might rush off at once to put the revenue men on the smuggler's track, or he might stop his sister from going, or he might (in the absence of his father) order a feast to be prepared, and fetch the outlaw to be his guest. So Mary had resolved not to tell him until the last moment, when he could do none of these things.

But now she must either go on all alone, or give up her purpose and break her promise. After some hesitation she determined to go on, for the place would scarcely seem so very lonely now with the windmill in view, which would always remind her henceforth of her dear brother William. It was perfectly certain that Captain Robert Lyth, whose fame for chivalry was everywhere, and whose character was all in all to him with the ladies who bought his silks and lace, would see her through all danger caused by confidence in him; and really it was too bad of her to admit any paltry misgivings. But reason as she might, her young conscience told her that this was

not the proper thing to do, and she made up her mind not to do it again. Then she laughed at the notion of being ever even asked, and told herself that she was too conceited; and to cut the matter short, went very bravely down the hill.

The lane, which came winding from the beach up to the windmill, was as pretty a lane as may anywhere be found in any other county than that of Devon. With a Devonshire lane it could not presume to vie, having little of the glorious garniture of fern, and nothing of the crystal brook that leaps at every corner; no arches of tall ash, keyed with dog-rose, and not much of honeysuckle, and a sight of other wants which people feel who have lived in the plenitude of everything. But in spite of all that, the lane was very fine for Yorkshire.

On the other hand, Mary had prettier ankles, and a more graceful and lighter walk, than the Devonshire lanes, which like to echo something, for the most part seem accustomed to; and the short dress of the time made good such favorable facts when found. Nor was this all that could be said, for the maiden (while her mother was so busy pickling cabbage, from which she drove all intruders) had managed to forget what the day of the week was, and had opened the drawer that should be locked up until Sunday. To walk with such a handsome tall fellow as Willie compelled her to look like something too, and without any thought of it she put her best hat on, and a very pretty thing with some French name, and made of a delicate peach-colored silk, which came down over her bosom, and tied in the neatest of knots at the small of her back, which at that time of life was very small. All these were the gifts of her dear uncle Popplewell, upon the other side of Filey, who might have been married for forty years, but nobody knew how long it was, because he had no children, and so he made Mary his darling. And this ancient gentleman had leanings toward free trade.

Whether these goods were French or not—which no decent person could think of asking—no French damsel could have put them on better, or shown a more pleasing appearance in them; for Mary's desire was to please all people who meant no harm to her—as nobody could—and yet to let them know that her object was only to do what was right, and to never think of asking whether she looked this, that, or the other. Her mother, as a matter of duty, told her how plain she was almost every day; but the girl was not of that opinion; and when Mrs. Anerley finished her lecture (as she did nine times in ten) by turning the glass to the wall, and declaring that beauty was a snare skin-deep, with a frown of warning instead of a smile of comfort, then Mary believed in her looking-glass again, and had the smile of comfort on her own face.

However, she never thought of that just now, but only of how she could do her duty, and have no trouble in her own mind with thinking, and satisfy her father when she told him all, as she meant to do, when there could be no harm done to any one; and this, as she heartily hoped, would be to-morrow. And truly, if there did exist any vanity at all, it was not confined to the sex in which it is so much more natural and comely.

For when a very active figure came to light suddenly, at a little elbow of the lane, and with quick steps advanced toward Mary, she was lost in surprise at the gayety, not to say grandeur, of its apparel. A broad hat, looped at the side, and having a pointed black crown, with a scarlet feather and a dove-colored brim, sat well upon the mass of crisp black curls. A short blue jacket of the finest Flemish cloth, and set (not too thickly) with embossed silver buttons, left properly open the strong brown neck, while a shirt of pale blue silk, with a turned-down collar of fine needle-work, fitted, without a wrinkle or a pucker, the broad and amply rounded chest. Then a belt of brown leather, with an anchor clasp, and empty loops for either fire-arm or steel, supported true sailor's trousers of the purest white and the noblest man-of-war cut; and where these widened at the instep shone a lovely pair of pumps, with buckles radiant of best Bristol diamonds. The wearer of all these splendors smiled, and seemed to become them as they became him.

"Well," thought Mary, "how free trade must pay! What a pity that he is not in the Royal Navy!"

With his usual quickness, and the self-esteem which added such lustre to his character, the smuggler perceived what was passing in her mind, but he was not rude enough to say so.

"Young lady," he began—and Mary, with all her wisdom, could not help being

fond of that—"young lady, I was quite sure that you would keep your word."

"I never do anything else," she answered, showing that she scarcely looked at him. "I have found this for you, and then good-by."

"Surely you will wait to hear my thanks, and to know what made me dare to ask you, after all you had done for me already, to begin again for me. But I am such an outcast that I never should have done it."

"I never saw any one look more thoroughly unlike an outcast," Mary said; and then she was angry with herself for speaking, and glancing, and, worst of all, for smiling.

"Ladies who live on land can never understand what we go through," Robin replied, in his softest voice, as rich as the murmur of the summer sea. "When we expect great honors, we try to look a little tidy, as any one but a common boor would do; and we laugh at ourselves for trying to look well, after all the knocking about we get. Our time is short—we must make the most of it."

"Oh, please not to talk in such a dreadful way," said Mary.

"You remind me of my dear friend Dr. Uproud—the very best man in the whole world, I believe. He always says to me, 'Robin, Robin—'"

"What! is Dr. Upandown a friend of yours?" Mary exclaimed, in amazement, and with a stoppage of the foot that was poised for quick departure.

"Dr. Upandown, as many people call him," said the smuggler, with a tone of condemnation, "is the best and dearest friend I have, next to Captain and Mistress Cockscroft, who may have been heard of at Anerley Manor. Dr. Uproud is our magistrate and clergyman, and he lets people say what they like against me, while he honors me with his friendship. I must not stay long to thank you even, because I am going to the dear old doctor's for supper at seven o'clock and a game of chess."

"Oh dear! oh dear! And he is such a Justice! And yet they shot at you last week! It makes me wonder when I hear such things."

"Young lady, it makes everybody wonder. In my opinion there never could be a more shameful murder than to shoot me; and yet but for you it would surely have been done."

"You must not dwell upon such things," said Mary; "they may have a very bad effect upon your mind. But good-by, Captain Lyth; I forgot that I was robbing Dr. Uproud of your society."

"Shall I be so ungrateful as not to see you safe upon your own land after all your trouble? My road to Flamborough lies that way. Surely you will not refuse to hear what made me so anxious about this bauble, which now will be worth ten times as much. I never saw it look so bright before."

"It—it must be the sand has made it shine," the maiden stammered, with a fine bright blush; "it does the same to my shrimping net."

"Ah, shrimping is a very fine pursuit! There is nothing I love better; what pools I could show you, if I only might; pools where you may fill a sack with large prawns in a single tide—pools known to nobody but myself. When do you think of going shrimping next?"

"Perhaps next summer I may try again, if Captain Carroway will come with me."

"That is too unkind of you. How very harsh you are to me! I could hardly have believed it after all that you have done. And you really do not care to hear the story of this relic?"

"If I could stop, I should like it very much. But my brother, who came with me, may perhaps be waiting for me." Mary knew that this was not very likely; still, it was just possible, for Willie's ill tempers seldom lasted very long; and she wanted to let the smuggler know that she had not come all alone to meet him.

"I shall not be two minutes," Robin Lyth replied; "I have been forced to learn short talking. May I tell you about this trinket?"

"Yes, if you will only begin at once, and finish by the time we get to that corner."

"That is very short measure for a tale," said Robin, though he liked her all the better for such qualities; "however, I will try; only walk a little slower. Nobody knows where I was born, any more than they know how or why. Only when I came upon this coast as a very little boy, and without knowing anything about it, they say that I had very wonderful buttons of gold upon a linen dress, adorned with gold-lace, which I used to wear on Sundays. Dr. Uproud ordered them to keep those buttons, and was to have had

them in his own care; but before that, all of them were lost save two. My parents, as I call them from their wonderful goodness, kinder than the ones who have turned me on the world (unless themselves went out of it), resolved to have my white coat done up grandly, when I grew too big for it, and to lay it by in lavender; and knowing of a great man in the gold-lace trade, as far away as Scarborough, they sent it by a fishing-smack to him, with people whom they knew thoroughly. That was the last of it ever known here. The man swore a manifest that he never saw it, and threatened them with libel; and the smack was condemned, and all her hands impressed, because of some trifle she happened to carry; and nobody knows any more of it. But two of the buttons had fallen off, and good mother had put them by, to give a last finish to the coat herself; and when I grew up, and had to go to sea at night, they were turned into a pair of ear-rings. There, now, Miss Anerley, I have not been long, and you know all about it."

"How very lonesome it must be for you," said Mary, with a gentle gaze, which, coming from such lovely eyes, went straight into his heart, "to have no one belonging to you by right, and to seem to belong to nobody! I am sure I can not tell whatever I should do without any father, or mother, or uncle, or even a cousin to be certain of."

"All the ladies seem to think that it is rather hard upon me," Robin answered, with an excellent effort at a sigh; "but I do my very best to get on without them. And one thing that helps me most of all is when kind ladies, who have good hearts, allow me to talk to them as if I had a sister. This makes me forget what I am sometimes."

"You never should try to forget what you are. Everybody in the world speaks well of you. Even that cruel Lieutenant Carroway can not help admiring you. And if you have taken to free trade, what else could you do, when you had no friends, and even your coat was stolen?"

"High-minded people take that view of it, I know. But I do not pretend to any such excuse. I took to free trade for the sake of my friends—to support the old couple who have been so good to me."

"That is better still; it shows such good principle. My uncle Popplewell has studied the subject of what they call 'political economy,' and he says that the country requires free trade, and the only way to get it is to go on so that the government must give way at last. However, I need not instruct you about that; and you must not stop any longer."

"Miss Anerley, I will not encroach upon your kindness. You have said things that I never shall forget. On the Continent I meet very many ladies who tell me good things, and make me better; but not at all as you have done. A minute of talk with you is worth an hour with anybody else. But I fear that you laugh at me all the while, and are only too glad to be rid of me. Good-by. May I kiss your hand? God bless you!"

Mary had no time to say a single word, or even to express her ideas by a look, before Robin Lyth, with all his bright apparel, was "conspicuous by his absence." As a diving bird disappears from a gun, or a trout from a shadow on his hover, or even a debtor from his creditor, so the great free-trader had vanished into lightsome air, and left emptiness behind him.

The young maid, having been prepared to yield him a few yards more of good advice, if he held out for another corner, now could only say to herself that she never had met such a wonderful man. So active, strong, and astonishingly brave; so thoroughly acquainted with foreign lands, yet superior to their ladies; so able to see all the meaning of good words, and to value them when offered quietly; so sweet in his manner, and voice, and looks; and with all his fame so unpretending, and—much as it frightened her to think it—really seeming to be afraid of her.

CHAPTER XIII.

GRUMBLING AND GROWLING.

WHILE these successful runs went on, and great authorities smiled at seeing the little authorities set at naught, and men of the revenue smote their breasts for not being born good smugglers, and the general public was well pleased, and congratulated them cordially upon their accomplishment of naught, one man there was whose noble spirit chafed and knew no comfort. He strode up and down at Coast-guard Point, and communed with himself, while Robin held sweet converse in the lane.

"Why was I born?" the sad Carroway cried; "why was I thoroughly educated and trained in both services of the king, expected to rise, and beginning to rise, till a vile bit of splinter stopped me, and then sent down to this hole of a place to starve, and be laughed at, and baffled by a boy? Another lucky run, and the revenue bamboozled, and the whole of us sent upon a wild-goose chase! Every gapper-mouth zany grinning at me, and scoundrels swearing that I get my share! And the only time I have had my dinner with my knees crook'd, for at least a fortnight, was at Anerley Farm on Sunday. I am not sure that even they wouldn't turn against me; I am certain that pretty girl would. I've a great mind to throw it up—a great mind to throw it up. It is hardly the work for a gentleman born, and the grandson of a rear-admiral. Tinkers' and tailors' sons get the luck now; and a man of good blood is put on the back shelf, behind the blacking-bottles. A man who has battled for his country—"

"Charles, are you coming to your dinner, once more?"

"No, I am not. There's no dinner worth coming to. You and the children may eat the rat pie. A man who has battled for his country, and bled till all his veins were empty, and it took two men to hold him up, and yet waved his sword at the head of them—it is the downright contradiction of the world in everything for him to poke about with pots and tubs, like a pig in a brewery, grain-hunting."

"Once more, Charles, there is next to nothing left. The children are eating for their very lives. If you stay out there another minute, you must take the consequence."

"Alas, that I should have so much stomach, and so little to put into it! My dear, put a little bit under a basin, if any of them has no appetite. I wanted just to think a little."

"Charles, they have all got tremendous appetites. It is the way the wind is. You may think by-and-by, but if you want to eat, you must do it now, or never."

"'Never' never suits me in that matter," the brave lieutenant answered. "Matilda, put Geraldine to warm the pewter plate for me. Geraldine darling, you can do it with your mouth full."

The commander of the coast-guard turned abruptly from his long indignant stride, and entered the cottage provided for him, and which he had peopled so speedily.

Small as it was, it looked beautifully clean and neat, and everybody used to wonder how Mrs. Carroway kept it so. But in spite of all her troubles and many complaints, she was very proud of this little house, with its healthful position and beautiful outlook over the bay of Bridlington. It stood in a niche of the low soft cliff, where now the sea-parade extends from the northern pier of Bridlington Quay; and when the roadstead between that and the point was filled with a fleet of every kind of craft, or, better still, when they all made sail at once—as happened when a trusty breeze arose—the view was lively, and very pleasant, and full of moving interest. Often one of his Majesty's cutters, *Sword-fish*, *Kestrel*, or *Albatross*, would swoop in with all sail set, and hover, while the skipper came ashore to see the "Ancient Carroway," as this vigilant officer was called; and sometimes even a sloop of war, armed brigantine, or light corvette, prowling for recruits, or cruising for their training, would run in under the Head, and overhaul every wind-bound ship with a very high hand.

"Ancient Carroway"—as old friends called him, and even young people who had never seen him—was famous upon this coast now for nearly three degrees of latitude. He had dwelled here long, and in highly good content, hospitably treated by his neighbors, and himself more hospitable than his wife could wish, until two troubles in his life arose, and from year to year grew worse and worse. One of these troubles was the growth of mouths in number and size, that required to be filled; and the other trouble was the rampant growth of smuggling, and the glory of that upstart Robin Lyth. Now let it be lawful to take that subject first.

Fair Robin, though not at all anxious for fame, but modestly willing to decline it, had not been successful—though he worked so much by night—in preserving sweet obscurity. His character was public, and set on high by fortune, to be gazed at from wholly different points of view. From their narrow and lime-eyed outlook the coast-guard beheld in him the latest incarnation of Old Nick; yet they hated

him only in an abstract manner, and as men feel toward that evil one. Magistrates also, and the large protective powers, were arrayed against him, yet happy to abstain from laying hands, when their hands were their own, upon him. And many of the farmers, who should have been his warmest friends and best customers, were now so attached to their king and country, by bellicose warmth and army contracts, that instead of a guinea for a four-gallon anker, they would offer three crowns, or the exciseman. And not only conscience, but short cash, after three bad harvests, constrained them.

Yet the staple of public opinion was sound, as it must be where women predominate. The best of women could not see why they should not have anything they wanted for less than it cost the maker. To gaze at a sister woman better dressed at half the money was simply to abjure every lofty principle. And to go to church with a counterfeit on, when the genuine lace was in the next pew on a body of inferior standing, was a downright outrage to the congregation, the rector, and all religion. A cold-blooded creature, with no pin-money, might reconcile it with her principles, if any she had, to stand up like a dowdy and allow a poor man to risk his life by shot and storm and starvation, and then to deny him a word or a look, because of his coming with the genuine thing at a quarter the price fat tradesmen asked, who never stirred out of their shops when it rained, for a thing that was a story and an imposition. Charity, duty, and common honesty to their good husbands in these bad times compelled them to make the very best of bargains; of which they got really more and more, as those brave mariners themselves bore witness, because of the depression in the free trade now and the glorious victories of England. Were they bound to pay three times the genuine value, and then look a figure, and be laughed at?

And as for Captain Carroway, let him scold, and threaten, and stride about, and be jealous, because his wife dare not buy true things, poor creature—although there were two stories also about that, and the quantities of things that he got for nothing, whenever he was clever enough to catch them, which scarcely ever happened, thank goodness! Let Captain Carroway attend to his own business; unless he was much belied, he had a wife who would keep him to it. Who was Captain Carroway to come down here, without even being born in Yorkshire, and lay down the law, as if he owned the manor?

Lieutenant Carroway had heard such questions, but disdained to answer them. He knew who he was, and what his grandfather had been, and he never cared a—short word—what sort of stuff long tongues might prate of him. Barbarous broad-drawlers, murderers of his Majesty's English, could they even pronounce the name of an officer highly distinguished for many years in both of the royal services? That was his description, and the Yorkshire yokels might go and read it—if read they could—in the pages of authority.

Like the celebrated calf that sucked two cows, Carroway had drawn royal pay, though in very small drains, upon either element, beginning with a skeleton regiment, and then, when he became too hot for it, diving off into a frigate as a recommended volunteer. Here he was more at home, though he never ceased longing to be a general; and having the credit of fighting well ashore, he was looked at with interest when he fought a fight at sea. He fought it uncommonly well, and it was good, and so many men fell that he picked up his commission, and got into a fifty-two-gun ship. After several years of service, without promotion—for his grandfather's name was worn out now, and the wars were not properly constant—there came a very lively succession of fights, and Carroway got into all of them, or at least into all the best of them. And he ought to have gone up much faster than he did, and he must have done so but for his long lean jaws, the which are the worst things that any man can have. Not only because of their own consumption and slow length of leverage, but mainly on account of the sadness they impart, and the timid recollection of a hungry wolf, to the man who might have lifted up a fatter individual.

But in Rodney's great encounter with the Spanish fleet, Carroway showed such a dauntless spirit, and received such a wound, that it was impossible not to pay him some attention. His name was near the bottom of a very long list, but it made a mark on some one's memory, depositing a chance of coming up some day, when he should be reported hit again. And so good was his luck that he soon was hit

again, and a very bad hit it was; but still he got over it without promotion, because that enterprise was one in which nearly all our men ran away, and therefore required to be well pushed up for the sake of the national honor. When such things happen, the few who stay behind must be left behind in the *Gazette* as well. That wound, therefore, seemed at first to go against him, but he bandaged it, and plastered it, and hoped for better luck. And his third wound truly was a blessed one, a slight one, and taken in the proper course of things, without a slur upon any of his comrades. This set him up again with advancement and appointment, and enabled him to marry and have children seven.

The lieutenant was now about fifty years of age, gallant and lively as ever, and resolute to attend to his duty and himself as well. His duty was now along shore, in command of the Coast-guard of the East District; for the loss of a good deal of one heel made it hard for him to step about as he should do when afloat. The place suited him, and he was fond of it, although he grumbled sometimes about his grandfather, and went on as if his office was beneath him. He abused all his men, and all the good ones liked him, and respected him for his clear English. And he enjoyed this free exercise of language out-of-doors, because inside his threshold he was on his P's and Q's. To call him "ugly Carroway," as coarse people did, because of a scar across his long bold nose, was petty and unjust, and directly contradicted by his own and his wife's opinion. For nobody could have brighter eyes, or a kindlier smile, and more open aspect in the forepart of the week, while his Sunday shave retained its influence, so far as its limited area went, for he kept a long beard always. By Wednesday he certainly began to look grim, and on Saturday ferocious, pending the advent of the Bridlington barber, who shaved all the Quay every Sunday. But his mind was none the worse, and his daughters liked him better when he rasped their young cheeks with his beard, and paid a penny. For to his children he was a loving and tender-hearted father, puzzled at their number, and sometimes perplexed at having to feed and clothe them, yet happy to give them his last and go without, and even ready to welcome more, if Heaven should be pleased to send them.

But Mrs. Carroway, most fidgety of women, and born of a well-shorn family, was unhappy from the middle to the end of the week that she could not scrub her husband's beard off. The lady's sense of human crime, and of everything hateful in creation, expressed itself mainly in the word "dirt." Her rancor against that nobly tranquil and most natural of elements inured itself into a downright passion. From babyhood she had been notorious for kicking her little legs out at the least speck of dust upon a tiny red shoe. Her father—a clergyman—heard so much of this, and had so many children of a different stamp, that when he came to christen her, at six months of age (which used to be considered quite an early time of life), he put upon her the name of "Lauta," to which she thoroughly acted up; but people having ignorance of foreign tongues said that he always meant "Matilda."

Such was her nature, and it grew upon her; so that when a young and gallant officer, tall and fresh, and as clean as a frigate, was captured by her neat bright eyes, very clean run, and sharp cut-water, she began to like to look at him. Before very long, his spruce trim ducks, careful scrape of Brunswick-leather boots, clean pocket-handkerchiefs, and fine specklessness, were making and keeping a well-swept path to the thoroughly dusted store-room of her heart. How little she dreamed, in those virgin days, that the future could ever contain a week when her Charles would decline to shave more than once, and then have it done for him on a Sunday!

She hesitated, for she had her thoughts—doubts she disdained to call them—but still he forgot once to draw his boots sideways, after having purged the toe and heel, across the bristle of her father's mat. With the quick eye of love he perceived her frown, and the very next day he conquered her. His scheme was unworthy, as it substituted corporate for personal purity; still it succeeded, as unworthy schemes will do. On the birthday of his sacred Majesty, Charles took Matilda to see his ship, the 48-gun frigate *Immaculate*, commanded by a well-known martinet. Her spirit fell within her, like the Queen of Sheba's, as she gazed, but trembled to set down foot upon the trim order and the dazzling choring. She might have survived the strict purity of all

things, the deck lines whiter than Parian marble, the bulwarks brighter than the cheek-piece of a grate, the breeches of the guns like goodly gold, and not a whisker of a rope's end curling the wrong way, if only she could have espied a swab, or a bucket, or a flake of holy-stone, or any indicament of labor done. "Artis est celare artem;" this art was unfathomable.

Matilda was fain to assure herself that the main part of this might be superficial, like a dish-cover polished with the spots on, and she lost her handkerchief on purpose to come back and try a little test-work of her own. This was a piece of unstopped knotting in the panel of a hatchway, a resinous hole that must catch and keep any speck of dust meandering on the wayward will of wind. Her cambric came out as white as it went in!

She surrendered at discretion, and became the prize of Carroway.

Now people at Bridlington Quay declared that the lieutenant, though he might have carried off a prize, was certainly not the prize-master; and they even went so far as to say that "he could scarcely call his soul his own." The matter was no concern of theirs, neither were their conclusions true. In little things the gallant officer, for the sake of discipline and peace, submitted to due authority; and being so much from home, he left all household matters to a firm control. In return for this, he was always thought of first, and the best of everything was kept for him, and Mrs. Carroway quoted him to others as a wonder, though she may not have done so to himself. And so, upon the whole, they got on very well together.

Now on this day, when the lieutenant had exhausted a grumble of unusual intensity, and the fair Geraldine (his eldest child) had obeyed him to the letter, by keeping her mouth full while she warmed a plate for him, it was not long before his usual luck befell the bold Carroway. Rap, rap, came a knock at the side door of his cottage—a knock only too familiar; and he heard the gruff voice of Cadman—"Can I see his honor immediately?"

"No, you can not," replied Mrs. Carroway. "One would think you were all in a league to starve him. No sooner does he get half a mouthful—"

"Geraldine, put it on the hob, my dear, and a basin over it. Matilda, my love, you know my maxim—'Duty first, dinner afterward.' Cadman, I will come with you."

The revenue officer took up his hat (which had less time now than his dinner to get cold) and followed Cadman to the usual place for holding privy councils. This was under the heel of the pier (which was then about half as long as now) at a spot where the outer wall combed over, to break the crest of the surges in the height of a heavy eastern gale. At neap tides, and in moderate weather, this place was dry, with a fine salt smell; and with nothing in front of it but the sea, and nothing behind it but solid stone wall, any one would think that here must be commune sacred, secret, and secluded from eavesdroppers. And yet it was not so, by reason of a very simple reason.

Upon the roadway of the pier, and over against a mooring-post, where the parapet and the pier itself made a needful turn toward the south, there was an equally needful thing, a gully-hole with an iron trap to carry off the rain that fell, or the spray that broke upon the fabric; and the outlet of this gully was in the face of the masonry outside. Carroway, not being gifted with a crooked mind, had never dreamed that this little gut might conduct the pulses of the air, like the Tyrant's Ear, and that the trap at the end might be a trap for him. Yet so it was; and by gently raising the movable iron frame at the top, a well-disposed person might hear every word that was spoken in the snug recess below. Cadman was well aware of this little fact, but left his commander to find it out.

The officer, always thinly clad (both through the state of his wardrobe and his dread of effeminate comfort), settled his bony shoulders against the rough stone-work, and his heels upon a groyne, and gave his subordinate a nod, which meant, "Make no fuss, but out with it." Cadman, a short square fellow with crafty eyes, began to do so.

"Captain, I have hit it off at last. Hackerbody put me wrong last time, through the wench he hath a hankering after. This time I got it, and no mistake, as right as if the villain lay asleep 'twixt you and me, and told us all about it with his tongue out; and a good thing for men of large families like me."

"All that I have heard such a number of times," his commander answered, crust-

ily, "that I whistle, as we used to do in a dead calm, Cadman. An old salt like you knows how little comes of that."

"There I don't quite agree with your honor. I have known a hurricane come from whistling. But this time there is no woman about it, and the penny have come down straightforrard. New moon Tuesday next, and Monday we slips first into that snug little cave. He hath a' had his last good run."

"How much is coming this time, Cadman? I am sick and tired of those three caves. It is all old woman's talk of caves, while they are running south, upon the open beach."

"Captain, it is a big venture—the biggest of all the summer, I do believe. Two thousand pounds, if there is a penny, in it. The schooner, and the lugger, and the ketch, all to once, of purpose to send us scattering. But your honor knows what we be after most. No woman in it this time, Sir. The murder has been of the women, all along. When there is no woman, I can see my way. We have got the right pig by the ear this time."

"John Cadman, your manner of speech is rude. You forget that your commanding officer has a wife and family, three-quarters of which are female. You will give me your information without any rude observations as to sex, of which you, as a married man, should be ashamed. A man and his wife are one flesh, Cadman, and therefore you are a woman yourself, and must labor not to disgrace yourself. Now don't look amazed, but consider these things. If you had not been in a flurry, like a woman, you would not have spoiled my dinner so. I will meet you at the outlook at six o'clock. I have business on hand of importance."

With these words Carroway hastened home, leaving Cadman to mutter his wrath, and then to growl it, when his officer was out of ear-shot.

"Never a day, nor an hour a'most, without he insulteth of me. A woman, indeed! Well, his wife may be a man, but what call hath he to speak of mine so? John Cadman a woman, and one flesh with his wife! Pretty news that would be for my missus!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN a paper upon Mr. Webster, which is one of the best personal accounts of him that we have, Mr. Parton did not conceal the weaknesses of his hero. It was notorious during Mr. Webster's life that his conviviality was sometimes excessive; and in depicting him the artist was mindful of Cromwell's exhortation, "Paint me, warts and all." Yet there was some protest, and we have heard very intelligent and kindly men object to the shades which Mr. Parton threw into his picture. Mr. Webster, they said, was a great man. He is conspicuous only for his greatness, and that is what we wish to hear of: its nature, its characteristics, its development, its service—these are the real points. It is not his taste in cravats, nor his follies, if he had them, nor his faults, if they can be found, that we care to know. He had headaches doubtless, and his shoes pinched sometimes, and he was cross with the cook when the beef was overdone; but what then? It is not what he had in common with all men, but that which distinguishes him, which the artist who describes him ought to give us. Tell us of his greatness, not of his littleness.

The Muse of philosophic history may, indeed, consider only the mental power and political service of a statesman, but the writer of a personal sketch has other work in hand. He undertakes to do the very thing that is decried. His task is to show us how the man who did the great things appeared in his library and on his piazza, at the dinner table and in his boat. In all the sketches of Webster there is no more vivid stroke than that of Parton's which describes his fondness for cattle rather than for horses. It is, indeed, a Homeric picture, that of Webster delighting in the huge kine calmly chewing the cud. Their mighty repose, their contemplative tranquillity, were grateful to his large and generous nature. Their massive power was sympathetic with his own. What would we not give for similar personal details of Shakespeare!—to know whether he loitered at twilight along the shores of the Avon; whether he played at bowls with the villagers; whether, like Washington, he could throw a stone farther than his comrades, or leap higher, or run faster; whether he were sweet or surly. How fortunate, again, that we do know all these things of Burns! Should we—would he—be the gainers if his life were shrouded in decent mystery, and we knew nothing of the Globe, the George, and the King's Arms, of Jean Armour and Mary Campbell? Would those who object to Parton's truth-telling of Webster wish also to blot out the record of Fox's cards and Pitt's two bottles?

It is a gross wrong to represent great men

as always great, or to describe men or things otherwise than as they are. We need not fear that the evil habit will hide the genius; but it is important to know that genius is not a guarantee of goodness, and to learn that it is no excuse for wrong-doing. Besides, essential greatness of character does not need factitious accessories, just as moral weakness or blindness evades the most elaborate excuses, and shows for what it is. The most dazzling plea of sophistry ever urged for the intellectual or moral defect of an American is Choate's Dartmouth eulogy of Webster. But it is only a veil that suggests more than it conceals. Choate's Webster is altogether Olympian and unreal. Parton's is not less great, and delightfully human.

We have been reminded of this old controversy by Mr. Parton's late paper upon Washington in the *Magazine of American History*. Mr. Stevens, the editor, has been publishing a series of interesting letters of Washington, collected from various sources, and hitherto unprinted. They gave an excellent opportunity for an article upon the traditional and the real Washington, which Mr. Parton has improved. In his pleasant way, and with his ample knowledge of American biography, to which he has contributed so many valuable chapters—which we are glad to see recognized by Mr. Adams in his *Life of Gallatin*, and by Professor Von Holst in his second volume of the *Constitutional History of the United States*—Mr. Parton extricates Washington from the semi-mythological web in which he has been long entangled. No man's greatness less needs artificial props, but none has had more of them. As Mr. Parton says, the biographers seem to have thought with Hamilton, when he joined Washington's military family, that "the general needs to be supported."

His service was so illustrious, and his character so perfectly adapted to the circumstances of the country, that the gratitude of his countrymen was ready and eager to believe all good and wonderful things concerning him, and it was to suit this taste that Weems, the earliest biographer, prepared his book. Mr. Parton describes Weems as a shrewd book-peddler who knew what his public wanted. He started the story of the hatchet, and the miraculous garden bed, and the other legendary anecdotes which have been received with pious credulity, and which have been followed in a different key, but with the same general feeling, by the statelier biographers in their attempts to derive his descent from a family of fine old English gentlemen. As we write, a book is published which asserts his descent from the Scandinavian Odin. Why not from the Greek Jupiter? The simultaneous publication of the Odin theory with Mr. Parton's article shows how necessary such an article had become. The story of the plants coming up in the garden and forming the name of George Washington, the sly Weems, who called himself "formerly rector of Mount Vernon parish," stole bodily from George the Third's Dr. Beattie. Weems understood his business so well that his book is a kind of perennial production, and although it was first published eighty years ago, it is still a staple commodity of the trade, as Mr. Parton tells us, but wholly unknown to the polite world.

There is a fine story in Irving, also, of the young Washington's declining a midshipman's berth to please his mother. The truth is that his mother, a poor widow with five children, was advised to send George to sea in a tobacco ship as an apprentice before the mast, in the hope that he might rise to be captain of such a vessel. She consulted her brother, Joseph Ball, a London lawyer, who told her that her son "had better be put apprentice to a tinker" than go to sea as a common sailor before the mast; and as for preferment in the navy, they could get it who had interest, but he had none." The young man turned to engineering, but even after brilliant service with Braddock, he could not command the influence to obtain a commission in the king's army. He had little schooling, and was thrown very early upon himself. Twice, our author says, he tried to improve his fortunes by marriage, and the second time successfully. It was Mrs. Custis, and not Odin and his fine old ancestry, that gave him social distinction in Virginia. Before the war he led the life of a planter, hunting, managing his estate with slovenly slave labor, driving in his chariot, and dancing at the county balls—a man of no brilliant wit, but of a pleasant social humor, and of high temper.

Mr. Parton adds that during the final ripening of public opinion before the Revolution Washington was not a leader. His mind was made up, but he said little. Yet he evidently led as much as a silent man can lead at such a time. The weight of his character and his influence were all for the good cause; and if he did not speak like Patrick Henry and James Otis and Samuel Adams, it was because the gift of speech had been denied him. During the war, if not a military genius, Mr. Parton thinks him to have been a thoroughly good soldier, and Wellington did nothing which Washington might not have done. In discussing his Presidency, Mr. Parton's Jeffersonian sympathy appears. Morally he concedes Washington to have been without flaw. Politically he laments that he should have sympathized with the party which was not in harmony with the genius of the country. This, however, is the domain of opinion, upon which we shall not venture. It is enough that Federalism overstated and Jefferson undervalued the necessity of national feeling and action. Yet the Federal alien and sedition laws were far less unconstitutional and dangerously centralizing than the Republican Enforcement Act.

Washington's rectitude, his integrity, his fidelity, his self-command, were absolute, and

he was "as nearly perfect a head of a republic as can ever be hoped for." Mr. Parton proposes the ingenious view that men of great gifts and acquirements are out of place at the head of a government. They are needed for the cabinet, the legislature, and the courts, but the executive chief should represent the great body of well-disposed and self-sustaining people. But surely he should be a statesman; and our author had already said that recorded knowledge, the mastery of which is "acquirement," alone properly furnishes the statesman. Mr. Parton's article makes us wish that he had applied his realistic touch to a biography of Washington.

THERE is a droll man in England by the name of Shepherd, who has taken to publishing the early poems of famous authors without their sanction. Every such author has published what he does not wish to preserve, and what, indeed, is only preserved by his name. It was the determination of this Mr. Shepherd to publish Tennyson's "Lover's Tale" which compelled the poet himself to issue it, with his own explanation, and he has recently published nineteen of Longfellow's earlier poems. They belong to those, probably, of which the poet said, with graceful good humor, in reprinting some of them in the *Voices of the Night:* "These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers, or have changed their names, and run away to seek their fortune beyond the sea." Probably Mr. Shepherd has remarked the concluding sentence of the little prelude: "I say, with the Bishop of Avranches on a similar occasion, 'I can not be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb.'"

But Mr. Browning did not share the feeling of the good bishop when Mr. Shepherd recently published some of the earliest and crudest poems of Mrs. Browning; and the London *Athenæum* discharged a volley of objurgation at the resurrectionist. It called him "an insect," "a combination of the chiffonier [ragpicker] and a resurrection-man," and a man with "the fatuous ambition to be somebody else's vampire." Mr. Shepherd fired back in a suit for defamation, which he won, and the affair raises several interesting questions. The ground taken by the *Athenæum* was that these poems were published against the express wish of Mr. Browning. But is the world bound to acquiesce in the judgment of a husband as to the value of poems which his wife has published? And even if the wife herself has suppressed them, so far as a book once issued can be suppressed, does it follow that the world ought for that reason to lose them? It is certainly conceivable that a poet should misjudge his own work. Mrs. Browning herself says that a poet never reads his own verses to their worth; and if he can not read them properly, he may estimate them incorrectly. Are we not told that Petrarch preferred his Latin performances to his sonnets? And do those of us who remember the earlier form of some of Tennyson's most famous poems —the "Lady of Shalott," for instance—admit that he has improved them by his changes? When a poem has been submitted to the judgment of the world, may not publishers and editors decide at their own risk whether to test the continuance of that judgment? It may, indeed, be a mistake. They may lose by the experiment because of the public indifference. It may be a mere money-making speculation upon a distinguished name, and the publication may deeply offend the relatives of the writer. But even granting all this, ought he who republishes a perfectly innocent, however crude, poem, which Mrs. Browning herself first published, and never recalled, but left to its fate, to be publicly pilloried as an insect, a vampire, a resurrection-man, and chiffonier? The court thought not, and we agree with the court.

It is, indeed, not a business which a man of fine feeling would undertake. Mr. Browning is undoubtedly a very much better judge of Mrs. Browning's poetry, and of what it is desirable to omit and what to print, than Mr. Shepherd; and while he is still living—himself an eminent poet—to publish as a speculation immature poems of his wife, is something that would naturally rouse his wrath. But the fact remains that the world must be allowed to judge for itself whether it will receive into the body of literature anything whatever when once it has been given to it by publication. In this case, moreover, and to complete the case for Mr. Shepherd, he stated that he refrained from reproducing the one of her early poems which he knew that Mrs. Browning wished to suppress altogether.

There is one improvement of this incident which the young writer will not fail to heed. It is one which older writers who have been writing a great deal, and for a long time, are apt to urge with solemnity. Be very careful to print nothing which at any time hereafter you may wish to retract or suppress. A word once spoken, like a tear once shed, can never be recalled. The judicious Horace recommended a probation of many years for literary productions. Let the deserving and aspiring youth try the Horatian recipe. Having written a poem, let him commit it to the sacred incubation of the drawer for a few years. If it be really good, it will be none the less so when he takes it out. If it be poor, he can joyfully suppress it, and the world never the

wiser. Are there not whole volumes that suggest the wisdom of this course—whole volumes which no droll Mr. Shepherd will ever republish upon speculation?

One day during the late summer a newspaper of large circulation in the city of New York contained two illustrations of the barbarism of public sentiment even in this enlightened age and community. One was a brief paragraph making sport of a murderer already sentenced to be hung. There was no protest from any quarter, and the publication showed that such jests were not supposed to be repugnant to the public taste. But this is the kind of mockery from old women and children to which prisoners doomed to torture and death were exposed in an Indian village, and it is startling to see it in a New York paper and to hear no protest. Indeed, the tone in which murderers are mentioned in certain papers, as if they were noxious snakes or vermin to be exterminated as fast as possible, is an illustration of the dull, stolid inhumanity with which the genius of intelligent penal reform has yet to contend. The paragraphs in question represent the same indifference to criminals which Lecky vividly describes in his *History of the Eighteenth Century*, and which led to the abuses that aroused John Howard.

On the other hand, the address of ex-Governor Seymour to the prisoners at Auburn was an incident that shows the intelligence and sagacity which are not satisfied to regard criminals of any degree as mere wild beasts to be hunted down ruthlessly, but as human beings to be reached by reason and conscience. Such a view will be decried by the wild-beast theorists as sentimental, but no reform which aims to mitigate barbarous methods and to substitute intelligence for stupidity ever escapes that condemnation. The last century was content to see the insane chained and caged in dark dungeons, and it is but slowly, against the apparent invincibility of dull inhumanity, against the assertion that the old ways are good enough for the new times, and that the world is going off in a swash of sentimentality, that the unfortunate lunatics have been rescued from the tyranny of ignorance and inhumanity. There are still suffering and abuse enough in the treatment of the poor, the insane, and the criminal. But this is largely due to another form of barbarism—that which commits them to the care of politicians, and exposes them to the insecurity of party dominance. Civilization is the system of reasonably divided labor. But labor can be divided reasonably only by the fitness of the workman for his work, and reform is in great part the attempt to establish methods for ascertaining this fitness.

The other sign of barbarism that appeared in the same paper was the statement, which is now perennial, that a noted hotel had refused to receive Jews as guests. In the time of Ivanhoe, as we young fellows remember, Jews were tortured to force them to tell where their money-bags were hidden; but now neither they nor their money-bags are wanted at fashionable hotels. Christian money is as abundant, and much preferable. Christian money, indeed: but how about Christian principles? It is laboriously announced that Jews are not repelled by the hotels because of their religious views. This will be believed without difficulty. Hotels are not famous for sensitiveness to the religious principles of their guests. The objection is not in the conscience but in the coffers of the hotel. Indeed, the philosophy of the whole matter is stated frankly by the hosts and by newspaper correspondents. It is not denied that there are many refined and estimable and accomplished Jews. No, indeed; but there are so many who are otherwise, and there is such a settled prejudice against them, that a hotel which is known to be frequented by them is avoided by everybody else. It loses its prestige. It is practically ruined. "It is, of course," says the deprecating host, rubbing his hands, "very unfortunate. I regret it as much as anybody can. As a landlord I have no religion; I know neither Trojan nor Tyrian, neither Jew nor Gentile; but as a merchant I must be allowed to know my own business, and to decline a trade which I think disadvantageous. You see?"

One of the newspaper letters says that the "vulgarity" of Jews is undeniable. It admits the good character and refined manners of many ladies and gentlemen of the Hebrew race, but it says that the number of the vulgar of that race who go to summer hotels is disproportionate. This is the point upon which the emphasis is laid. They are welcome to their religion, but as a class they are vulgar; therefore they are avoided, and therefore the hotels are compelled to exclude them. This is iterated and reiterated as the reason of the exclusion; but it is not the true reason. The fact is plain. There may be a great many vulgar Jews. But Jews are excluded from hotels not because they are vulgar, but because they are Jews. They are ostracized at hotels for the same reason that they are ostracized at clubs—an instance of which we mentioned a year or two since. There was no pretense that the gentleman proposed for the club was any more vulgar than a great many of the members, nor that he was not both refined and accomplished, and a perfectly clubbable man, except in one fatal point: he was a Jew. The exclusion at Saratoga and at Manhattan Beach pleaded vulgarity because it did not dare to make the real plea. If vulgarity is to exclude—alas! Is vulgarity excluded because Jews are not admitted? "Sir," said a landlord to a gentleman seeking rooms this summer, "I am sorry to say that I can not receive you, as we do not entertain guests of your race."

"My race, Sir? What do you mean? Do

you take me for a Jew? I am no more a Jew than you."

There was no question of vulgarity. Jews as a class may or may not be especially vulgar, but they are no more refused for that reason than colored applicants would be. Some years since an accomplished Haytian, the minister of his government to the United States, went to Newport in the summer. He was altogether a gentleman, of singular grace and charm of manner, and remarkably intelligent. Indeed, in social graces and wide knowledge of the world there were few gentlemen in Newport who were comparable to him; but he was politely requested to eat at a second table because he was not perfectly white. He was, in fact, of mixed negro blood. Another gentleman, more than twenty years ago, crossed the Atlantic on the same ship with some Southern gentlemen. They had the pleasantest intercourse during the voyage, for the gentleman in question was unusually well educated and refined. He was not especially dark in complexion; but as the voyage was ending, he requested the captain to mention to the Southerners that he was the grandson of a slave. Upon hearing the astounding truth, his late pleasant companions were ready to cast him into the sea.

This sense of caste is due to the prejudice of race. It is a wrong which the law no longer sanctions, but it survives socially. It is a relic of barbarism, and how sacredly it is cherished the attitude of the hotels, largely sustained by private feeling, however loudly it may be publicly condemned, plainly shows. Yet it is a mere prejudice unworthy a generous nature and a civilized people. The debt of Christendom and of civilization to the Hebrew race is incalculable, and the root of the prejudice is but the tradition of Christianity that Jews crucified Christ. It is a terrible retribution. A whole race is held responsible for the crime of a Syrian mob two thousand years ago. Men of no Christian principle whatever flout better men to-day because other men murdered the founder of Christianity. The mischief of this hotel exclusion, which the law, indeed, prohibits, is that it fosters this revolting prejudice—a prejudice which is barely urged as its own justification, and which both by our religious and political principles is especially unworthy of Americans.

It is an interesting question why academies of literature and of the fine arts find it so difficult to recognize the worth which they are founded to foster. "He was nothing; not even an Academician," was the biting sarcasm of an outsider upon the French Academy. It was biting because there was a sting of truth in the implication. At the annual meeting of our own National Academy of Design, not a single Academician was elected; and we read in a letter from London that the Royal Academy has at last recognized the existence of public opinion by electing the three artists whom the art world had long designated as most worthy. Among ourselves there are undeniably excellent artists who have been long recognized as such by the art world, but whose names still lack the N.A. Must we admit that the guild of artists alone constitutes the art world, and that we who are not brothers of the brush or the chisel are mere gentiles and barbarians? To whom, then, does art address itself? Who are to be affected and influenced by it? Who passes the final and decisive judgment, and awards fame or forgetfulness to artists? Certainly not artists themselves. Art itself presupposes the competency of the "world" to judge, for it springs from the instinct and desire to reproduce and evoke forms of beauty for the delight of mankind. It is in its result a social and not a solitary force.

The fact that there are conspicuous and admirable artists who are denied admission to a fraternity whose numbers, we believe, are not limited, and which is founded for the express purpose of associating the best artists to cooperate in promoting excellence in art, throws the fraternity under suspicion. There is, indeed, a school already started by excellent artists who are excluded in this way from the Academy. If these artists are not excellent, but mere bunglers and botchers, their school and their performances will but prove more conspicuously the propriety of their exclusion, and commend the Academy for guarding the true interests of art. But if, on the other hand, the founders of the new school are concededly artists of not less excellence than those of the Academy, the Academy will have forfeited so far its position as the Alma Mater of art. Its own walls at the annual exhibition showed admirable works of men who are not members. But a body which excludes such men is apparently in danger of sinking into a close corporation, more intent upon its exclusiveness than upon the welfare of the interest committed to it.

Thackeray, in his miscellanies, has some excellent satire upon the public dinners of certain mechanical guilds. The guilds seem to be, indeed, nothing more than clubs for the purpose of feasting on turtle soup, and of hearing a very flatulent kind of eloquence after dinner. Once, however, they meant very much more than turtle soup and windy talk. Yet does not every guild tend, sooner or later, to dinner and drivel—in other words, to disregard of its real objects? Every church or sect may be viewed as a guild or association. Take the most conspicuous example, the Roman Church. Whatever good things may be truly said of it, is it not largely intent upon its own aggrandizement? The English Church is another great institution for a lofty purpose. So are other Protestant Churches. But what is the fierceness of sectarianism but self-glorification, not the advancement of the lofty pur-

pose of the institution? The same tendency is still more visible in political parties. They are theoretically enormous guilds or academies for certain public and impersonal ends. But, in fact, are they not mainly personal machines? Are party politics honest contests for the public welfare, or has the chief end of the political guild come to be soup and pudding?

The academies of literature and art are obviously in a large company when they are intent upon the private interests of their own members instead of the public results of the cause. If the chief care of the Royal Academy were to enroll upon its list for active co-operation in cultivating art the names of the leading artists in England, would it have waited until this summer to elect Alma Tadema an Academician—an artist whose name is much more generally and more favorably known than those of the great multitude of Academicians, and whose works have been long familiar in engravings upon this side of the ocean? When an academy of art is estimated by the names of distinguished artists who do not belong to it, the most fluent phrases from the Prime Minister describing the seductive beauty of the English school will not supply the loss of the names. In the portrait gallery of the Venetian Doges the portrait of one of the most famous is wanting. If that kind of loss were frequent, it would cease to be a portrait gallery of the Doges. When many of the chief names in the world of art are wanting upon the rolls of the Academy, it is no longer in the true sense an Academy.

It used to be said of a certain political party in Massachusetts that it kept itself small in order that the offices might "go round." A proposal to join the party was resented as an invasion threatening a loss of personal advantage. This interesting situation was irresistibly suggested to an amused reader of the account of the last annual election at our excellent Academy, when, after a prolonged balloting, in which the "ins" blackballed the "outs," and admitted nobody to the dignity of Academician, the society descended to dinner, and after turtle and Champagne doubtless described with an eloquence as honeyed as Disraeli's the charms of the American school. We have too sincere a respect for the gentlemen who compose the Academy to wish to poke fun at them unfairly. If the exclusion was the result of an honest conviction that the interests of art in America would be prejudiced by the admission, it was heroic conduct, because artists are generous men, and generous men regret to baffle the hopes and efforts of others. But if it was the result of jealousies and rivalries, and was a wanton use of power for other purposes than the welfare of American art, then the Academy is dangerously near the condition of the Bellows-menders' Guild, which annually dines sumptuously, and proudly glorifies itself after dinner, but leaves the great world of broken bellows unmended. There may be necessity of taking care lest the saying, "not even an Academician," instead of merely intensifying nothingness, as in Biron's case, should come to be evidence of being something; so that to say he was not an Academician might be interpreted as meaning he was an artist.

THE summer "going out of town" has now become so universal that it will be soon interesting to ascertain whether the average of life is longer and the average health better for the exodus. It produces one notable result, at least, and that is the absence of the clergy upon necessary and well-earned vacations. There is an occasional sneer at the clerical profession as one of indolence. But we know the sneerers too well not to know that they take good care there shall be no laziness in the life of their own clergyman. The tables, however, are dreadfully turned. There was a time when the pulpit was the censor of the parish. It is now the parish that severely criticises the pulpit, and the man who goes into it must expect the grand inquest of the gossips. A faithful clergyman works hard at his post for many months. He is at everybody's "beck and call." Like a town pump, all thirsty souls try to get some refreshment from him, and he is expected not only to mind his own business, but that of everybody else. Modern city life, with its complex interests and cares, and with the heightened humanity of the age, is a frightful strain upon the vitality of a faithful clergyman. But when in the dog-days the mercury rises to ninety-eight, and half his parish have fled to the mountains or the sea, if he also seeks rest and recreation, that he may be able to continue his labors, some newspaper, a masked and irresponsible gossip, remarks that the Reverend Charles Borromeo has left for a vacation, and adds: "we do not read that Christ and His disciples deserted their task of saving souls in order to go to fashionable summer resorts." The gossip might reflect that it is something to have a soul to be saved, and that some newspapers, apparently, can be edited without one.

Fortunately the public conscience is not in the keeping of gossips of any kind. General good sense and increasing knowledge justify the longest summer vacation that any hard-working American in any profession can obtain; and one of the late illustrations of "journalistic enterprise" is a directory of summer resorts, under the head of "Where shall we pass the summer?" Moreover, despite the charms of Coney Island, and the practically newly discovered ocean-side resorts of the city of New York, of which we recently spoke, it is asserted that Newport and Saratoga snapped their fingers at these mushroom rivals of a night, and were as thronged and as gay as ever. But it is an old complaint that history and current conversation take account of a

few fortunate persons only as "the world." What is the court and the Parliament, of which we read so constantly and exclusively, compared with the nation? When the whole world of London went to Bath and Tunbridge Wells, how many people staid behind? When everybody goes off in the summer, who are the crowds that swarm in all the streets, so that, so far as any visible diminution of the population is concerned, everybody seems to be nobody? It was the modern consciousness that the few to whom history had devoted itself are an inconsiderable number which prompted Macaulay's famous third chapter, which describes the details of the daily life of the multitude, and which to most readers is the most interesting chapter in his history. It is the same perception that the real test of the condition of a country is the average well-being of the mass of its people which has produced Green's *History of the English People.* He perceives that England is the body of Englishmen, not a few selected specimens, and that political measures, and works of literature and art, and scientific inventions and progress, are most interesting as influences in making individual life easier, loftier, and happier.

In a certain sense, undoubtedly, the history of an epoch is the story of a few men. But it is so because they are leaders; and the interesting fact is not that they led, but whither and how much they led. The history of the United States is in a degree the biography of Franklin and Washington, of Hamilton and Jefferson, of Fulton and Whitney and Morse, of Astor and Vanderbilt. But that biography lacks its chief charm and value if it does not tell how these men enabled every man in the land to help himself more readily. So from the "great world" that sustains the elaborate pageant of society upon the summer shore at Newport, or hides in comfortable undress among the remote hills, we recur to the infinitely greater world which stays at home, whether in the city or the country. For this multitude the same spirit which sends so many away offers constantly more and more resources. Such are the new sea-side places, the enormous river and bay excursions, the spacious and beautiful park, the special retreats for working-women, the charities of newsboy and other pleasure parties, and the active and growing interest in better tenement-houses, more intelligent sanitary conditions, more wisely ordered charity, a distincter hearing by the common conscience of the eternal question, "Where is Abel thy brother?"

We saw the other day a pleasant illustration of this spirit. Everybody can not afford to go out of town in the hot weather, but everybody, said an ingenious attic philosopher, in a newspaper which does not sneer at clergymen for going when they can—everybody can afford to go to the top of the house. There in the evening you may sit and feel the breeze blowing from river to river, and the sea air breathing from the bay. It is not as good as a hill-top, but it is better than a stuffy bedroom. During the prolonged and intense heat of the summer two or three years ago thousands of people slept in the streets, but the roofs of the houses would have been airier chambers. They manage these things better in Syria. They are wiser in the tropics. Our tropic is not so long, perhaps, but it is very trying; and why should the house roof, with all its advantages, be lost to our comfort? In summer evenings long ago, when John Kensett, whose gentle and delicate genius fixed the very soul of summer upon his canvas, lived at the Waverley House, on the corner of Broadway and Fourth Street, his Central Park and sea-side was the roof of the house. It was flat and very lofty, and there we sat in our hanging garden and aerial balcony, looking to the green heights of Hoboken and the Elysian Fields, serenely breathing the cooler air above the softened roar of the town. There was no room in New York so beautiful and refreshing, although there were a great many more richly furnished—our furniture, indeed, consisting only of wooden chairs. Nothing would be easier than for those who can not escape the city in summer to outwit it by fitly arranging such a "sky-parlor."

Editor's Literary Record.

TWO volumes of *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld*[1] complete the Messrs. Harper's cheap and elegant library edition of Motley's historical works. In these final volumes Mr. Motley takes up the annals of the Netherlands at the point where they were interrupted by the close of the history of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic,* and continues them from 1609 till 1623, through the eventful period of the Twelve Years' Truce, of which Barneveld was the central figure, and down to the commencement of the Thirty Years' War. It was a dark and perilous hour in the history of the Dutch Republic, and in many of its aspects one mournful to contemplate. The "Truce" itself Mr. Motley characterizes as "the brief pause in which the elements were slowly and certainly gathering for the renewal over nearly the whole surface of civilized Europe of that immense conflict which for more than forty years had been raging within the narrow pre-

[1] *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld,* Advocate of Holland, with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., LL.D. With Illustrations. 8vo, 2 vols., pp. 389 and 475. New York: Harper and Brothers.

cincts of the Netherlands;" and during it the people of that great republic—which had animated the policy of Europe, and had withstood almost alone the onslaughts of Spain against political and religious liberty—found leisure to indulge in savage internal discord, and had let loose the demon of religious hatred to rend and paralyze the body of the republic. Nor was this all that made the juncture a dark and mournful one. As its events are unfolded before us, the grand figure of the chivalric, heroic, and versatile Béarnese, Henry IV., the inveterate enemy of Spain and steady friend of the Netherlands, disappears from the scene, and no longer an ally, but a foe, France lies prone at the feet of Spain; and to the vigorous and valiant England of Elizabeth, of Walsingham, of Raleigh, Howard, Norris, and the Cecils, has succeeded the cowardly and vacillating Great Britain of James, and his Carrs and Carletons, and other even yet meaner spirits. The republic stood alone. It was a time to task to the utmost the energies and abilities of the most consummate statesman and diplomatist by the complications of its foreign affairs, and of the wisest, boldest, and most prudent administrator by the turbulence and conflict of its interior concerns, now that the nation was thrown upon its own unaided resources. And Barneveld was equal to its demands. His career is a perpetual example of resolution tempered by moderation; of boldness held in check by prudence; of serenity in the midst of the mad contentions of faction and passion; of clear political insight and indefatigable military preparation in the midst of puerile wranglings about polemic trivialities; of watchful thoughtfulness for the public welfare in the midst of the torpor of a people dead to their true interests; of imperturbable patriotism amid the stings of suspicion, misrepresentation, and base ingratitude, and even when the block and the headsman were the reward of inestimable service. The dealings of this great statesman with the complex problems, within and without, that troubled his country, are detailed by Mr. Motley with such graphic force and minuteness that we seem to be transplanted to the times described, and to share their fears and passions. We know of no finer study for the youthful student of political history than is afforded by Mr. Motley's account of the great Advocate, while he was the chief officer of the republic that he had founded. Especially masterly are its portraits of Grotius, Arminius, Aersten, Prince Maurice, and Barneveld himself; its picture of the trial, imprisonment, and execution of Barneveld; and its microscopic delineation of James I., his court and ministers.

THE editor of this Record greets no books more cordially than those which have merit as educational agencies. Three such volumes, published this month, he would fain see introduced into every school, one being a series of historical readings, another a biography of one of our greatest poets, and the third an outline of early English literature. The first of these, and the most important as being adapted to the needs and suited to the intelligence of the greater number—of all, we may say, in the higher forms of our intermediate schools, and in every department of our public grammar and high schools—is a series of prose readings from English history,[2] edited and selected by the eminent historian John Richard Green. Mr. Green has compiled this volume with the express purpose of exciting in the minds of youth at school an interest in history, and of directing their taste by a familiarity with the best models, through the medium of extracts from standard writers, sufficiently long to illustrate some striking or important event, and yet brief enough for a school exercise. Mr. Green's editorship of the book is a guarantee of the accuracy of the historical extracts composing it, and of the literary and other qualifications of the authors whom he quotes. In addition to this the selections have been carefully chosen to excite the imagination and compel the interest of the youthful reader, while adding to his store of substantial knowledge. Moreover, although the topics have a certain correlation, they are so diverse, and the authors cited so numerous, as to afford instructive examples of characteristic varieties of style and composition. The extracts are arranged in three parts, the first covering the period from Hengist to the battle of Cressy, the second from Cressy to Cromwell, and the third from Cromwell to Balaklava.—The biographical volume is a compact and elegantly written life of Milton,[3] by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, sufficiently succinct for a text-book, though far from being a bare outline. The life is accompanied by careful synopses of Milton's prose and poetical works, and by scholarly estimates and criticisms of them. Arranged in brief paragraphs, and clothed in a simple and perspicuous style, the volume introduces the pupil directly to the author it describes, and not only familiarizes him with his method of composition, but with his exquisite fancies and lofty conceptions, and enables him to see practically and intelligently what an expressive and sonorous instrument our tongue is in the hands of one of its mightiest masters.—The other volume to which we have referred is an outline history of the growth and development of English literature,[4] from its first dawning down to the Norman conquest. It describes the elements out of which our language was formed, and traces its growth through the pro-

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[2] *Readings from English History.* Selected and edited by JOHN RICHARD GREEN. Three Parts in one Volume. 12mo, pp. 444. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *Milton.* By STOPFORD A. BROOKE. 16mo, pp. 167. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[4] *The Development of English Literature.* The Old English Period. By Brother AZARIAS. 12mo, pp. 214. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

ductions of the earliest writers in every branch; and in connection with this the race and historical relations of the early English people are carefully noted, interesting sketches are given of the various transitional steps in their national and intellectual progress, and there are abundant well-digested biographical summaries of the pioneer writers and thinkers who laid the foundations of our literature. Well written, clear in style and comprehensive in scope, and as little as could be expected infested with disputed theories, it is adapted to fill a recognized want as a text-book introductory to the study of English literature.

A LITERARY event that merits notice is the almost simultaneous publication, in Philadelphia and Boston, of two versions of the *Æneid*,[5] [6] by American gentlemen, the circumstances attending which have some interesting points of similarity. Each was a labor of love and the fruit of leisure hours; both were intended to be, and are, faithful renderings; although neither aspires to recondite scholarship or to exhibit the finer and more delicate shades of verbal or poetical meaning, each is a highly respectable performance; and each is the work of a man whose professional pursuits are not usually favorable to literary recreations. One of these gentlemen is an officer of the United States army, stationed in an isolated garrison on the Pacific coast, and the other a "busy man" who has "drifted from academic inspiration and shelter" into active life. It is eminently creditable to both that they had the cultivated taste to inspire them to such an undertaking, and the classical knowledge to make its accomplishment possible. Captain Pierce's version is a "rhythmic-prose translation," too rhythmical indeed for the prose to be natural and flowing, and so highly accentuated and heavily laden with inversions as to seem stilted in style. It has numerous extended passages, however, so spirited and energetic as to make us unconscious of the monotony of its pendulum-like rhythmic beat, and to absorb us in the fascinating story. Mr. Long's version is in blank verse, and although it is more thickly studded with archaisms and conventional phrases than is desirable, it is generally dignified, flowing, and expressive. The literal accuracy with which both versions have been executed recalls Surrey's translation of the second and fourth books, made more than three hundred years ago, each resembling the older work in conciseness, in fidelity to the original without falling into prosaic servility, and in the peculiarity which has been ascribed to Surrey of rarely carrying the sense beyond the line. It were an interesting recreation for the advanced scholar, and a useful exercise for the youthful student, to compare these two translations with each other and with Surrey's. The last named, it will be remembered, marks an important era in our poetical literature, as being the first instance of the use of blank verse in our language.

MR. ROLFE continues his meritorious school and family edition of Shakspeare's plays by the publication of *Othello*,[7] and it bears on its face the evidence that in its preparation he has exercised the same conscientious care, scholarly understanding of the text, and tasteful appreciation of the poet that were conspicuous in his other plays of the series. As was the case with its predecessors, he has prefaced this play with an introduction containing a brief bibliographical history of the play, an account of the sources of its plot, and a judicious selection from the comments of capable critics; and it is followed by copious notes explanatory of ambiguous or disputed words and passages, embodying various readings, and illustrating the times, persons, laws, habits, costumes, etc., referred to in the text.

THE Messrs. Harper are making their convenient and inexpensive "Half-hour Series" a vehicle for placing some of the best examples of standard and modern literature within reach of the "million." Doubtless they will prove potent educators in taste and refinement. Among the more recent additions to the series in this direction are Cowper's *Task*,[8] Scott's *Lady of the Lake*[9] and *Marmion*,[10] and Sheridan's brilliant comedies, *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*.[11]

THE works of fiction this month cover a wide range. Those who have a relish for classical subjects will be attracted by an English version, from the Swedish, of Victor Rydberg's historical novel, *The Last Athenian*.[12] Though it lacks the rich coloring and ripe sensuousness of Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii*, it is more glowing than Kingsley's *Hypatia*, and combines a lively picture of the remote times and people of which it treats with careful studies of their manners and customs, and especially of their philosophic and religious beliefs during the transition stage of the conflict between dying

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[5] *A Rhythmic-Prose Translation of Virgil's Æneid.* By HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE, U.S.A. 12mo, pp. 367. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[6] *The Æneid of Virgil.* Translated into English. By JOHN D. LONG. 12mo, pp. 431. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.

[7] *Shakspeare's Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. With Engravings. 16mo, pp. 214. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *The Task.* A Poem. By WILLIAM COWPER. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 182. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[9] *The Lady of the Lake.* A Poem. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 173. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *Marmion; a Tale of Flodden Field.* By Sir WALTER SCOTT. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 214. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *The Rivals, and The School for Scandal.* Comedies. By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 267. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *The Last Athenian.* Translated from the Swedish of VICTOR RYDBERG by WILLIAM W. THOMAS, Jun. 12mo, pp. 555. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

paganism and young and vigorous political Christianity. The scene is laid at Athens during the last years of Constantius, and through the reign of Julian the Apostate. Upon a pleasing story of the affection of a pagan philosopher—the "last Athenian"—and his gifted and beautiful daughter, and of her love for a younger and less worthy Athenian, are grafted vivid descriptions of Athenian life, manners, and scenes, and of the arts which were practiced by ambitious or crafty Christian ecclesiastics to build up the new Church as a political and ecclesiastical organization on the ruins of the old faith. The tale has numerous passages of great tenderness and power, and it is interspersed with brilliant criticisms and subtle expositions of the vanishing Greek arts and philosophies.—A traditional feud between the Martelles and Courtrais, two noble families of mediæval France, which was the penalty of a priestly curse for an act of sacrilege committed by them, and in expiation of which a bloody strife had raged between them for more than a thousand years; the massive and time-stained church of Sainte-Clotilde, the scene of the sacrilege that had provoked the curse, and in which generations of Martelles and Courtrais lay mouldering widely apart, as if they would maintain their divisions even in death; a majestic full-length figure of Sainte-Clotilde forming the centre of a large stained window of the church, over and behind the high altar, the work of an artist-priest, who had reproduced in its face of marvellous beauty and tenderness the features of Manon, a maiden whom he had secretly loved with a hopeless passion; the betrothal of the young and gallant Sir Loys Martelle and the lovely Cecile Courtrai, by which, it was hoped, the feud of a thousand years would at last be healed; the visit of the betrothed to the old church to see the picture that was such a masterpiece as to have extorted the rapturous admiration of the great Leonardo, and the knight's recognition of the face of Manon, his first and dearest love, in the imaginary Sainte-Clotilde; the sudden revival of all the knight's old passion by the sight of Manon's picture, and the death of his love for Cecile; the revelation to the artist-priest and lover, by the knight's emotion and in other ways, of the past story of the loves of Sir Loys and Manon; the gentle and loving devices of Cecile to win back the love of Sir Loys, which, as it seemed to her, had so unaccountably died out; the ingenious plans of the artist-priest, inspired by jealousy, to stifle the revived passion of Sir Loys for Manon, and his crafty plots to confirm each of them in the belief that the other was dead or faithless; the failure of his plots, the re-appearance of Manon, the rupture between Cecile and Sir Loys, the revival of the old feud a thousandfold intensified, and the tragic end of Sir Loys at the hands of the incensed Courtrais—upon these stirring incidents Mr. Leonard Kip has constructed a mediæval romance of unusual sweetness and strength, in which he exhibits the picturesque skill of a painter and the imaginative power of a poet, and which he appropriately entitles *Under the Bells*.[13]—The transition is a violent one from Rydberg's historical romance of the fourth century and Kip's mediæval legend to Mr. Thompson's *Major Jones's Courtship*,[14] and its broad humor and practical New-World, nineteenth-century commonsense. It is as if one were transported to another atmosphere, and almost to another world. Notwithstanding it was originally written more than thirty years ago, the Major's account of his courtship experiences, and the sharp strokes of raillery and satire with which it sparkles, seem as fresh and as keen as when first related. The whirligig of time has again brought around the fashions and follies that he punctured, and his clever hits at them are as seasonable and mirth-provoking in 1879 as they were in 1844.—*The Breton Mills*[15] is an attempt to illustrate some of the phases of manufacturing and mill life, and to exhibit its inequalities and class antagonisms, under the guise of a vigorous love-story. Its author forcibly depicts the warfare of feelings and interests between the employer and the employed, draws attention to some of the evils of our industrial system, and presents some suggestive ideas for their amelioration.—*Dorcas*[16] is a novel of unusual grace and delicacy, in which Miss Craik subtly depicts the infelicities that attended the marriage of a refined and scholarly recluse, a man of high social position, to a young maiden whom he had charitably taken into his household in a menial capacity when she was a mere child, and who grew up a gentle, sensitive, loving, lovely, and lovable woman. Embarrassing and even galling as are these infelicities, they do not impair their love or lead to estrangement; and they afford occasion for a recital, abounding in clever and tenderly pathetic touches, of the annoyances, vexations, and mortifications growing out of the disproportioned match. Interwoven with this tale, and forming a sort of sequel to it, is a charming story of the childhood and womanhood of the daughter of the older couple, and of her more fortunate love experiences. The narrative is quietly dramatic, and several of the leading characters are fine delineations.—*The Green Hand*[17] is a nautical tale that will scarcely rival those by Marryat, though some of the adventures are told with spirit, and it is not destitute of stirring

[13] *Under the Bells.* A Romance. By Leonard Kip. 12mo, pp. 307. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[14] *Major Jones's Courtship.* By Major Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia. With twenty-one Illustrations. Sq. 12mo, pp. 190. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

[15] *The Breton Mills.* A Romance. By Charles J. Bellamy. 12mo, pp. 455. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[16] *Dorcas.* A Novel. By Georgiana M. Craik. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 60. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *The Green Hand:* A Short Yarn. By George Cupples. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 83. New York: Harper and Brothers.

incident. The difficulty is that the adventures and incidents are spun out too indefinitely. Such a "yarn" might be endured on a six months' cruise in a sailing vessel, but would be intolerably wearisome under any other conditions.—Three remarkable and strongly contrasted types of womanhood command and divide our attention in *Delicia*.[18] We style them remarkable not because they are phenomenally different from or abnormally better or worse than women as we commonly find them, but because each is stamped with an individuality so distinctively her own as to make it impossible to confound her with or mistake her for another. Nor is this due to artificial peculiarities ingeniously devised by the author, and fastened upon them. They are not oddities; they have no extravagant singularities; they are endowed by no exceptional gifts, attributes, or accomplishments. Each represents a real and natural shade of character, and each acts her part in harmony with that character. The passions and impulses by which they are moved, and the acts they perform, are appropriate to them. The interest chiefly centres on two of these women, who are fine conceptions of womanly character, and who are unlike in everything save their delicate purity, their capacity for silent endurance, and their supreme unselfishness. The double love-story of these women is told with such skill as to excite genuine emotion.—We can not too highly praise Colonel Hamley's delightful brief story, *Wassail*.[19] Besides being a bright and cheery love-story, delicately shaded with the tender and pathetic, it is a fine picture of a vanishing class in England—the sturdy yeoman-farmer, with his free-handed hospitality, his ample farms and homestead, his prejudices and foibles that are so nearly akin to virtues as to win our hearty sympathy, his vigorous common-sense, and relishing shrewd simplicity. With the portraiture of this stout old yeoman are combined glimpses of some of the lingering customs which have filled England with genial memories, and have cast a glamour of homely romance over its green fields and comfortable hearths.—Of two other short romances, *Money*[20] and *My Queen*,[21] we have only space to say that the former is a tale of Parisian life, and the latter of English society, and that each is pure and elevating in its tone, sufficiently long to occupy a morning or evening hour, and sufficiently full of changeful incident to make the hour given to it one of refreshment and recreation.

No more companionable and genial volume could be desired than that in which Captain Codman gives an account of *The Round Trip*[22] to San Francisco and back, by way of the Isthmus of Panama and the overland route. His travels extended through Southern and Northern California, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, and Colorado; and in his record of them he lingers with special emphasis on California and Utah—their archæological remains, natural curiosities, scenery, and the manners, customs, and institutions of the people he encountered. His narrative also comprises brief but pregnant historical sketches of the great enterprises, accomplished and projected, which are intended to knit the Atlantic and Pacific together, and to give new facilities to the commerce of the world; and it embodies careful estimates and statistics of the natural and artificial resources of the countries visited. Along with these graver matters, there is a fund of humorous and entertaining incident, witty allusion, sharp or satirical reflection, and racy episodes of travel and adventure by sea, by stage-coach, and by rail. Captain Codman has the faculty of seeing things clearly in the light of native common-sense; and he has the art of telling of the things that he has seen with so much wit and spirit as to make his recital extremely entertaining. Besides its other merits, his book is a capital guide for less experienced travellers.

After reading Mr. Robinson's *Great Fur Land*,[23] the reader will agree with us that if there are few parts of the globe so little travelled as that vast stretch of our American continent which lies north of the settled portions of the Dominion of Canada, over which the Hudson Bay Company extends its gigantic operations, there are still fewer that are better worth seeing. The novelty of its scenery and modes of life, the enormous distances that are to be traversed with unusual and picturesque appliances, the feeling of remoteness and insignificance that is inspired by its endless solitudes, the variety and strangeness of the wild animal life that peoples them, the unusual aspects of men and nature that are afforded, its eerie sights and sounds, its forests, its rivers, its prairies, its ice and snows—are all full of invitation and attraction to the traveller. Mr. Robinson has written a most entertaining book concerning this land, so near and yet so far, in which, while giving a clear and succinct account of the organization, powers and privileges, business methods and routine, extent of operations, traffic and means of transportation, posts and warehouses, of the Company, he paints with a nimble pencil the more picturesque phases of life in the territory, il-

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[18] *Delicia*. By Beatrice May Butt. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 360. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[19] *Wassail*. By Colonel Charles Hamley. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 147. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[20] *Money*. A Tale. By Jules Tardieu. 16mo, pp. 168. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[21] *My Queen*. 16mo, pp. 166. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[22] *The Round Trip*, by Way of Panama, through California, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, and Colorado. By John Codman. 12mo, pp. 331. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[23] *The Great Fur Land; or, Sketches of Life in the Hudson Bay Territory*. By H. M. Robinson. With Numerous Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 348. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

lustrative of the habits and character of the trader, the voyageur, the hunter, and the savage. Besides these, there are animated descriptions of exciting adventures by dog-trains and canoes; of huntings, feastings, and encounters with wild beasts; of perilous voyages over cataracts; and of interminable journeys through dense woods or over trackless snows.

If any of our readers should be curious to see Paris as it appeared to a stranger last year during the height of the Exposition, and to take a bird's-eye view of the Exposition itself, we commend him to M. Edmondo de Amicis's *Studies of Paris*.[24] Nothing seems to escape this vigilant Italian, and he transfers the marvellous panoramic life of the modern Babel—as Bismarck delights to style it—to his canvas with touches as light and spirited as they are rapid and faithful. Nowhere have we seen a picture of this opulent, sensual, dazzling city and all its violent contrasts so striking and so true as that in this volume. Besides its description of Paris, the volume has sketches of two of its celebrities, Victor Hugo and Émile Zola, which are good specimens of sentimental criticism. The sketch of Hugo is specially interesting for its spirited pen-picture of the great author as he appeared in his own home on the occasion of a visit to him by his Italian worshipper.

The title which Miss Anna Dickinson has chosen for her new volume—*A Ragged Register*[25]—aptly characterizes the desultoriness of its anecdotal jottings, the disconnected variety of its reminiscences, the patchy irregularity of its paragraphs, and the fluttering vivacity of its style. The acuteness of her observation, her strong sense of humor, her quick eye for the odd, the ridiculous, or the incongruous, and her refreshing disregard for senseless or absurd conventionalities, make this souvenir of her experiences as a traveller one of the most pleasant of companions.

Holidays in Eastern France[26] is the record of a tour made through a portion of France—Franche-Comté—which lies out of the ordinary track of travellers, amid the pastoral scenery of the Seine and Marne, the picturesque valleys of the Doubs and the Loire, and the mountain fastnesses, close-shut valleys, solitary lakes, and foaming or frozen cascades and torrents of the Jura. Combined with vivacious descriptions of these scenes, and with many pleasing interruptions in the form of incidents of travel, are fresh accounts of the peasants and proprietors, the *bourgeoisie*, the mountaineer, the pastor, the curé, the school-master, who inhabit them, and of their manners, costumes, social and religious observances, and industrial pursuits. The author has appended to her enjoyable little book an itinerary of travel through this romantic *terra incognita*, intended more particularly for the benefit of pedestrians, to whom the region is specially inviting by its novelty, its varied beauty, and its inexpensiveness.

Since the death of his genial and gifted associate, Dr. Strong has continued the preparation of the comprehensive *Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature*,[27] popularly known as McClintock and Strong's, in strict adherence to the spirit of the original design, and without any retrenchment or material modification of its plan. The eighth volume, just issued, exhibits the same catholicity, fairness, fullness, and liberal scholarship that distinguished its predecessors. Its various titles, in addition to those prepared by the editor, have been executed by representative scholars of nearly all Christian denominations, to whom, generally, has been assigned the preparation of the articles bearing upon their several churches and doctrines. The work covers a wide range, and is by no means confined to matters exclusively Biblical, theological, and ecclesiastical, but embraces a large body of correlated matter belonging to general literature in all its various departments. Among the articles in the current volume which evince unusual care in their preparation, and are of marked interest and importance, we note particularly the able dissertations on Plato and the Platonic philosophy, on the poetical elements of the Bible as illustrative of ancient Hebrew poetry, on Polytheism, on ancient and Christian psalmody, and on pre-adamic and prehistoric man. We have also been strongly impressed by the candid and elaborate historical papers on the Reformation, on Presbyterianism and the Presbyterian Churches, and on the Protestant Episcopal, Reformed (Dutch), and Reformed Episcopal Churches in this country, and by the careful biographical sketches of Pius the Ninth, Reginald Pole, Prince Polignac, and Dr. Priestley. The editor informs us in a preface that the ninth volume is already in type, that the tenth may be looked for in two years, and that the alphabet will be completed within the compass of ten volumes. It will be followed by a supplement containing the necrology and other items that have accrued during the progress of the work.

There is a remarkable union of strength and sweetness in the sermons[28] of the Rev. William

[24] *Studies of Paris.* By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Italian by W. W. C. 16mo, pp. 276. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[25] *A Ragged Register* (of Places and Opinions). By Anna E. Dickinson. Sq. 12mo, pp. 286. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[26] *Holidays in Eastern France.* By M. Betham-Edwards. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 242. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[27] *Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature.* Prepared by Rev. John McClintock, D.D., and James Strong, S.T.D. Vol. VIII. Pet—Re. Large 8vo, pp. 1086. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[28] *Sermons Doctrinal and Practical.* By Rev. William Archer Butler, M.A. Edited, with a Memoir of the Au-

Archer Butler, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. Some of them are doctrinal, and some metaphysical; but instead of being on that account dry, forbidding, and hard to comprehend, as is often the case with sermons of this class, they are exceedingly attractive, and easy to be understood. Much of the charm which invests them is due to the fact that the doctrines are not presented in the form of harsh, formal, or dogmatic dissertations on the externals of Christianity, but in the guise of warmly enthusiastic and intensely earnest expositions of what the preacher conceives to be the Divine Will, as exhibited in the law of love and justice which underlies the Divine Plan for the purification and salvation of the race. The application of the doctrines enunciated, even when they are broadest in their philosophic generalization, is intensely personal and practical. It is everywhere evident that the author is profoundly in sympathy with what he teaches, and although his language is plain and simple, his thoughts glow with the inspiration of poetry and eloquence. The chaste and impassioned tone of these sermons, their simple piety and fervid spirituality, commend them to the heart and conscience, while their cogent reasonings convince the understanding.

It would be a great mistake to estimate the value and importance of Mr. Edward Atkinson's treatise, *Labor and Capital Allies, Not Enemies*,[29] by its dimensions. In the briefest space he discusses with candor, clearness, and convincing ability one of the most perplexing questions of the hour, namely, the nature and relations of capital and labor, and the harmonious adjustment of these relations, incidentally touching upon the related subject of the currency and tariffs. The facts and arguments which he adduces dissipate many delusions, especially the prevalent ones that the condition of the laboring class has been lowered by the invention of labor-saving powers and machinery, and by the aggregation of capital in comparatively few hands. Selecting a cotton factory as an illustration of the mutuality and interdependence of labor and capital, he traces out the relations of the two, and the benefits resulting to each from the contact, so plainly, and demonstrates conclusions so convincing, that they must commend themselves to the common-sense of every intelligent artisan who is not a selfish chronic agitator. The treatise is an appeal to the judgment alike of the employer and the employed, and its distribution would be one of the most effective antidotes that could be devised against the misunderstandings on both sides that lead to strikes and class collisions, and that contribute to the spread of communistic and other chimerical ideas.

Under the caption *A True Republic*,[30] Mr. Albert Stickney institutes an inquiry into the faults of our political system, and proposes a remedy for them. He concedes that in its general features the frame-work of our government is what it ought to be, but believes certain modifications are necessary, which will reverse the present tendency of our system to keep our best men out of the public service, and to prevent the men in the public service from giving their best work. After a *résumé* of the good and bad features of absolute and constitutional monarchy, and a sketch of the false republicanism that has grown up in our country under the tyranny of party, and has converted our government from a government by the people into a government by party, Mr. Stickney analyzes the causes, origin, and character of party as it exists among us, points out its evils, and announces his remedy, which is, to reduce our elective offices to a chief executive and the members of a supreme single-chamber assembly, and to abolish the term system. This, he thinks, will put a summary end to the trade of carrying elections, since there will be next to none to carry. After discussing and apparently answering to his own satisfaction the questions, If we do away with elections, what security have we for getting our best men in office? and, If we do away with the term system, and make all offices dependent on appointment, what security have we that we shall get their best services from our public men? Mr. Stickney proposes the changes that he would have made in our Constitution, which, by-the-way, he pinches and pares till very little of its substance remains. These changes embody the following ideas: public officers must have only one kind of work—legislation and administration must be entirely distinct; each officer must be held responsible for doing well the work of his office, and must hold office only so long as he does his work well; each officer must be responsible to his superior, and heads of executive office must have the power of appointing and removing their subordinates; there must be a chief executive, elected by the people, responsible for the administration of affairs, and removable by the supreme assembly; there must be one power in the state supreme over all officers and citizens, consisting of an assembly chosen by the people, whose members would have substantially a life tenure, and which should make all laws, raise and disburse the revenues, create and abolish all offices (save the chief executive), remove all officers (including the chief executive), and regulate their duties, but should have no power to appoint to office. Besides this, there must

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thor's Life, by the Very Rev. Thomas Woodward, M.A. 2 Vols., 12mo. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[29] *Labor and Capital Allies, Not Enemies.* By Edward Atkinson. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 98. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[30] *A True Republic.* By Albert Stickney. 12mo, pp. 271. New York: Harper and Brothers.

be a judiciary, elected by the people, removable by a two-thirds vote of the supreme assembly. Mr. Stickney's sincerity is so transparent that it is difficult to refuse him a patient hearing; but it is evident that he has profited very little by the teachings of history, and that he is totally insensible to the disturbing influence of human passion and motive. His scheme comprises much that is Utopian, much that is crude and short-sighted, much that has been tried and rejected, and much that would not only fail to cure the evils he laments, but would lay us open to abuses even more intolerable than those we now groan under.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of August. —Mr. John Welsh, the American minister to England, and Mr. Stoughton, our minister to Russia, have resigned.

President Canal resigned the government of Hayti into the hands of the National Assembly at Port-au-Prince, July 17. The north of the island was wholly in the possession of the revolutionists, who were marching on Port-au-Prince.

The French Chamber of Deputies, July 20, by a vote of 363 to 166, passed M. Ferry's second Education Bill, excluding the religious element from the Superior Council of Education. The bill would destroy the Jesuitical schools.

The French Bonapartists have accepted Prince Jerome as their leader. The publication of this act was soon followed by a manifesto from the Comte de Chambord explaining his position. In reply to the charge of having voluntarily declined to embrace a former opportunity of ascending the throne, he says: "If in the presence of attentive Europe and on the morrow of indescribable disasters I showed a greater care for my royal dignity and the grandeur of my mission, it was in order that I might remain faithful to my oath never to become king of a faction or a party. I will not submit to the guardianship of men of factions, but shall not cease to appeal to all honest men for support. Armed with this force, and with the grace of God, I can save France. It is my duty and my desire to do so."

The statue of ex-President Thiers, at Nancy, France, was unveiled with impressive ceremonies August 3. Speeches were made by Jules Simon, M. Martel, and M. Marcère. The last-mentioned orator, the Minister of the Interior, declared, in his address, that the government was resolved to remain true to the noble ideas of M. Thiers, namely, a conservative republic, guarding the national traditions and just influence of France in Europe and in the whole world. M. Jules Simon dwelt upon the firmness of M. Thiers in resisting even his own party when his liberal conservative convictions were touched. M. Simon concluded by saying: "France is saved. She possesses forever a republican government, and liberty to think, teach, and write. She has issued from a combat. It is necessary for her either to vanquish her enemies or to re-assure them. The definitive form of the revolution of 1870 is a conservative, liberal republic, such as M. Thiers created."

The *Indépendance Belge*, of Brussels, announced, August 15, that the Austrian Emperor had accepted Count Andrassy's resignation, upon condition that he remain in office pending the nomination of his successor. Another report indicates the possibility that the resignation may be withdrawn if the new ministry formed by Count Taafe be successful. The new cabinet has a larger proportion of Liberals than the old.

The expense to Great Britain of the Zulu war amounts to $22,500,000.

A dispatch from Rome to the London *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The final decision of the German government on the religious questions at issue with the Vatican has been communicated to the latter. It is as follows: 'All of the exiled clergy who ask permission will be allowed to return to Germany. The May laws will be tacitly suspended, provided the clergy obey the common law, and all fresh nominations are to be submitted to the government.' The Pope is satisfied with these terms."

DISASTERS.

July 26.—Disastrous storm in the oil district of Butler County, Pennsylvania. Villages were flooded, houses carried away, and crops destroyed.

July 31.—The *Josephine*, a steam-yacht, cruising among the Thousand Islands, was upset, and five persons drowned.

August 15.—Hotel at Locust Grove, near Bath, Long Island, destroyed by fire. Four persons burned to death.

OBITUARY.

August 5.—At Richland Centre, Pennsylvania, Charles Fechter, the actor, aged fifty-five years.

August 9.—At Saratoga Springs, Major William H. Leland, aged fifty-eight years.

August 14.—In Burlington, New Jersey, the Right Rev. William H. Odenheimer, Bishop of Northern New Jersey, aged sixty-two years.

June 28.—In Africa, Keith Johnstone, the leader of the English expedition to explore Lake Nyassa.

August 5.—In Spain, the Infanta Maria del Pilar, the second sister of King Alfonso, aged eighteen years.

Editor's Drawer.

AN enterprising grocer in Westville, Connecticut, comes out in force in behalf of his celebrated Tin Tag Cigars. In a modest circular gently urging their purchase and use, he says: "The tobacco from which the Tin Tags are made is grown entirely in conservatories, and the cigars are made on mahogany tables by thorough-bred Cubans in swallow-tail coats and white kid gloves. When a man smokes one of these cigars, he walks on air, and dreams that he has a diamond scarf-pin and a sixty-five-dollar suit of clothes on, and just married rich. It makes the breath sweet, and keeps the teeth white, and will force a mustache on the smoothest lip in five weeks. It improves and beautifies the complexion, eradicates tan, freckles, and dandruff, and is enjoyed by all the smoker's 'sisters, cousins, and aunts.' It permeates the house, window-curtains, closets, and clothes with the delicate odors and exquisite fragrance of Heliotrope, New-mown Hay, Jockey Club, and White Rose. It will fasten the front gate every night, and carry in the paper in the morning, chase the cats off the garden, drive the hens to water, and 'hardly ever' fail to make one feel better all over. No well-regulated family can properly keep house without them, for the man who smokes this cigar will never cut wood too long for the stove, never swear when he puts up stove-pipes, never step on a lady's trail, join a club, or go down to the 'post-office after supper.'"

IT was out West, in one of those local courts where a friendly talkative way marks the intercourse between judges, juries, counsel, and clients. A man of the law, after developing considerable eloquence and perspiration in behalf of a prisoner, perorated by saying: "Gentlemen, after what I have stated to you, is this man guilty? *Can* he be guilty? *Is* he guilty?"

Greatly to his disgust, the foreman of the jury, after a copious expectoration, replied: "You just wait a little, old hoss, and we'll tell you."

As the poker-player would say: "Foreman had the age, and counsellor passed out."

A LADY in Oregon sends us a curiosity of literature in the form of an advertisement published in a paper printed at Salem, in that State. It is that of an undertaker, who duly sets forth the extent and character of his business under the familiar motto of

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

THE Rev. Mr. ——, having occasion to make a professional visit some six miles distant, borrowed a conveyance. While passing under a railroad bridge on the Newtown Railroad, a train of cars overhead frightened the horse, which ran down the hill, upset the carriage, and spilled the minister and his son into the road, but not seriously injuring them. Walking homeward, the minister sat down for a moment's rest, when he was met by the owner of the horse and carriage, to whom he said:

"I've bad news for you; but 'twas not the horse's fault, nor mine. A train of cars caused the horse to run, and your carriage is smashed in pieces."

"Are you much hurt?" inquired his friend.

"No, thank God, I'm not badly hurt."

"And your son, is he all right?"

"Yes, he's safe. What do you think of the thing?"

"Well," replied the carriage-owner, "I think you've found *a new way of spreading the Gospel.*"

AT a stockholders' meeting of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, held in June, a lunch was given to the judges of the election. One of the gentlemen present helped himself to some *pâté de foie gras*, which did not prove to be of the best—in fact, was so poor that it was thought to be something else. Calling a colored servant he said: "What do you call that dish?"

The colored gentleman replied: "Sah, dat is Paddy McGraw."

A look into his face was conclusive that veracity prompted him, as he repeated: "Yes, Sah; dat is Paddy McGraw; a French dish, Sah."

A RUSTIC LOVE-LETTER.

DEAR JOHN (the letter ran),—it can't, can't be;
For father's gone to Chorley Fair with Sam,
And mother's storing apples; Prue and me
Up to our elbows making damson jam.
But we shall meet before a week is gone:
'Tis a long lane that has no turning, John.

Only till Sunday next, and then you'll wait
Behind the white thorn by the broken stile;
We can go round and catch them by the gate,
All by ourselves, for nearly one long mile.
Dear Prue won't look, and father he'll go on,
And Sam's two eyes are all for Cissy, John.

My dear, I don't think that I thought of much
Before we knew each other, I and you;
And now—why, John, your least, least finger-touch
Gives me enough to think a summer through.
See, for I send you something. There! 'tis gone!
Look in this corner; mind you find it, John!

THESE babes are alive in Brooklyn. Bertie, five years, and Gracie, three, are firm friends, and generally divide. Lately Bertie had half a cracker buttered, and a whole one unbuttered. He gave Gracie the whole one, and kept the buttered. A remark being made about his giving away the larger piece, Miss Gracie said, "Yes, he gave me the biggerest, and kept the butterest."

ANOTHER: Young and emphatic fathers should be guarded in their use of language in the presence of their impressionable offspring; as witness little Kenneth's (hardly four years

old) original adaptation of a favorite epithet of his father's. Speaking of a newly made canine acquaintance, he described him as a "*Confoundland new dog.*"

We are indebted to an old contributor for the following copy of a song which used to be a favorite, but is now quite forgotten:

On Springfield Mountain there did dwell
A like*ly* youth, and known full well—
A like*ly* youth of twenty-one,
Leftenant Curts's on*ly* son—
On*ly* son, on*ly* son, on*ly* son—
Leftenant Curts's on*ly* son.

One Monday morning he did go
Down to the meadow for to mow.
He mowed all day. At last he feels
A pison sarpent bite his heels—
Bite his heels, bite his heels, bite his heels—
A pison sarpent bite his heels.

He laid his scythe upon the ground—
He laid it down, and looked around
To see if nobody he couldn't espy
To carry him home that he might die—
That he might die, that he might die, that he might die—
To carry him home that he might die.

He looked around, but looked in vain—
No one was there to ease his pain;
So he made up his mind his time had come,
And laid his head on a cold stun—
On a cold stun, a cold stun, a cold stun—
And laid his head on a cold stun.

So this young man gave up the ghost,
And forth to Abraham's bosom did post
Out of the meadow he came to mow,
With nobody by to see him go—
To see him go, see him go, see him go—
With nobody by to see him go.

A St. Louis gentleman writes that some time ago two friends were together in New York, and happened to be standing at the entrance of a drug-store kept by a notable manufacturer of patent medicines. An Irishman came up to the window, and gazed in apparent admiration of a painting the doctor had just placed on exhibition, representing savages gathering buchu leaves.

"Well, Pat," said the doctor, "do you think the picture good?"

"Sure enough, yer honor," replied Pat; "but it ain't quite right."

"Why not?"

"Well, ye see, it needs one o' them there birds in the corner over there."

"What birds?"

"Well," said Pat, "I can't say exactly; but I mane them as says quack! quack! quack!"

Colonel Keogh, chairman of the Republican State Committee of North Carolina, happened to be in Charleston, South Carolina, recently, and was politely shown over the town by an ardent Democrat. It was on a beautiful evening. The conversation naturally drifted into politics, and Colonel K. was frequently assured by his Democratic friend that "since the wah, Sah," the people of the South had nothing to live for. At last they reached the Battery, and the colonel, looking out on the beautiful moon-lit bay, grew tired of hearing his guide's complaints, and exclaimed: "Well, you gentlemen of the South have much to be thankful for—a most productive soil, a magnificent climate, and—that moon; just look at that moon!"

For a moment the South-Carolinian was silent; but he rose to the occasion, and replied: "Oh, of course there's some truth in what you say, Sah; but you ought to have seen that moon *befoh the wah!*"

The speeches of *l'enfant terrible* on his first appearance at church are many and singular—not to be Irish about it—and they have not all been printed, either. This time his name was Fred, a bright little nephew of the writer, and he lived in Illinois—he was an Illanoyster, as Thatcher says. His mother had taken him to a concert where there were recitations and music. The piece which most captivated his youthful fancy was "Captain Jinks," which was sung with great *éclat* by a sober-sided fellow. The next Sunday was Fred's first day at church, and he watched with interest the progress of the exercises, keeping very still during the reading, and nearly through the "long prayer," when, becoming somewhat restive, he pulled at his mother's dress and asked, quite audibly: "Mamma, isn't it most time for 'Captain Jinks?'"

Not long ago, at one of those unique and in every way charming dinner parties which Dion Boucicault knows so thoroughly how to supervise, our old friend John Brougham was present, who had recently changed his residence.

"Where have you emigrated to now?" inquired the host.

"I have the pleasure of being a near neighbor of yours—at the stay-maker's just across the way," replied Brougham.

"Indeed!" said Dion—"a *strait-laced* family, no doubt."

"Of *corset* it is," was the quick response.

Politeness is a good thing, but as a general rule it is not regularly exercised among convicts in our prisons. Maine furnishes an exception, of which we have been apprised by a lady in Augusta, who writes:

"The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of this city appoints each month a certain number of its members, whose duty it is to hold religious services in the county jail on Sunday afternoons. After the meeting they mingle with the prisoners, talking with them, soliciting names for the temperance pledge, distributing reading matter, and sometimes flowers. On a recent Sunday the jailer unlocked the door communicating with the women's ward, where were two women who had not attended the meeting. One of the visit-

ors asked if they were the only women in jail. 'Yes,' was the smiling answer of one of the occupants of the room; 'there is only two of us now, but we expect *another lady* from Portland the first of next week.'"

A LITTLE five-year-old daughter of Dr. Pickens Taylor, of Georgia, was taken down with a spell of intermittent. It became necessary to administer quinine, which he did in the form of small capsules. In order to induce her to take them he told her that they were "little humming-birds' eggs, and were very nice." When the quinine had taken effect, she told her father, with great glee, that the little birds had hatched, and were singing in her head.

READER, didst ever attend a cake walk given by the colored folks? The writer has "assisted" at two or three of these social reunions, and very funny they are. They are usually given to aid some poor person or some deserving charity, and after the walk there is always a dance. Recently one of these heel-and-toe affairs was held in Lawrence, Kansas, and as the colored fiddler "called off" the cotillion he chanted the following anthem:

Git yo' pardners, fust kwatillion!
Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high;
Tune is, "Oh, dat water-million!
Gwine to git a home bimeby."

S'lute yo' pardners! scrape perlitely;
Don't be bumpin' 'gin de res',
Balance all! now step out rightly;
Alluz dance yo' level bes'.

Fo'ward, foak! whoop up, niggers!
Back agin! don't be so slow;
Swing cornahs! min' de figgers;
When I hollers, den yo' go.

Hands around! hol' up yo' faces;
Don't be lookin' at yo' feet;
Swing yo' pardners to yo' places!
Dat's de way—dat's hard to beat.

Sides fo'ward! when you's ready,
Make a bow as low's yo' kin;
Swing acrost wid op'sit lady!
Now we'll let yo' swap agin.

Ladies, change! shet up dat talkin';
Do yo' talkin' arter 'while;
Right and lef'! don't want no walkin';
Make yo' steps, an' show yo' style.

IT is not always safe to presume too much upon the gullibility of even very ignorant people. It will be remembered that soon after the close of our recent war the late esteemed Chief Justice Chase made a tour through the Southern States. He took with him a considerable amount of money in one-dollar greenbacks, which then had his portrait on their face. When he had occasion for any service from the negroes, he always handed out one of these bills, and the negroes, recognizing the likeness, soon declared that he was "Old Greenbacks himself." A sharp and unscrupulous adventurer thought he saw a road to fortune in this incident; so providing himself with some advertisements printed in the form of the greenback bills, and adorned at the left-hand end with a portrait of Chief Justice Chase, he proceeded to employ the negroes, and paid them for their work in these bogus bills. He succeeded for a time; but one day, offering one to an old darky, the man handed it back, saying, "No, massa, dat no good."

"What a fool you are!" said the adventurer, angrily; "don't you see that that's Old Greenback's face?"

"Yes, massa," said the negro, "dat's Old Greenback's face for shuah, but"—a little hesitatingly—"de rest ob it ain't a bit like he."

WE are indebted to a Binghamton lady for the following:

"Last Christmas-day the Episcopal church here was beautifully decorated—so much so that many outsiders came to view it, one of whom, as she gazed on its beauties, and inhaled the perfume of spruce and pine and balsam, feelingly remarked: 'How solemn it smells!' Some one else observed that she had heard of the 'odor of sanctity,' but never knew exactly, until now, what it was."

HERE are a couple of yarns from Connecticut:

Old Mr. E—— B—— was a very wealthy farmer. Hard-working, penurious, and worldly, he had reached his ninety-sixth year, but still persisted in working hard every day. One of his neighbors—an excellent man, himself over ninety years old, met him one day, and said: "Well, Mr. B——, we are getting to be pretty old men."

"Not so very old—not so very old," said the farmer, gruffly.

"But don't you think," persisted the other, "that we ought to be considering about the next world, and what our life will be there? We must very soon die, you know."

"Don't know about that—don't know about that," retorted the farmer. "Very few men die at my age."

OLD Squire C—— was postmaster, storekeeper, and autocrat of his village. He was the wealthiest man in it, but had the reputation of being also the sharpest and hardest man in his dealings with the poor, yet a drunken loafer in the village once outwitted him. This loafer—an old sot, generally known as "Sam"—came one day to the store trundling a wheelbarrow. The squire was seated on the front stoop of his store, and seeing him approach, called out: "Well, Sam, what are you after now?"

"Why, Squire C——," drawled the old rascal, most obsequiously, "I want a barrel of your best wheat flour, and I want to pay cash for it, too."

"Oho!" said the squire, "that's it, is it? Well, George"—turning to his clerk—"roll out a barrel of that Genesee flour, and help Sam

to put it on his wheelbarrow." This was soon done, and Sam very quietly began to wheel it away. The squire had not received his money, and he sprang up at once, and called: "Sam! Sam! you said you wanted to pay cash for that flour. Where's your money?"

"Wa'al, Squire C——," drawled Sam, "so I do *want* to pay cash for it, but, you see, I can't" —trundling the wheelbarrow off more and more rapidly with every word.

Squire C—— was so astounded at the loafer's impudence that he let the flour go.

One of the prominent stump-speakers in the last fall's campaign in Washington Territory was Judge ——, an old Oregon politician, who had somehow drifted over to the Sound. He was attacking the Northern Pacific Railroad Company for its failure to build its road across the continent, and, among other things, got off the following, which should be read with a strong nasal twang:

"Fellow-citizens, the promises of that company are very fair, but when dealing with them I am always afraid of an after-clap. In fact, from the time I was a boy up till now I have always been afraid of after-claps, and for one I'm not disposed to be like that man in the Bible they call Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of possums." (Loud applause and laughter.) "Fellow-citizens, I am not much of a Scriptorian, but on reflection I think it was a mess of potash." (Renewed applause, enlivened with cat-calls.)

Next day one of the judge's party, who had heard the speech, but didn't much like the judge, said: "Well, that's the last of that man in this country. We sha'n't be troubled with him any more. You can write on his forehead that Latin parable: '*Mene, mene, tekel, you frosein.*'"

Lord Beaconsfield, in appointing Canon Lightfoot to the see of Durham, the third best place of preferment in the Church of England ($40,000 a year), was true to his habit of remembering literary merit, other things being equal. In connection with Durham a story is told of a bishop of that see who died many years ago. He was one of the good old sort, who lived literally *en prince*, and had an appreciation of the bright side of life. When he was on his death-bed his chaplain was administering spiritual comfort to him, and consolingly remarked: "My lord, you will soon change this wicked world for a better home in heaven."

The dear old man was deeply moved, and replied: "It's all very well, my dear Sir, *but Auchland Castle for me!*"



"WILT THOU LOVE ME THEN AS NOW?"

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A COMPLIMENTARY ADDRESS TO OLD HICKORY.—INTERIOR OF BEN BEAN'S ("BARTON") HOUSE.

THE OLD NATIONAL PIKE.

THE national turnpike that led over the Alleghanies from the East to the West is a glory departed, and the traffic that once belonged to it now courses through other channels; but it is not simply because it is past that the few old men living who have reminiscences of it glow with excitement and exalt it in recalling them. Aroused out of the dreamy silence of their ebbing days by a suggestion of it, the octogenarians who participated in the traffic will tell an inquirer that never before were there such landlords, such taverns, such dinners, such whiskey, such bustle, or such endless cavalcades of coaches and wagons as could be seen or had between Wheeling and Frederick in the palmy days of the old national "pike;" and it is certain that when coaching days were palmy, no other post-road in the country did the same business as this fine old highway, which opened the West and Southwest to the East. The wagons were so numerous that the leaders of one team had their noses in the trough at the end of the next wagon ahead; and the coaches, drawn by four or six horses, dashed along at a speed of which a modern limited express might not feel ashamed. Besides the coaches and wagons, there were gentlemen travelling singly in the saddle, with all the accoutrements of the journey stuffed into their saddle-bags; and there were enormous droves of sheep and herds of cattle, which raised the dust like a cloud along their path. Once in a while Mr. Clay or General Jackson made an appearance, and answered with stately cordial-

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ity the familiar greetings of the other passers-by. Homespun Davy Crockett sometimes stood in relief against the busy scene, and all the statesmen of the West and South —Harrison, Houston, Taylor, Polk, and Allen among others—came along the road to Washington. The compactness of the traffic secured it from marauders to some extent, but the traveller by coach had his expedition spiced by the occasional assaults of highwaymen, who sprang out of the cloistral pines that in some places made perpetual night of the most brazen day. Nearly every mile had its tavern, and every tavern its pretty maid or jovial host. "The eating was the cream of the earth, Sir," said an old traveller to me. "I dined at Delmonico's last week, and my dinner was nothing to the venison cutlets and the ham and eggs and johnny-cakes of the pike;" which the reader may answer by saying that tastes are variable and unaccountable. Nevertheless, the cookery was excellent; and after the exhilaration of a gallop down a mountain without brakes, and the tonic air of the pines, what appetite would not be set on edge, what refinement of palate displeased, by venison cutlets, or even ham and eggs? There were rival lines of coaches, and the competition led to overdriving and many accidents. The passengers became partisans of the line by which they travelled, and execrated the opposition and its patrons. Sometimes two coaches of different lines would travel together, and as one passed the other the passengers in the vehicle left behind would threaten and gesticulate against the victors. The verbal menace was often emphasized by an exhibition of bowie-knives and pistols, which more than once led to the verge of a battle; but among themselves the passengers in each coach were fraternally intimate, and the driver was usually an old hand, who could tell stories by the hour to beguile his companions on the box seat.

The rival lines brought rival taverns into existence, and as the two opposition coaches drove into a town for supper, they pulled up before separate houses. But despite the animosities and competition of the time, the survivors of the old days are united in giving credit for the uniform excellence of all the taverns. They were clean, spacious, generously conducted, and in some instances so durably built that they are still in good condition. Shenstone's lines must have found a confirmatory echo in many minds as the coach whirled up before one of them. The white façade was checkered by the leaves of a sheltering chestnut or elm, and the fragrance of the locust mingled with the air. The glittering and gilded sign swung out from one of the branches, and a moss-grown trough overflowed and trickled melodiously before the porch, at one end of which an archway led into the stable-yard. The interior was substantially furnished, without filigree or veneer. The floors were sanded, and the beams in the ceiling were uncovered. An hour before the coach was due the landlord was to be found in a little alcove of the tap-room, transferring his liquors from demijohns to bottles, setting his glasses in single file, and bidding his servants make haste with the supper, of which there were already premonitory odors of the most appetizing kind. As the minutes to spare were reduced, the servants increased their activity, and the odors became more distinct. The villagers appeared at their doors; for the arrival of the coach, although a very familiar event, acquired a fresh interest from day to day, and as they glanced toward the curve at the foot of the hill, their anticipations were soon fulfilled. Here IT came, ahead of time, swaying and pitching perilously, the horses at full gallop, and the driver swinging his whip with a pistol-like snap over their heads. No sooner did mine host at the tavern hear it than, with a parting admonition to the kitchen, he hastened to the porch, and stood there with a smiling face, the picture of welcome, as the coach rounded up under the elms and chestnuts, and the driver threw his reins to the waiting hostlers.

Most of the travellers were the farmers, stock-raisers, and "merchandisers" of the West, dressed in homespun cloth and buckskin; but a few indicated a familiarity with the usages of polite society by their costumes, and in the case of the statesmen bound to Washington it was the custom to blend urbanity of speech with loftiness of manner in such discreetly measured proportions that the combination preserved the dignity of the representative and satisfied the self-esteem of the constituent with a degree of success that might excite the emulation of politicians in our own time. The reader need not be told how the landlord's smile expanded if among

the passengers who alighted was General Jackson, nor with what immense homage in his manner the simple Boniface exclaimed, "How do you do, General Jackson, SIR?" and bent double in obeisance to his guest. The general was very popular along the road, and as he stood at the little alcove bar in the tap-room, drinking a or lounged on the porch, where the locust was smelling sweetly, and in a few minutes the fresh horses, glossy and impatient, were harnessed, and the driver climbed into the box. Although there was no unreasonable haste, ten miles an hour, including delays, was not an unusual degree of speed. The passengers



ARRIVAL OF THE COACH AT AN OLD STAGE STATION.

"horn" of whiskey before the supper, he affably chatted and grasped the hands of all who accosted him.

If we were to repeat half that we have been told by those who ate them of the savoriness of the dinners and suppers, the tenderness of the venison, the flavor of the mountain trout, the succulence of the grouse, and the creaminess of the corn cakes, we should be set down as being sentimentally disposed to lavish praise on the past, and we dismiss the matter with a mere hint of their quality. After supper in the long low room with the uncovered beams and the sanded floor, the well-contented guests re-entered the tap-room, took their seats, the driver gathered in his reins, and the coach whirled away from the hospitable tavern in time to head off the opposition. As the sun lowered, the exhalations of the pines became more pungent, and the mountains looked lovelier than ever as the stars began to palpitate above the clear-cut ridges. It becomes questionable whether or not our means of locomotion in palace-cars are preferable to the coach in point of luxury, but it is certain that the extinction of the old tavern of the pre-railway period deprives the world of a very great boon. Not least among the merits of the ancient house was its moderate tariff: the charge for

meals along the old "pike" was twenty-five cents, and the whiskey, at five cents a glass, was never known to be associated with a headache.

According to Mr. John E. Reeside, of Washington, who drove over the road, four different kinds of coaches were used on the "pike" at different periods. The first was built at Cumberland by Abraham Russell, and carried sixteen passengers; and when this was found too cumbrous, a lighter vehicle, almost egg-shaped, and built at Trenton, was adopted. The latter was succeeded by the Troy coach, carrying nine passengers inside and two outside, which was finally superseded by the familiar Concord.



AN OLD GOVERNMENT TOLL-GATE, WITH WESTWARD-BOUND EXPRESS.

When other diversions were lacking, when there was no opposition to storm at, when all the good stories had been told, and the current events discussed until they were threadbare, the passengers sometimes amused themselves by holding letters at arms-length out of the windows and beckoning to the villagers, who, supposing that the missives were for them, would follow the coach for many a weary league. One day the trick was practiced upon Daniel Oster, who, to the gratification of the passengers, pursued the coach up a long and precipitous hill. The distance between him and them was so great that it did not seem likely that he could reach them. Oster was not to be trifled with, however. He knew that they had no letter for him, but he had a public-spir-

ited ambition to make an example of the inconsiderate wag. "Who has a letter for me?" he fiercely demanded, when he had overtaken the coach and ordered the driver to stop. None of the passengers answered, and Oster supplied himself with a variety of unpleasant-looking missiles. "If you don't confess which one it is, I'll pepper and salt the whole crowd," he said. Finding that the actual transgressor was willing to impose a vicarious sacrifice upon them, the passengers unimplicated surrendered him to Oster, who dragged him out of the coach and gave him a merciless thrashing. "Now," he said, as he lighted his pipe and walked down hill, "don't fool me any more;" and it is said that, in his neighborhood at least, the amusement soon became obsolete. He was well known along the "pike" for the force and integrity of his character. Although somewhat small in stature, he had immense courage and determination. One day a high-handed traveller refused to pay toll at a gate kept by an unprotected woman, and Oster, learning the circumstance, persistently followed him for a whole day. He left the road and went into the woods, still Oster was at his heels; he drew his pistols and threatened to shoot, but Oster, in the vernacular of Leadville, "got the drop on him." At last he offered to pay the toll, double, triple, quadruple. Oster was implacable. "I mean," he said, "to follow you into the next town and put you in the lock-up." He fulfilled his word, and only then was satisfied.



AN OLD STAGER.

The animosities between passengers by rival lines were intensified in the drivers,



RUINS OF OLD POST TAVERN.

and employed outriders. Some of the passes through the Alleghanies were as precipitous as any in the Sierra Nevada, and the mountains were as wild. Within a mile of the road the country was a wilderness, but on the highway the traffic was as dense and as continuous as in the main street of a large town.

The national road proper was built from Cumberland, Maryland, to Wheeling, Virginia, by the United States government, the intention being to establish it as far as St. Louis. It was excellently macadamized; the rivers and creeks were spanned by stone bridges; the distances were indexed by iron mile-posts, and the toll-houses supplied with strong iron gates. Its projector and chief supporter was Henry Clay, whose services in its behalf are commemorated by a monument near Wheeling. Henry Beeson, a former Congressman, was also an advocate of it, and on one occasion he made a public speech in which he showed the audience—so flexible is arithmetic combined with imagination—that from the number of horseshoes it would necessitate, and the number of nails, it was better adapted to promote trade than any railway could be. From Cumberland to Baltimore the road, or a large part of it, was built by certain banks of Maryland, which were rechartered in 1816 on condition that they should complete the work. So far from being a burden to them, it proved to be a most lucrative property for many years, yielding as much as twenty per cent., and it is only of late years that it has yielded no more than two or three per cent. The part built by the Federal government was transferred to Maryland some time ago, and the tolls became a political perquisite; but within the past year it has been acquired by the counties of Alleghany and Garrett, which have made it free.

and an instance is on record of a race which was ended by a prolonged "set-to." The teams were so well matched that, strained to the utmost, one could not pass the other, and when the drivers had exhausted their prolific vocabulary of invective, they decided to settle their differences by a combat—a resolve that was gleefully abetted by the passengers. Their proficiency and strength seemed to be as well balanced as the speed of the horses, and they buffeted one another for an hour or more before a decisive point was reached.

The traffic seems like a frieze with an endless procession of figures. There were sometimes sixteen gayly painted coaches each way a day; the cattle and sheep were never out of sight; the canvas-covered wagons were drawn by six or twelve horses with bows of bells over their collars; the families of statesmen and merchants went by in private vehicles; and while most of the travellers were unostentatious, a few had splendid equipages,

We have written of what is past. The canal and the railway have superseded the old national "pike," and it is not often now that a traveller disturbs the dust that lies upon it. The dust itself, indeed, has settled and given root to the grass and shrubbery, which in many places show how complete the decadence is. The black snakes, moccasins, and copperheads, that were always plentiful in the mountains, have become so unused to the intrusion of man that they sun themselves in the road, and a vehicle can not pass without running over them. Many of the villages which were prosperous in the coaching days have fallen asleep, and the wagon of a peddler or farmer is alone seen where once the travel was enormous. The men who were actively engaged on the road as drivers, station agents, and mail contractors are nearly all dead. The few that remain are very old, and while an inquiry about the past re-animates them for a moment, they soon lapse into the oblivion of their years. But the taverns, with their hospitable and picturesque fronts, the old smithies, and the toll-gates, have not been entirely swept away. Enough has been left undespoiled to sustain the interest and individuality of the highway, which from Frederick to Cumberland is rich by dower of Nature, independently of its past.

In a journey last summer we made Frederick our starting-point, and entered it from the fertile meadows basined in the Blue Ridge, which are as sunny and as tranquil as the description of them in



OLD NATIONAL PIKE BRIDGE.

Whittier's poem. It is a thrifty, orderly, prepossessing little town, with many exciting war reminiscences, and it is memorable for an old-time tavern of great excellence, with a spacious interior courtyard, having wide galleries around it, and flowers and a fountain in the middle; but that thrilling reminiscence of Whittier's embalmed in the stirring verses of "Barbara Frietchie," which have carried its name beyond the circulation of any gazetteer, is unfortunately numbered among those myths whose discovery deprives humanity of its not easily spared glory. To this effect, at least, is the testimony of the inhabitants, who, however, differ materially as to the actual circumstance. The man from whom we hired our carriage pointed out a little white cottage on the main street at one side of a bridge which spans a creek. "That's where Barbara Frietchie lived," he said, constantly referring to the poem as Mr. Whittaker's; "but Stonewall Jackson never passed that house, and Barbara never had a flag out. Mr. Whittaker's poem has no bottom to it, Sir. I was here, and I saw. Stonewall Jackson marched through the lane at the other side of the creek, and up the street, but he didn't pass Barbara Frietchie's while he was in town." Another version of the incident is that Lee passed the house and saluted the flag after his men had perforated it with bullets, and another ascribes the waving of the flag to a Mrs. Quantrell, past whose house Jackson and his soldiers marched. Even these shreds of semblance are controverted; but if old Barbara had never existed, the poem would lend an ever-fresh interest to the old house by the creek.

We hired a team to Cumberland. The driver assigned to us was named Leander, and with this pretty name he had a bullet-like head, close-cropped, and a villainous countenance which belied a most amiable disposition. Perhaps from an excess of amiability he was chronically affirmative; he concurred in everything that was said to him, quite regardless of stultification. To test the length of this remarkable compliancy, one day when we were driving along an unpropitious stream we said to him, "Good for trout, eh, Leander?" "Yes, Sir," he rejoined, emphatically, and without suspicion. "Shouldn't wonder if there were salmon too," we continued. "No, indeed!" "Or shad." "Yes, *Sir!*" "And maybe mackerel." Leander opened his eyes wider, and a doubt dawned over his criminal visage. "Well, hardly mackerel, Sir," he said, as diffidently as possible, as if willing to assent to almost any other fish. "He hasn't got education into him, and he ain't got business into him either," his employer told us, "but he'll treat you well;" and we found out that though not beautiful, he was good.

Leander's whip cracked, and Frederick was soon invisible in the foliage which engirths it. Placid meadows were on both sides of us; the Blue Ridge was like a cloud in the south, and ahead of us was the famous highway, dipping and rising by many alternations toward a hazy line of hills in the west, like a thread of white drawn through the verdant meadows. The chestnuts made arches over it, and divided its borders with tulip poplars and the blossoming locusts, which filled the air with fragrance. A Roman highway buried under the farm-lands of England could not be much more in contrast with the activity of its past than this. The winding undulations revealed no travellers; some of the old taverns with windows out gaped vacantly, while a few others were occupied; a part of the toll-houses were abandoned, and those which do double duty find so little business that the keeper combines his occupation with that of the cobbler or blacksmith. Reaching the crest of a hill we saw the Middletown Valley below us—as fair a prospect and as fertile and beautiful a reach of country as the world contains, and it was through here that Lee came "marching down, horse and foot, into Frederick town." South Mountain was purple in the west, and the gap of Harper's Ferry gave an inlet to the valley on the southwest. Up here the Union artillery swept the meadows, reaping a different harvest from that which is now ripening; and every acre has known the anguish and fierce heat of war's arbitrament. Midway in the valley, and bordering the highway, which courses in a straight line, stands the sleepy little village of Middletown, embowered in the chestnuts, oaks, and locusts. All the visible inhabitants were loafing and yawning under the foliage at the doors of the shops, on the porch of the tavern, or under the wide eaves of the cottages; and the same capacity for idleness, the same somnolence, noticeable in other little towns beyond, made the brilliant

coaching days of the past seem farther away than ever.

Then we toiled up the South Mountain, upon which the prolific growth of the chestnuts forms endless zigzag lines, dotted with occasional pines; the grade is very heavy, but the coaches went up at a gallop, and came down without brakes. On the farther side is Boonsborough, and between Boonsborough and Hagerstown the first macadam pavement used in the United States was laid. Hagerstown has suffered little by the withdrawal of the coaches; it is the busy and crowded seat of a Maryland county; but its old citizens lament the change, and cherish their reminiscences of the days when the "pike" was in its glory.

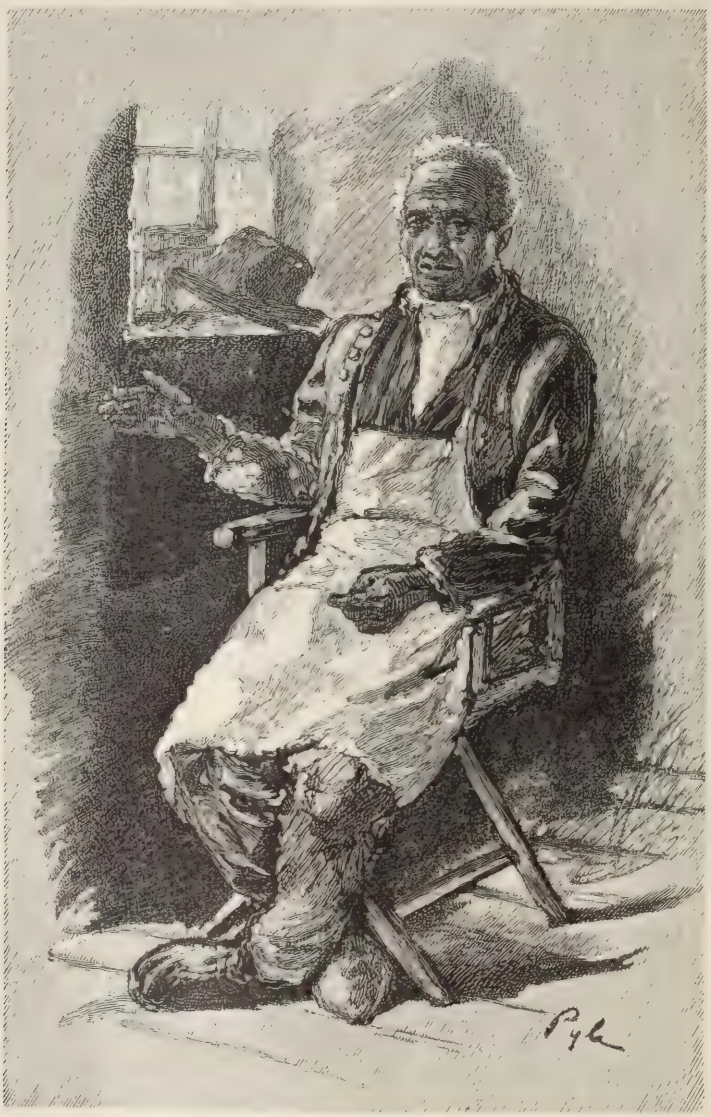
"From here to Boonsborough," said Mr. Eli Mobley, an old coach-maker, to us, "the road was the finest in the United States, and I have seen the mail-coaches travel from Hagerstown to Frederick, twenty-six miles, in two hours. That was not an unusual thing either; and there were through freight wagons from Baltimore to Wheeling which carried ten ton, and made nearly as good time as the coaches. They were drawn by twelve horses, and the rear wheels were ten feet high. Although there was so much traffic, the mountains were very wild, and sometimes you'd find a bear or a deer on the road. The snakes were *powerful* abundant. South Mountain was full of 'em—black snakes, copper-heads, moccasins, and rattlesnakes. I've seen Clay and Jackson often; neither of them was handsome, and one thing that strikes me is the fidelity of all the likenesses I've seen of 'em. Jackson and his family came along quite often, the family in a private carriage, and the general on horseback, which he changed now and then for a seat in the vehicle. He was very fond of horses, and his own were something to look at. Once I was in Wheeling when the general was expected to arrive; and a friend of mine, Daniel Steinrode, had purchased a team which he intended to present to him. Steinrode had a speech prepared, and the horses



LEANDER.

beautifully groomed. The arrival of the general was announced, and he went forth to meet him with the speech and the team; but when he reached the Ohio River, he found Jackson going down stream, and waving his hat to a crowd from the stern of the boat. Steinrode was very much crest-fallen, and I had to laugh at him until my sides ached." An echo of the mirth convulsed the old gentleman now; and when he recovered he spoke of Clay, who was "courteous, but not familiar." "One time Clay was coming East on the mail-coach, which was upset on a pile of limestone in the streets of Uniontown. After the accident he relighted his cigar, looked after the other passengers, and said, 'This, gentlemen, is undoubtedly mixing the Clay of Kentucky with the limestone of Pennsylvania.' Mr. Clay was a very witty man, and very clever too. He bowed to every one along the road who bowed to him."

Another survivor of the old "pike" is Samuel Nimmy—a patriarchal African, who "played tambourine" for General Jackson, and drove on the road for many years. He is an odd mixture of shrewdness, intelligence, and egotism. His recollections are vivid and detailed in point of names and dates, although he is eighty-six years old, and he describes his experiences in a grandiose manner that is occasionally made delicious by solecisms, or sudden lapses into negro colloquialisms. He lives in a comfortable cottage at Hagerstown; the walls of his parlor are hung with certificates of membership in various societies, and with various patriotic chromos; the centre table is loaded with books, principally on negro emancipation and the events of the civil war.



UNCLE SAM.



PREPARING FOR HIGHWAYMEN.

He continues a narrative in formal phrases and measured sentences for a long time without hesitating, and then, perhaps, a name slips him, and he murmurs, "Billy, Billy, Billy; Tom, Tom, Tom; Jack, Jack, Jack," until the elusive cognomen is caught.

West of Cumberland the road was bordered by an extraordinary growth of pines, the branches of which were so intermeshed that they admitted very little daylight, and from its prevailing darkness the grove was called the "Shades of Death." Uncle Sam Nimmy and others declare that on the most effulgent day not a ray ever penetrated it, and that it was *absolutely black*, which is a piece of picturesque exaggeration. It was very dark, however, according to the statements of more exact observers, including Mr. B. F. Reinhart, the well-known painter, and it afforded a favorable opportunity for highwaymen. "I had a very keen team, Sir," says Uncle Sam—"a very keen team indeed; and nobody knows more about a horse than I do. I drove that team, Sir, nine months without the least sickness to the horses, and I flatter myself that we had some rough service." The flattery that Uncle Sam applies to himself is immense. "Well, Sir, one night I was driving through the Shades of Death with a few passengers; it was darker than usual; it was Cimmerian—*Cimmerian*, Sir; and one said to me, 'Don't you hear the sound of horses walking?' I listened, and listened, and listened. I *did* hear the sound of walking, and seemed to see, although it was so dark, several figures in the wood. Some one then opened the pistol case and examined the weapons; the flint had been removed from each pistol, and *about that time, Sir, my hair began to get curly.* The passengers didn't like the way affairs were looking; and I thought that if big men were scared, there was no reason why a little one shouldn't be scared too." Uncle Sam is very diminutive; and after acknowledging his trepidation, he repeated, in a manner of great candor: "I ad-



AN OLD SMITHY.

mit it, Sir, I *was* scared; and I just assure you, gentlemen, that I made every horse tell until we came to a tavern. But I wasn't naturally timid; I was puzzled as to how the flints came out of those pistols, and we could never unravel the mystery. I've had a varied life, Sir, and always took an interest in general travel, to see if any one was bigger than I was. I started a company of volunteers in the war, and then started a lodge, and bought up all the blue cambric there was in town for sashes. We had a parade, and Hagerstown's never seen the like since she became a tavern. Next I started the Sons of Freedom, and came in contact with the law, because it was supposed we had an under-ground railroad in hand. I was vindicated, of course, and was as big as a dog at a hog-killing. I was born on the 29th of August, 1793, and I am just as bright as I ever was. I've been frozen on the box; but I never allowed anybody to compose upon me; can't jump as high as I used to could, and that's the only difference between me now and twenty years ago. Gentlemen, I make you my most humble obedience," he said; and as we left he called after us, "Don't forget the date—August 29, 1793."

Beyond Hagerstown the road is level and uninteresting, save for the capacious taverns, mostly in disuse, the stables and smithies, which time has left standing. Some of the old forges are exceedingly picturesque, notably one near Fairview, which, with its white front and the delicate gray of its shingled roof, was transcribed by the artist in a clever sketch. While the artist was working, the farrier left the blazing furnace and approached us. He contemplated the developing outlines with mixed admiration and interest for a few moments. "Well, well," he said, "and even *that's* a regular business, too!" He had a strange-looking dog with him, the breed of which we inquired. "I reckon," he answered, as he went back to the smithy—"I reckon this hyar dog is 'bout half yaller and half Spitz, and three-quarters Scotch terrier." There are many little lime-kilns along the road, and the gables of the farm-houses display numerous hawks spread out and nailed to the boards, presumably as a warning to other marauders of the same species. Late in the afternoon we reached Clear Spring, an old-fashioned village at the foot of another ridge of mountains, which the withdrawal of travel has left indigent. The one street drowses under the chestnuts, and the tavern of splendid proportions echoed our voices through its halls and corridors as we called the host, who was napping without any expectation of customers. There was a suggestion of possi-

ble industry over the tap-room door in a sign announcing that "no miners are allowed." "You have mines in the mountains, have you?" we inquired. "No, no," said the landlord, impatiently: "it means boys," he added, in explanation of the misleading orthography.

Three brothers named Boyd, all of them coaching veterans, lived in Clear Spring, and we had been referred to them for reminiscences of the road. First we asked for Thomas Boyd. "He's dead," we were told. "Sam Boyd?" "Dead too." "George Boyd?" "Dead." And thus are swept away, not singly, but in groups, the men who played an active part in the palmy days of the old "pike." In a yard at Clear Spring we found the last of the coaches, a massive vehicle in faded grandeur, with panelled landscapes and a superabundance of gilt ornamentation, with springs so flexible that the pressure of as light a foot as you please sways it, and with a commodious interior upholstered in crimson damask, out of which all the brilliancy has been extracted by time. An old negro was sleeping on the box, and the branches of the chestnuts were thrown over the roof. But in a moment imagination lifts us on the wings which span time and distance, the varnish is restored to its original lustrousness, the damask cushions acquire a freshness of dye, and in place of the abandoned wreck we see the resplendent coach of fifty years ago, seated on the box of which we spin away up the hill out of Clear Spring.

If the road between Hagerstown and Clear Spring is unattractive, between Clear Spring and Hancock it approaches in beauty the grandest passes of the Sierras; and to paraphrase a witty antithesis of Aldrich's, if there is a more charming journey in the world than that from Clear Spring to Hancock, it must be the journey from Hancock to Clear Spring. There is a salient resemblance between the scenery of the Alleghanies and that of the Sierras. The two ranges have the same dusky and balsamic profusion of evergreens, the same deep and ever-silent glens imprisoned by almost sheer walls of pine, the same continuity and multiplicity of ridges, and in many other superficial points the similarity is sustained. The difference in altitude is not observable without instruments, and the affinity continues to the end, with two exceptions. Above the evergreen ridges of the Sierras an occasional and perpetually snow-clad peak lifts a glistening apex to the azure; that is one difference; and while the majesty of the western mountains is harrowing, the beauty of the Alleghanies is invariably soothing and comprehensible.

The road begins the ascent of the mountain at Clear Spring, and is overarched with oaks, chestnuts, and sugar-maples. As the grade increases, the pines multiply, and near the summit the hardy evergreens are almost alone. The view expands, and through the tangled shrubs and loftier foliage, between which the road is cut, glimpses are revealed of pale green valleys and mountain walls, singularly even along their crests. At the summit of Sidling Hill there is an immense prospect of ridges beyond ridges, visible along their whole length, which look like the vast waves of a petrified ocean. The basin disclosed is of extraordinary extent, and the mountains are crowded together, with little more than gorges between, in which lie depths of blue and purple haze. The turmoil of traffic here, the beat of hoofs, the rumble of wheels, the tintinnabulations of the teamsters' bells, the bellowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, and the cries of the drovers, once so familiar, would now sound strangely inappropriate; but even in the travellers of long ago a thrill of novelty must have been excited by the stream of commerce flowing through these mountain confines.

From the crest we drove down the farther slope, which has a break-neck grade, through avenues of pines and over rushing little brooklets, spending their crystal force across the road, we passed Indian Springs, the site of a noted tavern, and many primitive log-cabins, which shelter the few agriculturists of the region, and in about an hour we came into a long narrow valley, with the Chesapeake canal embanked between the road and the flashing Potomac, on the farther side of which we could see the Baltimore and Ohio Railway traced in the mountain-side, with the oblique dip of the rock and the ferruginous color of the earth revealed. There was an old toll-house, with a pretty maid installed, who had no change for the coin we gave her, and who went calling across the fields for the domestic exchequer, "Oh, mother! Oh, mother!" so loudly that the mountains caught her voice, and repeated in the still evening air, with hollow, sepulchral mockery, "Oh, mother! Oh,

mother!" Not far beyond the toll-house a swift curve is made around an embankment, which extends far below, and here, at Millstone Point, one of the many fatal accidents of the old times occurred. Either when the driver was intoxicated or asleep, he drove his coach down the embankment, and several persons were killed. The overfast and reckless driving often led to disasters, the liability to which was compensated for in the minds of many passengers by the speed and exhilaration of the journey. At Millstone Point, also, a committee from Hancock once came out to meet General Jackson. Some excavations were being made in the neighborhood, and several blasts were fired in honor of the occasion as "Old Hickory" approached. "Didn't the detonations alarm your horse, general?" inquired a solicitous committee-man. "No, Sir," said Jackson, emphatically; "my horse and I have heard a similar sort of music before."

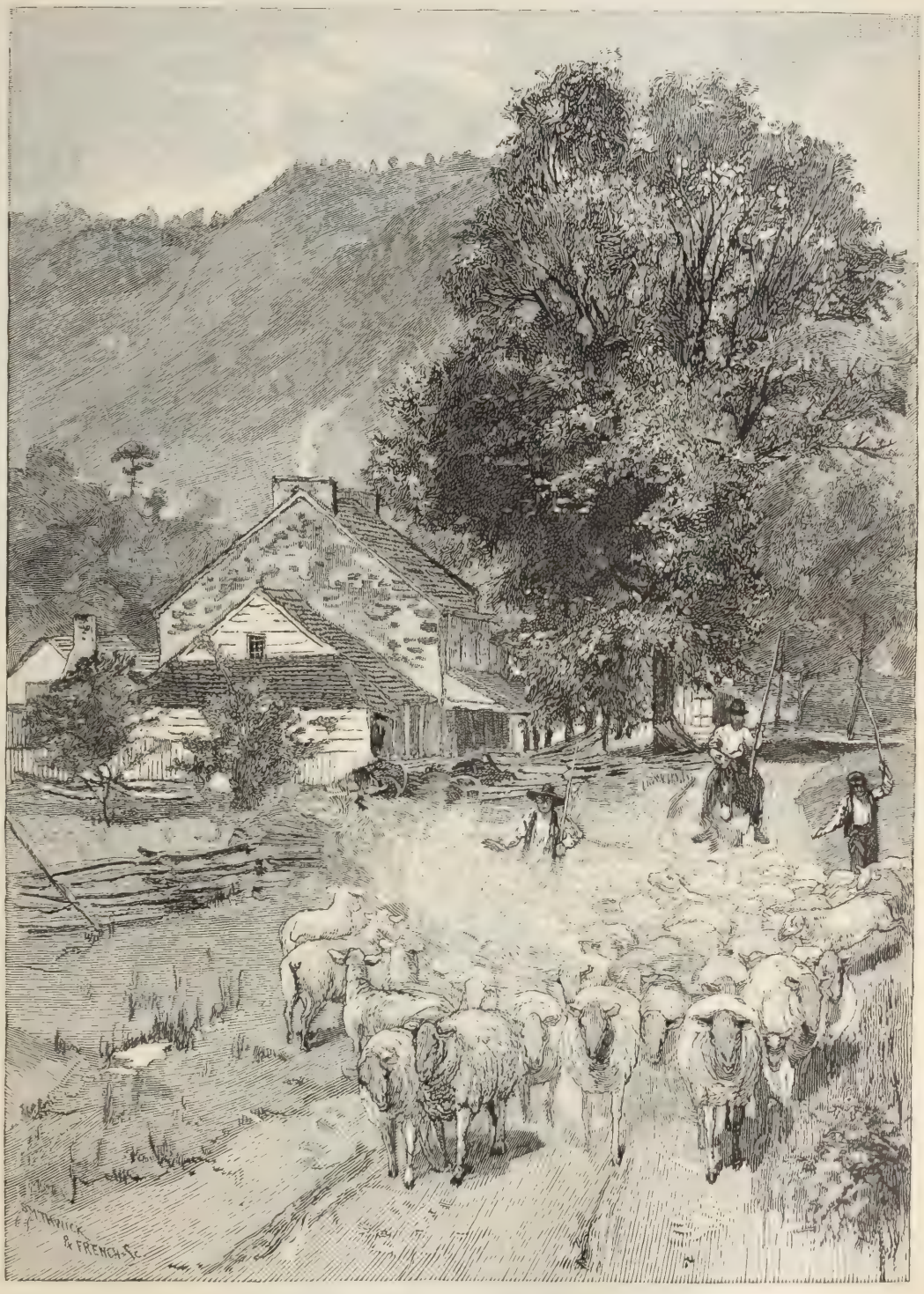
Hancock, which was one of the busiest villages on the road, is now lugubriously apathetic, and the citizens sit before their doors with their interest buried in the past. The main street is silent, and the stables are vacant. No one who ever travelled over the road can fail to remember the many excellences of Ben Bean's, which stood midway on the main street. The old house is still standing, in much the same condition that it always was—with a long white front shaded with chestnuts and locusts, with a trough of water rippling before the door, with a breezy and commodious porch, and with low-ceilinged apartments, cleanly sanded. But Ben Bean has long been gathered to his fathers, and the gayety and activity that made his tavern in a measure famous have left no echo. His successors are two precise and elderly nieces, who entertain summer boarders, and are timid about transient customers. The little alcove in the tap-room, where the glasses, flasks, and demijohns confronted the thirsty and exhausted traveller, is closed beyond appeal; perhaps that is for the better; but the tinkling of glasses and the hearty interchange of greetings and compliments that enlivened the room of old seem more desirable than the present vacancy and silence.

Between Hancock and Cumberland the road is almost deserted, and there is no tavern in over forty miles. We were told that we might find accommodations for the night at "Mrs. Bevans's," and as the day sped, and our horses showed the effects of toiling over mountain after mountain, Mrs. Bevans became a tremendous object of interest to us. Near sundown, when the silent valleys were flooded with the golden light of the afternoon, it was evident that our team was unfit to go much farther; but no habitation was in sight, although from time to time we saw an abandoned toll-house or tavern, and once we met a freckled boy, who said it was about five miles to "Mrs. Bevans's." We continued on for over six miles, and then we met a freckled and angular man, who said "Mrs. Bevans's" was about three miles farther. We labored over another mountain and down a rocky road, inclosed by the gloomy pines. At the foot, in a hollow, was a splendid old tavern, unroofed, moss-grown, windowless, and doorless. This was "Mrs. Bevans's" in the past, and at one side of it, in contrast with its massive masonry, was a small cabin of two rooms, with some six or seven unappetizing children about the door; this was the "Mrs. Bevans's" of the present. It was out of the question; the children took the edge off our hunger, and we urged the horses farther on, being informed that we would find a farm-house on the summit of the next mountain. We passed through a moist, malarial valley, and as we endeavored to assuage our craving for food with our pipes, the artist told a story that evoked a burst of laughter. At that moment we were in front of an odd, neglected-looking house, and a sallow man, with a long black goatee and mass of uncombed black hair falling over his shoulders, was weeding in a garden overgrown with weeds. He imagined he was the object of our mirth, and advancing to the high fence, he deliberately said, in drawling tones, "If you fellows don't get out of that, I'll put a bullet through you," and he re-appeared on the porch soon after with a musket in his hands. We were so innocent of offense, and he could have fulfilled his threat with such impunity, escaping to the mountains, and defying all pursuit, that we retired ingloriously; and the incident is mentioned here to show the primitive simplicity of certain dwellers by the old highway. The isolation and wildness of the region made it a favorite ground of the bushwhackers, from whom the Union soldiers suffered more than elsewhere during the late war.

"A nice fellow that," said we to Lean-

der, when we had reached a safe distance. "Yes, indeed, Sir," said he. "You'd have fired back, wouldn't you?" "Yes, Sir," answered Leander, as compliantly and emphatically as ever; but, as a matter of fact, he had no weapon, and his answer was dictated by his customary affirmativeness.

The sun had gone down when we attained the next summit; but we were received for the night in an old farm-house by a grizzled old farmer. "Can you give us something good for supper?" we eagerly inquired. "Well," said he, with readiness, "that depends upon what you consider good. Some folks are satisfied with pig and bread; others turn up their noses at beefsteak and onions. I've seen a man sneer at boiled pork and turnips. Now we ain't got anything as good as that: but we've good milk and bread and ham." We would have been glad to compromise



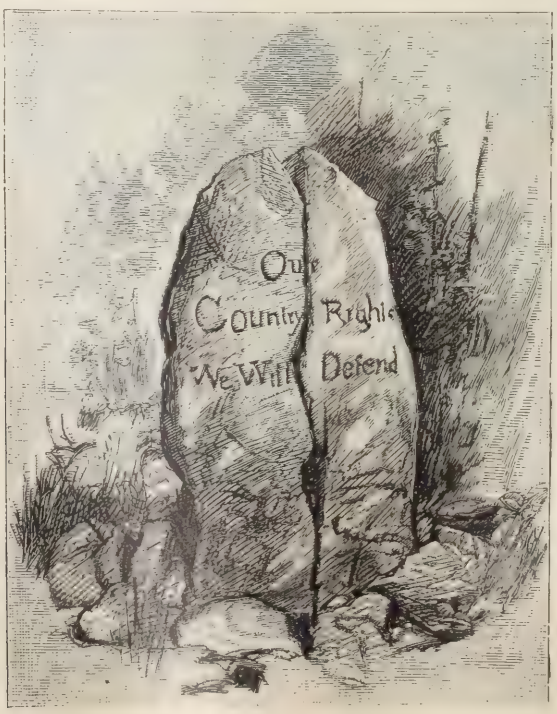
OLD WAY-SIDE TAVERN.

with him on something much inferior to the supper he served us; and when we had eaten we sat with him on his porch, where we could hear the throbbing note of the whip-poor-will and the ghostly screech of the owls. It was intensely quiet and lonely on the mountain. A herd of tame deer browsed about the garden, and once or twice we heard a sound like that of a wild-cat in the dense woods surrounding. The old farmer talked about the "pike." "The loss of it isn't very bad," he said. "When it was at its height all the people along here depended on it for a living, and now they're driven to farmin', which is much better for them." We slept well, partitioned from a numerous family by a board; there were a few insects, but we had become accustomed to much larger numbers, and after breakfast in the morning we paid our bill, which was not exorbitantly fixed at seventy-five cents, and resumed our journey, reaching Cumberland early in the afternoon.

Cumberland benefited largely by the "pike," especially when it was the western terminus of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, and the point of transfer for passengers and freight going further west or east. A paragraph in the local annals announces that "the extent of passenger travel over the national road during 1849 was immense, and the reports of the agents show that from the 1st to the 20th of March the number of persons carried was 2586." Four years later, in 1853, the same annals announce the completion of the railway to Wheeling. "The effect was soon felt in Cumberland, as most of the stage lines were taken off, and the great business of transferring merchandise at this point was largely diminished." But while Cumberland was the busiest dépôt on the "pike" when that route was superseded, it continued to succeed through other resources, and it is now an active town.

Among the old inhabitants is Samuel Luman, who was formerly one of the best-known drivers between Wheeling and Cumberland. One night when he was coming through the "Shades of Death" he was attacked by highwaymen. He had an exciting quarter of an hour, which he will never forget, but he escaped without injury to himself or his passengers.

West of Cumberland the national road proper extends to Wheeling, partly following the route of General Braddock, who has left an interesting old mile-stone at Frostburg. The old iron gates have been despoiled, but the uniform toll-houses, the splendid bridges, and the iron distance posts show how ample the equipment was. The coaches ceased running in 1853; the "June Bug," the "Good Intent," and the "Landlord's," as the various lines were called, sold their stock, and a brilliant era of travel was ended.



AN OLD MILE-STONE.



FAMILY OF BISHOP BERKELEY.—[JOHN SMYBERT.]

EARLY AMERICAN ART.

DURING the first century of our colonial existence, local artists, often scarcely deserving the name, are known to have gained a precarious livelihood by taking meagre portraits of the worthies of the period in black and white or in color. We should know this to have been the fact by the portraits, quaint, and often rude and awkward, which have come down to us, without anything about them to indicate what artist painted them. Occasionally in these canvases, from which the stiff ruffles and bands of the Puritans stare forth at us, a suggestion of talent is evident. Cotton Mather alludes to a certain artist, whom he speaks of as a limner. But in those times there was, at best, no art in this country except what was brought over occasionally in the form of family portraits, painted by Vandyck or Rembrandt, Lely or Kneller. These precious heirlooms, scarcely appreciated by the stern theologians of the time, were, however, not without value in advancing the cause of civilization among the wilds of the Western world. Unconsciously the minds of coming generations were influenced and moulded by these reminders of the great art of other lands and ages.

The first painter in America of any decided ability whose name has come down to us was John Watson, who executed portraits in Philadelphia in 1715. He was a Scotchman. It is to another Scotchman, who married and identified himself with the rising fortunes of the colonies, that we are, perhaps, able to assign the first distinct and decided art impulse in the United States. We owe to Bishop Berkeley the most notable impulse which the dawning arts received in this country, when he induced John Smybert to leave London, in 1725, and settle in Boston, where he had the good fortune to marry a rich widow, and lived prosperous and contented until his death in 1751. Smybert was not a great painter. If he had remained in Europe, his position never would have been more than respectable, even at an age when the arts were at a low ebb. But he is entitled to our gratitude for perpetuating for us the lineaments of many worthies of the period, and for the undoubted impetus his example gave to the artists who were about to come on the scene, and assert the right of the New World to exercise its ener-

gies in the encouragement of the fine arts. It is by a comparatively unimportant incident that the influence of Smybert on our early art is most vividly illustrated. He brought with him to America an excellent copy of a Vandyck executed by himself, and several of our artists, including Allston, acknowledged that a sight of this copy affected them like an inspiration. The most important work of Smybert in this country is a group representing the family of Bishop Berkeley, now in the Art Gallery at New Haven.

A flock of foreign portrait painters, following the example of Smybert, now came over to this country, and rendered good service in perpetuating the faces of the notable characters and beauties of the time; but none of them were of special moment, excepting, perhaps, Blackburn and Alexander. But their labor bore fruit in preparing the way for the successes of Copley.

The first native American painter of merit of whom there is any authentic record was Robert Feke, who was of Quaker descent, and settled in Newport, where portraits of his are still to be seen, notably that of the beautiful wife of Governor Wanton, which is preserved in the Redwood Library. What little art education he received resulted from his being taken prisoner at sea, and carried to Spain, where he contrived to acquire a few hints in the use of pigments. Feke was a man of undoubted ability, and the same may be said of Matthew Pratt, of Philadelphia, who was born in 1734, in respect of age antedating both Copley and West, although not known until after they had acquired fame, because for many years he contented himself with the painting of signs and house decorations.

But the latent æsthetic capacity of the colonies displayed itself suddenly when John Singleton Copley, in his eighteenth year, and after only a most rudimentary instruction, adopted art as a profession. But although a professional and successful artist while a mere youth, Copley seems to have been preceded in assuming the calling of artist by a lad of Pennsylvania, one year his junior, but evincing a turn for art at a still earlier age, when hardly out of the cradle.

The birth of a national art has scarcely ever been more affecting or remarkable than that recorded in the first efforts of Benjamin West. He was born at Springfield, Pennsylvania, in 1738, a year after Copley. The scientist of the future may perhaps show us that it was something more than a coincidence that the six leading painters of the first period of American art came in pairs: Copley and West were born in 1737 and 1738, Stuart and Trumbull in 1756, Vanderlyn came in 1776, and Allston followed only three years later.

The descendants of the iconoclasts who had beaten down statues and burned masterpieces of art, who cropped their hair, and passed sumptuary laws to fulfill the dictates of their creeds, and sought a wilderness across the seas, where they could maintain their rigid doctrines unmolested, were now about to vindicate the character of their fathers. They were now to prove that the love of beauty is universal and unquenchable, and that sooner or later every people, kindred, and tongue seeks to utter its aspirations after the ideal good by art forms and methods, and that the sternness of the Puritans had been really directed not so much against art and beauty legitimately employed, as against the abuse of the purest and noblest emotions of the soul.

West was of Quaker lineage. Such was the rude condition of the arts in the neighborhood at that time that his first initiation into art was as simple as that of Giotto. At nine years of age he drew hairs from a cat's tail, and made himself a brush. Colors he obtained by grinding charcoal and chalk, and crushing the red blood out from the blackberry. His mother's laundry furnished him with indigo, and the friendly Indians who came to his father's house gave him of the red and yellow earths with which they daubed their faces. With such rude materials the lad painted a child sleeping in its cradle, and in that first effort of precocious genius executed certain touches which he never surpassed, as he affirmed long after, when at the zenith of his remarkable career.

How, from such primitive efforts, the Quaker youth gradually worked into local fame, went to Italy and acquired position there, and then settled in England, became the favored protégé of the king for forty years, and the president of the National Academy of Great Britain—these are all matters of history, and, as West never forgot his love for his native land, entitle him to the respectful remembrance not only of artists, but of all his



"DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE."—[BENJAMIN WEST.]

countrymen. American art has every reason, also, to cherish his memory with profound gratitude, for no painter ever conducted himself with greater kindness and generosity to the rising, struggling artists of his native land. No sooner did our early painters reach London than they resorted for aid or guidance to West, and found in him a friend who lent them his powerful influence without grudging, or allowed them to set up their easels in his studio, and gave them all the instruction in his power. Trumbull, Stuart, Dunlap, and many others, long after they had forgotten the natural foibles of West, had reason to remember how great had been the services he had rendered to the aspiring artists of his transatlantic home.

Benjamin West appears to have been born with great natural powers, which matured rapidly, and early ceased to develop in excellence proportioned to his extraordinary industry and fidelity to his art.

But while a general evenness of quality rather than striking excellence in any particular works was the characteristic of the art of West, together with a certain brick-red tone in his colors, not always agreeable, yet a share of genius must be granted to the artist who painted "The Departure of Regulus," "Death on the Pale Horse," and "The Death of Wolfe." It unquestionably implied daring and consciousness of power to brave the opposition of contemporary opinion and abandon classic costume in historical compositions. In this innovation he won to his side the judgment of Sir Joshua Reynolds and effected a revolution in certain phases of art. Notwithstanding this, however, West was emphatically a man of his time, moulded by it rather than forming it, and inclined to conventionalism; when he entered the arena, art was in a depressed condition both in Italy, where he studied, and in England. When Reynolds and Gainsborough gave a fresh impulse to art, West's genius had already matured, and was incapable of making further progress.

West established himself as a portrait painter at the age of fifteen, and in the following year (1755) Copley also engaged in the same pursuit, when only seventeen. The former lived to be seventy-nine, the latter was seventy-eight at his death. The art life of Copley must be considered the most indigenous and strictly American of the two. Although receiving some early instruction from his step-father Pelham, and enjoying opportunities, denied to West, of studying portraits by foreign artists, yet Copley's advantages were excessively meagre; and whatever successes he achieved with his brush, until he finally settled in England, at the age of thirty-nine, were entirely his own, and can be proudly included among the most valued treasures of our native art. So highly



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.—[COPLEY.]

were the abilities of Copley esteemed in his day that years before ever he crossed the Atlantic his reputation had preceded him, and assured him a welcome and ready patronage in London.

It is said that Copley was a very slow and laborious worker. The elaboration he gave to the details of costume doubtless required time. But if the popular opinion was correct, we must assume that many of the paintings now reputed to be by his hand are spurious. It is a common saying that a Copley in a New England family is almost equivalent to a title of nobility, and this very fact would lead many to attribute to him family portraits by forgotten artists who had perhaps caught the trick of his style. But there yet remain enough well-authenticated portraits by this great painter in excellent

preservation to render the study of his works one of great interest to the art student.

There is no mistaking the handling of Copley. Self-taught, his merits and defects are entirely his own. His style was open to the charge of excessive dryness, the outlines are sometimes hard, and the figures stiff almost to ungracefulness. The last fault was, however, less noticeable in the formal, stately characters and costumes of the time than it would be under different conditions. In Copley's best compositions these errors are scarcely perceptible. He was far superior to West as a colorist, and was especially felicitous in catching the expression of the eye, and reproducing the elegant dress of the period, while we have had no artist who has excelled him in perceiving and interpreting the individuality and character of the hand. A very fine example of his skill in this respect is seen in the admirable portrait of Mrs. Relief Gill, taken when she was eighty years old. No painter was ever more in sympathy with his age than Copley, and thus when we look at the admirable portraits in which his genius commemorated the commanding characters of those colonial days, in their brilliant and massive uniforms, their brocades and embroidered velvets and choice laces and scarfs, the imagination is carried back to the past with irresistible force, while at the same time we are astonished at the ability which, with so little training, could give immortality both to his contemporaries and his art.

While the fame of Copley will ultimately rest on the masterly portraits which he bequeathed to posterity, yet it will not be forgotten that he was one of the ablest historical painters of his time. The compositions entitled "The Boy and the Squirrel" (painted in Boston), the "Death of Major Pierson," and the "Death of Chatham," will contribute for ages to the fame of one of the most important American artists of the last century.

Charles Wilson Peale, the next artist of repute in the colonies, owes his celebrity partly to accidental circumstances. Of course a certain degree of ability is implied in order that one may know how to turn the winds of fortune to the best account when they veer in his favor. But in some cases, as with Copley and West, man seems to wrest fate to his advantage, while in others Fortune appears to throw herself in his way, and offer him opportunities denied to others. At any rate, it seems no injustice to ascribe the continued fame of Charles Wilson Peale to the fact that he was enabled to associate his art with the name of Washington, and that his son Rembrandt, by also following art pursuits, was able to emphasize the fame of the family name. Peale the elder was not a specialist; he was rather like so many born in America, gifted with a general versatility that enabled him to succeed moderately well in whatever he undertook, without achieving the highest excellence in any department. Inclining alternately to science and mechanics, he



"CHILDREN IN THE WOOD."—[C. W. PEALE.]



"DEATH OF MONTGOMERY IN THE ATTACK ON QUEBEC."—[J. TRUMBULL.]

finally drifted into art, went over to England and studied with West, and returned to America in time to enter the army and rise to the rank of colonel. His versatile turn of mind is well illustrated by one who says that "he sawed his own ivory for his miniatures, moulded the glasses, and made the shagreen cases."

It was the good fortune of Peale to paint several excellent portraits of Washington, representing him during the military part of his career both before and during the Revolution. Lacking many of the qualities of good art, these portraits are yet faithful and characteristic likenesses of the Father of his Country, and as such are of very great interest and value.

It is to another Revolutionary soldier of superior natural genius, Colonel John Trumbull, that the country is indebted for a proof of the national taste for the fine arts. The son of Jonathan Trumbull, colonial Governor of Connecticut, he received a classical education at Harvard University. But here again observe the far-reaching influence of one act. That copy already alluded to, which was executed by Smybert after a work of Vandyck, the great painter who was welcomed to the banqueting halls of merry England by Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, was again to bear fruit. It inspired the genius of Trumbull with a passion for color while yet in his youth, and ultimately led to his becoming a great historical painter.

But first he had to undergo the storm of war, which gave him that experimental knowledge of which he afterward made such good use. Of a high spirit and proud, irascible temper, Trumbull served with distinction: was major at the storming of the works of Burgoyne at Saratoga, and had reached a colonelcy, when he threw up his commission, and went over to England and became a student of West, whose style is perceptible in many of the works of the younger artist.

If inequality is one sign of genius, then Trumbull possessed it to a marked degree. The difference in merit between his best paintings, which were chiefly composed in England, and those he executed in this country in the later years of his life, is remarkable. This probably was due in part to the lack of any appreciable art influences or patronage in his own country to stimulate the artistic afflatus. The genius of Trumbull was conspicuous in portraiture and historical painting. The energy

of his nature is illustrated in such powerful portraits as those of Washington and Hamilton. Deficient in drawing, and unlike the originals in details of feature, they are life-like in their general resemblance, and thrill us with the spirit of those whom they represent. We see before us the heroes who conducted the struggling colonies successfully to military independence and political freedom. Trumbull's miniatures in oil of many of the men who were prominent in the Revolution are also very spirited and characteristic, and of inestimable historic value. He was less successful in the representation of feminine beauty. The range of his talents was limited, but within that narrow area they displayed certain excellences quite rare in the Anglo-Saxon art of that period. Within that limit he was moved by a correct feeling for color and exhibited great force of expression. But let him stray beyond the compass of his powers, as in the representation of woman, and his coloring becomes unnatural, his drawing inexpressive.



GENERAL KNOX.—[GILBERT STUART.]

The art of this great painter, for so we must call him in view of some of his works, culminated in the historical compositions entitled "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence," "The Siege of Gibraltar," and the immortal paintings representing the "Death of Montgomery" and the "Battle of Bunker Hill." The last two were not surpassed by any similar works in the last century, and thus far stand alone in American historical painting. Cabinet in size, they combine breadth

and detail to an unusual degree. The faces are in miniature, in many cases portraits from life. They could be cut out and framed as portraits; each also is stamped with the individual passions of that terrible hour—hate, exultation, pain, courage, sorrow, despair. And yet with all this truth of detail the general spirit and effect of the scene is preserved. The onward movement, the rush and the onset of war, the harmony of lines, the massing of chiar-oscuro, the brilliance and truth of color—all are there. One gazes first astonished at the skill of the artist, and ends by feeling his heart stirred, and his emotions shaken as the leaves of the forest are blown by the winds of October, and his sympathies carried away by the grandeur and the terror of battle. Yes, when John Trumbull painted those two pictures, he was inspired by the fires of genius for once in his life. His later historical works are so inferior in all respects as scarcely to seem to be by the same hand.

Trumbull lived to see a taste for the arts growing up among his fellow-countrymen, and the first feeble attempts to furnish art instruction in his native land to the artists of the future. He was president of the Academy of Fine Arts, of which he was one of the founders.

In the same year with Trumbull was born the greatest colorist and portrait painter we have seen on this side of the Atlantic, Gilbert Stuart. The town of Narragansett, in the little State of Rhode Island, was the birth-place of this painter, who came of Scotch and Welsh descent—an alliance of blood whose individual traits are well illustrated in the life and character of the painter.

Fortune was becoming a little kinder to our artists. Stuart's dawning genius was directed at Newport by Cosmo Alexander, a Scotch portrait painter of some merit, who took his pupil to Scotland and placed him in charge of Sir George Chambers. After various vicissitudes, including, like so many of our early painters, an art apprenticeship in the studio of West, the young American artist settled for a while abroad, and acquired such repute that he rivalled Sir Joshua Reynolds in the popular esteem; his brush was in demand by the first in the land, and the unfortunate Louis XVI. was included among his sitters.

After this, in 1793, Stuart returned to America, painted the portraits of our leading citizens in our chief cities, and finally settled in Boston. The most important works he executed in this country were his well-known portraits of Washington, including the famous full-length painting which represents the great man, not in the prime of his active days, as represented by Peale and Trumbull, but when, crowned with glory and honor, in the majesty of a serene old age, he was approaching the sunset of life.

The character of Stuart was one of marked peculiarities, and offers points of interest scarcely equalled by that of any other American artist. The canny shrewdness and penetrating perception of the Scotchman were mellowed almost to the point of inconsistency by the warm and supple traits of his Welsh ancestry. An admirable story-teller himself, he in turn gave rise by his oddities to many racy anecdotes, some of which have been treasured up and well told by Dunlap, who, if inferior as a painter, deserves to be long and cordially remembered for his discursive but valuable book on early American painters.

As regards the art of Stuart, it can be safely affirmed that America has produced no painter who has been more unmistakably entitled to rank among men of genius. He followed no beaten track; he gave in his allegiance to no canon of the schools. His eagle eye perceived the secrets of nature according to no prescribed rules. Not satisfied with surfaces or accessories, he gave us character as well. Nor did he rest here. In the technical requirements of his art he stands original and alone. That seemingly hard, practical Scotch nature of his was yet attuned like a delicate chord to the melody of color; few more than he have felt the subtle relation between sound and color, for he was also a musician. In the handling of pigments, again, he stands pre-eminent among the artists of his generation. Why is it that his colors are as brilliant, as pure, as forcible, as harmonious to-day as when he laid them on the canvas nearly a century ago? If you carefully examine his pictures, you shall see one cause of the result explained. He had such confidence in his power, and such technical mastery, that he needed not to experiment with treacherous vehicles, and rarely mixing tints on the palette, laid pure blues, reds, or yellows directly on the canvas, and slightly dragged them together.



"BEGGAR'S OPERA."—[G. STUART NEWTON.]

Thus he was able to render the stippled, mottled appearance of color as it actually appears on the skin, to suggest also the prismatic effect which all objects have in nature, and at the same time, by keeping the colors apart, to insure their permanence. Stuart generally painted thinly on large-grained canvas, which gave the picture the softness of atmosphere. But sometimes, as in the case of the powerful portrait of General Knox, he loaded his colors. But even in that work he did not depart from his usual practice in rendering the flesh-tints.

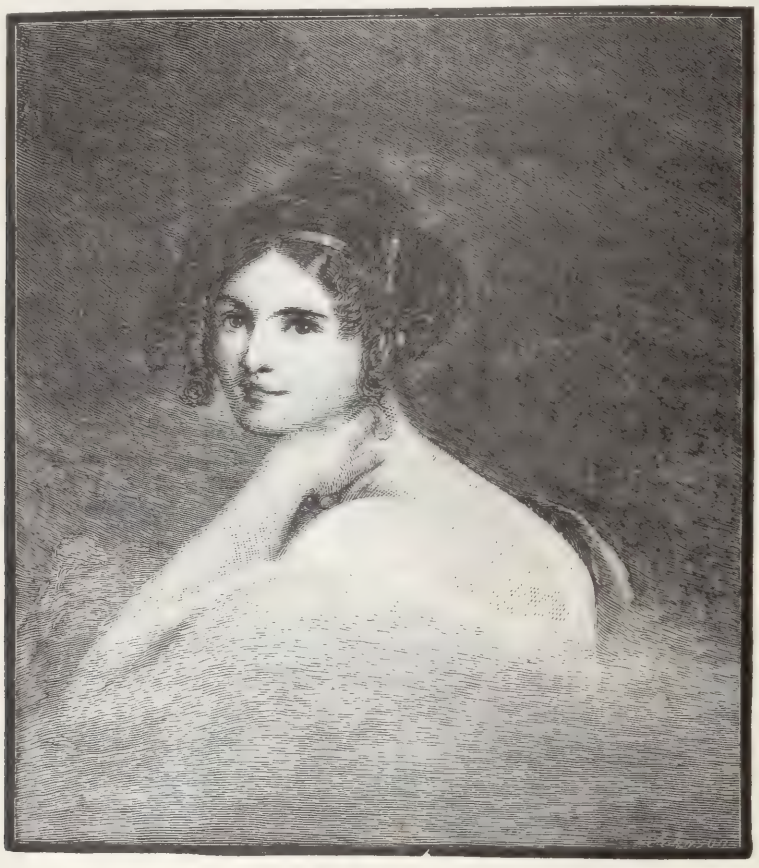
It has been alleged by some that Stuart was unable to do justice to the delicate beauty of women, especially the refined type which is characteristic of the United States. He may have more often failed in this regard than in other efforts, but the force of the accusation disappears when one observes the extraordinary loveliness of such portraits as that of Mrs. Forrester, the sister of Judge Story, at Salem. But, indeed, it seemed to make little difference to him who the sitter happened to be. He entered into the nature of the individual, grasped the salient traits of his character, and whether it was a seaman or a statesman, a triumphant general or a reigning belle, his unerring eye and his matchless brush rendered justice to each personality.

Gilbert Stuart Newton, the nephew of Stuart, is a painter well known in England, where he early established himself; and having been born at Halifax, and always remained a British subject, he more properly belongs to foreign art. But his education was gained in the studio of his uncle in Boston, and his style shows unmistakable traces of the teacher's methods. Newton executed some good portraits before abandoning his native land, including one of John Adams, which is in the Massachusetts Historical Society. He is known abroad as a genre painter of semi-literary compositions.

James Frothingham also was a pupil, and in some degree an imitator, of Stuart who possessed unusual ability in portraiture. But it was confined to the painting of the head; whether from the lack of early advantages, which was so remarkable that he had not even seen a palette when, self-taught, he was able to execute a very tolerable likeness, or because of natural limitation of power, Frothingham's talent seemed to stop at the neck of the sitter. The face would perhaps be re-

produced with a force, a beauty, a truth of color and character, that oftentimes suggested the art of Stuart, while the hands or shoulders were almost ludicrously out of drawing and proportion. Besides Frothingham, there were a number of painters of celebrity, contemporaries of Stuart, but unequal merit. Colonel Sargent acquired a repute in his time which popularity as a portrait painter. He was possessed of great versatility, was eccentric, a *bon-vivant*, and excelled at telling a story. It is melancholy to record that after many vicissitudes he ended his days in poverty.

Thomas Sully was also a native of England, who came to this country in childhood, and lived so recently that it is diffi-



FANNY KEMBLE.—[SULLY.]

it is difficult to understand at present. He seems to have been more of an amateur than a professional artist. His ablest work is the "Landing of the Pilgrims," of which a copy is preserved at Plymouth. Rembrandt Peale obtained a permanent reputation for his very able and truthful portrait of Washington. He bestowed upon it the best efforts of his mature years, and it received the compliment of being purchased by Congress for $2000—a large sum for an American painting in those days, when the purchasing power of money was greater than it is now. "The Court of Death," by Peale, is an ambitious painting, which had a wide repute at one time, but some of his simpler compositions were of more artistic value. John Wesley Jarvis, a native of England, likewise enjoyed at one time much

cult to realize that he was the contemporary of Trumbull and Stuart. Sully had great refinement of feeling; this is shown in a certain favorite ideal head of a maiden which he reproduced in various compositions. One often recognizes it in his works. His portraits are also pleasing, but in the treatment of a masculine likeness the feebleness of his style and its lack of originality or strength are too often apparent.

John Neagle, of Philadelphia, was a pupil of Sully, but first began his art career as apprentice to a coach painter. Like many of our artists of that time, he tried his hand at a portrait of Washington, but he will be longest and best remembered by his vivid and characteristic painting of Patrick Lyon, the blacksmith, at his forge. This picture now hangs in the elegant



"THE HOURS"—[MALBONE.]

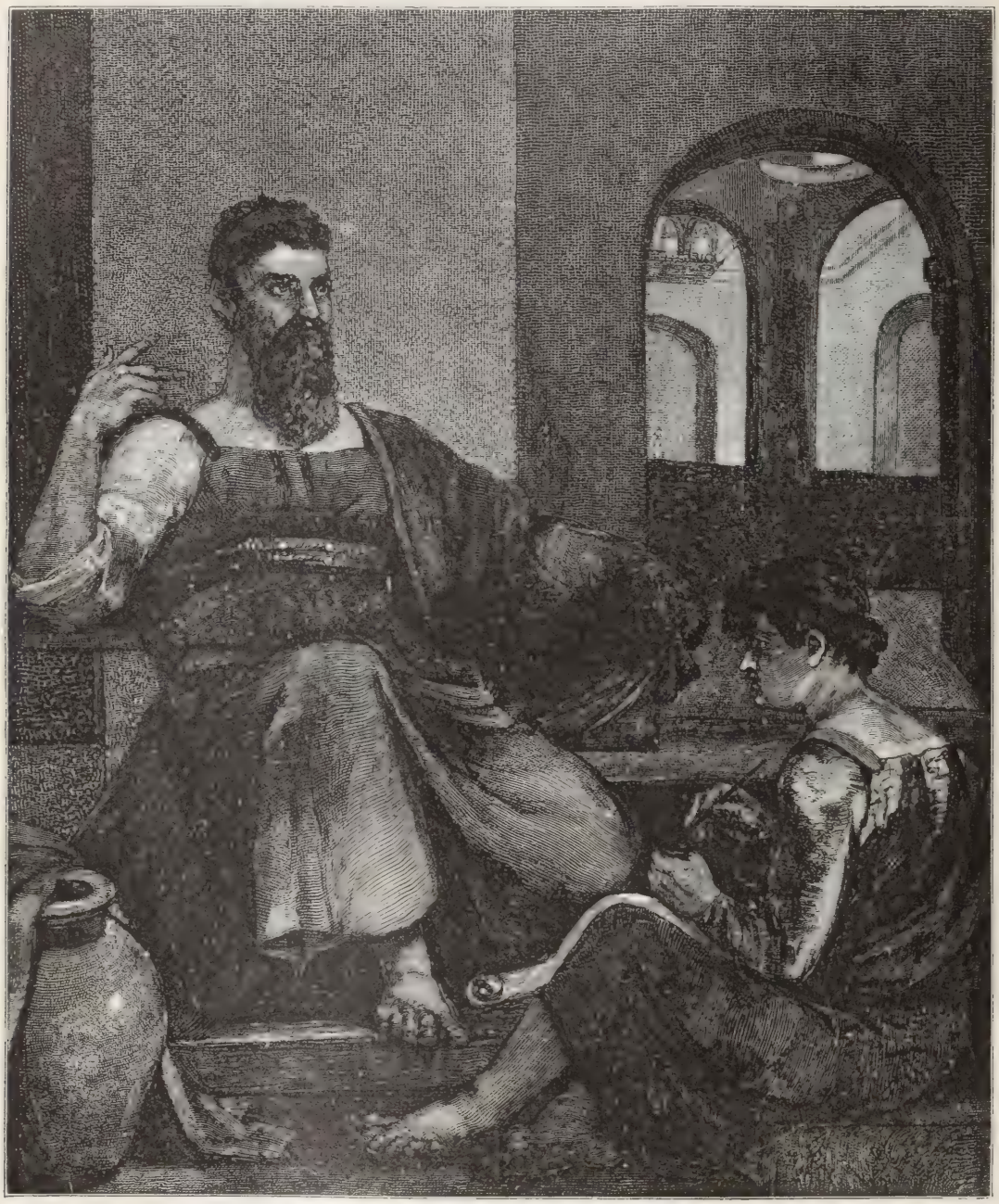
galleries of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, where several of the masterpieces of our early painters may be seen hanging in company with it, among them West's "Christ Rejected," Vanderlyn's "Ariadne," and Allston's "Dead Man Restored to Life."

Born the year of the Declaration of Independence, John Vanderlyn, like most of the leading artists of this period of whom we are writing, lived to old age. His days were filled with hardship and vicissitude, and unless he has since become aware of the fame he left behind, he was one of many to whom life has been a very questionable boon.

Vanderlyn was a farmer's boy on the Hudson River. It was one of those curious incidents by which Destiny sometimes makes us think there may be, after all, something more than blind chance in her ways, that Aaron Burr, passing by his father's house, saw some rude sketches of the rustic lad. With that keen eye of his, Burr discerned in them signs of promise, and invited him to come to New York. When Vanderlyn arrived, Burr treated him kindly. Eventually the painter made a portrait of Theodosia, the beautiful and ill-fated daughter of his benefactor; and when Burr was under a cloud, and forced to fly to Europe, it was Vanderlyn who received and gave him shelter.

Much of the art life of this painter was

passed at Rome and in Paris. His varied fortunes, and the constant adversity that baffled him at every step, obliged him to resort to many a pitiful shift to keep soul and body together. It was owing to this cause that he so rarely found opportunity to do justice to the undoubted ability he possessed.



"JEREMIAH."—[WASHINGTON ALLSTON.]

But Vanderlyn left at least two important creations, marked by genuine artistic feeling and beauty, that will long entitle him to a favorable position among American painters. "Marius among the Ruins of Carthage" I have never seen, and can only speak of it by report, but that it is a work deserving to rank high in the art of the time seems to be proven not only by the applause it received at Rome, but also by the fact that it carried off the gold medal at the Salon in Paris. Such is the irony of fate that the artist was twice forced to pawn this medal; the second time he was unable to redeem it.

The "Ariadne" has unfortunately begun to show signs of age, and the browns into which the flesh-tints are painted are commencing to discolor the delicate grays. An oil-painting, if properly executed, should hold its qualities for a longer time. But the works of too many good artists are unfortunately affected in the same way. The "Ariadne" is, however, a no-

ble composition, quite in classic style, and if not strikingly original, is a most creditable work for the early art of a young people.

Newport, Rhode Island's charming little city by the sea, once a thriving commercial centre, now a favorite resort of



"DYING HERCULES."—[SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.]

culture, gayety, and wealth, but always opulent in delightful colonial and Revolutionary associations, and doubly attractive for the artistic memories that cling to it, and the treasures of our art which it contains, was the birth-place of Edward G. Malbone, who, after a successful art life in his native town and at Charleston, died at Newport at the early age of thirty-two.

Miniature painting was a favorite pursuit of our early artists. Some of our best portraits have been done by that means; but among all who have followed it in the United States none have excelled Malbone, although some, like John Fraser, of South Carolina, have been very clever at it. He succeeded in giving character to his faces to a degree unusual in minia-

ture, while the coloring was rendered at once with remarkable delicacy, purity, and fidelity. His best works are probably the likeness of Mr. Green, and the exquisitely beautiful group called "The Hours," which is carefully preserved in the Athenæum at Providence.

With the general public the name of no American artist of that time is probably more widely known than that of Washington Allston. He owes this, doubtless, in part to the fact that being also a writer he became identified with the literary circle at that time prominent in Eastern Massachusetts. He was born in 1779 at Waccamaw, South Carolina. Sent at seven years of age to Newport, both for health and instruction, he lived there ten years, and very likely associated with Malbone, and perhaps met Stuart there.

Subsequently Allston visited Italy, and then settled in London, where his talents were sufficiently recognized to gain him the position of Academician. The mistake of his art life, although it was perhaps advantageous to his fame at home, was his return to the United States while yet in his prime. The absence of influences encouraging to art growth, and of that sympathy and patronage so essential to a sensitive nature like that of Allston's, had a blighting effect on his faculties, and the many years passed in Boston were years of aspiration rather than achievement. Allston has suffered from two causes. Overrated as an artist in his day, his reputation is now endangered from a tendency to award him less than justice; the latter may be due in part to the fact that Allston himself adopted a course of action that tended to repress rather than develop his art powers. In his desire to give to his productions intellectual and moral value and permanent dignity, and in his aversion to sensationalism in art, he treated his subjects with a deliberate severity which takes away from them all the feeling of spontaneity which is so delightful and important in works of the imagination. If his genius had been of the high order claimed by some, such a result would have been impossible. The emotional element would sometimes have asserted itself, and given to his finished works that warmth and attraction the lack of which, while they are intellectually interesting and worthy of great respect, prevents them from inspiring and winning our hearts, and has impaired their influence in advancing the progress of art.

That Allston might have produced paintings of more absolute power seems evident from his numerous crayon sketches and studies for paintings, which are full of fire, energy, and beauty, delicate fancy and creative power. One can not wholly understand Allston until he has seen those studies, and it can not be too much regretted that he did not allow a freer rein to his brush when composing the works upon which he desired to establish his fame. When he did so far forget himself we get a glimpse of the fervor and grandeur of the imagination that burned in that brain, whose thoughts were greater than its capacity for expression. It must also be granted that the works of Allston have the quality peculiar to the productions of original minds. It is not until they have been seen repeatedly that they reveal all that is in them. "Uriel in the Sun," "Jeremiah," and "The Dead Man Restored to Life" are probably the best of the finished works by which to estimate the solemnity, mysteriousness, and impressiveness of Allston's imagination. Without giving us new revelations regarding the secrets of color, as he was rather an imitator of the Venetian school than an originator in this line, Allston can be justly considered one of the most agreeable colorists of the American school.

Few of those who recognize the late Samuel F. B. Morse as the inventor of our telegraphic system are aware that in early life he was an artist, and gave abundant promise of excelling both in sculpture and painting. He became the pupil of Allston in London, and modelled at that time a statue called the "Dying Hercules," which won the prize of a gold medal offered by the Adelphi Society of Arts for the best single figure. From this statue he afterward composed a painting of the same subject, which is now in New Haven—a work of unquestioned power, showing careful anatomical knowledge and a creative imagination. There was good reason to predict a noble career in art for the young American, but circumstances beyond his control drifted him away from the chosen pursuit of his youth, and he eventually achieved fame and fortune in the paths of science. But in the prosperous hours of his after-life did he not sometimes look back to his early art with a pang of regret? It is to Morse that the

National Academy of Design owes its origin, and with him closed the first period of American art.

We see that this division of our pictorial art, with the exception of Thomas Birch, of Philadelphia, a marine painter of some repute, and a few others of less note, was devoted to the figure, and if sometimes feeble in result, was inspired by lofty motives. In historical art and portraiture it was sometimes very able, and fairly maintained itself on a level with the contemporary art of Europe. Owing to the entire want of art opportunities at home, our leading artists, with few exceptions, were forced to pass a good part of their lives in foreign studios.

We also find that a feeling for the beauty of form, as indicated in black and white, or in sculpture, was scarcely perceptible in this stage of our art. With the exception of Deacon Browne, who worked in wood and metal, and Patience Wright, who modelled skillfully in wax, the feeling for plastic art was very nearly dormant in the country, while any progress in architecture, until recent years, was hopelessly ignored. It is true that the active, restless intellect of Thomas Jefferson sought to endow the nation with a sixth order of architecture, patriotically resembling a stalk of Indian corn. The small pillars made after this design are in one of the vestibules of the basement of the Capitol at Washington, where the ardent soul of the patriot may visit them, and see for himself the beginning and the end of the only original order of architecture ever attempted in this country.

Through much tribulation, much earnest faith and enthusiasm for art, our early painters prepared the way for the national art of the future. We owe much to them, and in our preference for present methods, which must in turn be superseded by others, let us not forget the honor due to the pioneers of American art.

ROSAMOND.

In the fragrant bright June morning, Rosamond, the queen of girls,
Down the marble door-steps loiters, radiant with her sunny curls;

O'er the greensward, through the garden, passes to the river's brink,
Throws away an old bouquet, and wonders if 'twill float or sink.

Then returning through the garden, round and round the lawn she goes,
Singing as she cuts fresh roses—she herself her world's fair rose;

In her dainty morning robe, and straw hat shading half her face,
Picturesque in form and feature, lovely in her youth and grace;

In her hand a little dagger, sharp and glittering in the sun,
Rifling hearts of thorny bushes, cutting roses one by one,

Pink and white and blood-red crimson, some in bud and some full blown—
There through lawn and grove and garden sings she to herself alone;

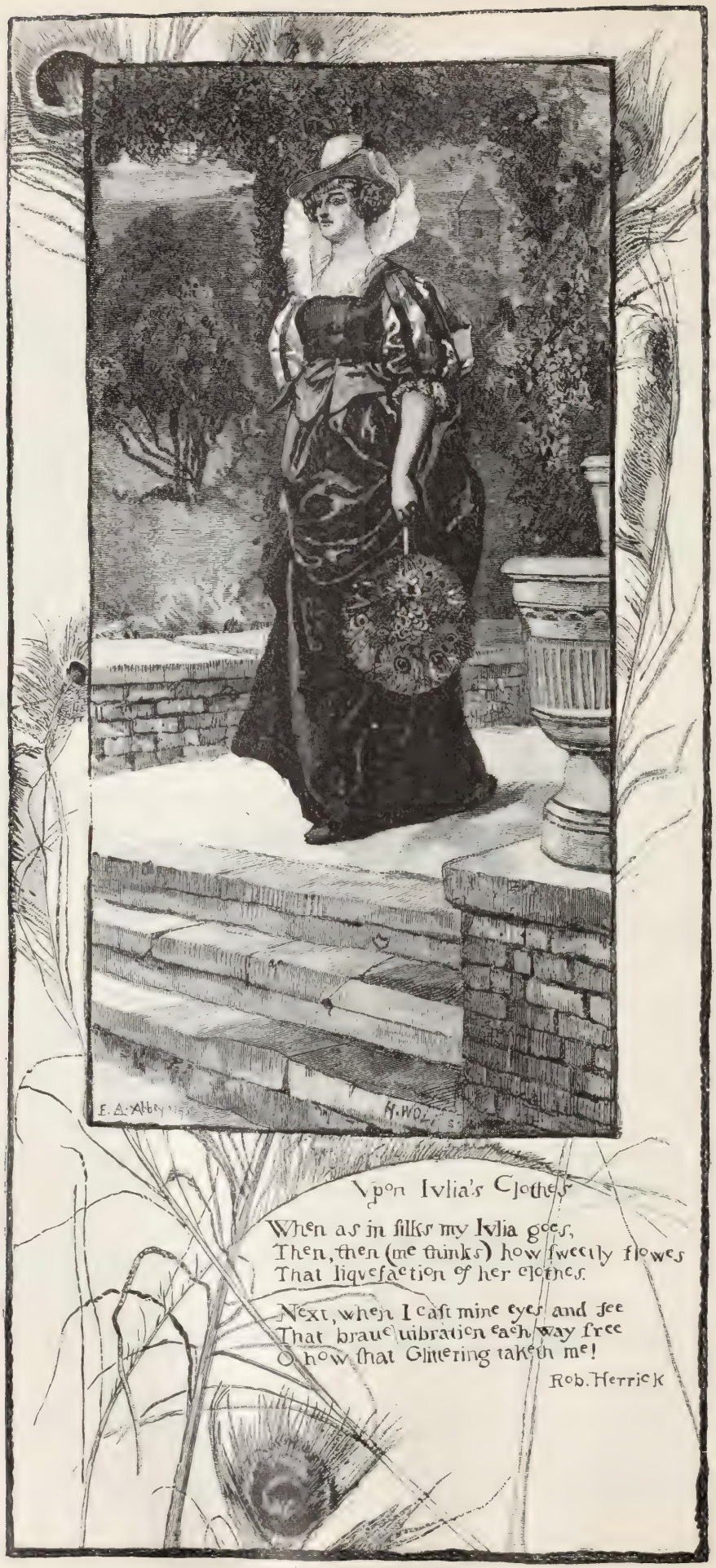
Softly sings in broken snatches some old song of Spain or France,
As she holds her roses off at full arms-length with sidelong glance,

Shifting groups of forms and colors, for a painter's eye hath she,
And all beauty pleaseth her, so artist-like and fancy-free.

Now she enters her boudoir, and sets her roses in a vase;
There for seven days and nights their bloom and fragrance fill the place.

When the petals droop and fade she'll bear them to the river's brink,
Singing, throw them on the waves, and wonder if they'll float or sink.

Will she bear away to-night a bunch of lovers' rose-hearts—pray?
Set them in her vase a week—then throw them with her flowers away?



Upon Julia's Clothes

When as in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then (me thinks) how sweetly flowes
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free
O how that Glittering taketh me!

Rob. Herrick

A LEGEND OF ALL-HALLOW EVE.

I.

OVER the distant Surrey hills lingered the opal tints of sunset fading in the purpling haze of twilight. There seemed to be a listening silence. Save the passionless monotone of the river, the far-off beat of an oar, the murmurous sough of a tall brotherhood of pines, the sleepy twitter of an uneasy bird, all things else were asleep. The western horizon still glowed from a "radiance like golden aisles penetrating through angelic chapels to the shekinah of the west," and the gray shadows deepened as the stars kept silent watch. Then the fragrant air vibrated with the song of a love-lorn nightingale.

A cool, damp mist swept up from the river; but still I lingered at the garden wall, waiting, expecting. At nineteen I was simple Marjorie Cameron, an orphan, an heiress, and, they said, a beauty, but an untamed Highland lassie. My mind wandered purposeless, adrift, filled with quaint conceits, sown first by my old nurse, who hushed me to sleep with all manner of grim tales of the Borders—banshees and second-sight, and ballads of Donica of Arkinlow, and the Wild Huntsman, in whose existence I held firm faith. But the little neglected lassie was at last remembered by some aristocratic relations, and I was transplanted from the remote glen and its beloved gorse and heather to the exotic atmosphere of Lindenmere, the residence of my aunt, Lady Seton, and her daughters Edith and Louise, within a drive of London. Three or four years of boarding-school training failed to make me a proper society puppet, so I was gradually left to myself. I devoured indiscriminately all legends and traditions treating of the supernatural, peopling the pages of poetry and romance. I dabbled weakly in psychology and animal magnetism, and the hazy witcheries of superstition; nothing enchanted me more than a tale of wraith, or bogle, or warlock, and my dreams were all of something I had yet to discover. Nothing could disturb my faith in Oriental fatalism. I fully comprehended the longing to look into the future which had charmed with its weird fascination the philosophers and astrologers on the mooned plains of Chaldea and by the dark waters of Egypt.

My book-shelves were filled with works upon spiritualism, manuals on magnetism, and novels, when they were weird and mystic, and so I despised artificial life and its restraints, and was, in fact, a most useless and uncanny young lady —so said my aunt's maid to her mistress. One of my few pleasures consisted in rambling about the beautiful garden of Lindenmere until awed by the darksome shadows of the linden groves, and, cold with dew, I would avoid the drawing-room, and steal away to my own rooms and their spiritual problems. In this purposeless manner the long sweet summer days would drift away, and still I waited for the inevitable *something*. My wild, passionate heart fretted at the coming winter, when there would be for me no more dreamy hours by the river, or wanderings over the breezy downs, peering into solemn woods for haunting Hamadryads and Oreads. An ardent lover of nature, like the Greeks, I believed that nature was instinct with the life of man. Flowers were but the palingenesis of some life cut short by grief or violence, and gods with human passions lurked in dense thickets and by the river's tide.

As the days drifted into early autumn fogs and rain, there was a great deal of gayety at Lindenmere. My eldest cousin, Edith, made a great *coup*, and after Easter would be mistress of a château in the south of France, the young Baronne de Neville. I listened vaguely and impatiently to talk of being presented next season with my cousin Maud, but I chafed and fretted all the same at the conventionalities hemming me in; and then an event occurred which colored my future existence.

II.

This event was a letter from Scotland. I had no correspondents, and but one friend, whom I had loved ardently during the years of intimate companionship at school. After her sudden recall to her home, and the interchange of several letters, she ceased to write, and thereupon I moralized sagely upon woman's caprice and the fallacy of human hopes and affection.

I fell into an ecstasy of delight as I opened the letter from Elsie Ronald, and read not only her assurances of tenderest love for me, but an invitation to visit her directly, and remain until after Christmas. As Glen Ronald was a wild coun-

try place in the Highlands, Elsie suggested my joining her housekeeper, Tibbie Macrae, who was then stopping in London, and who would escort me safely. My aunt Mary graciously consented; in fact, her time and thoughts were so engrossed with the future baroness and the trousseau, and trips to town, I don't think she was really responsible for any other acts.

"I shall firmly believe you have a double," said Louise, as she lazily watched the little bustle in my room attendant upon packing my trunk, "and while you are here in the flesh, your familiar or your soul is among the witches over there in that dreadful Scotland. Nothing else can convince me that you could exist being buried in the Highlands in winter. The Macrae is a witch."

"It is not for me to make restrictions, m'm," said Sims, my maid, severely, "but how ever Miss Cameron is to do her hair, lay out her dresses, and see to her laces, and be woke up, m'm, to her hot water, in that savage country, without me, m'm."

"Without you, Sims?" cried Louise, amazed. "Surely, Marjorie, you take Sims with you?"

"Only as far as the amiable Macrae," I laughed, merrily. "I confess the waking up and laying out the dresses rather puzzle me; but my hair—why, Sims, I shall wear a snood, and buy a blue ribbon to do up my bonny brown hair."

"Mamma, come to the rescue," cried my cousin, as Lady Seton looked in the door. "Marjorie absolutely refuses to take her maid, and insists upon leaving all her prettiest toilets behind."

My aunt looked aghast at this piece of news as she advanced in the room with: "Marjorie, I am not quite certain about the Ronalds, excepting as regards their genealogy; but the grandmother, whose death you read of in the *Times* a few years ago, was one of the famous Macpherson clan, and possessed of great wealth. Glen Ronald must be a castle, or tower, or something, and there may be a great deal of company. I look to your future always, my love. When I had made my *début*, my first visit was paid to Lady Matchem, where I met many very distinguished persons. My affections then were fixed upon white muslins and flowers; mamma's ran into another channel, as she fully comprehended the duty she owed me as to my future. I yielded to her better judgment—silk, velvet, and dignity. In white muslin I would have been spoiled by young men of limited incomes, younger sons, and unpleasant persons of that sort; and so my dark blue velvet and pearls, a little Ruskin, the poor rates, Parliamentary duties, church and state, and sympathy for gout, made me Lady Seton and a very happy wife during the ten years of my marriage, even if Lord Seton was forty years my senior."

"Dear Aunt Mary," I said, coaxingly, "I want to be a Highland lassie, and wear a gay plaidie, with ne'er a laddie, in that mouldy, haunted old glen. I'm sure there's a family ghost, and I shall speer at it and entreat it."

"And if there's a young Ronald, Marjie," said Louise, merrily, "make it tell you if there is insanity in the race, or whether there are mortgages on the estates, for mamma's dear sake. Only don't fall in love until after you have been presented."

"And be careful of your complexion, my dear," added Lady Seton, impressively, at the door. "By all means take Louise's advice about the young Ronald. Nothing is more conducive to sentiment and that sort of thing than being in a country house where there are so many long corridors, funny little rooms, and great halls."

"Oh, Aunt Mary, spare me!" I exclaimed, impatiently. "I detest being in love and getting married. By-and-by, when Louise is wedded to a knight of high degree, I shall build a tower at the end of your garden, my lady, and study the stars, and sometimes o' nights I'll appear to you, and tell your fortune. Meantime I shall enjoy my trip to the Highlands, and dance a strathspey at Edith's wedding. Sims, don't forget to pack my set of silver and amethyst thistles, and all of my wool dresses—"

"When I lived with my last lady," interposed Sims, plaintively, "we went to a hejus great castle in Scotland, where there was a grand juke stopping, and my lady had six dresses, and jewels to match, for every day, m'm."

"Poor martyr! but *you* were happy, Sims?"

"Yes, m'm; for there was sherry to the servants' dinner, and patty four grass to the ladies' maids, with port. But the big wide halls and the damps and mould gave

my lady a chill, and killed her, m'm;" and Sims squeezed out a tear.

"Never mind, Sims; I make you over to Lady Seton, to help Rose about Miss Seton's laces. I don't think Glen Ronald is a great mouldy castle; and if there's a ghost, it will be a nice, comfortable body that will rise up on my hearth o' nights and lay out my morning dresses;" and I danced down the long hall to join my aunt and cousins in the drawing-room, singing, cheerily:

"'But in his halls, on festal days,
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane tree!
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee.
Ohone a rie! ohone a rie!'"

III.

The station at Loch Arne was a mile from Glen Ronald, and the road was "awfu' bad," said Mistress Tibbie Macrae, "for the beasties; but if the letter callant ganged owre in time, though he's half gyte whiles, Elsie or auld Sandy will come with the chaise. My certie, a brave bit lassie like you wadna mind it owre the braes; but ye may be a wee bit fasht—"

I tired! I laughed gleefully at the fancy. Every fibre in me thrilled with excitement. Even the old woman's broad Scotch had a charm, and the sweet shadow of a childish remembrance of the old nurse dead and gone. I looked about me, and taking off my hat, let the soft air, in which there was a subtle scent of the sea, blow through my hair. The amber light of the dying autumn day spread a radiance over the distant tiers of mountains, where a loch gleamed like a thread of silver; a corn-crake gave a drowsy call; the throstles sang in a grove of birches bordering the stretch of heather, where a boy was waiting till the "kye come hame;" a stray sunbeam touched leaf and yellow blow of a straggling vine; an old wagon in the distance stirred the golden dust in the road; and the sky, at that magic hour 'twixt the gloaming and the mirk, was lovely as a poet's dream. Ah, how inexpressibly sweet were the influences of the land of my birth! How I pitied those who were condemned to the din and duskiness of a great city on such an evening! And so we wandered on over the braes and bracken at the side of the road, until we turned into a lovely lane, lined with hedges of brier and woodbine, shaded by clumps of stately beeches—and Glen Ronald stood before me in gray square grimness, made still more grim by its long narrow windows. Near by, over a ledge of rocks, fell the loch, like a shattered mirror, with a deep and sullen roar, into ragged depths below. The great iron gates leading to the lawn and drive up to the house lay back useless against the stone wall green with moss and lichen. Huge oak-trees and spectral pines lent a weird solemnity to the old-fashioned grounds stretching right and left, wherein grass-grown pathways led off in fantastic fashion to bosky dells in the distance. The soft breeze blew spicy odors from the pines, and where a few late roses bloomed.

As we neared the wide porch the great doors opened, and Elsie, my golden-haired, pretty Elsie, had me in her arms, and in her little coaxing way begged forgiveness for the boy who had just brought the letter, which had lain two days in his pocket, and we ran laughing up the steps, while Tibbie, with righteous rage, vanished around the side path to vent her wrath upon the unlucky messenger. A shiver ran through me as we entered the vast gloomy hall. The branching stag antlers in the shadowy light seemed to me like beckoning spectral arms.

IV.

A little hot supper *tête-à-tête* at one end of an enormous dining-room, an hour's gossip by a blazing fire over past and present days, and then Elsie escorted me to my room: ascending a wide flight of stairs, crossing a large square hall dimly lighted by a back window of stained glass, and then turning into a narrower passage, we entered a large low-ceiled room, where a fire in the huge chimney-place and lights somewhat reduced the eerie sensations I was conscious of.

"I am sure you will be comfortable here, Marjorie darling," said Elsie, kissing me. "This room is sheltered alike from heat and cold by a wall which you will see to-morrow. You are sure you will not feel nervous," she added, anxiously, as I started at a low tap at the door. "This is only Jeanie with your hot water, and she will always assist you, dear."

"Oh no," I answered, bravely, "I shall not be at all lonely. I am used to sleeping alone;" and my suite of bright little rooms flashed across my mind. "But where are your rooms?"

"Quite at the other end of the house. —Jeanie, put some large logs on the fire. —Papa's health is so delicate that Malcolm and I are always very near him at night. The other rooms are empty, and mostly have a northern outlook—in fact, are not nearly so comfortable as this. Don't be afraid, my lambie; Glen Ronald is as secure as the Tower of London;" and then kissing me again good-night, I was left alone with Jeanie—a big red-armed lassie, who stared open-mouthed at my bravery of dress and ornaments, which I laughed to see Sims had smuggled into my boxes, after all. As the last sounds of Jeanie's shuffling tread died away I locked the door and looked about me.

Three windows faced the fire-place, there was a fourth at the end of the room, and all were draped with dark green stuff; a huge bedstead with high posts hung with similar curtains looked like a dismal bier. I examined the room closely, with the lamp in my hand. Some hideous portraits, black with age, of fierce Highland chieftains, scowled at me from the dark stained walls. A desk with glass doors and a deep drawer stood between two of the windows, surmounted by a huge stuffed owl. Some funny-looking spider-legged tables occupied the corners. A large brass-mounted chest of drawers and queer oval mirror, a modern stuffed arm-chair near the fire, some thick sheep-skin rugs on the faded carpet—nothing else was to be seen excepting portions of my own wardrobe thrown over the heavy carved chairs.

I placed the lamp upon a table in a corner, and stood before the fire unbinding my hair. An inexpressible sense of something dreary laid a pall upon my heart. I glanced with fear and aversion at the sombre bed. I shrank from the green-eyed owl and grim pictures behind me, and after my night toilet was complete, I sat irresolute in the arm-chair gazing at the burning logs, and wondered why Elsie had not spoken of the dead grandmother, and why she wore such a cheap cotton gown—Sims would scorn such a one—and why the laird and her brother had not appeared to welcome me. The profound silence depressed me intensely. I impatiently drew aside the heavy curtains of a window, and listened to the faint sough of the wind; the stars shone through straggling drifts of black clouds; a branch of ivy clung to the ledge, softly swaying backward and forward; and the tall trees beyond looked like silhouettes against the sky. I crept back again to the friendly fire, and looked at the bed, when my heart beat violently at a slight, almost imperceptible noise at the farther end of the room. There was nothing to be seen. I satisfied myself that it was only one of those creaks in the walls and timbers of every old mouldy house which speak dumbly of the sinking flow back into the dust. Day and night it ceases not, this slow decay, but only in the night, when heart and brain are still, do we hear it. "I am nervous and tired," I said to myself, "and perhaps a little homesick;" and with a resolute will I climbed into the great ugly bed, and sensibly went to sleep.

I was awakened in the bright sunshine by the harsh creaking of a door, and, to my amazement, the curtains before the end window parted and disclosed the red head of Jeanie, followed by the body, armed with wood and hot water.

"How did you get in that window?" I demanded, springing from the bed.

"It's na window, mem," returned the girl, with a grin; "it's a door."

"A door!" I exclaimed. "Where does it lead to?"

"I dinna ken, mem; it's aye here."

I laughed merrily at the girl's stupidity; for, rested and in full possession of health and youth, my mercurial temperament rose accordingly. The blazing fire and the sunshine lent an air of faded respectability to the dingy old room.

"I thought you were a ghost, Jeanie," I said, as I brushed vigorously at my hair.

"Na, na," returned Jeanie, as she finished her work, "there's nae sic thing as ghosts; but auld Sandy says he hae seen half a score ghosts, and no a bit the waur, and bogles and rievers and sic like deevelry, mem. Sandy's daft; he saw naught but the holly buss, and Nance give a loud skirl and swarfed awa on the grund! She steekit her e'en and morning aboot a woman body dressed like a leddy with a sough o' a comin' wind. I'm no a Highlander like Nance, and I know a holly buss from a leddy."

Naturally I followed Jeanie, and looked through the parted curtains. I saw a recess with shelves on each side. The entrance door beyond opened into a wide short hall, with one door on one side and a narrow staircase at the end. It all look-

ed commonplace enough, but I resolved to lock the door before I slept again. My inborn fearlessness asserted itself against the nervous tremors of the night, as I stood before the old dressing-table and greenish glass and tied back my long waving brown hair in a snood of blue ribbons, and the knot of lace at my throat fastened with a turquoise true-lovers' knot made me serenely content with my soft gray cashmere dress. I raised the heavy window and looked out. The wall Elsie had spoken of formed one of the three sides of a quadrangle. All of the windows of this part of the house were closely shuttered. An odor from the old-fashioned garden below floated up on the autumnal air—a faint decaying smell of thyme and southernwood. From a beehive in a corner of the stone wall came a murmur mingling with the song of the throstles in a grove of beeches which stood outside of the wall, forming a boundary line between the garden and patches of woods beyond, and great bushes of whins and heather like small oaks. The resinous odor of the firs, the rosy light stealing into the sky, the soft mist rising from the loch in the far-away distance—so perfect was the awakening day in its passionless repose that I felt it was a joy to be alive.

My eerie room looked faded, innocent, and homely, nothing more ; and I sang gay little *chansons* as I surveyed my small person in the queer old mirror that twisted my nose, and lent a green and yellow hue to my pink cheeks.

V.

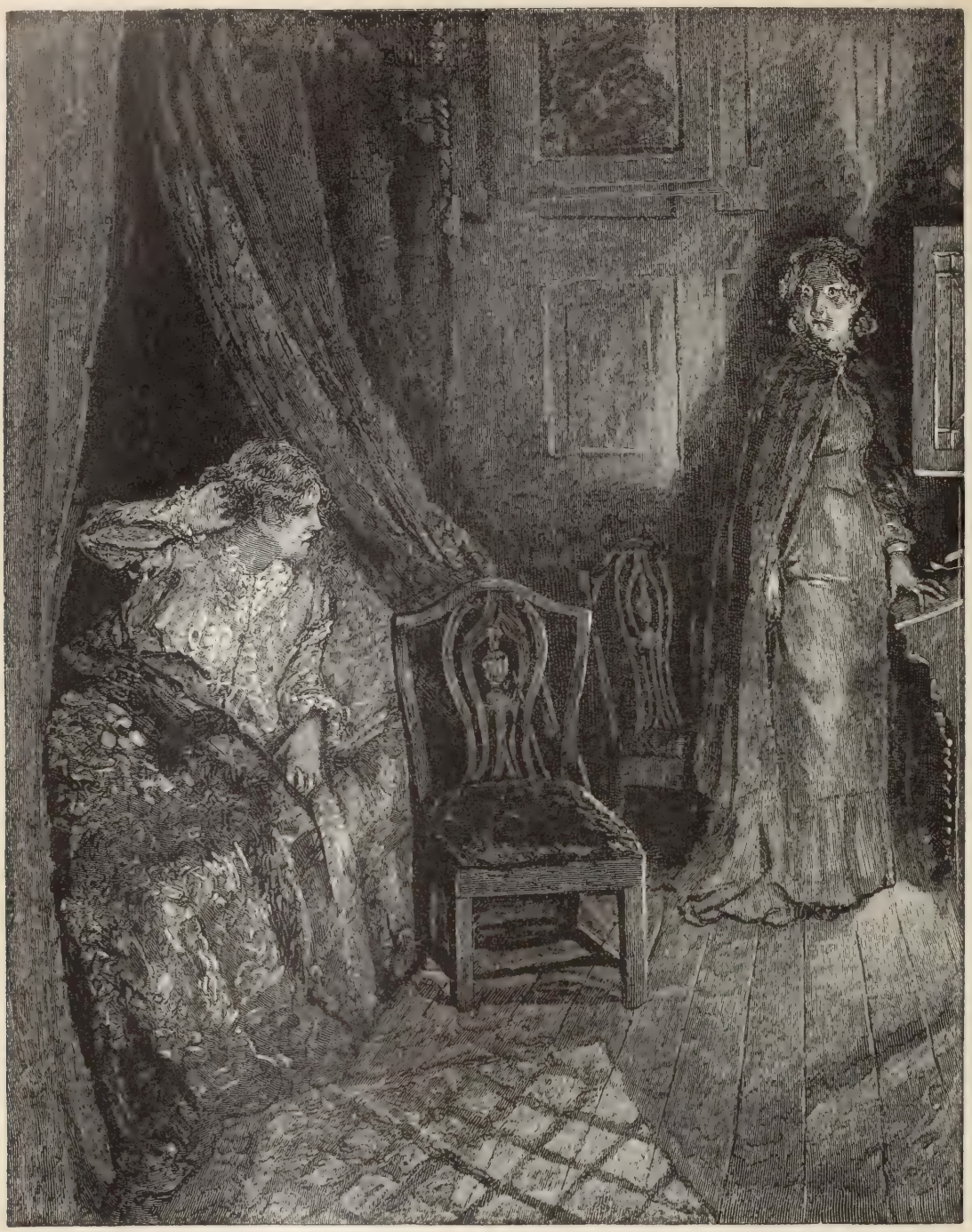
Elsie met me at the foot of the stairs, and presented me to her father and brother in her own little parlor, where breakfast was laid. The laird, a painfully thin and nervous old man, welcomed me with a few hurried words and a limp grasp of my hand, and Malcolm led me to the table with the beauty and grace of one of the golden-haired Vikings I had pored over for hours in my old Norse legends. There was little or no conversation, and my mercurial spirits suddenly became depressed. Malcolm paid me no further attention, but devoted himself to his father. An intense strength of soul and restful gentleness shone in his dark steadfast gray eyes, and a sad sweetness dwelt in the curved lips. All of the men I had ever seen seemed dwarfed by comparison into utter insignificance. I felt relieved when Jeanie entered and announced a man at the door from Loch Arne to see the laird about the pigs. A flush crossed the old man's thin cheek ; he looked at me and at his son deprecatingly, and half rose, then reseated himself.

Malcolm immediately offered his arm. "Come, Sir," he said, with a grave smile, "you must not keep the man waiting. So please, Miss Cameron, forgive us, and see how in our lonely lives even the question of pigs assumes vast importance."

As he stood for a moment looking down upon me with those wonderful eyes, the thought crossed my mind, what a sensation this magnificent young chieftain would make in the home circle! As he followed his father, Elsie ran after him, and I heard her kiss him, and thank him for letting me come, and ask if she could have the gig and pony. I did not hear his reply, but made my escape by a side door which opened into a kitchen-garden, in a rather petulant mood. There seemed to be a mystery about everything and everybody, and I was indebted to Mr. Malcolm for my invitation. That odd old man, I thought, must have lost all their money, and is greatly ashamed of it. The cloth on the table was certainly very coarse, and everything was as plain as a cottager's fare. Poor Elsie! how glad I was that I had persisted in bringing my plainest dresses!

Two or three days passed like a dream of enchantment. For the first time in my life I experienced a perfect intoxication of happiness and charmed content. We lived out in the hazy sunshine, rowing on the beautiful loch, walking and driving in the queer old gig or a four-seated wagon among the braes. Malcolm's mornings were devoted to his father, and the rest of the day to us. Once, only once, he and I stood alone under the stars; the birches' leafy summits moved to and fro by the soft breath of heaven ; a languorous hush was on the earth; heaven was in his voice, his eyes, his tender smile, and I felt that he was all the world to me, yet he spoke no word that others could not hear.

And then followed a week of ceaseless rain and fine mist; great drops like tears fell with the brown twigs of the trees. We stood, before parting for the night, by the fire in the great hall. Malcolm, looking more than ever like one of my hero Vikings, lay full length on some



"IT TURNED, AND THE STONY BLACK EYES LOOKED STEADILY AT ME."

sheep rugs, with his golden head pillowed on the back of a superb deer-hound.

"To-morrow," cried Elsie, "we shall have our first home day together, and we will go all over the house, Marjorie."

"There ne'er was an ill but there might be a waur," said Malcolm, mockingly. "What possible pleasure can Miss Cameron feel, Elsie, in going over this mouldy, draughty old ruin? Do you know, Miss Cameron, that there are twenty or more rooms in this *home* of ours that never have a ray of daylight?"

I was puzzling my mind how to answer, when Jeanie came in with the night lamps. "It's a bonny bricht moonlicht nicht, Sirs; but there's the sough of a wind, an awesome sound," she continued, lowering her voice—"sobbit like a body crying for help, so Nance and Tibbie says. Auld Sandy has steekit all the doors, and they would like some guid whuskey, for the cauld makes their flesh creep."

"Let Tibbie Macrae get what you need," said Malcolm, rising; "but remember, there must be no noise, and early to bed. The laird must not be disturbed, and his will shall be obeyed."

I did not wait to hear the rest, but taking my lamp, flew like a *speerit*, as Jeanie called me, to my room. I cared little for going over the house. I could only think of the happiness Jeanie's announcement of the moonlight had given my foolish heart, and perhaps another day in the sunshine with Malcolm.

Inexpressible terrors come to the coolest of us when we awake in the hush of night. After the first vague start from sleep into a sense of being, a nameless terror was upon me. My hearing, unnaturally keen and strained, seemed forced into a state of expectancy. Light gusts of wind rustled the vine at the window, and then wailed like a human voice in the distance. The stillness was intense. A senseless rhyme stole into my memory; unconsciously I repeated mentally again and again:

> "What makes your eyes so holed?
> I've lain so long among the mould.
> What makes your feet so broad?
> I've walked more than ever I rode."

The fire was dead. The yellow ray from the lamp in the corner by the fire-place flickered from some draught; the moon sent broad sheets of light through the room from the three windows. At the old desk was seated the figure of a woman, old and gaunt.

My skin tingled with the moisture of the pores. I lay still until the violent terror began to ebb; a sick weakness prevented motion. I watched the figure keenly. It sat motionless; one hand supported the head, the other lay upon some papers; a jewel sparkled on one long slim finger; a dark mantle shrouded the shoulders. Did I dream? I took the rings from my fingers and dropped them on the rug at my bedside. I was awake—broad awake. A cock crew in the garden; the wind soughed eerily in the trees; far off came the slow rumble of wheels on the rough road, and the roar of the swollen loch. I gazed steadily at the figure. Should I question it? Alas! where was my boasted courage—the poetry of my superstition? It moved, it turned, and the stony black eyes looked steadily at me. It slowly rose, and I heard a wailing, sobbing sigh as it drew nearer to my bed.

I recall a faint, deadly sickness, an effort to cry out, but the trembling voice failed. My limbs seemed palsied, and my heart stifled me with its heavy throbbings. I remember nothing more.

When I again recovered my senses the moon was on the wane, and the chair at the desk was empty. In utter discomfort, and chilled with cold, for my hair lay damp upon my forehead, I crept beneath the bedclothes, like a shivering child, and fell asleep at last. The clock struck four in the hall below.

VI.

I looked out in the morning upon a veritable Scotch mist—thick, gray, impenetrable. My rings lay where I had dropped them. My first step was toward the desk. The doors were slightly ajar, and packages of paper were open and scattered about. Pale and spiritless, my face and manner attracted the attention even of the old laird. Malcolm's anxiety and interest for once were undisguised. A headache was my excuse for my dullness, and an hour later I was introduced to the library for the first time, and installed before a bright fire, with books and papers, until Elsie was ready to join me.

Glancing listlessly over a newspaper, I discovered that it was *All-Saints Day!* My terrible night was the eve of All-Saints, the night on which the dead come out of their graves to haunt their old homes. All the year silent and low they lie, and then, with a longing for the old home, they creep out this one night to enter the old haunts. While we sleep, the house-place swarms with the poor ghosts. This is their penance and expiation for deeds done in the flesh, until the soul in the fullness of perfection shall enter into possession of the divine. The false witness, the profligate, the murderer, the unforgiving, the miser, the sensualist, the uncharitable—it may be their hell to thus come back one night in the year, stung by an avenging Nemesis, until, their penance done, they are wafted over the Styx. The good ghosts sleep, and are troubled with no waking.

And so I thought with a dazed brain, until the dark recesses of the great gloomy room seemed peopled with phantoms, waiting in misery for their Prospero to shake off their shackles of bondage. I dropped the papers and began to examine the curious tiles and carvings of the mantelpiece. I wandered aimlessly about. The large room was wainscoted with oak black with age. Several of the panels near me were filled by grim, black-looking portraits of old Ronald chieftains, and there

was a funny oval mirror over the fireplace that gave back my reflection in three different views. The books seemed to be a century old. In fact, my restless thoughts wandered continuously to the event of the past night. Was there a family ghost, and did they put me purposely in the haunted chamber, or did I dream? I was horribly frightened and dismal. Why was I not triumphant in the fact that the shapeless creatures haunting the woods and streams in my pet Greek and Highland legends had taken a tangible shape—that I had at last seen a phantom, a double, a witch-woman? and I shivered at the memory of the leaden face and hard black eyes.

I felt giddy from fasting and sleeplessness, and wandered to the other end of the dismal room, stopping for a moment to look out of a window into the thick mist at the dim outlines of the waving branches. I turned and faced a deep recess; and there, hanging before me, was the portrait of my midnight visitor! The black eyes looked stonily into mine; it had the same narrow pale face and square chin, the long pointed nose and thin implacable lips with downward cruel curves. A black mantle covered the shoulders; a ring was on the long forefinger. I stared in dumb horror. All doubts were ended. It was no creature of imagination. I heard a step near me, and screaming in fright, I lost all consciousness.

With returning life I felt warmth and comfort; in my misty brain came sounds of a voice whispering, "My love! my love! my beautiful one! my Marjorie!" and soft kisses rained upon my face and hands. Then came the flying footsteps of Elsie,



"MY BEAUTIFUL ONE! MY MARJORIE!"

and her cheery voice: "How is she now, Malcolm? Look up, Marjorie darling! Give me the hot wine now, Tibbie. Drink this, dear. Now you are all right again," kissing me. "What was the matter? How could I leave you so long with your headache? but papa needed me a great while this morning. Malcolm found you as you were falling. See what a pile of cushions he has laid under your head; and he brought you in his arms, he said, directly to the fire, which is scorching your pretty cheeks." And as Elsie chatted on, I lay in sweet content. Whatever came, he loved me, and I could wait.

"It is simply nerves, Elsie, nerves," I said, laughing almost hysterically, and springing to my feet. "Are we quite alone? I will thank Mr. Ronald by-and-by, then. Yes, I am a healthy little body, but a mass of contradictions. There! I've eaten the chicken and drank the whey. Now let us walk about. Whose likeness is this, Elsie?" and we paused before the portrait.

"Grandmother's. You know she died five years ago, but we don't talk of her; there was a little trouble in a business way, and papa—"

"Never mind, dear," I said, pitying her confusion; "tell me if the room I occupy was hers, because this table and the furniture there belong to the same family."

"Yes, and a small one leading to it by a little passage, and there's a private staircase opening into the passage leading to the dining-room and kitchens. Grandmother was a wonderful housekeeper, and managed the estates herself. She liked a parlor for privacy. I'll take you up there, if you feel well enough. This is the staircase," and Elsie opened a narrow door I had not before noticed; "we never use it excepting when your room is used. It is more convenient for servants, as it connects with their work-rooms."

We ascended the stairs, and Elsie unlocked the door I had noticed the morning after my arrival, and we entered an old-fashioned little room smelling very musty. A few old books treating of recipes, agriculture, accounts, and expenses lay on another old spider-legged table; several upright stiff chairs and a sofa were covered with moth-eaten, faded covers. There was nothing to be seen speaking dumbly of sweet womanhood.

"It is just as she left it," half whispered Elsie. It all showed the hard masculine nature, even the outlook from an uncurtained window upon stretches of barren fields.

"Why is her desk kept in her chamber," I asked, "when she must have managed her affairs here?"

"Oh, that was done in late years. She became rather feeble, and not sleeping well, she liked to sit at her desk late at night."

"I would send the table and desk back here again," I said, bluntly.

"Why?" asked Elsie, curiously.

"Oh, simply that the quaintness of the parlor be in keeping," I replied, carelessly. A thick stuff curtain fell straight to the faded carpet before a window at the other side of the room. I thoughtlessly drew it aside, and through the dim glass and mist outside I saw a large house with a tower at each end, and nearly surrounded with thick woods. "I imagined you had no neighbors, Elsie; I understood you to say that no one lived nearer than the village. What a grand old place! it looks like a feudal castle. Who lives there?"

Elsie did not speak for a moment. I turned to look at her: the blue eyes were full of tears, and she tried to speak. Recovering herself, in a low voice, she said, "It is Macpherson Tower. No one lives there. It has been deserted for years."

"Dear Elsie," I said, entreatingly, "I am always blundering;" and I took her in my arms and kissed the flushed cheeks. "Please forgive me;" and I dropped the curtain before the window.

"Come into your room, Marjorie, by the fire, and I will tell you something about the Tower house. It is cold here." Locking the door, we passed through the draped entrance, which was left open during the day, and seating ourselves in our old school-girl fashion on the rugs before the fire, Elsie began: "Macpherson Tower belongs to my grandmother's family. Her father ran away with a Gordon, and a great feud existed after that between the two families, and the estates were all left to a Gordon, grandmother being cut off because she was a Macpherson. And so there was but one Gordon left, a maiden lady, ever so many years older than papa. Grandmother was determined to unite the two estates and get possession of the old Tower again; so she tried to make papa marry Miss Gordon, who was quite in love, and more than willing. Poor papa was young, and sweet in temper and noble-hearted, just like Malcolm, so he cared nothing for the plain old maid, but never actually resisted his mother, who ruled the house with an iron will. He was very studious, and had never seen any woman in any degree attractive. And old Miss Gordon was quite satisfied with the way things were going, when one of her mother's relations, a young girl, was left an orphan, and very poor, and she was sent for to make a home in the Tower. And then came the old, old story: papa fell in love with the lovely little thing, and there was great trouble. Grandmother was inflexible, Miss Gordon was jealous and vindictive; and finally, one stormy even-

ing, as papa was driving home from the village, he met little Margie, a girl of sixteen only, weeping her heart out. She had been driven from the Tower, and was trying to get to the village for shelter. Papa took her in his arms and gave her comfort, and drove back to the village to the manse, and the minister, who was young and romantic, and detested the Macphersons, married them, and the next day papa brought his bride home. There was a terrible scene. Tibbie Macrae remembers it all: the frightened little bride, and my determined father, who was quite as resolute and firm as his mother, who fell into spasms of rage, and burst a blood-vessel. In the mean time papa took possession of the rooms he occupies yet, and there they lived. Old Sandy and Tibbie waited on them, and they two defied grandmother after she recovered. Then Malcolm and I were born; and poor mamma, who never got over the misery she innocently caused the two families, died soon after."

"What became of Miss Gordon?" I asked, eagerly.

"She closed the Tower, dismissed all the old servants, and went to England. There she died when Malcolm was quite a boy, and left the Tower to him, if he would renounce papa and his name, and live there; otherwise it was mine without condition, as I am named Elsie Gordon Macpherson."

"Have you claimed it?" I asked.

"Never," Elsie answered, indignantly; "or so long as dear papa lives. Some time I may," she added, softly. "The estates are both rich, and an agent looks after them—I mean the Tower. This was the desk where grandmother kept all of her accounts."

We rose, and paused a moment beside the chair near it. Elsie glanced at me strangely, as she opened the glass doors and replaced the loose papers.

"I assure you, Elsie," I said, hastily, "I have not opened the desk. I would not be so dishonorable."

"Papa has wandered in here; he often does," she said, sadly. "He forgets sometimes that we have a guest."

Here I plainly heard a low wailing sigh.

"Was that the wind rising, Marjorie? Perhaps it will clear by to-night;" and then, as we descended the great staircase, Elsie added: "I have not told you all of our story, dear. Some time I will—perhaps to-morrow."

I glanced about for Malcolm, but he was nowhere to be seen. It seemed to me enough to "feed for aye my lamp and flame of love," with ne'er a thought of the future, or the mystery of his actions.

VII.

We dined *tête-à-tête.* Malcolm had gone to Loch Arne, and the laird was not well. After dinner Elsie led the way down a long hall lined with rare old paintings, with a stained-glass window at the end, and opening into the grand drawing-room—a very large room, lighted by six windows shaded by purple draperies. There was a glitter of mirrors, the rich harmony of colors in marbles, bronzes, cabinets of fine lustred majolica and old Chelsea, enormous vases and jars, rare carvings, soft couches, and massive cushioned chairs. The strong contrast it all presented to the other rooms I had seen prevented me from speaking in my utter amazement.

The dusky, shadowy room, with lances of subdued light stealing upon the glitter of a mirror, the sombre richness of the furniture and harmonious tinting of the works of art—in the profound stillness a spell seemed laid upon it, and I felt like one standing on enchanted ground.

We silently walked hand in hand down the length of the room, and Elsie drew aside a thin white veil that hung before a large portrait. It was a face of the most marvellous child-like beauty, with large serious brown eyes, soft dimpling lips, a low white brow, crowned with masses of waving gold-bronze hair swept carelessly back.

"My mother," whispered Elsie. "It was taken not long after her marriage, by a friend of papa's, a member of the Royal Academy, who came here on a sketching tour."

Tears came into my eyes as I gazed in the pure, innocent face, and imagined the sufferings endured by her loving heart, and of her bondage, as I remembered that other relentless face.

"Come this way," said Elsie; "here is another picture of her: see how changed in a few years. It was painted by the same artist, who made two copies, for some purpose of his own."

It was wonderfully painted in negative color. The pretty mouth had a piteous droop; there were hollows in the sweet pale cheeks; dark circles swept duskily

around the unnaturally large pleading eyes. There was a world of untold sorrow, patience, and tender endurance of martyrdom. A memory came to me of having seen such a picture once in the Academy, and beneath it was inscribed the single word, *Verblüht;* and so, too, was this young life *wasted.*

We moved away in silence, and then Elsie said, pausing before another portrait, "Here is another picture of grandmother, taken when she was young."

There, again, was the same cruel, cold face, the imperious, inflexible will, and my heart swelled with infinite pity as I looked at the three faces, and fancied that tender lily drooping and dying in the atmosphere created by that woman. I no longer felt a nervous horror of the grim thing I had seen, perhaps doomed to know no rest excepting through expiation. But I was fated not to hear the rest of Elsie's story. The laird was suddenly seized with one of his spasmodic attacks. Malcolm had not returned, so I retired to my room early. A wild storm raged; the moaning wind had risen to a fierce hurricane, and howled about the windows, shrieking down the chimney, and dying away in the distance but to rise again like the hollow booming of the ocean. Elsie crept to my room to say good-night, and that Malcolm had returned safely, and then I commenced my vigil. The hours passed, and by midnight the storm lulled. My eyes were closing in irresistible sleep, when I became conscious of a mist or faint shadow near me—in fact, preventing my seeing the lights burning on the table. I watched intently from my chair; but time passed, and then it disappeared. Utterly weary from the varied excitements of the day, I went to bed, and dreamed that in the drawer of the desk was an old receipt-book, written in black and also in red ink, and I read in red ink: "I hereby revoke all former wills, and leave all I die possessed of to my son Ewan Macpherson Ronald, with my blessing. I beg his forgiveness for my harshness, and as he forgives me, so do I forgive him, and may God forgive us both!

(Signed)

"Alice Macpherson Ronald."

VIII.

I remembered my dream so vividly the next morning that I fully determined upon relating it to Elsie, and also the event of the previous night, but all ideas of that sort were dispelled by a letter from Sims, breaking to me the dreadful news of the death of my favorite cousin Louise, who had been thrown from her horse and injured fatally. Sims would meet me in London if some one would escort me there. In a tumult of passionate grief, my only desire was to be with my bereaved aunt. Malcolm insisted upon taking care of me, and only left me at the gates of Lindenmere. The winter passed in deepest seclusion. There was no Yule-log nor Christmas cheer. Aunt Seton's heart seemed buried in the grave of her favorite child. I kept my soul on the stale crumbs of practical realisms. My restless nature had become tamed by my various experiences, and I felt sometimes as if ages had passed between my nineteenth and twentieth years. The full aurora of passion had so often flashed up into my life when I was with Malcolm, he must have read the story in my tell-tale eyes, and yet he spoke not after those never-forgotten words in the library; and if he were poor, what a fair fabric I had woven with my wealth for him, and although I became as a loved daughter to my aunt in her grief, read wise books, and gave up all my wild wandering and dreamy life, two experiences I could not forget—my midnight visitor, and the inexpressible sweetness of the intoxicating draught I tasted when I lay against his breast and heard the few words he murmured in my ear.

With the early spring blossoms came the quiet wedding, and the departure of the young bride for her new home. The warm summer days drifted peacefully by. Elsie's letters were frequent, but there were no changes there. Lady Seton showed no desire to leave her seclusion, and I was quite content. The leaves fell one by one to the dust, and there came a letter from Elsie entreating me to go to her if my aunt could spare me. Her father was failing rapidly in mind and body, and Malcolm was forced to go to Edinburgh on protracted legal business.

Aunt Seton was willing to let me go, and all the more readily that she contemplated joining some friends in the country for a relief and change.

Again Elsie and I sat together by the fire in the great hall, and a quiet happiness stole over me, to which I yielded with

all the more *abandon* because he was not there to see it.

"Am I not to have my old room, Elsie?" I asked, as we ascended the stairs and turned down the wide hall.

"Malcolm orders not," laughed Elsie; "and his confidence in your little wise head is so unlimited that he chooses you to take his place, and be near me and papa."

"What a charming room!" I exclaimed, as we entered the door facing Elsie's, and were greeted with a blaze of light from the cheery fire and candles reflecting in a modern mirror, white and gilt wall-paper, and pretty chintz hangings.

"Old Sandy put the paper on himself, he said, for the bonny bairn; and old Nance came up to see it all, smoking the new pipe the winsome leddy sent her; and Tibbie and Jeanie, to say nothing of Elsie, made the curtains, and filled the vases with the heather and bog-myrtle, and confiscated the new sheep rugs, and my service to ye, mem;" and Elsie dropped a courtesy mockingly.

My sleep was very sweet that night, and the next day I entered upon my duties regularly with Elsie as a daughter of the house. The severe weather kept us closely confined in-doors; and as the end of the month approached, my mind dwelt constantly upon the haunted room, and I resolved to privately visit it by daylight the eve of All-Saints.

The morning dawned dark and gloomy. Misty wreaths like clouds hung low over the hills. The storm had passed away, so that the thunderous roar of the loch subsided into a low murmurous diapason. I chose the hour when the laird was asleep, and Elsie busy with her home duties; and then, for the first time since my return, I stood in the familiar chamber, and again experienced that uncanny shivering sensation. It was dark, cold, and death-like in its solitude. I crept stealthily across to a window, and opened the blind. The desk remained as I had last seen it; nothing had been disturbed; and I left the room with a half-formed plan perfected.

Malcolm returned that night, fatigued and depressed. As he pressed my hand in his firm grasp, and bade me welcome with his courtly grace, the look in his eyes had not changed, and my foolish heart beat happily. "He loves me, I know he loves me," I, like a silly maiden, kept repeating to myself.

As we gathered around the hall fire, "Don't you keep All-hallow Eve?" I asked, quietly. "I have a dim memory of festivals of that kind long ago, when the servants danced and played all manner of games and tricks."

"Never," said Elsie, shaking her curly head mournfully. "Grandmother never allowed it, and papa never has been in the mood; but our few retainers," and she smiled sadly, "always pretend to be sick, and manage to have a little gathering in the kitchens, and something hot to keep up courage against the bogles, and we don't mind that, do we, Malcolm?"

I remembered with a shiver one year ago, when I was unaware of the day of the month.

Malcolm smiled affectionately as he said, "No, indeed, little sister; but talking of All-Saints Eve, are you never superstitious, Miss Cameron? Have you no dread of Hallowe'en, as we call it here, when witches and evil spirits are abroad upon their baleful errands? Old Sandy and his familiar, Nance, declare they hear the brownie o' nights."

"What is the brownie?" I asked, with a little tremor in my voice.

"The brownie is a domestic spirit, very harmless in its way, whose voice is always heard lamenting when a danger or death is about to befall the family, like the Irish banshee. Now I would not object to a family brownie if it came in the shape of one of those beautiful Valkyrias of the Gothic paradise, who bestow on the spirit of the departing warrior that heaven he eagerly rushes on death to obtain."

And Malcolm looked at me with so intense a gaze that, to conceal my emotion, I said, laughingly, "More practical persons would prefer to live in these prosaic days than die for any reward the gods might offer. Some day I will sing to you a deliciously frightful old ballad or legend of All-hallowe'en, called 'Bonny Jane,' with such a weird ending, as thus:

"'Yet legends say, at Hallowe'en,
When silence holds her deepest reign,
That still the ferryman fiend is seen
To waft the monk and bonny Jane.'"

IX.

I changed my dress, and sat quietly waiting in a soft flannel dressing-gown and slippers for the household to retire. When all sounds had ceased, I gently opened my door and looked down the



"THE HANDS STRETCHED FORTH APPEALINGLY."

hall, where in a niche a lamp burned all night, and where I intended to light my candle, when, to my intense surprise, I saw the laird before me, with weak, uncertain step approaching the stairs, holding his lamp in his hand. I swiftly and softly followed as he turned down the passage leading to the room where I had fully made up my mind to watch by the door during the mystic hour. He passed in, and I watched his movements, still keeping near the entrance. The shaking hands placed the lamp on top of the desk; he then opened the doors, muttering: "It must be here. There must be something. Mother, mother, how you hurt me! You never meant it." To my horror, the same awful figure suddenly appeared near him. I stood in awe-stricken fascination. The hands stretched forth appealingly; the face wore a look of agony. The unconscious old man turned, gazed for a second, with a cry of horror, and fell prostrate on the floor. I fled

shrieking from the spot, and down the hall to call Malcolm and Elsie, who heard my cries and rushed from their rooms. They flew in an agony of fear to their father's side, and I followed as fast as my shaking limbs would permit. The papers lay scattered about, the chair was overturned, and the old man lay like one dead, with wide-open eyes, and an expression of intense horror imprinted on his face. They carried him to his room. I simply told them that I had followed their father, fancying he was walking in his sleep, which was true. The doctor arrived in an hour, and gave no hope of life lingering longer than the next day. I was left to myself, and my dream came to me as if by inspiration. There was a mystery. It might be explained by the book, and the old man's peace of mind restored. I then shared the vigils of the brother and sister until they sent me to bed. Alone again, I tried to recall my dream. The book was old, with a leather cover, the writing in black and red ink. Then, with a determined will, before day dawned, I took my candle and retraced my steps to the fatal chamber. All was still. "Poor ghost!" I thought, as my heart swelled with pity, "whatever brings you from your grave, perhaps I can give you rest." I opened the doors, and resolutely took out all of the papers, and searched each pigeon-hole and several small drawers. After replacing them, almost in despair, I saw the large drawer, which I tried to open, but some obstacle within prevented my effecting more than a narrow aperture. For the first time in my idle life my slim hands and wrists served me usefully.

After repeated efforts I succeeded in forcing my hand through the opening, and grasped the bent cover of a book. Another trial of strength, and I held an old receipt-book eagerly to the light, and a rapid glance through the leaves showed writing in black and in red ink. There was nothing else in the drawer but packages of seeds.

In one's life sometimes there comes some great shock, which either benumbs the faculties or stimulates every power of mind and body into action. The horrible fact of a dream being a reality, that I was in some supernatural or extraordinary manner *en rapport* with a being of another world, which was clearly no illusion of the brain, while it nearly paralyzed my limbs, aroused in me a fearful sense of responsibility and forced me into action. A terrible panic seized me, and I flew in dread from the room, carrying my prize with me, as the gray dawn swept the shadows from the sky. I found Elsie crouched before my fire weeping.

"Oh, Marjorie!" she cried, "where have you been? Papa's mind is wandering. He says his mother appeared to him with outstretched hands, and his right side is palsied."

Now was my time to speak. I sat down on the rug and held her in my arms. "He was right, Elsie dear; his mind does not wander. I saw the spirit of your grandmother one year ago, and again to-night. Don't start nor ask questions, please. I'll tell you all by-and-by. Tell me now what there was between your father and his mother in as few words as possible."

"She cursed him and disinherited him, leaving everything to Malcolm on condition that he would be the laird over papa, and never share the property with him or aid him in any way, or we would be outcasts, and a distant branch of the family inherit. Malcolm has accepted the conditions of the will to keep the home, but has never touched any of the money, and we live and have lived on papa's little income which he had from my grandfather. Papa's failing health forces my brother to take upon himself the duties of laird in public. He has given his life to papa, and denied himself every pleasure, every thought of self;" and Elsie's voice failed through excess of feeling.

And this was the mystery of his silence toward me, the life of privation. He seemed glorified in my sight; but there was not a moment to lose. I told Elsie of my dream, and together we looked carefully through the book, and at last, to our joy, we found the words as I had dreamed of them, and added below was the date, proving that this last will had been written just before death.

We clung to each other for a moment in a passion of tears, shed from mingled joy and grief, and then Elsie took the book to Malcolm. I crept to the half-opened door and looked in. The old laird lay with his head on his son's breast, his poor patient eyes gazing in his face.

"Can you ever forgive me, dearest father," he repeated, "for my neglect of this solemn trust? Do you heed me?

Hear what I have to accuse myself of, and know what misery you might have been spared. Before her death, grandmother said that a book was left for me in her desk containing receipts for mental and bodily health, for *men as well as cattle*, and she charged me solemnly to read it carefully and profit by it. Father, you know the rest. I saw this book, and thrust it in a drawer of the desk, and forgot it. God knows my only thoughts were, and have been, of you. And this message from the dead comes too late."

A smile of ineffable peace dwelt upon the old man's face as he whispered: "Not too late, my boy; it is never too late to know that she blessed me at last. Call Marjorie to me."

I approached, and with his poor left hand he drew me to his breast, and kissed and blessed me. Elsie lay weeping by his side, and there was a low wailing outside of the door from the faithful retainers of the household. A heavenly radiance overspread the wan face, the dim eyes looked their last upon his children, and the old laird at last found peace.

X.

It is again the eve of All-Saints. I am no longer Marjorie Cameron, but Mistress Marjorie Ronald, of Grosvenor Square, Glen Ronald, and Macpherson Tower, and though we had been married three months, we—Malcolm and I—never wearied of telling each other again and again the sweet old, old story. We had just returned from the Continent, and, like a willful spoiled child, I insisted upon going direct to Glen Ronald for a week before calling for Elsie at Lady Seton's, and establishing ourselves in London until certain important plans of mine were perfected. We were very rich, my fortune and his together; and Elsie resigned all claim to the Tower conditionally. She said, with saucy imperativeness, that we accepted her as the incumbrance, which my aunt Seton begged to share, for Elsie had quite won her heart. And even Sims proved faithless; so I made her over to her new little mistress, and took honest Jeanie into my especial service under my French maid.

We paced the long drawing-room, Malcolm and I, when the gray gloaming and fire-light blended softly together. The great deer-hound lay stretched on the soft sheep rug. Outside, the wind wailed eerily about the house, but I no longer trembled, for a protecting arm was about me, and the wealth of a great abiding love encompassed me.

We had discussed, until all argument, all ideas, were exhausted, the subject of my dream and what had appeared to me. We acknowledged our belief that

> "millions of spiritual creatures
> Walk the earth, both when we wake
> And when we sleep."

"And," observed Malcolm, "we have better warrant than superstition for the belief. Why should we doubt the agency of ministering angels? Do you remember, darling, that passage in Klopstock's 'Messiah' in which the angel Abadonna resigns his charge? Even for Judas we can not help but feel a thrill of interest."

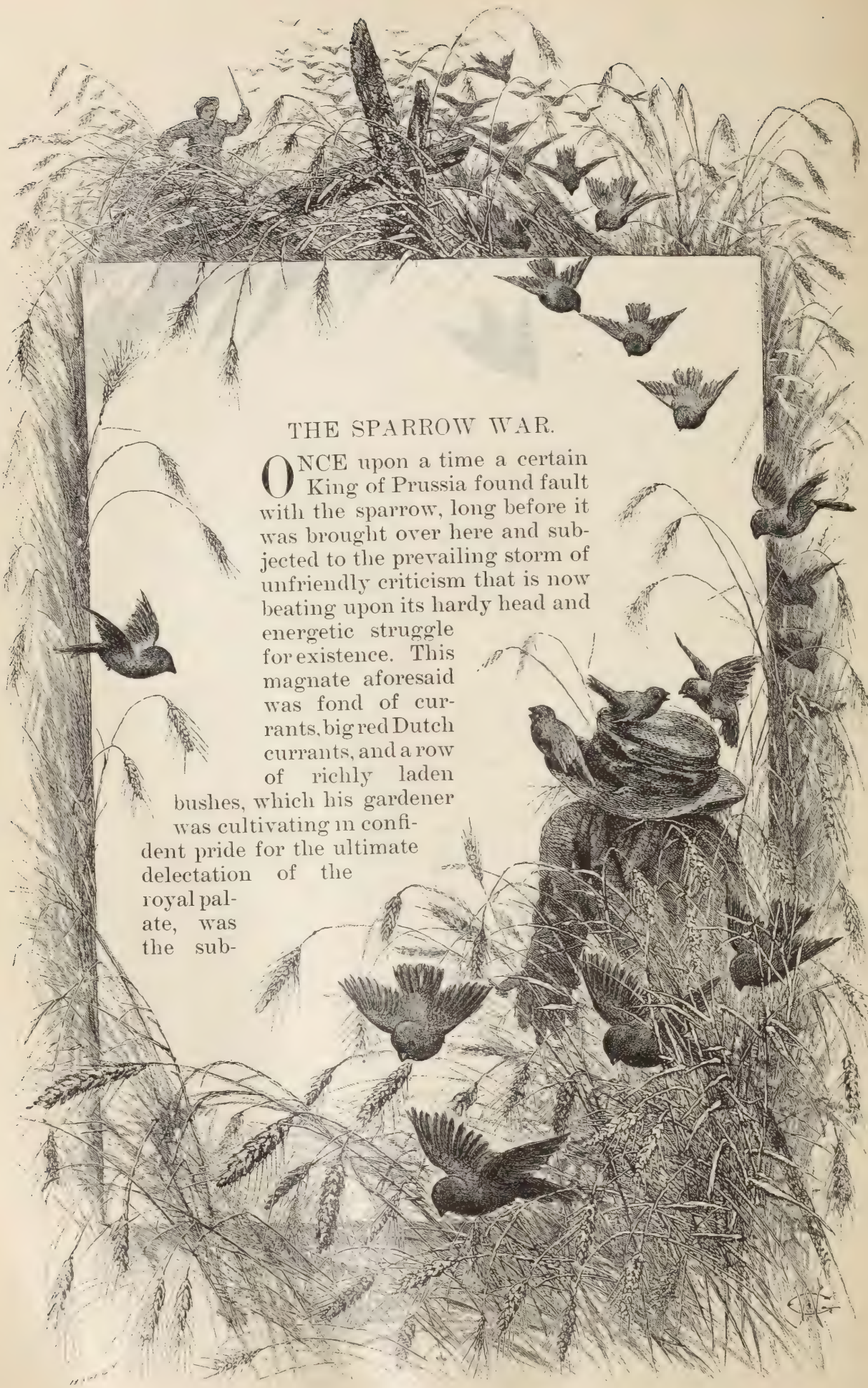
"It seems a link between earth and some other space—I dare not say heaven," I returned, "nor yet hell; and the belief in the agency of these spirits is certainly confirmed and sanctioned by the language of Scripture. And now, Malcolm," I added, in my most fascinating manner, drawing down the dear face for a kiss, "do you know that from the first time I ever saw you I called you a grand Viking?"

"And do you know," he interrupted, "that I always called you my Valkyria, though I never dared hope for the heaven you have given me."

"Then we are quits; and you did not have to pass through death to gain your heaven. And now for a boon: promise to say yes." And naturally, with my head leaning against his breast, how could he say nay? "I want you to watch with me to-night, dear Malcolm, in that room. I *must* watch there, if I go alone."

And so it came to pass that again I kept my vigil in that grewsome chamber. A strong arm clasped me, and firm warm hands held mine, as we sat together in the shadow. It was a black night. The loch roared in the distance; rain splashed against the windows in the mirk hours; the wind swept about the trees and around the house with the wail and sob of departing spirits.

We sat in silent expectancy. The night waned, and the cold gray dawn stole into the gloomy room, a warmer light, and we looked each other in the eyes with calm content. The poor ghost had found rest, and the curse had departed for evermore from the house of Ronald.



THE SPARROW WAR.

ONCE upon a time a certain King of Prussia found fault with the sparrow, long before it was brought over here and subjected to the prevailing storm of unfriendly criticism that is now beating upon its hardy head and energetic struggle for existence. This magnate aforesaid was fond of currants, big red Dutch currants, and a row of richly laden bushes, which his gardener was cultivating in confident pride for the ultimate delectation of the royal palate, was the sub-

ject of more attention from his Majesty than the gorgeous flower parterres or the clumps of semi-tropical foliage, transplanted to please his eye, here and there throughout the princely gardens. When the berries were almost blushing in full crimson beauty of ripeness, his Royal Highness made the unpleasant discovery that multitudes of sparrows not only coveted the fruit as much as he, but that they had eaten them all before he could muster an alarm, mount guard, and pick the clusters for himself.

A quaint chronicler tells us, thereupon, that the wrath of his Highness was not confined to a single or repeated explosions of disgust on the garden walks, but that an edict was published at once ordering the extermination of the *Pyrgita domestica;* and so thoroughly did the vassals of the crown carry out this law, that the unhappy sparrows were literally eliminated from the Prussian realms. Then this old historian goes on to say that to the great surprise of "his Majestie" the currant bushes were not permitted, after the expulsion of these birds, to render service after their kind, for a strange fly next year followed, and "did eate y^{e} leaves" so extensively that the shrubs again failed in bearing; and so on, season after season, until the king, weary of seeing the ravage, revoked the decree of death to the sparrow, and actually paid out of the royal treasury some eight hundred thousand dollars in the form of rewards to his people for their zeal in bringing the exiled birds back.

Thus the sparrow, which we have brought over from the Continent, is no stranger to persecution, and the success with which he fights for a living here augurs well for his future; but, like all other people of pronounced character, he has decided phases of good commingled with much that is as decidedly evil: hence his friends and his foes have arisen, and the overburdened refrain of their angry disavowals and recriminations is spread out within the columns of the press wherever men can read in this country. Now we too have a grievance, but a judicial examination of the offense of the sparrow brings us in good faith to complain just as much of our own robin, which we have immortalized in song and in prose, and many other home birds.

The sparrow comes from a good family, having a host of representatives in Europe, and a full list in North America; but, strange to say, it is the only scion of this large division of the bird tribe from which the gift of song seems to have been wholly withheld. Everybody who has strolled in the country during May and June has listened to the sweet love carols of our chirping and song sparrows, but no one ever heard the sparrow in question utter a single sound that possessed the faintest melody—nothing but that incessant complaining chirp and distressful chatter from one end of the year to the other—no intermission, no rest. If it could sing like our cat-bird, or even the clumsy robin, for instance, the opposition to it which now exists would, it is safe to say, never have been aroused, because in all fairness, waiving the question of song, the sparrow can not be called any better or worse than the rest of its kind, which are all plump, sober, dull-plumaged birds.

The characteristic preference which the sparrow has for the haunts of man, its selection of the busiest centres of great cities for chief residence and enjoyment, would at first sight imply that it was attached to the personal companionship of ourselves, when, in fact, it will not bear confinement in cages like the robin, the redbird, and a score of others which are indigenous to our country, and are called birds of the wild woods. In this condition it cowers and sulks, refuses food and all attention from our hand, until death relieves it from further suffering. Before, however, beginning to speak of its many peculiarities, it is better that the history of the introduction of this little foreigner should be presented, in order that people may judge of the degree in which an insignificant beginning in some matters may be instrumental in producing results of important and far-reaching consequence.

The first attempt, as far as is known, to introduce the common house-sparrow of Europe to our country was made by a gentleman name Desblois, in Portland, Maine, during the autumn of 1858: he brought over a few birds from the Continent, and liberated them in a large garden which was situated within the central part of the city. They remained there sheltered and secure under the eaves of a neighboring church throughout the winter, and in the following spring settled down happily enough to the labor of nest-building and rearing

their young. Two years later the first pair of these finches were set at liberty near Madison Square, New York city; the importation was steadily repeated, the birds being released in the Central Park and at Jersey City. They were first introduced to Boston in 1868 by the city government, and to Philadelphia by the municipal authorities in 1869, and from these small beginnings the house-sparrow has been spread all over this Northern country wherever we have a city east of the Rocky Mountains, and the fluttering flocks of the robust, noisy little foreigner enliven the streets thereof in every direction. Their numbers are nearly countless.

The object at first for the introduction of the house-sparrow does not seem to have been one of a practical suggestion, but rather one in the nature of sentiment. Since, however, the attention of the citizens was called to the great nuisance of the existence of canker and measure worms in the shade trees of the old cities of the Union, the fact that the house-sparrow would remain with us all winter, and feed as energetically upon the worms as any of our own birds—which always, without exception, left for warmer climes every season—the thought of practical application took life in encouraging the introduction of the English sparrow as a means of relief more certain than that afforded by any or all of our indigenous finches. As soon as this became generally understood, the little John Bull was distributed with great industry all over the country for this purpose; but as sure as it became numerous in any town or city, a spirited opposition sprang up to it, and exists to-day with more or less vitality in every section where the bird is fairly settled. Whole books have been written *pro* and *con*, and naturalists have waged unrelenting war upon one another, as they differed in estimating the value and the services of *Pyrgita domestica;* but in the judgment of the writer, the entire practical bearing of the controversy has not been fully presented by either the friends or the foes of the little finch, for it must seem clear enough to those who will follow the line of argument in this article that while the house-sparrow is eminently fit and wonderfully well constituted for life in Northern cities, yet it is a sad rowdy and nuisance in the country; while in the former case it renders admirable service in destroying insect pests that disfigure the shady avenues of city forestry, yet in the latter field it can not compete with our native birds in entomological service to man, and having given good reason for dislike on the part of the growers of fruit, they are doubly incensed because the law will not allow them to shoot, trap, or destroy the enemy.

When, however, we come to regard the sparrow with reference to special adaptation for city life, we are free to acknowledge that it possesses characteristics fitting it for that existence far superior to any of our native birds. It is hardy enough to withstand the shock of our rudest winters; and it is a source of infinite relief and amusement to our people in the large towns all over the country, who, by reason of poverty or else absorbing occupation, are never able to spend their summers in rural districts, and who, were it not for the chattering little finch in question, would hardly know what a wee bird really looked like. Look again at the beautiful adaptation of this expatriated sparrow for a residence in the begrimed and smoky thoroughfares of commerce in our Western cities particularly, where soft coal is the sole fuel and base for heating, lighting, and manufacturing. Here, amid the noise and jar of active business competition, why should the bird sing? Who has time to stop and listen? And if he did, what kind of satisfaction could be gathered, with the banging of a trip-hammer on the one side and the rattling of freight trucks on the other?

No, it is more, much more, than right to ask a bird which shall agree to winter and summer with us in our cities of iron, brick, and stone to possess the power of song, and sing accordingly; it would simply be an idle and extravagant expenditure of a beautiful gift for Nature to endow any such ornithological subject with the faculty—contrary to her perfect laws, and in violation of her perfect wisdom. The idea of a house-sparrow trying to vocalize as it perches on the coping of a pawnbroker's window, while the sound of an auctioneer's bell or of an elevated railway train deafens the ear, and the smoke of a foundry darkens the air!

The pre-eminent qualifications of the sparrow for life in our busy, noisy marts of commerce should not be permitted in the mind of a fair observer to weigh for a moment heavily in its favor as an argu-

ment for adaptation to the suburbs or country residence. Here the *Pyrgita* is a nuisance rather than an aid or pleasure to man. It becomes low and vulgar when brought into contrast with the form, plumage, and song of our own birds; and he who comes out early in the softness of some bright June morning for a stroll over his lawn and a tour of his garden, may be well acquitted of injustice if he shall be found with anger in his heart and wrath in his eye for the hundreds or thousands of little brown sparrows that carouse, like so many rowdy boys, through his cherry-trees, and wantonly shake the dew from his currants into their mischievous beaks.

The intense vitality and self-assurance of the house-sparrow manifests itself, however, to great advantage during the winters that clog our city streets with ice and snow, and by its real philosophy under difficulties it must cheer many a discouraged man or woman to a fresh effort and a lighter heart. It is the only bird not domesticated that will winter and summer alike with us in our Northern cities and villages, and, so far as the writer has ever been able to observe, the *Pyrgita* has never used force to drive other birds from its local habitation; but it is true, however, that most of our songsters are not as noisy or as gregarious during the mating season as is the house-sparrow, and therefore when the former are surrounded by the clatter of the boisterous broods of the latter, many of them naturally retire to more peaceful limits—to the suburbs, and to the country—where they are not annoyed by the incessant gossip and bustle of their imported brethren. During the last fifteen years the writer has resided for a great portion of the time in the Smithsonian Building, that stands surrounded by a fifty-acre park of lawn, forestry, and shrubs, at Washington. He can recall the earlier days when the indigenous birds were certainly much more numerous there than they now are, and when their peculiarly sweet songs of May and June delightfully opened and closed the lovely days of that season of the year. The sparrow came a few years ago, and to-day its monotonous chirp is the predominant sound early and late throughout the park and the city, though there are a fair number of our song-sparrows, robins, warblers, and orioles still scattered as they nest here and there within the grounds; but when they do stay, the incessant harsh chirping of their English cousin seems to rob them of almost all desire to sing themselves, so that we are only treated now to occasional outbursts of their own charming melody.

The sparrow is emphatically a bird of business and nothing else. It has no ear for music, no time for art—no appreciation of the one or the other, but it attends solely and strictly to business, and the great absorbing theme of its energetic life is how to successfully rear three or four broods of its kind every year. The fact that it pays such devoted, diligent attention to this subject is that which renders it of such real, substantial service to the better preservation and protection of our city shade trees. It is very commonly held that the sparrow does not destroy insects by seeking these pests as food, but that it preys upon street sweepings and refuse from dwellings. In this connection the incorrectness of that point may be made entirely clear by calling attention to the probable truth of this fact: not one of the young sparrows, from the day they are hatched until they are fully fledged, can subsist upon any food except the larvæ of insects and certain insects themselves. Therefore each pair of sparrows, in the labor of raising three or four distinct broods of their young during the spring and summer, must seek for and destroy an enormous aggregate of insect and worm life by thus rearing and feeding their hearty, voracious nurslings, because the hunger of the nestlings seems never to be assuaged, while the efforts of the parents to satisfy it do not cease from early dawn until late in the evening. Indeed, so difficult do the old birds find the task of satisfying the craving appetites of their young with this dainty fare that they themselves are frequently compelled to feed in turn upon the coarser and more abundant food which they find in the streets, and when they have been seen feeding in this way by thoughtless people, they have been and they are charged with neglect of their proper duty—the destruction of insect life.

In this devotion to their young from early in May until the end of September, as their swift rotating broods appear, the sparrows in our cities certainly render efficient and valuable service, and though they do crowd out from our parks and squares many of our familiar songsters,

yet they do not do it by force, nor do they entirely drive them away. The writer, as he sits in contemplation of this subject, looks out before him, and directly opposite his window in the Smithsonian Building, at a magnificent elm-tree, in which an orchard oriole, a summer warbler, and the sparrow in question are respectively rearing their young. The former has woven its peculiar nest high in the top of the upper limbs; the warbler has knit its tiny couch at the extreme end of a long swaying middle branch; while the sturdy *Pyrgita* has taken possession of a snug little box nailed low down and close to the trunk of the tree. It travels with unremitting diligence to and fro with food for its noisy young, while the song-birds above seem to come and go at comparatively rare intervals on the same errands. But while it is plain that the sparrows in no way physically whatever molest the warbler or the oriole, yet it is equally apparent that the incessant harsh chirp and chatter of the foreigners depress the spirits of the natives to such an extent that they are seldom heard to exercise their own charming powers of minstrelsy.



ENGLISH SPARROWS

Still it should be borne in mind that our blackbirds in the country tease and torment the gentler thrushes and the robins, that the kingbirds worry the doves, and that more or less offensive individuality is the rule always in animal life when the stronger or the aggressive encounter the weaker or more retiring examples of their kind.

So, in summing up the charge for the public, we can not find just ground upon which to remove the sparrow from our cities, where its energetic little life enlivens the toil of the smoke-begrimed labor of those corporations; but we do think that beyond this zone of existence the sparrow ceases to be a fair object for preservation, and we believe that free action should be given to the residents of the suburbs and the country to deal with the mischievous flocks as they deem best; in other words, to let them stand or fall upon their own merits, just as we do with our native species not known to the law as game. No sensible man will wage war upon the birds in his garden, fields, or orchard; if he knows anything at all about them, he knows that they strike a balance with him at the close of the season greatly in his favor; but there are times, exceptional occasions, when it is not only justifiable, but it is necessary, to use powder and shot for the protection of some special crop, and when these occasions arise, the observer will notice, if he lives near the city, that he has not only sparrows to deal with, but he has as much or even greater fault to find with the robins, the orioles, the woodpeckers, and scores of other winged marauders. The inability to resist the temptation of carousing among the rich red or black clusters of fruit on a cherry-tree, or of sampling the aromatic fruit of the vine as it hangs in blue, black, and amber-toned masses on the vines in September, is not a sin peculiar to this bird of the town by any means: it is shared by nearly all of its feathered relatives, be they high or low, and their name is legion.



"WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN."

A NIGHT ON THE TÊTE NOIRE.

BANG! bang! sounded on my bedroom door, awakening me from my pleasant slumbers. Where was I? I sat up in bed, rubbed my eyes, and tried to recollect. During the past year my chaperon Mrs. Mason and I had been travelling in Europe, and so rapidly had we gone from place to place that it was a very common occurrence for me to awake mornings in a complete mystery as to my whereabouts. However, the *garçon* at my door determined I should remember, for he now accompanied his bangs with the following broken English: "All de people dat is goin' to leave Martigny by diligence for de Hospice of Great St. Bernard *viâ* Liddes, must get demselves up."

I was at Martigny, certainly, but I was not going over the Great St. Bernard, but over the Tête Noire Pass to Chamounix. I would have time for just one more nap. I settled myself comfortably, and would have succeeded in my intention but for a most lively rattling at my door-knob.

"Well, what's wanted?" cried I.

"What's wanted?—you are wanted," replied a female voice, which from its sweetly vinegared and decisive tone I recognized as belonging to my chaperon, Mrs. Mason. I opened the door, and she entered, ready to start, her travelling-bag and guide-book in hand.

"Well," exclaimed she, "why are you not yet dressed? I sent some one to awaken you an hour ago, and with special injunctions not to stop knocking until he received an answer, for I know your fond-

ness for sleeping;" and she smiled complacently.

"He did," replied I, yawning.

"Then all I have to say is, you are a great dawdler. You would just like to sleep, sleep, all the time."

I said nothing, but began putting on my shoes and stockings.

"Margaret Bronson!" she exclaimed, after a moment of severe scrutiny, "I should like to know what you came abroad for?"

"For fun," I muttered, gloomily; "and a precious little I get of it, too."

"For fun!" she echoed, entirely unheeding the remainder of my sentence—"for fun! Indeed you did not come for fun. Your father placed you under my care for moral, mental, and physical improvement. But," shaking her head and sighing deeply, "it seems a most hopeless, thankless task to elevate your ideas, or to make you appreciate the advantages of European travel. I don't really believe you know what place this is—do you?"

"Martigny," I answered, shortly.

"Correct, Margaret, correct," replied my tormentor, nodding encouragingly at me from over her blue-glass spectacles. "I see you are not quite so stupid as you look this morning."

Three of my shoe buttons suddenly flew off, but I sat apparently unmoved.

"Can you tell me what Martigny is noted for?" went on this dreadful woman.

"Noted for!" cried I, rising to my feet; "for being the dullest, stupidest, most utterly forsaken place I ever have had the misfortune to be in."

She deigned no reply, but opening her guide-book, and clearing her throat, read as follows: "'Martigny, a small Swiss village, contains about 1300 inhabitants. It is lively for its size, owing to the numerous arrivals and departures daily. There travellers on their way to Chamounix by the Tête Noire or Col de Balme meet those crossing the Alps by the Simplon and Great St. Bernard. The—'" She suddenly paused, and said, angrily, "Margaret, stop waving your hair-brush around my head: I can see you in the mirror." And seizing hold of me by the arm, she pulled me toward the window. "There, now, look," said she, "at all the people coming and going, and don't tell me this is a forsaken place."

"Perhaps not," said I, rubbing my arm where her sharp nails had rested; "but I'll tell you one thing."

She looked at me questioningly.

"When you and I just now crossed that room together, *I* went like 'Hi diddle dumpling my son John, one shoe off and the other shoe on,'" and throwing my off boot up into the air, I burst forth into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Take care! take care!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason, horrified. But the warning was uttered too late. We were standing near an open window, and my boot, following that old saying, "What goes up must come down, on the head or on the ground," fell below into the court-yard.

"Dear me! I do hope no one saw it," she said, anxiously, glancing down at my falling boot.

"I hope not either," said I, "for that was the one that had all the buttons off." I peeped over my duenna's shoulder. The court, as she had said, presented a most lively appearance. Parties arriving and departing with all the customary bustle and excitement; the presence of guides, horses, mules, and donkeys; the recital of hair-breadth escapes by the returned tourists; the weather, and speculations on the same—all reminded me of Crawford's, only on a larger scale.

"By jingo, ma!" exclaimed a childish voice, as a lady and young gentleman and little boy passed along, "that boot came mighty near landing on that bonnet of yours; and, oh, jiminy! wouldn't you have been mad if it had!"

The idea seemed to afford the child intense amusement, for he chuckled away to himself with impish delight.

"Come here, Harry," called the gentleman, authoritatively; "the carriage is ready, and we are going to start."

"Wait a minute, Vincent," exclaimed the child, picking up my boot, and looking up at my duenna, who stood grim and severe in the window. (I stood behind her out of sight.) "I'm just going to pitch this old lady her boot." And suiting his action to his word, he gave it a toss into the window, and then scampered off to the carriage. And as they drove away, I could hear the little fellow's merry laughter mingled with the expostulatory tones of his companions.

"Humph! Americans, evidently," remarked my chaperon, grimly, as she picked up her spectacles, which my boot had rather unceremoniously knocked off.

And then, taking her guide-book and umbrella, she marched to the door, saying, still more grimly, "I will wait for you below, Margaret." Now one generally associates the word *below* with warmth and brightness, but neither did I receive when, my toilet at last completed, I rushed down stairs. Breakfast in silence, hotel bill paid in silence, we mounted the vehicle in silence which was to convey us across the Tête Noire; the driver cracked his whip, and off we started in silence. The scenery was for some time exceedingly uninteresting, the outskirts of Martigny consisting chiefly of mean-looking houses, around which stood sickly-looking men and women, all of them more or less afflicted with that dreadfully repulsive disease the goitre, so prevalent in the lower valleys of the Alps. However, as nothing lasts forever in this world, we finally got rid of them, and passing through green orchards and meadows, we began to ascend the mountain. After ascending for some little time, we reached the dark forest of Trient. Among these immense pine forests overhanging the mountain, and forming the Tête Noire, the road winds, having only a view of the snow peaks aspiring above, except that now and then an opening through the dark woods allows the eye a momentary glimpse of the country below. The gloom of these shades, their lonesome silence, the tremendous precipices bordering the road, all assisted in raising the solemnity of one's feelings into awe. I almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees, and half wished, in my reckless way, that some would appear: it would be so romantic, provided they didn't kill us. But none did appear, and continuing our ascent among the pine forests, we at length reached a little plain, where the drivers stopped to rest their horses and mules, and the travellers to take such refreshment as could be obtained at the small inn stationed there.

I scrambled down from our vehicle, which, by-the-way, greatly resembled a butcher's cart, it having no top, and but very little back, and leaning against a tree, waited for Mrs. Mason, who had gone to the inn to procure some luncheon for us. As I stood there, gazing admiringly at the wild picturesque scene before me, I heard a voice say, "Look, Vincent; there is that same old woman who lost her shoe out of the window."

I turned my head in the direction of the voice, and recognized the gentleman and little boy whom I had seen that morning at Martigny. The gentleman looked about twenty-six or twenty-seven; he had an intelligent and aristocratic face, and a tall, well-knit figure. Neither of them saw me, but were watching my duenna, who was coming nimbly along, holding a bottle of wine in one hand and some bread in the other.

"Margaret," she cried, as she approached me, "if you were only like other girls, and could be trusted!"

"What would you do then?" asked I, calmly.

"I would let you go on alone in the wagon for a couple of hours, while I took a mule and went over the Col de Balme. I would meet you again at Argentière, the next resting-place. There are a number of people just starting from here with a guide. And there is such a magnificent view from the top of the Col, I should like to go very much."

"Well," said I, meditatively, "you may go, as far as I am concerned; for if the only thing I have to do is to sit in the wagon until I reach Argentière, where you meet me, I think nothing very serious can happen to me. And, too," I exclaimed, an idea suddenly occurring to me, "don't you remember you once before left me alone, when we were at Vevay, and you had to go in town to do some shopping—don't you remember?"

"That's just it, Margaret; I remember only too well," replied she, shaking her head mournfully. "When, after an absence of two hours, I returned to the hotel, you were nowhere to be found, and after questioning several of the hotel porters and boatmen, I learned that you had gone out alone for a row on the lake, and never came in until after dark. Oh yes, I remember perfectly."

I remained silent, feeling that somehow I had said the wrong thing, or rather that my remark had not produced the effect which I had intended.

"Well," said she, sighing deeply, "I suppose I must give it up, though I should enjoy going over the Col de Balme very much, as I have never been over it, and I have been over the Tête Noire twice."

"You shall go!" exclaimed I, decidedly, feeling a tinge of compunction at the thought that my giddy ways should prevent her from enjoying herself. And aft-

er a great deal of promising on my part not to lean too near the edge of the wagon, and to keep well wrapped up, she finally let me start forth alone.

How happy I felt starting off by myself, with no one to keep poking me in the ribs with an umbrella, and pointing out to me the great wonders of nature, and asking me the dates of different dead celebrities! I drew in great breaths of pure mountain air, and enjoyed my independence as I had never done before.

We still drove through vast pine forests, and on the edge of deep precipices. But the scene seemed perpetually changing as the rolling mists above caught the sunbeams and touched the cliffs with all the magical coloring of light and shade. Toward the close of the day the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains whose shaggy heights appeared to be inaccessible almost surrounded it. We had not seen a single habitation since we left the Tête Noire inn, and the only sound of life that broke the stillness was the melancholy tinkling of a sheep-bell in the distance, or the roar of some cataract foaming along with loud fury. The rays of the setting sun threw a weird yellow gleam upon the forests of pine and the snowy peaks above, making the stillness of the hour more awful. As the twilight deepened the air grew colder, and drawing my cloak closer around me, I asked the driver, in my best French, if we had not almost reached Argentière. He shook his head, and pointed with his whip to some dark clouds that seemed to be fast gathering round the mountains.

A low rustling sound now began to creep along the wood-tops till it was lost in the rising wind. The tall heads of the trees then began to wave, while through a forest of pine the wind, groaning heavily, rolled onward over the woods below, and in the distance I could hear the deep thunder. A mountain storm was evidently going to burst over our heads in a few minutes. What should I do? I was horribly afraid of thunder-storms. Suppose we had to stop in the woods all night, and suppose there were banditti lurking under the trees! I shuddered at the thought, and wondered how, only a few hours ago, I could have wanted some to appear. A flash of lightning glanced upon the rocks, the thunder muttered, while the tall dark pines waved us a warning to hurry on to some place of shelter. We did so. Tam o' Shanter and John Gilpin had easy rides compared with the one I had that night. Aside from the danger of slipping down precipices, the jolting over stones and fallen branches was terrible. The wagon, as I before said, had no top, neither had it springs, and the only way I managed to keep in was by bracing my feet against the front seat and holding on firmly with both hands.

Another flash of lightning revealed to us a dark-looking building a short distance on. We reached it just as the big drops began to fall. The driver lifted me down from the wagon, for I was so stiff from cold and fatigue I had scarcely any power to move.

"Argentière?" I managed to gasp. I received no answer to my question; but the door before me suddenly opened, and a stream of light came forth. Half blinded by the light, I staggered forward into a large room, at the further end of which was a bright fire, around which some five or six men were seated. They were rather desperate-looking characters, I thought, and were talking in loud voices and gesticulating vehemently. They ceased talking when I entered, and silently stared at me. If this was Argentière, I reasoned to myself, where was Mrs. Mason? and if this was not Argentière, where was I? Perhaps this was a rendezvous for banditti! The thought almost overpowered me, and I stood rooted to the spot, gazing at the group around the fire with a most horror-stricken countenance. My hat had blown off in our flight through the woods, and my hair, having become loosened, hung in wild disorder about my shoulders. One of them now advanced toward me. I thought my time had surely come, but had sufficient courage not to shrink back. I drew myself up to my full height, and calmly looked at him. But instead of seizing my purse or my watch, the only two articles of value I had about me, he merely handed me a chair. However, this act of politeness did not deceive me, for I had just been reading *Paul Clifford*, and knew that banditti often possessed very courteous manners. And I was positive these were banditti, as I had been wishing for them all day, in spite of Mrs. Mason's repeated warnings not to tempt the devil by my reckless wishes.

Suddenly I heard a shrill voice say be-

hind me: "Qu'est-ce que vous désirez, ma'm'selle?"

I turned and saw a woman, evidently the mistress of the hotel, or robbers' den, or whatever sort of place I was in, regarding me with great curiosity.

leaving me alone. Where was Mrs. Mason? I looked about me. I was in a large room, with two beds in it. On one of the beds I saw a dark green veil. I eagerly snatched it up. "Mrs. Mason's, evidently," I said to myself. For she al-



"THEY WERE RATHER DESPERATE-LOOKING CHARACTERS."

My spirits somewhat revived on seeing one of my own sex, and I told her, in very American sort of French, how I had been overtaken by the storm, and how I expected to find a lady friend of mine there waiting for me, that is, if this place was Argentière. She said no, this place was not Argentière, but that the lady friend had come, and gone up stairs—would not I go up? I thought this rather queer, but at the same time I decided to go up and see for myself. By so doing I would at least escape the rude gaze of the men. The landlady took a lighted candle from the table and led the way. We went along a dark hall, through which the wind moaned dismally, and up a winding flight of stone steps, and pausing before a door, she knocked. Receiving no response, she opened the door, put down the candle, and withdrew,

ways wore a green veil, rain or shine. I felt much relieved at this discovery, and thought that most probably she had only just left the room to make inquiries after me, and would return immediately. I laughed gleefully as I pictured to myself her look of surprise when she would find me here on her return.

I heard footsteps approaching in the corridor. A thought struck me, I would blow out the light, and mystify her a little. I blew it out, and then hid myself behind the thick curtains of the window. But the footsteps paused just before they reached my door, and I remained alone in the darkness. I looked out of the window. What a fearful night it was! The rain came down in torrents, and the pealing thunder, rolling onward, shook the casements and rocked the tall trees to and fro, while the vivid lightning every now

and then revealed the wild landscape below. The forlornness of my situation then came over me. I saw myself surrounded by the darkness and stillness of night, in a strange place, far distant from any friends, under the protection of strangers, perhaps banditti. A deadly terror of something vague and unknown crept upon me. The wildness of the scene was heightened by the sounds of revelry which came up from below. All my old fears concerning banditti returned with redoubled force. Their sounds of merriment seemed like exultations over some barbarous deed they had just committed. A hundred wild stories that I would have laughed at at another hour rose in chaos before my mind. I expected every instant to see the door open and some of the banditti enter. At last I could endure it no longer. The prospect that presented itself of passing the night alone in that cold dark room was terrifying to me. I determined to seek the landlady and try and find out what sort of a place I was in, and if Mrs. Mason was really there, and if so, where.

With my duenna's veil clutched in one hand, I groped my way toward the door. The profound darkness made me proceed with great caution. I finally struck a door-knob. I paused irresolute, not knowing where the door might lead to. As I did so I heard a sound as of some one sighing. I listened, scarcely daring to breathe, but the increasing voices below overcame every other sound, and with a jerk I opened the door. But instead of its leading into the corridor, as I had hoped, it opened into a spacious apartment, which was dimly lighted by a small lamp which stood on the mantel-piece. The feeble rays of the lamp did not allow me to see the full extent of the room, and as I gazed about me, undecided whether to proceed or withdraw, I saw the outline of a man's figure in the recess of the window. Who was it? Could it be one of the banditti? The thought chilled me; but what was my agony the next moment when it slowly turned and advanced toward me! A sudden peal of thunder shook the house, while a great gust of wind blew to the door through which I had just entered (thus shutting me in the room), and at the same time extinguished the light. To add to my horror, I found when I attempted to move that I was fastened to the door by my dress, which had been caught in the crevice. Prometheus, when chained to the rock, and seeing the vulture gradually coming nearer and nearer to him, could not have felt any more helpless than I did, fastened to that door in that strange room. Being fastened to a door would have been unpleasant at any time, but now, in an obscure and darkened room with a bandit (for I felt sure it was one of those whom I had seen down stairs), it was simply terrible. The place seemed well suited for a murder, for the roaring of the elements outside prevented any cry from being heard.

For a moment I was overwhelmed with terror, and unable to determine what course to pursue. But only for a moment; and then, clasping my purse in one hand and my watch in the other, I calmly awaited my fate.

My brigand seemed in no hurry to commence hostilities, for a vivid flash of lightning showed me his tall, commanding figure standing motionless in the centre of the room. He appeared to be listening. I was strongly tempted to cry out,

> "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I,"

but wisely forbore. He at last broke the silence by striking a match; it went out; likewise the next, and the next. He muttered some imprecation that to my distorted imagination sounded very American; and then taking up the lamp, which he had finally succeeded in relighting, he advanced toward me.

Tableau: a tall dark man, with arm upraised holding a small lamp, whose flickering light falls upon a slight girlish figure crouching against a dark wooden door. Her light hair hangs in a wavy, dishevelled mass about her shoulders; her hands are held out as if in supplication, while her face shows terror mingled with defiance. His face, on the contrary, exhibits only surprise and bewilderment. There is a deep silence, only broken by the sullen growl of the thunder and the heavy rain beating against the window-pane.

I ventured to steal a look at him, and I observed that he was a young man, and of noble mien. I looked again, and this time I recognized him as the gentleman I had that morning seen leaving Martigny in company with a lady and little boy. He appeared to me like an old friend, and without once thinking he had never seen

me, or even knew of my existence, I exclaimed, in a tone of great relief: "Oh! it's you, is it? I thought it was a bandit."



"A TALL DARK MAN, WITH ARM UPRAISED HOLDING A SMALL LAMP."

He made no reply, but gazed at me as though he suddenly beheld an apparition. "It really *is* you?" I added, a little anxiously, for his silence alarmed me, and I was beginning to think I had made a mistake.

"Well, yes," he said, slowly, drawing his hand across his brow in a somewhat contemplative manner, "I think I am myself, but I could tell better if I knew who you were." Regarding me wonderingly, he continued: "Who in Heaven's name are you? and where did you spring from on such a wild night?" Then coming a step nearer, and holding the light till it shone full in my face, he said, gravely, "Are you really a mortal?"

"Yes," I answered, with equal gravity, "I think I am; but I could tell better if my dress were unfastened from this door."

He looked curiously at me for an instant, as though he were trying to determine whether I was a dangerous lunatic who needed strict watching, or only some poor half-crazed creature who had taken shelter there from the storm. I divined his thoughts, and to assure him that I was

perfectly harmless, I said, composedly, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, though I may soon become so if you don't unfasten me, and let me get something to eat, for I'm almost starved."

On hearing this assurance of my sanity he burst out laughing, and I—always only too ready for that sort of amusement—joined heartily. As we stood there, looking at each other, and laughing in that foolish sort of way common to young people, we were recalled to our senses by a languid voice, saying, "Vincent, what are you laughing at? Has the lightning affected your brain?" I looked up, and saw a lady standing on the threshold of a door opposite to the one against which I was leaning. She was a woman of about fifty, having a handsome, aristocratic face, which greatly resembled her son's. Espying me, she raised her eyeglasses, and said, in a most supercilious manner, "Really, Vincent, it is very odd, but I just thought I saw something moving; the lightning reveals such strange sights to-night I can't quite make some of them out."

"Then allow me to help you!" exclaimed I, indignantly. "If you think I am a strange sight, I don't look one-quarter as strange as I feel. I'm sure I didn't want to come in here, but the wind blew me in."

"Yes," remarked she, composedly, "I have often heard of an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

"Mother!" uttered her son, in such a voice, and accompanied by such a look, that she paused; while I, too indignant to offer further apologies for my strange appearance, remained stolidly silent. Suddenly the door flew open behind me, and a little boy burst into the room.

"Our courier says, ma," he exclaimed, breathlessly, "that the storm is blowing over, and if you'd rather, we can go on to Chamounix to-night." Then seeing me, he leaned toward his mother, and said, in what was intended for a whisper, "Who's she?"

As that was a question neither of them could answer, and even I was beginning to feel dubious about, he received no reply.

"Oh, I know who you are!" he at length exclaimed, after having eyed me attentively. "You were with the old woman who lost her shoe out of the window this morning at Martigny—I saw you hiding behind her," and he nodded his head sagaciously.

"What were little boys made for?" I inwardly groaned. I would rather have been in the dark solitude of the adjoining room, a prey to the horrors of my imagination, than going through this ordeal.

"I told Vincent I saw you," pursued this *enfant terrible*, "and I told him you looked like the Virgin Mary that was in a church in Venice—a big wax doll, you know," he added, in way of explanation, "all dressed in a white gown, with yellow hair and pink cheeks. I guess you were just up, weren't you?"

Good heavens! would the child never stop talking? I felt like choking him.

"What's your name?" he continued, taking hold of one of my hands and gazing up into my face.

"Margaret Bronson," I answered, simply, more for the sake of silencing the child than for the sake of information.

"I know a boy in New York by that name—" began my young interlocutor, when his mother, who upon the mention of my name had started forward, interrupted him by saying, with more animation than she had hitherto shown,

"Your name is Margaret Bronson?"

I nodded stiffly.

"Then why didn't you say so before," she asked, with a touch of impatience, "and not keep us all in suspense as to who and what you were?"

It was my turn now to look astonished, and I did.

"Don't you know me?" she continued, as I stood mutely gazing at her. "Didn't you ever hear your mother speak of Mrs. Landreth?"

"Yes," I answered, rather reluctantly, "I have; but I've never seen you before."

"I have seen you often," replied she, graciously, "when you were a baby. But, dear me, to think of my meeting you in such a place as this! Your mother told me I would probably come across you somewhere in Switzerland, but she never supposed it would be thus, alone, at night, in a strange mountain inn. How did it happen?"

And then I told them all about it. How Mrs. Mason and I had separated at the Tête Noire House, expecting to meet again at Argentière; and after my arrival at this place, which I at first thought was Argentière, and saw all the wild-looking men assembled around the fire, I became frightened, and imagined them to be banditti, as Mrs. Mason had told me several of the mountain passes were infested with them.

Afterward, on hearing that a lady had arrived just before me and gone up stairs, I very naturally thought it was my chaperon, and so followed. But when I found myself alone and in the dark, I was frightened, and in attempting to leave the room I opened the wrong door, and came in here. My story was told rather incoherently, amid bursts of indignation and sympathy from my listeners. When I had finished, Mrs. Landreth leaned over and kissed me on my forehead, and told me that what I had undergone was really dreadful, and that Mrs. Mason did very wrong in leaving me so alone. Mr. Vincent Landreth echoed his mother's sentiments (with the exception of the osculatory part), and said the next time I went abroad I had better go under the auspices of another kind of chaperon; and then, looking laughingly into my somewhat perturbed countenance, added that he would immediately order supper.

Although I was happy to find myself among such kind friends, I was extremely uneasy with regard to Mrs. Mason's safety, not knowing but that she might have fallen down some of the mountain precipices, and I wanted to go on to Argentière, as the rain had ceased and the moon was slowly rising. But against this Mrs. Landreth protested, and as she was an invalid, and could not stand the night air, besides being exceedingly timid going



"I SAW MY DUENNA SEATED ON A LITTLE DONKEY."

over the mountain roads, I was obliged to yield.

But what was my amazement a few minutes afterward, when, on hearing a commotion beneath the window, I looked out and saw my duenna seated on a little donkey, loudly contending with the mistress of the inn. As I raised the window I heard her say, in her shrill, energetic tones, "*Une demoiselle Américaine avec blond cheveux*, and a blue dress." Now my tall duenna, seated on a poor short little donkey, at midnight, was rather a ludicrous object to contemplate, and my powers of cachinnation were once more irresistibly excited. Mr. Landreth had just joined me in the window, when the moonlight shone full on my face, and she recognized me. With a glad cry of relief and exultation, she turned to the wondering few who had been attracted by her shrill tones and strange appearance, and said, pointing at me with her finger, "*La voilà!* I told you she was here." Then looking at me, she exclaimed, pathetically: "Margaret, it is so queer these foreigners can't understand their own language!" Upon observing Mr. Landreth, her face darkened, and she muttered to herself, as she slowly dismounted from her donkey: "I might have known it. Catch me trying to chaperon another American girl!" Then turning once more in my direction, she said, anxiously, "Margaret, I do hope you haven't lost my umbrella and guide-book; the latter was full of specimens," and entered the house.

As there were but two bedrooms in the house, Mrs. Landreth, Mrs. Mason, and I shared one among us, and never, never will I forget that uncomfortable night on the Tête Noire.

I will just add that the Landreths accompanied us to Geneva and Paris, Mrs. Landreth and my duenna travelling most harmoniously together, and then we all sailed together for New York.

I think I will some day revisit the Tête Noire, but it will not be under the surveillance of Mrs. Mason, but of my brigand hero, who soon expects to be my— But that is out of the story, so I will say nothing about it.

THE MIMICRY OF NATURE.

The respondencies of Nature are not mere resemblances (as men of narrow observation may possibly imagine), but one and the very same footstep of Nature and her seal, impressed upon various objects.... A complete body of these axioms hath no man yet prepared, though they have a primitive force and efficacy in all science, and are of such consequence as to materially conduce to the conception of the unity of Nature, which latter we conceive to be the office and use of *Philosophia Prima*.—Lord Bacon.

WITH what a delicate pencil has the frost silvered the window-pane! The finest and most costly lace, which, perchance, holds within its almost microscopic meshes the thought and effort of a whole human life, is inferior to this choice production wrought in the darkness of a single night. Bring the lens nearer, the perfection of finish, the subtlety of the tracery, elude the glass; and yet with what simple, nay, with what meagre, materials this exquisite decoration is accomplished!

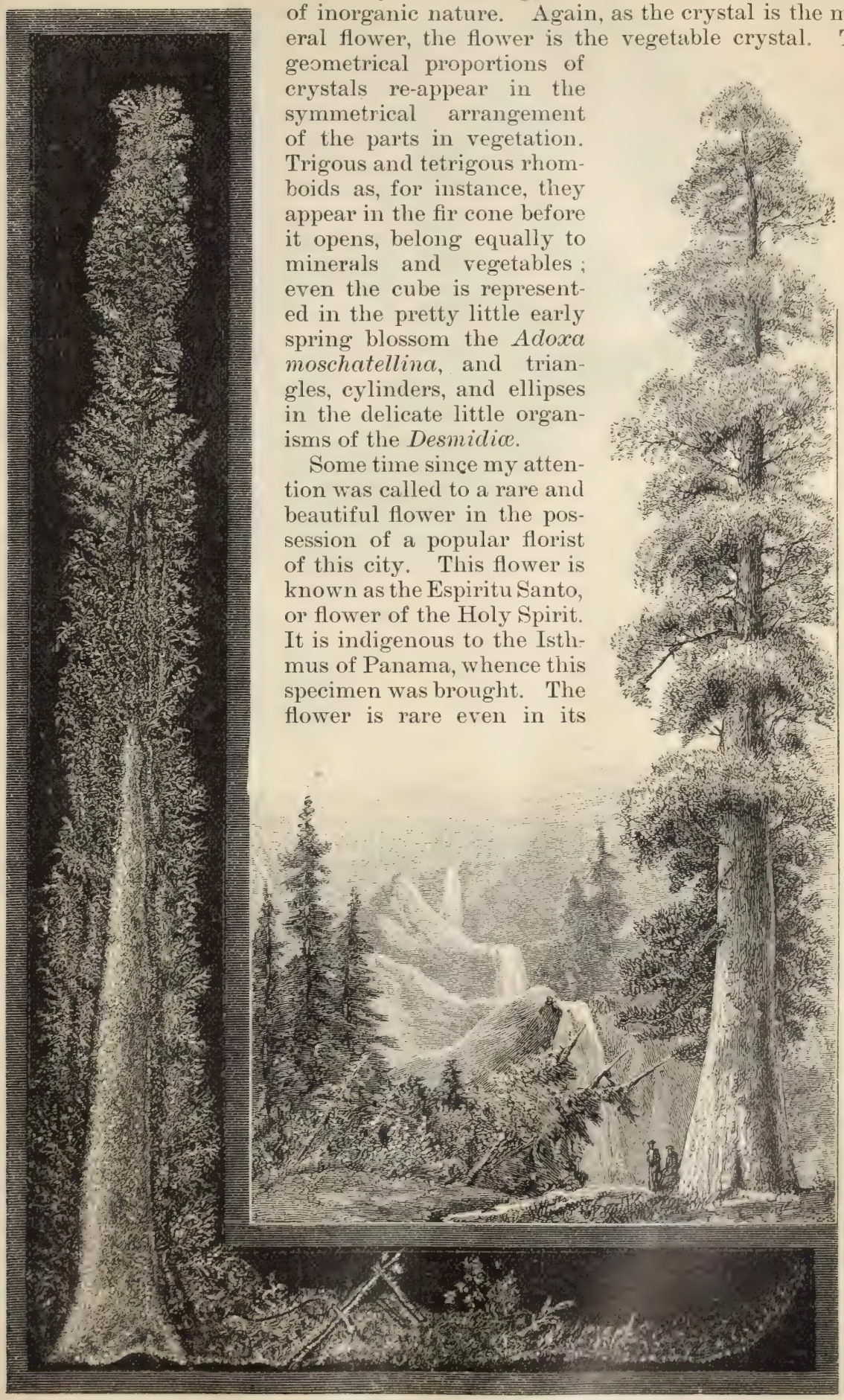
That it may not be supposed by persons whose attention has not been particularly directed to the subject that this representation is fanciful rather than true, a reproduction traced on gelatine from a ferrotype taken directly from the frost-work in a shop window in this city, and copied on the wood, nearly crystal for crystal, is given. So wonderful is the similitude of this frost-picture to one of the great redwoods, the giant trees of California, that it might have been taken for the negative of a photograph from nature, which, indeed, on the glass it much resembled.

Let any one examine the delicate fimbriated petals, of the purest white, belonging to that dainty little blossom of our Northern woods, *Miletta nuda*, and he shall see the fulfillment of a prophecy made in the depth of winter by a snowflake, which in the symmetry of its six compound crystals exactly prefigures it.

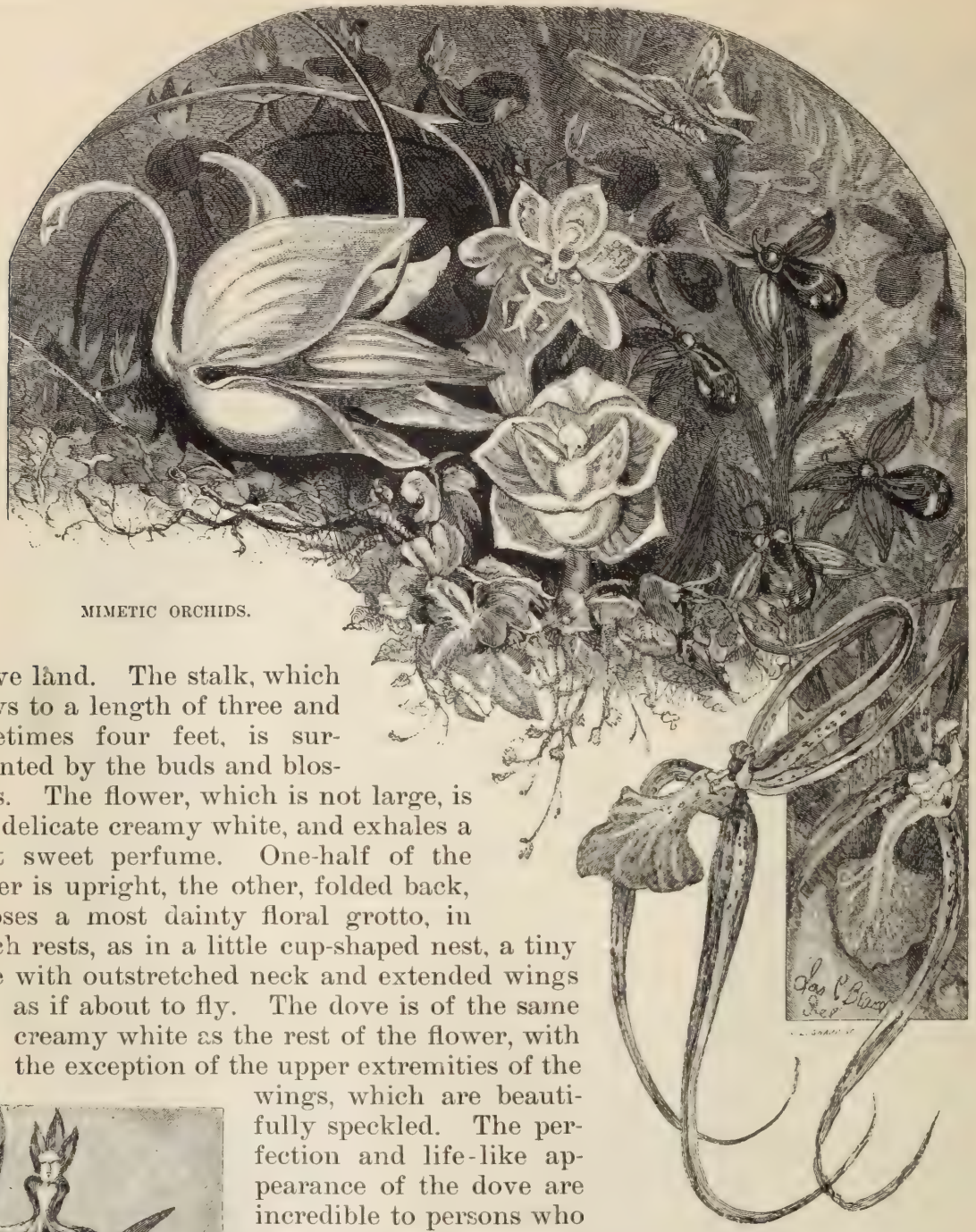
Nature, indeed, in the great variety of the six-rayed star spangles of the snow, seems to find patterns for many such flowers of endogens as when expanded are flat and radiate. The mineral kingdom shows at least a prefigurement of life and living forms. Crystal upon crystal clusters in graceful and symmetrical accretion, until from the dull, hard, indurated mineral or chemical salt spring forth fairy-like fronds into arborescent forms. Their purity and the translucent

brilliancy of their colors render them the blossoms of inorganic nature. Again, as the crystal is the mineral flower, the flower is the vegetable crystal. The geometrical proportions of crystals re-appear in the symmetrical arrangement of the parts in vegetation. Trigous and tetrigous rhomboids as, for instance, they appear in the fir cone before it opens, belong equally to minerals and vegetables; even the cube is represented in the pretty little early spring blossom the *Adoxa moschatellina*, and triangles, cylinders, and ellipses in the delicate little organisms of the *Desmidiæ*.

Some time since my attention was called to a rare and beautiful flower in the possession of a popular florist of this city. This flower is known as the Espiritu Santo, or flower of the Holy Spirit. It is indigenous to the Isthmus of Panama, whence this specimen was brought. The flower is rare even in its

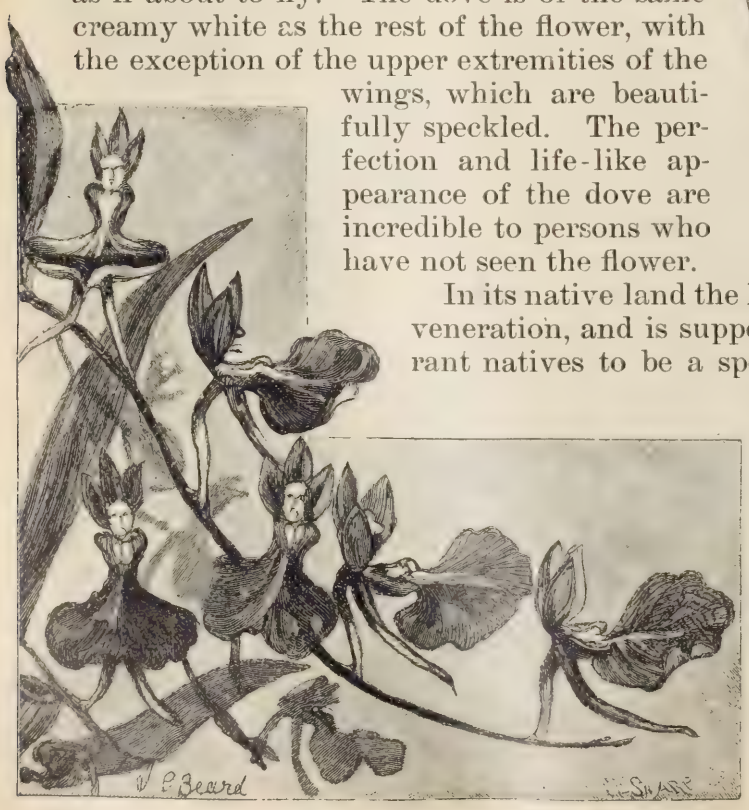


JACK FROST AS A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.



MIMETIC ORCHIDS.

native land. The stalk, which grows to a length of three and sometimes four feet, is surmounted by the buds and blossoms. The flower, which is not large, is of a delicate creamy white, and exhales a faint sweet perfume. One-half of the flower is upright, the other, folded back, exposes a most dainty floral grotto, in which rests, as in a little cup-shaped nest, a tiny dove with outstretched neck and extended wings as if about to fly. The dove is of the same creamy white as the rest of the flower, with the exception of the upper extremities of the wings, which are beautifully speckled. The perfection and life-like appearance of the dove are incredible to persons who have not seen the flower.



DANCING ORCHIDS.

In its native land the Espiritu Santo is held in religious veneration, and is supposed by the devout though ignorant natives to be a special emanation of the person in the Trinity whose emblem it bears. It is believed that if the flower be rudely plucked from the parent stem, or trampled under foot, the hand or foot which is the guilty agent of the deed will shortly wither and lose all life and power. If, on the contrary, it be plucked with a prayer, and for a good purpose, the hand that culls it will be shortly filled with treasure that must bring joy to the heart of its owner, be-

ing God-given. No wild beast has power to harm the fortunate possessor of a fresh and living blossom of this wonder-working plant, and of course it is equally efficacious in sickness.

Wonderful as is this mimicry of animal life, it is surpassed in the magnificent swan-flower, *Cycnoches ventricosum*, which appears in the illustration a little to the left of the flower of the Holy Spirit. It may well be questioned if the most ingenious artificer could imagine an arrangement of the different parts of a blossom, retaining them all, to so perfectly portray the beautiful water-fowl it mimics. The imitation affords no protection to the plant; it seems in no way connected with its physical well-being; it can not be accounted for by similar habits in the plant and bird: what, then, is the mysterious law that underlies such mimicries as these? Perhaps, after all, there may be respondencies in nature deeper and more subtle than have ever yet been imagined by scientists. Here, for instance, is the bee-orchis, seen slightly in the background to the right; were it fertilized, as it is not, but as many of the orchids are, by the insect it mimics, how eagerly would it not be seized upon as an instance of the development of mimetic tendencies toward some special profit to be derived therefrom by the object exhibiting such tendencies! And yet how wonderful the mimicry—the prominent compound eyes of the insect, its general contour, the wings, legs, and proboscis, all intimated by ingenious arrangement of different parts of the flower; and the bright yellow marking on a dusky brown ground, though referable to no known species of the insect, is strongly suggestive of the coloration and parts most common to bees. And here may be noticed a curious peculiarity of many of the mimicries of the orchidaceous tribes: the resemblance is often to some family or class, *in general*, in the animal kingdom, but to no one particular species, prefiguring, in fact, new combinations of specialities common to the kind mimicked, and hinting at unknown species, which it may not be entirely fanciful to imagine once inhabited, or will at some future period inhabit, the earth. At any rate, the resemblances seem sufficiently perfect to warrant the hypothesis of some force, whether answering to an intelligent volition or not, which impels, so to speak, a premeditated, purposed, and real imitation on the part of the flower of some creature or parts of a creature in the animal kingdom.

In the grotesque flower just above the dove-orchis we enter the region of caricature. If it be not thought irreverent to ascribe an appreciation of the humorous to the Creator, we may imagine we have an instance of it in the formation of the grinning, straddling suggestion of some unknown but unmistakable species of frog in the *Oncidium raniferum*.

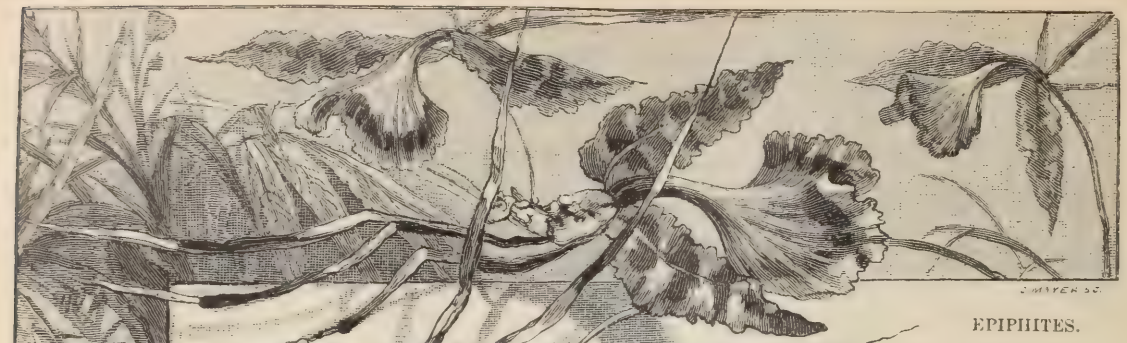
Let any one possessing the slightest appreciation of the ludicrous look at a spray of the dancing orchis (*Comparettia coccinea*), represented at the bottom of page 864, as it sways in the breeze, the comical gayly colored puppets executing their grotesque dances, and bobbing about with an irresistibly ludicrous affectation of enjoying themselves, and then deny, if he can, that this element of the humorous really exists in nature.

Significantly called "air plants," the epiphites, destitute of roots, drawing their sustenance from the elements, vegetable chameleons, daughters of the sun and of the breeze, living upon the air and the dews of heaven, perch upon trees or barren rocks, and lifting themselves away from the earth in which other plants are rooted, flutter on tenuous stems, as if eager to realize the aerial life of the butterflies and birds they imitate in form.

See, for instance, the *Oncidium papilio*, top of page 866, which seems actually to take flight on outspread wings as it vibrates with fluctuating movements, rising and falling in the perfume-laden breeze of the tropics. Although called "butterfly-orchids," these singular flowers have an unmistakable resemblance to the order of insects called orthoptera, which contains among its numbers our katydid, mantis, and "stick-bug," or walking-stick.

So close is the mimesis of some of these plants that several fine specimens which recently arrived from Mr. Such, the floriculturist, carefully packed in cotton, were shown to a circle of friends, who, unaware of their vegetable origin, admired them and wondered at them as strange and beautiful insects.

In order to show how, in external resemblance at least, the borders of the vegetable domain overlap the animal, an insect resembling a flower, the eyed pterochroza (*P. ocellata*), is represented just below the real flower (page 866).



EPIPHITES.

The most careless observer can not fail to perceive that, though it seems a Hibernianism to say so, this creature resembles a plant much more than do many plants themselves. The peculiar leaf-like nervures, the presence of certain spots that look exactly like the tracks of diminutive leaf-boring or leaf-mining insects, as cunningly mimic the one kingdom as the beautifully mottled wings, thorax, head with eye-stalks, each set with a brilliant black dot for an eye, and the suggestions of limbs and antennæ of the flower, do the other.

Below, on the right of the page, is an engraving of one of a class of insects popularly known as walking-leaves. They belong to the family of *Phasmidæ*, which afford at least as many instances of mimicry amid their members as do the orchids among their numerous species. The curious creature here represented is the *Phyllium scythe*. The peculiar leaf-like elytra, or anterior wings, and the singular manner in which the limbs are furnished with flattened appendages, serve to carry out the plant-like aspect with a fidelity that no mere engraving, however carefully executed, lacking as it does the delicacy of texture and the color of nature, can adequately represent.

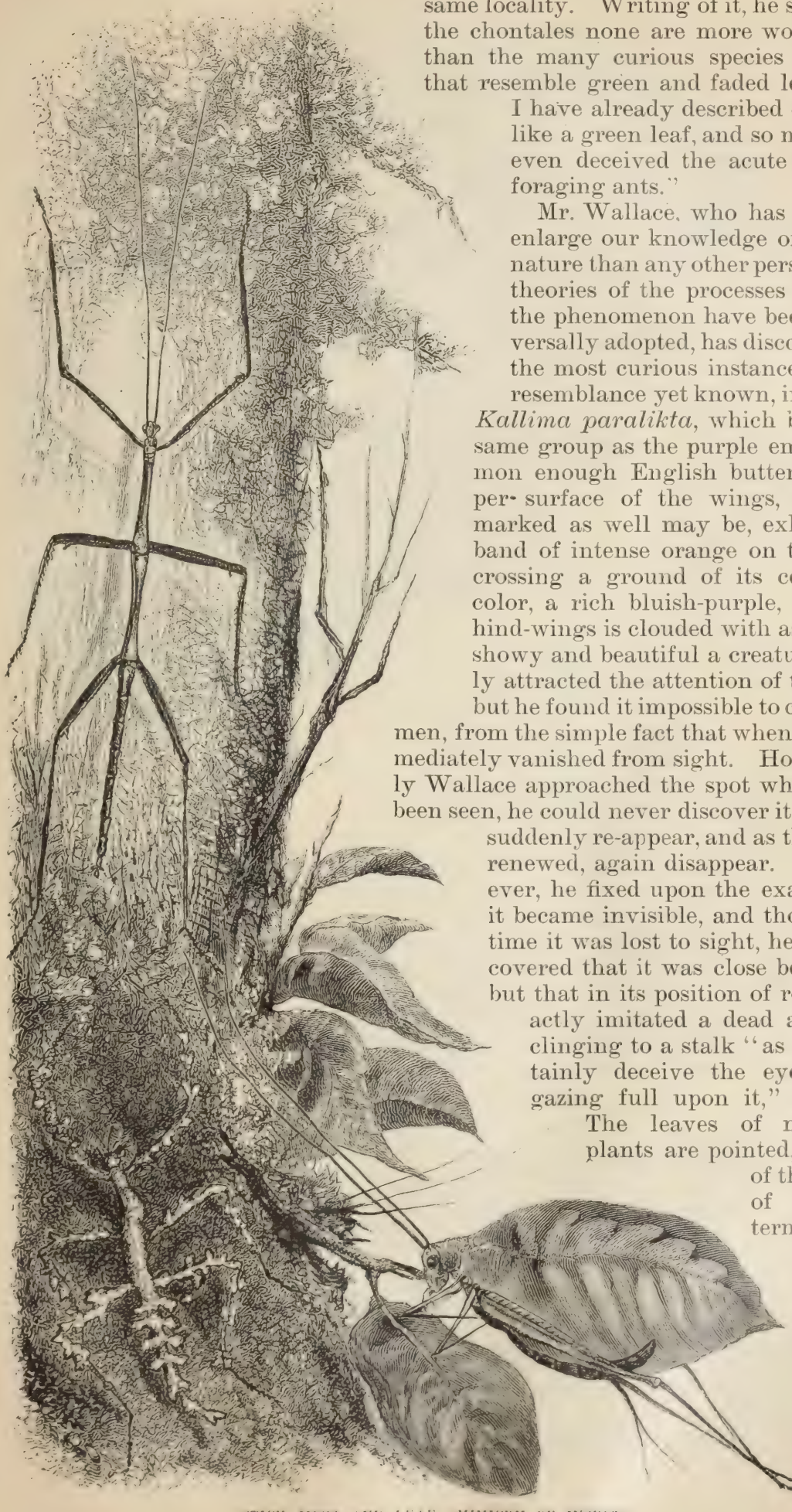
In the female, as in the specimen engraved, the wings are entirely absent; but only the females possess the wide veined wing-covers, which in the males are wanting, though the males, on the contrary, possess serviceable wings of their own, reaching to the extremity of the body.



Beard del

PHYLLIUM SCYTHE.

Not only do there exist flower-insects and leaf-insects, but sticks and moss are mimicked with, if possible, more perfect and minute fidelity, by species of *Phasmidæ* in this part of the world. The walking-stick insect (page 867) so common in our way-side lanes and fence corners is probably as complete and perfect a reproduction of an object in the vegetable world as anywhere exists; the bit of twig, with its polished cylindrical internodes and nodes, from which start off smaller twigs, the unsymmetrical walk and postures, all render the mimicry so complete that we never fail to be astonished to find the thing endowed with animal life and voluntary motion. The moss-insect below is found in Nicaragua. The leaf-insect on the right, same page, is one discovered by Mr. Thomas Belt in the



STICK, MOSS, AND LEAF—MIMICRY OF INSECTS.

same locality. Writing of it, he says: "Among the chontales none are more worthy of notice than the many curious species of orthoptera that resemble green and faded leaves of trees. I have already described one that looks like a green leaf, and so much so that it even deceived the acute senses of the foraging ants."

Mr. Wallace, who has done more to enlarge our knowledge of mimetism in nature than any other person, and whose theories of the processes and causes of the phenomenon have been almost universally adopted, has discovered perhaps the most curious instance of protective resemblance yet known, in the butterfly *Kallima paralikta*, which belongs to the same group as the purple emperor, a common enough English butterfly. The upper surface of the wings, conspicuously marked as well may be, exhibits a broad band of intense orange on the fore-wings crossing a ground of its complementary color, a rich bluish-purple, which on the hind-wings is clouded with ashy gray. So showy and beautiful a creature immediately attracted the attention of the naturalist; but he found it impossible to capture a specimen, from the simple fact that when pursued it immediately vanished from sight. However carefully Wallace approached the spot where it had last been seen, he could never discover it until it would suddenly re-appear, and as the pursuit was renewed, again disappear. At last, however, he fixed upon the exact spot where it became invisible, and though for some time it was lost to sight, he at length discovered that it was close before his eyes, but that in its position of repose it so exactly imitated a dead and faded leaf clinging to a stalk "as to almost certainly deceive the eye, even when gazing full upon it," says Wallace. The leaves of many tropical plants are pointed, and the ends of the upper wings of this butterfly terminate in a fine point, while the lower wings, bluntly rounded off, terminate in a short thick tail. A dark line exactly repre-



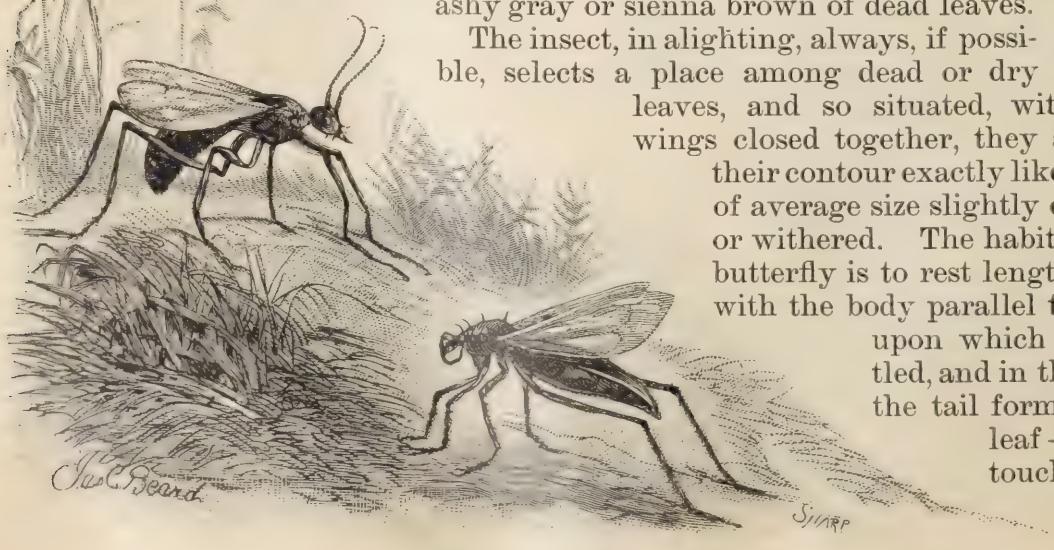
MIMETIC BUTTERFLY.

senting the middle of a leaf runs from the point in the upper wings to the end of the tail; from this line extend several oblique marks, which serve to imitate the lateral veins. These markings, which are much more obvious on the outer portion of the base of the wings and on the inner side toward the middle and apex, are produced by striæ and colorations quite common in allied species, but which are in the present case so strengthened and modified as to imitate more exactly the venation of a leaf. No two of these butterflies seem exactly alike, but all the variations of color in their under surfaces correspond to the ashy gray or sienna brown of dead leaves.



CLEAR-WINGED MOTH.

The insect, in alighting, always, if possible, selects a place among dead or dry leaves, and so situated, with the wings closed together, they are in their contour exactly like a leaf of average size slightly curved or withered. The habit of the butterfly is to rest lengthwise, with the body parallel to the twig upon which it has settled, and in this position the tail forms a perfect leaf-stalk, and touching the



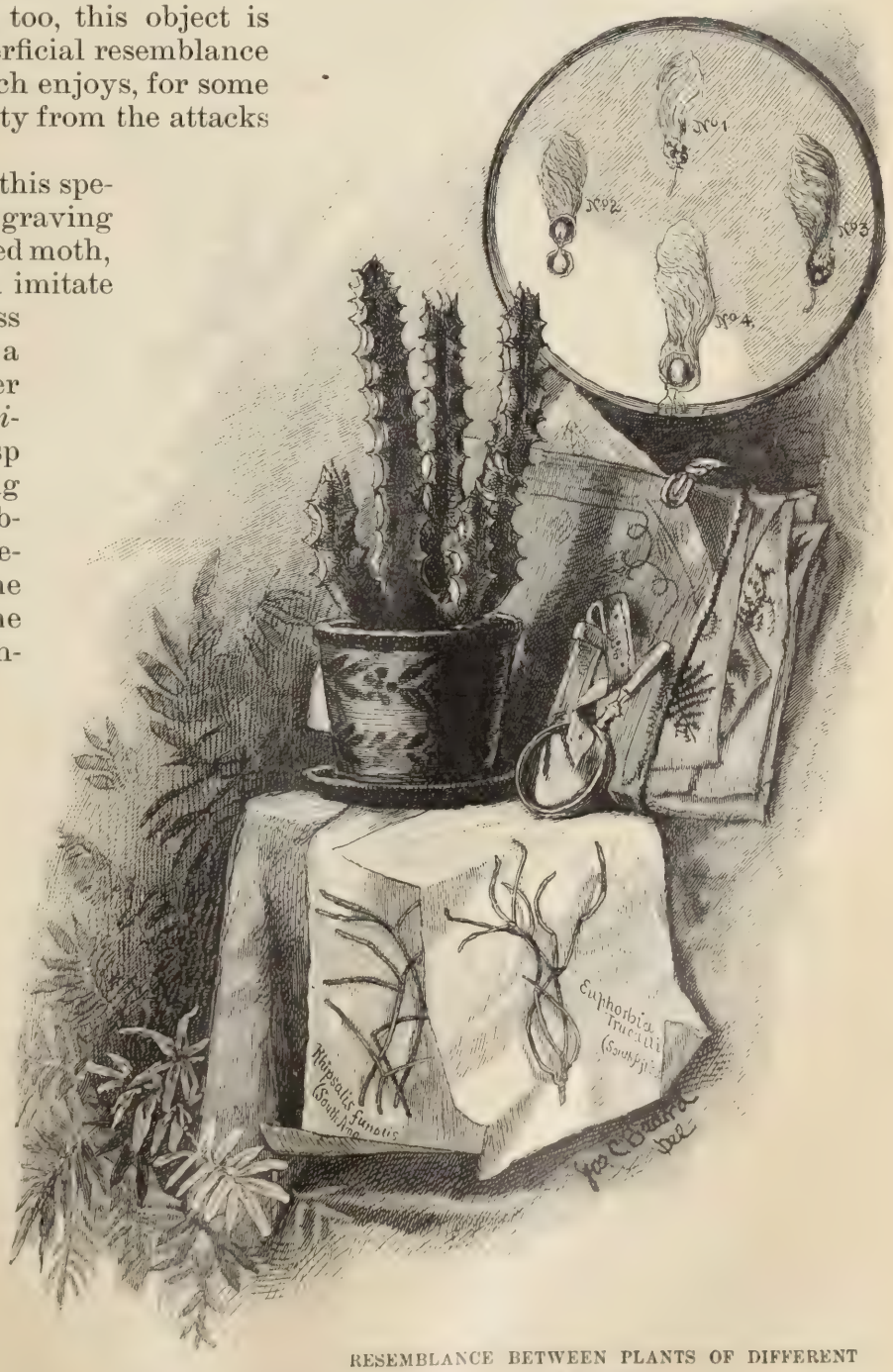
SPINIGER LUTEICORNIS.

twig seems to spring from it, while the body is supported by the middle pair of legs, which are inconspicuous amid the plant fibres and small twigs about it. A little notch hollowed out just at the base of the wings allows the head and antennæ to be sufficiently withdrawn to be quite concealed.

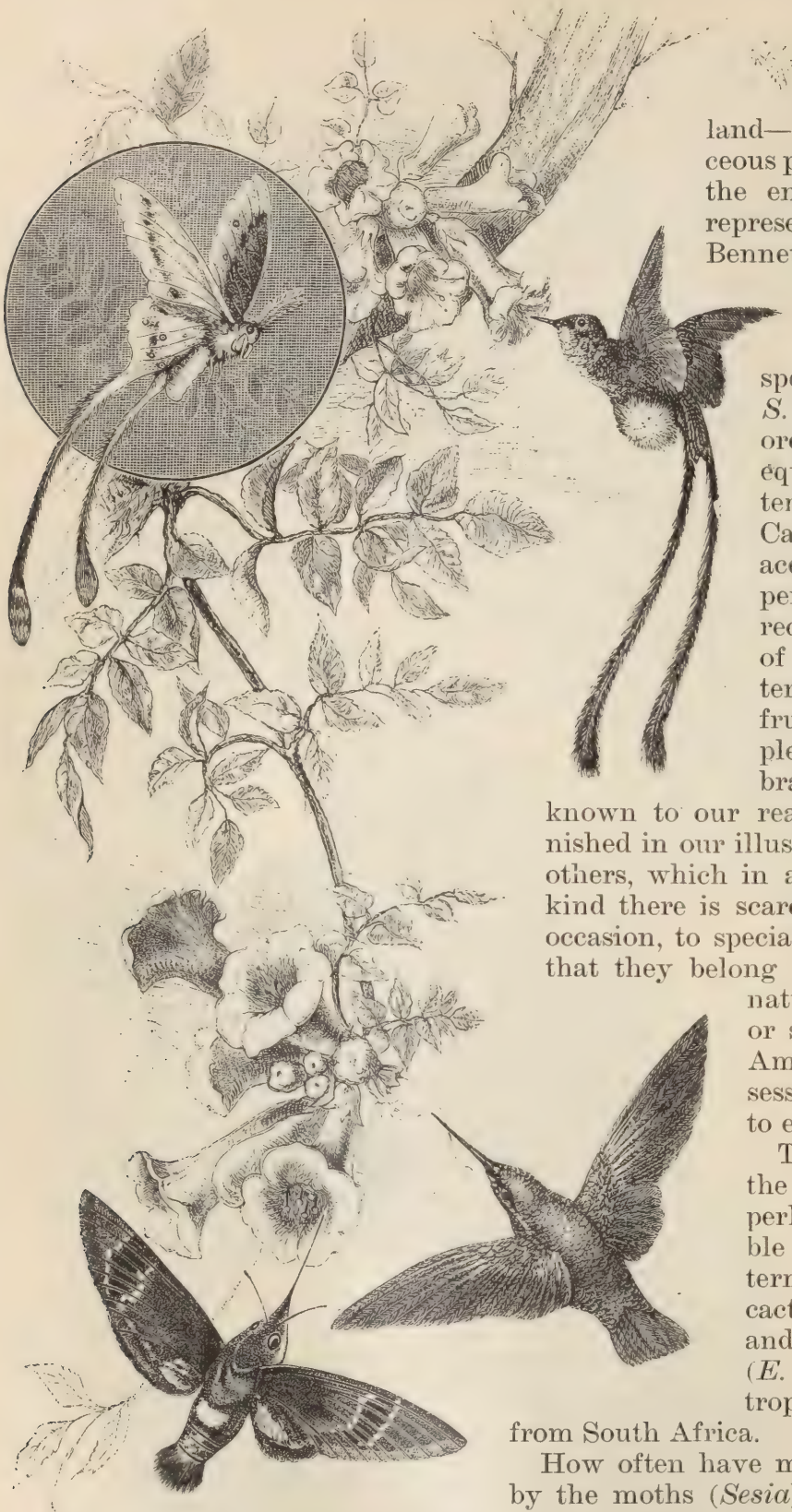
As the nymph in the old classic myth to escape the god was transformed into a tree, and the magician in the fairy tale took on in succession the forms of a moss-grown log, a stone, and a cloud, to escape his enemies, a number of insect tribes, by means of not only such protective resemblances as have been here noticed, but many others, are preserved from total extinction. Sometimes, too, this object is accomplished by a superficial resemblance to another species, which enjoys, for some reason, special immunity from the attacks of enemies.

As an illustration of this species of mimicry an engraving is given of a clear-winged moth, many species of which imitate bees with more or less exactness, and also of a mimetic bug, the lower figure (*Spiniger luteicornis*), and the wasp it resembles standing above it. It is to be observed that the movements as well as the shape and color of the insect imitated are mimicked. It is in every part colored like the hornet (*Priocnemis*) that it resembles. And as it ran about restlessly vibrating its brown semi-transparent wings, under the eyes of so eminent a naturalist as Thomas Belt, it succeeded in completely deceiving him. It was captured as a wasp.

It is hard for any one not committed to a theory to imagine what "purpose of protection" or what "system of natural selection" can possibly account for the resemblance existing between a flower and a dove or a swan, or explain the process by which a blossom became the almost exact reproduction in external appearance of an insect, or why different orders of plants found in widely separated parts of the earth should not infrequently so exactly resemble each other as to deceive skillful botanists. Thus Sir William Hooker actually figured a veronica as a conifer; Kuntz, a great authority on ferns, supposed the curious *Stangeria paradoxia*, a cycad allied to the conifers, a true fern; and Dr. Berthold Seemann met in the Sandwich Islands with a variety of *Solanum nel-*



RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN PLANTS OF DIFFERENT FAMILIES.



MOTH AND HUMMING-BIRD.

sonii which he says "looked for all the world like *Thomasia solanacea* of New Holland—a well-known Buettnereaceous plant of our gardens." In the engraving on page 869 is represented a plant which, as Bennett well observes, irresistibly "reminds us of a familiar cactus, but which in reality is a species of *Stapelia* allied to *S. hirsuta*, belonging to the order Asclepiadaceæ, and equally remote in any system of classification from Cactaceæ and the Euphorbiaceæ." Equally striking, perhaps, is the remarkable recurrence in several orders of an almost identical external appearance of the fruit. The fruit of the maple, with its broad membraneous wing, is well known to our readers, but we have furnished in our illustration examples of four others, which in a popular article of this kind there is scarcely space, if there were occasion, to specialize farther than to state that they belong to separate and distinct natural orders, all large trees or shrubs, natives of South America and Africa, and possessing no structural affinity to each other.

The remaining division of the illustration exhibits what perhaps is as nearly as possible a perfect identity in external appearance between a cactus (*Rhipsalis funalis*) and a euphorbiaceous plant (*E. tirucalli*), the first from tropical America, the other from South Africa.

How often have my readers been deceived by the moths (*Sesia*) popularly and significantly called "humbugs," as, darting from flower to flower, they suddenly remain suspended, motionless, on whirring wings, and extend their flexible proboscis into the heart of the blossom with such an exact imitation of the habits and motions of humming-birds. Bates, the naturalist, to whom as an Englishman humming-birds are not so familiar, was much struck by the resemblance between the bird and insect, and graphically describes it. "Several times," he says, "I shot by mistake a humming-bird hawk-moth instead of a bird. This moth (*Macroglossa titan*) is somewhat smaller than humming-birds generally are; but its manner of flight, and the way it poises itself before a

flower while probing it with its proboscis, are precisely like the same actions of humming-birds. It was only after many days' experience that I learned to distinguish the one from the other when on the wing. This resemblance has attracted the notice of all the natives" (Bates was at the time of his writing on the Pará River, South America), "all of whom, even educated whites, firmly believe that one is transmutable into the other. They have observed the metamorphosis of caterpillars into butterflies, and think it not at all more wonderful that a moth should change into a humming-bird. The resemblance between this hawk-moth and a humming-bird is certainly very curious, and strikes one even when both are examined in the hand. Holding them sideways, the shape of the head and the position of the eyes in the moth are seen to be nearly the same as in the bird, the extended proboscis representing the long beak. At the tip of the moth's body there is a bunch of long hair scales resembling feathers, which being expanded looks very much like a bird's tail. The negroes and Indians tried to convince me that the two were of the same species. 'Look at their feathers,' they said; 'their eyes are the same, and so are their tails.' This belief is so deeply rooted that it is useless to reason with them on the subject. It has been observed that humming-birds are unlike other birds in their mental qualities, resembling in this respect insects rather than warm-blooded vertebrate animals. The want of expression in their eyes, the small degree of versatility in their actions, the quickness and precision of their movements, are all so many points of resemblance between them and insects."

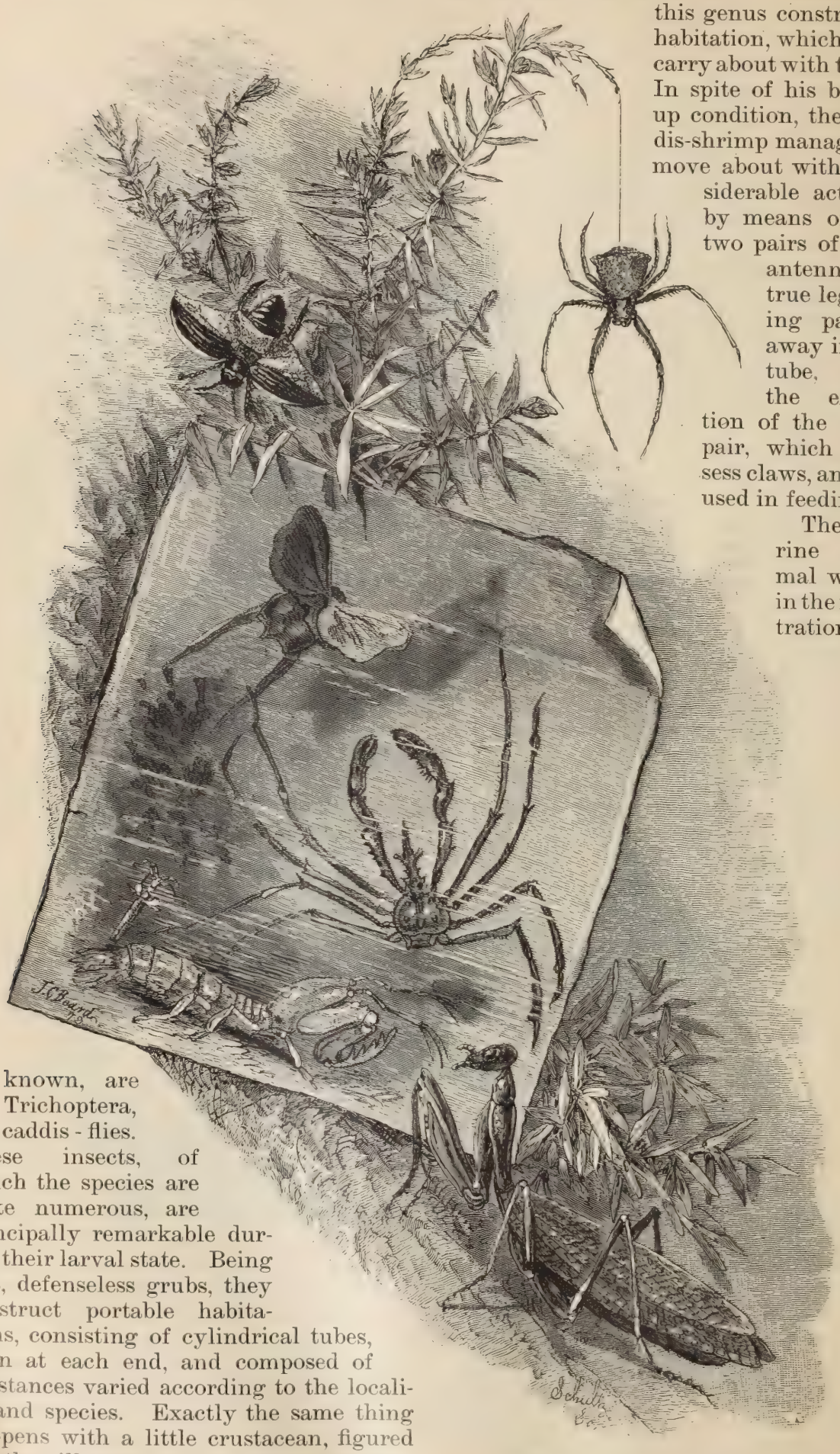
In the illustration (page 870) the lower moth and bird are those figured and described by Bates; the upper show a curious parallelism between a species of humming-bird, in the tail of which two feathers are prolonged to an inordinate length, and the moth of the genus *Phalæna*, which sports two long appendages of a like nature, the use of either of which can not possibly add to the security or physical well-being of the creatures bearing them.

There indeed seem to be strange parallelisms in nature as yet but little noticed by scientists, and one of these, to speak in what might perhaps be considered an unscientific manner, seems to consist of the repetition of the same creative idea in different planes of being.

An instance of this singular correlation of external attributes in different realms of nature exists in the parallelism observed between marine and terrestrial animals. The ancients believed that every creature on land was represented by another in the sea, only so far differentiated as to be qualified for a marine existence, and, like many of the hypotheses indulged in by theorists of the present day, the idea contained a germ of truth imbedded in a nidus of error. The sea-cow gives milk and eats grass. The sea-lion, on the contrary, represents the terrestrial carnivora. The sea-elephant, the largest of the seals, has a very distinct suggestion of a trunk. Even descending to the insects and arachnidæ, or spider tribes, we have the inter-resemblance of the two perpetuated in the names spider-crab for the crustacean, and crab-spider for the arachnid. A still closer resemblance exists between the crabs and the little arachnids called "chelifers;" while the scorpions, with their elongated jointed tails, may perhaps represent terrestrial lobsters.

We find sometimes in fields and fence corners in our more Southern States a singular insect, the mantis, that never fails to attract the attention of the most unobserving, on account of its odd appearance and remarkable actions, the front part of the thorax being elevated, as seen in the engraving, and the fore-legs held up together, as if the insect were engaged in prayer. All the preying he does, however, is on the smaller insects that happen in his way, which he devours remorselessly. Strange to say, a crab quite common in our waters, which, indeed, is called the mantis-crab, has the same peculiar formation of the fore-limbs, and the same habit of elevating the fore-part of its body, and striking with lightning-like rapidity with its long claw-feet, and, it may be added, is even more active, fiercer, and more voracious than its terrestrial representative. The engraving (page 872) represents the mature image of the American mantis; but in its wingless larval form, and in the forms of some of the foreign mantidæ, the insect in shape and appearance is almost identical with the crustacean.

Among our commonest insects, though perhaps not among the most general-



ly known, are the Trichoptera, or caddis-flies. These insects, of which the species are quite numerous, are principally remarkable during their larval state. Being soft, defenseless grubs, they construct portable habitations, consisting of cylindrical tubes, open at each end, and composed of substances varied according to the locality and species. Exactly the same thing happens with a little crustacean, figured in the illustration, called the caddis-shrimp. All the animals belonging to this genus construct a habitation, which they carry about with them. In spite of his boxed-up condition, the caddis-shrimp manages to move about with considerable activity by means of the two pairs of long antennæ, its true legs being packed away in the tube, with the exception of the front pair, which possess claws, and are used in feeding.

The marine animal which in the illustration so

RESEMBLANCES BETWEEN CRUSTACEANS AND INSECTS.



PLANT-ANIMALS—CRUSTACEANS, HYDROIDS, AND CRINOIDS.

much resembles a beetle is the Hylea, and belongs to a singular race of creatures called wing-footed mollusks, so called from the fin-like lobes that project from the sides. These appendages are used as the wings are in insects, the creature flapping its way vigorously through the water as a butterfly urges his devious course through the air. One member of this family may justly be termed the firefly of the sea, as from the part of the body lodged in the apex of its shell there proceeds a soft luminosity, "which is yet," says Mr. F. D. Bennett, "sufficiently vivid to be visible even when opposed to the strong light of a lamp."

"It is hardly possible," says Mr. Wood, "to imagine any forms that are so strange, any habits so astonishing, as the crustaceans figured in this illustration. Although they have been known for some time, their proper place in the scale of creation has long been a disputed point among systematic naturalists, some placing them among the crustaceans, and others considering them to belong to the spiders."

Specimens of the *Coryne eximium*, a well-known zoophyte, are given above as they grow upon the bed of the sea. Attached to the branches that are themselves instinct with animal life, for the zoophyte is an animal, may be observed sundry pear-shaped objects, which are directly analogous to galls upon plants. Each of these little nodules when opened is found to contain a minute crustacean, seemingly all legs, which are wrapped around the body like a ball of twine, as is shown in the illustration, the creature being removed from its envelope, and where is also shown the perfect forms of the creature at the top and bottom of the central engraving. The young crustacean on emerging from

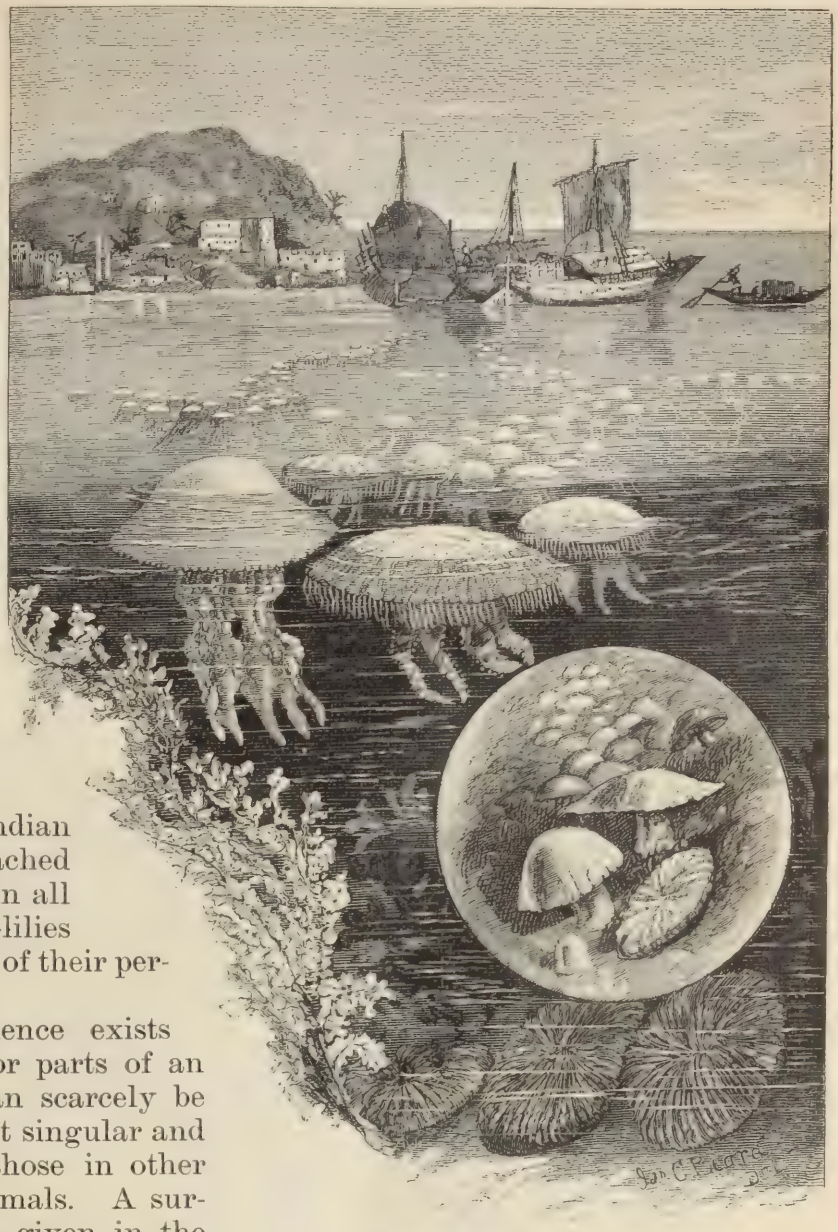
its cell undergoes a variety of metamorphoses, the creature being shown in the illustration in different stages of development, sometimes possessing the merest rudiments of limbs with long filamentous appendages, sometimes without any other sign of limbs than two stout claws, and then again running altogether to legs with small and feeble claws. No creature living can boast such an extraordinary proportion of limb to his entire bulk as the phoxichilidium, as this creature is called, probably in a vain attempt to make his name as long as his legs. On the sides of this illustration may be seen specimens of the tubulariadæ and the crinoids, the latter sufficiently enlarged to show its character. The tubularia, common in pools left by the tide, is a hydroid, growing in tufts like small shrubs, each of which bears a blossom-like cluster of tentacles at the end of a slender tube. In the centre of the bunch of tentacles is the mouth of the animal tube, and each individual eats for the whole. The strangest circumstance in the economy of these beings is that the offspring of the hydroid is not a hydroid at all, but a jelly-fish, and, again, the offspring of these jelly-fish are not jelly-fish, but hydroids, so that each generation resembles its grandparents, and not its progenitors. From the side of the buds branching out from the parents hang bunches of eggs that have the appearance of seed-vessels; and attached to the pretty cup-like jelly-fish, with its four long tentacles and proboscis, at the end of which is its mouth, are also attached clusters of eggs, from which are produced little pear-shaped bodies, which, becoming detached, grow into the stationary plant-animals, or hydroids first mentioned. The crinoid shown upon the other side of the illustration represents a group of marine plant-flowers called sea-lilies.

The respondence of the animal kingdom to plants and flowers seems to be divided between the arborescent polifera, sea-animals overgrown with fern-like processes, those lovely produc-



DUCK-BILLED MOLE AND PORCUPINE ANT-EATER (ECHINIDA ACUBATA).

tions of the sea, the sea-anemone, and the crinoids or sea-lilies. The perfection with which these animal organisms, almost all of which are now extinct, answer part for part with plants, requires no description, as the representation of this on page 873 is very clear. This represents one of the only two living species known, the *Pinnigrada europæus*, which, in fact, is really the immature form of a sort of star-fish (*Cornatula*), which, when it matures, leaves its parent stem, and swims off to seek its fortunes elsewhere. There is one species of these beautiful sea-flowers, however, found in West Indian waters which remains attached to its stem, and conforms in all respects to the typical sea-lilies as they existed in the period of their perfection in our seas.



MUSHROOMS OF THE SEA.

Sometimes the respondence exists only in certain members or parts of an animal, and while they can scarcely be called mimicries, yet exhibit singular and striking resemblances to those in other and not at all related animals. A surprising instance of this is given in the engraving on the preceding page of that paradoxical animal, the duck-billed mole of Australasia. This singular creature, had it been known in earlier times, might well have been considered a hybrid between a bird and a beast; for though a quadruped with the body and furry coat of a mole, the surprising approximation in its webbed feet and broad bill to those of a water-fowl can be seen at a glance. Another quadruped with a beak-like snout, *Echinida acubata*, is figured in the illustration. The quills that cover this animal resemble the feathers of the apteryx, which are without vanes; its eyes are small, brilliant, and bird-like; it has claws rather than feet; and the resemblance its head bears in contour to that of the sheldrake can be seen in the circle occupying the upper part of the engraving, where is also depicted the head of the duck-bill compared with that of the black duck.

No one can fail to perceive a certain likeness between the radiates (jelly-fish, star-fish, and the like) and the thallogens (the mushrooms and fungoids generally). The recurrence of intermediate forms in the generations of species, of which an instance was given in the tubularia, and which, in the animals, is called alternate generation, the comparatively unsubstantial nature of the material of which many groups are composed, their excessive fecundity, and last, though by no means least, the circular configuration common to both, are points of resemblance among them that could be mentioned most likely to strike an ordinary observer. Any one who has happened to have seen the star-like fungoid, the opened geastrum, must remember how nearly it suggests the star-fish; and, not to multiply

examples, the resemblance between sea-weeds and the plant-like animals called sertularia is, to say the least of it, very deceptive.

At the bottom of the illustration on page 875 (which contains a representation of the jelly-fish floating on the surface of a calm sea, compared with the mushrooms seen in the smaller circular picture) is figured the sea-mushroom, which so perfectly resembles petrified mushroom that it is very often taken for the latter imaginary object when seen in cabinets or collections by persons who have paid no special attention to natural history.

A volume might well be written on this subject—a volume replete with new facts, new principles, and new thoughts. It is a field as yet but imperfectly explored, presenting difficult questions but partially and imperfectly answered. A few chapters in the works of Wallace, Bates, Belt, and perhaps one or two other naturalists, an article or two in magazines, comprise almost all the literature on the subject—a subject, it is safe to predict, that will grow to the proportions of a science when the interest of those fitted by ability and especial education is awakened, and their investigations concentrated upon it.





The Coblers Catch

Come Sit we by ye Fires side
And roundly Drinke wee here
Till that we see ovr Cheekes Ale-dy'd
And Noses tann'd with Beere

R. Herrick



THE BURROS.

THE traveller who journeys westward in our favored land should make up his mind to accept without demur such military or judicial rank and title as may be conferred upon him. He may be quite sure, too, that when his brevet has once been settled west of the Missouri by proper authority, it will cling to him as long as he remains in that region.

"I don't half like," once remarked a Scotch fellow-traveller of the writer, to a friendly group at Denver, "the promotion backwar-r-d which I receive. East of Chicago I was Colonel; at Chicago I was Major; at Omaha a man called me Captain, and offered me dinner for thir-r-ty-five cents!"

One of the group, after a careful survey of the face and figure before him, the kindly yet keen expression, and the iron-gray whiskers, replied: "You ain't Colonel wuth a cent. I allow that you're *Jedge!*"

And "Jedge" he was from that time forth. Nobody called him anything else. Newly made acquaintances, landlords, stage-drivers, conductors, all used this title, until his companions began to feel as if they had known him all his life in that capacity.

So when, a short time since, an "honest

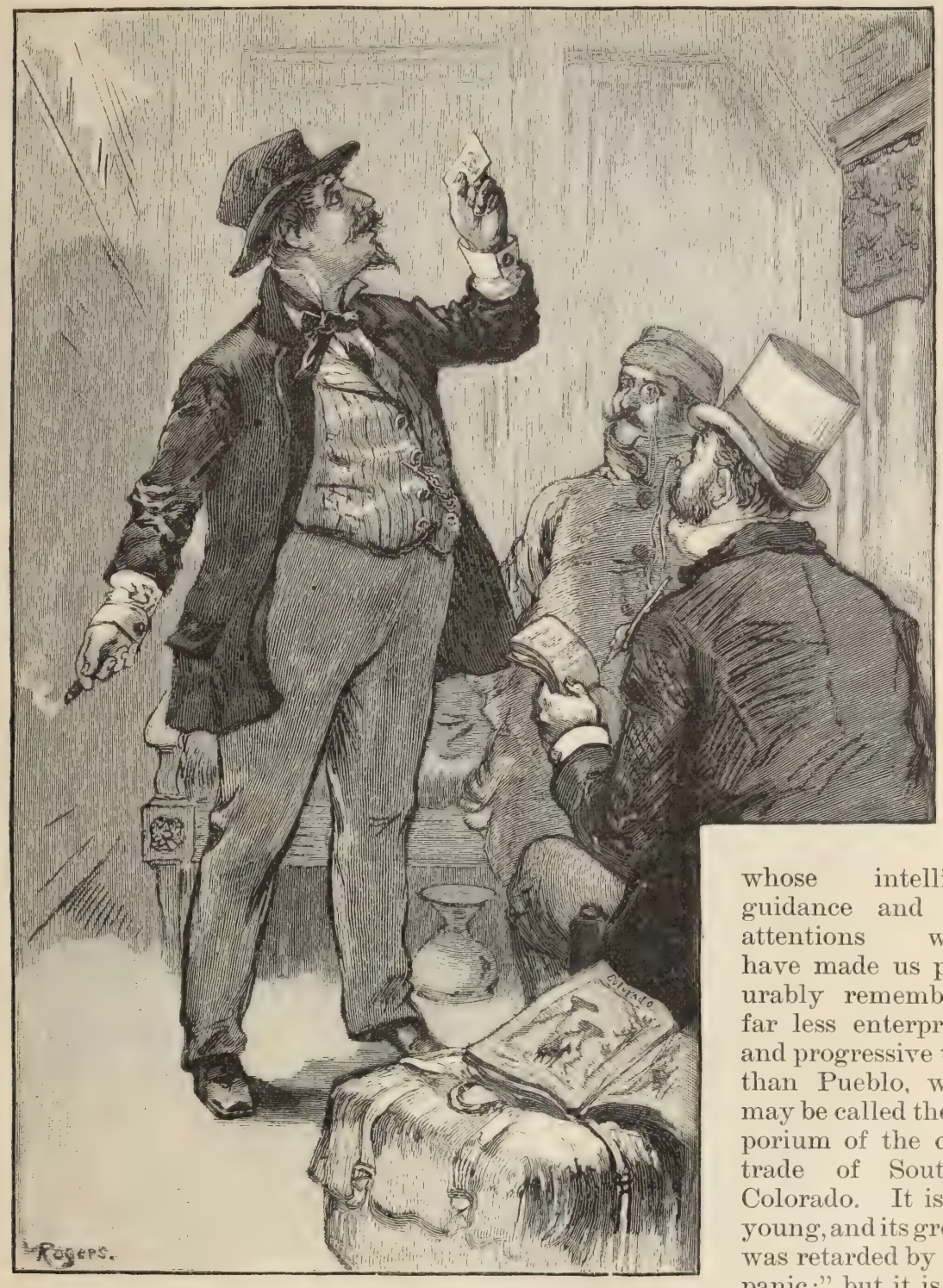
miner," with whom the writer was conversing amicably at Kansas City, remarked, "Wa'al, Colonel, I allow that when you git out there on the range in Colora*y*do, you'll say it's a white man's country," the person addressed well knew that his rank was finally settled. So the "Colonel," who might be called unattached, having no regiment and no staff, but having what was far better for his peaceful and descriptive purposes, the companionship of an artist coadjutor whose nautical achievements had gained for him among his friends the distinguished naval sobriquet of "Commodore," settled himself in his seat, and was whirled off in the direction of the "white man's country." It must not be hastily assumed that when one uses this expression in the West he has the sentiments of certain campaign orators at heart, and means that the country must belong to a white man, rather than a black, or even a red man. It is rather a condensation of the popular Western phrase, "Fit for a white man to live in." With this requirement in view, does Colorado "fill the bill?" That is what we were going to try to find out; and of all the phases of life in this presumedly "white man's country," the herding and breeding of cattle easily commanded our attention at the outset. What this is in theory we all know, the primitive Scriptural occupation, the grand, free, independent, health-giving, out-of-door existence, the praises of which have been sung through all ages. To how many pale, thin, hard-working city dwellers does the thought of "the cattle upon a thousand hills," the rare dry air of the elevated plateau, and the continual and ennobling sight of the mighty mountains bring strangely vivid emotions and longings! And when one goes out to put the matter to the test, these emotions are all quite legitimate, and will do him no harm if he allow not their indulgence to abate in him one whit of a truly Gradgrind-like demand for Facts.

"Now there's some folks," once said an old plainsman, "who complain of a trip across the country in a Pullman car. I wonder what they'd 'a said if they'd had to ride in a bull team, or drag a hand-cart all the way!"

No more striking contrast, indeed, can anywhere be found than between old times and new on the plains, and he can hardly be a traveller worthy of the name who can not derive great enjoyment from his journey from the Missouri to the mountains in these days of comfort and convenience. Aside from all matters of external interest, there is that pleasant association between the passengers such as one finds on an ocean steamer, and the types of character are even more original and striking. It was a person of a rare and quaint humor who fraternized with us in the smoking compartment one pleasant evening, and it was no small addition to our enjoyment to hear him laugh heartily at his own narratives. He had been travelling on a line where there was great competition, and the rates had been reduced from eight dollars and a half to fifty cents, the curious expedient being adopted of charging the full fare, and then returning the eight dollars at the end of the journey.

"I've heerd of *back pay* before," said he, "but I never got any until I fell into line at the ticket office. Did ye get yours?" he asked of the Commodore. "What, no? Ye bought a ticket, an' give it up, an' took a check? Wa'al, you did just everlastingly give yourself away. But ye warn't so bad as a feller that come on the train with a pass. An' when the conductor see it, he said it warn't no use, an' he'd just trouble him for *nine dollars*. An' when the feller jumped up, just like this, an' got the light on the pass, an' see it was the *opposition road*, he was the wust beat feller *you* ever see!"

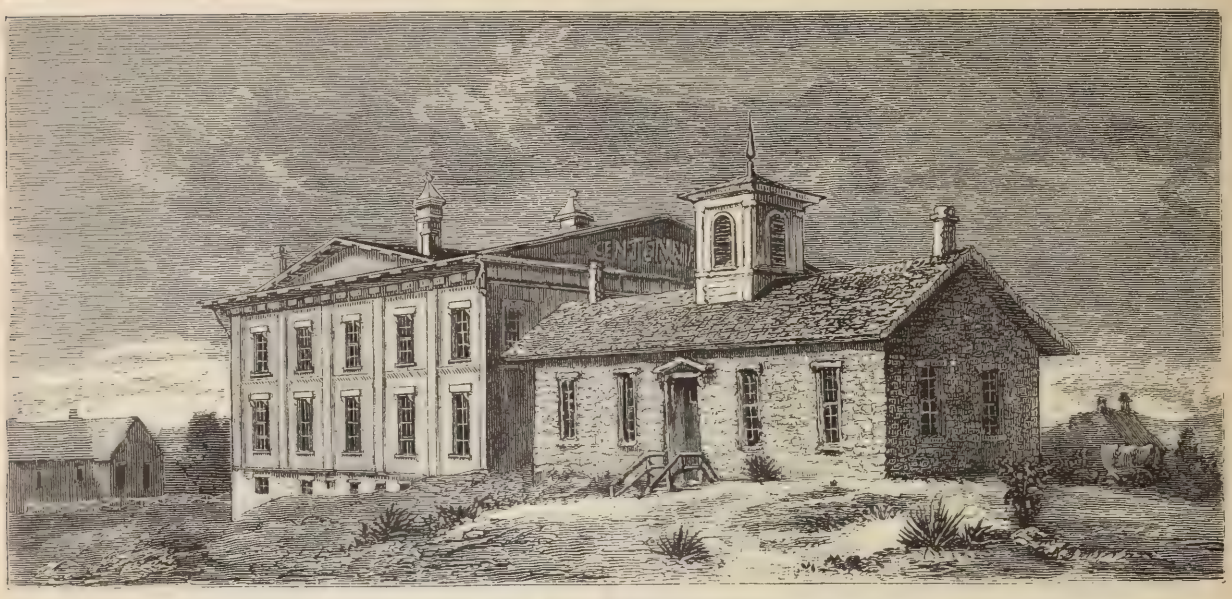
Thus it was that we beguiled the way until the mountains took shape in the hazy distance—the famed Spanish Peaks on the south, the "Greenhorn" range almost in front, and stern old Pike's Peak on the north—and the train rolled into Pueblo. When local parlance is thus adopted, and local appellations thus used, it is done under mental protest, and with a strong sense of their entire unfitness. The Spanish-speaking people who dwelt here, and the far-famed old Chevalier St. Vrain and his French hunters and trappers, who traversed the plains and the foot-hills, gave names to the mountains and streams which were as appropriate and melodious as those of the Indians before them. About mines, telegraphs, and railroads, however, there is nothing of the æsthetic: and it has remained for the progressive Anglo-Saxon to repudiate La Fontaine qui bouille, Sierra Mojada, and Uncompahgre, and introduce Hardscrab-



"AN' WHEN THE FELLER JUMPED UP."

ble and the Greenhorn. Now the Colonel and the Commodore had been thinking about those old times, and repeating the old names with correct emphasis, and giving a foreign sound to their vowels, so that it was a shock to them when the porter called out, "Pew-eb-lo!"

Not Kit Carson, or old William Bent, or the Chevalier St. Vrain himself, however, could have had a warmer welcome ready for us than did our friend Major Stanton, who met us on the platform, and whose intelligent guidance and kind attentions would have made us pleasurably remember a far less enterprising and progressive town than Pueblo, which may be called the emporium of the cattle trade of Southern Colorado. It is still young, and its growth was retarded by "the panic;" but it is now getting its full share of the prosperity which has come to the Centennial State, and the twenty-five people who were there in 1865 have grown to between six and seven thousand. It has two daily papers, two railroad dépôts, two national banks, with goodly lists of stock-raising depositors, and two school-houses in juxtaposition, a sketch of which will give a good idea of the old and the new in Pueblo. Like many other Western settlements, it has had, too, its baptism of blood. It was a trading post of stout old



THE OLD AND NEW IN PUEBLO.

William Bent, and became other than this only in 1858, when the gold excitement began, and "Pike's Peak or Bust" was the motto painted on the canvas cover of each prairie schooner, or emigrant wagon. One may still see, near the handsome stone station of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, the remains of the old fort into which, when, on Christmas-day, 1854, the residents, thoughtless of danger, were gathered around the fire and enjoying the festive season, the Ute Indians broke, with brandished tomahawks and wild war-cries, and massacred nearly all.

Throughout the region of country tributary to Pueblo—where are found, besides the nutritious grasses and running streams, which are indispensable, a genial climate and mild winters—are scattered cattle ranches, great and small, including the immense Craig property, often mentioned in Eastern papers, and of which more anon. It was to "Uncle Pete Dotson's," situated about thirty miles southwest from the town, and close to the Greenh— no, the Sierra Mojada, or Wet Mountain range, that we were bound. Preparations had been made for the trip, and all would doubtless have gone well but for an unconquerable propensity on the part of the Commodore to attempt to conform in a feeble and uninstructed way to the customs of the country. He had already purchased an enormous and most unbecoming hat, and then happily proceeded to lose it, much to the satisfaction of his friends. Now he was possessed of a desire to continue his pilgrimage on the back of an animal known in Colorado as a *burro*, and in other lands as a Jerusalem pony, or small donkey. Now the burro has doubtless his place in the economy of nature, but it is in a sphere hitherto undiscovered by the present writer. Useful he may possibly be; ornamental he certainly is not; ugly and obstreperous and unmanageable he most certainly *is*. In the words of the old song, "our sorrows did begin" when the Commodore insisted on having one, and on the Colonel's doing the same. In vain did the latter plead that no more ridiculous sight could be found east of the mountains than his tall form, clad in the garments of civilization, mounted on this diminutive brute. He pointed out with eloquence that he had always maintained a fair reputation for dignity; that Pueblo was on one of the roads from New York to Denver, and that some one from home might see him; nay, even that he had a wife and family. The Commodore was inexorable, and fell back on that unanswerable plea that "his 'pard' must not go back on him." Two of the atrocious animals were thereupon procured, and the pair mounted—one jubilant, the other inwardly raging. The Commodore thought it a most comfortable and convenient mode of progression, and said that by holding umbrellas over our heads we might ride all the way to Uncle Pete's, to which conclusion the Colonel owed a speedy though short-lived triumph. Our good friend and entertainer, with a nice sense of the fitness of things, had provided for the journey a convenient vehicle, with a basket under the seat, and

two fine horses in front—such an equipage, indeed, as would befit travellers of dignity and refinement. And among the almost human attributes of that noble animal the horse is a dislike for burros, amounting to a positive hatred, and an utter unwillingness to associate with them, or remain in their presence. Starting to meet our friend and suggest a burro ride, the Commodore turned a corner suddenly, followed by the Colonel, and met the wagon. The horses reared and plunged, the Commodore's burro balked, the Colonel's wheeled around, the two came in collision, and, in fact, just that happened which was needed to evolve from the depth of the Commodore's mind the conviction that our début as burro-riders had been ill timed. It was his face that was sour, and the Colonel's that was radiant, as we took our seats in the covered wagon, and ascended the hill in South Pueblo.



LA MAQUINA DE SAN CARLOS.

Thence we drove out over the great plain, the excellent road being a strip from which the grass had been worn away, and which was probably marked out originally by two furrows cut with a common plough, or even by a wagon track. East and north the prairie grass stretches to the horizon. South was a *mesa*, or high table-land, and, dimly visible many miles away, Wahatoya, the two Spanish Peaks.

West, loomed up, nearer and nearer, the Sierra Mojada, over which dense clouds were gathering, while the rest of the sky was beautifully blue. Little whirlwinds of dust, forming slender spiral columns, were seen on the distant prairie, and birds flew fearlessly near us. From the mountains near by flows out the San Carlos, or St. Charles, Creek, running in a northeasterly direction to the Arkansas River, and its course was made visible as we approached it by the fringes of cottonwood-trees. After what seemed a long drive, we turned to the west, up the "Great Arroya"—a sterile valley, with piñons, or scrub pines, and dwarfed cedars clinging to its slopes—and traversed it as far as the crossing of the St. Charles, passing on the way an eagle's nest on a rocky ledge, and a Mexican herder keeping his lonely watch over a large flock of sheep. Just at the crossing, and where the creek forces its way through a cleft in the rocks, stood a substantial grist-mill—La Maquina de San Carlos. Stopping here to give our horses rest, and to investigate the contents of the basket under the seat, we read on the locked door of the mill various uncomplimentary allusions to the absence of the miller when loads of grain had been brought thither from points far away on the "Muddy," or the melodiously named Huerfano. One individual had broken into verse, and written as follows:

"Where, oh, where did the miller go,
And leave to us no sign or trace?
The next time to mill we must go,
We will go to some other place."

Knowing something of the varied and engrossing occupations of the miller, who was no other than our expectant host, Uncle Pete, the writer could fancy him replying to the complainants as did once a Vermont expressman to the summer residents who told him that they had been time and time again to his office without finding him. Laconically said he, "Don't calkilate to be there *much*."

Now the valley lay behind us, and the foot-hills began to shut out the range; but Pike's Peak, sixty miles off, loomed up as grandly as ever. Eight miles more were traversed, and then we turned into a great farm-yard, or corral, and stopped at a rustic stile. In a few moments Uncle Pete Dotson came up the path from the house, and gave us a cordial greeting.

About a quarter of a century ago this gray-bearded veteran, then a hale and vigorous West-Virginian, started to drive cattle to California, stopped at Salt Lake, became the United States Marshal for the Territory, and was there when Brigham Young was in his glory, and Albert Sidney Johnston wintered in the snow.

"He left with the troops in 1859," said Mrs. Dotson (a brave, patient woman, who has shared his fortunes, good and bad, and crossed the plains at least once by herself), "and came to Denver with a train in 1861. Next year we came to the Big Thompson; then we went to the Greenhorn, and farmed; then we kept a hotel in Pueblo. In 1864 we were 'washed out' by the Fountain [Fontaine qui bouille]. A boy rode down on a horse without saddle or bridle, only a rope in his mouth, and gave me fifteen minutes' warning. I was sick in bed, but I took the children and ran. Then we went to the Muddy and lived, and the Indians used to come and visit us; but we were washed out there too. And then, in 1865, we took up this place."

Uncle Pete had evidently made good use of his knowledge and experience in the choice of his ranch. His domain embraced 9000 acres, 5000 of which were arable land. The ground sloped gradually from the foot of the range, and the whole of his possessions were under his own eye. In a large barn-yard were great granaries and a fine stone stable, which would not be amiss in any city in the United States; and at varying distances on the gentle slope could be seen the little cabins of the tenants, who cultivated parts of the land "on shares;" for it must be understood that this estate was not only a cattle ranch, but also a great farm.

There is no doubt that nearly every one who visits this region for the first time, even if partially informed about it beforehand, is grievously disappointed at the arid aspect of the plains, and finds it hard to believe in the power of that great beneficent agent, Water, which can make every inch of these table-lands and valleys, or the sage-brush wastes of the Humboldt region, or the Egyptian desert itself, literally "blossom like the rose." This is a comparatively rainless area, the "barren and dry land, where no water is," of the Psalmist; and yet a means has been found of not only supplying the place of the rains of heaven, but also of making such supply constant and regular. An intelligent and experienced writer says:

"Irrigation is simply scientific farming. The tiller of the soil is not left at the mercy of fortuitous rains. His capital and labor are not risked upon an adventure. He can plan with all the certainty and confidence of a mechanic. He is a chemist whose laboratory is a certain area of land; everything but the water is at hand—the bright sun, the potash, and other mineral ingredients (not washed out of the soil by centuries of rain). His climate secures him always from an excess of moisture, and what nature fails to yield, greater or less, according to the season, the farmer supplies from his irrigating canal, and with it he introduces, without other labor, the most valuable fertilizing ingredients, with which the water, in its course through the mountains, has become charged."



UNCLE PETE'S HOUSE.

Water is thus both for the farmer and the herder—and the ranchman, who is both farmer and herder—the *sine qua non*, the prime necessity; and just here did one see how well Uncle Pete had chosen his situation. He had nine miles of water frontage on the St. Charles Creek, and the same on the Muddy. Just where the former comes out of the Wet Mountain range, and where no one could take water above him, he had tapped it for his broad irrigating ditch, which, after a tortuous course through the estate, empties again into the stream from which it came, not a drop of its precious contents being thus wasted. Along the upper side of the fields lying on this gentle slope before described run smaller ditches. Then during the season does the skillful Mexican laborer dig little channels leading down through these fields, and, making little dams for the purpose, turn the water into them. The result is simple: Uncle Pete has raised 10,000 bushels of wheat, 6000 of oats, and 2000 of corn, and had a market for the whole on the spot, it being one of the charms of Colorado farming that the "honest miner" is both hungry and liberal, and that the farm produce has ready buyers. Suppose, however, that for our present purpose we call farming a side issue, and come to the cattle which this ranch would support all the year round. It is said that when Kentucky cattle men, fresh from the "Blue-grass Region," see the plains, they are entirely incredulous as to their fitness for stock; but the experienced stockman smiles, well knowing that the nutritious qualities of the grass are simply unsurpassed, and that the food for his cattle for the whole year is ready at a minimum of cost. For their water, again, Uncle Pete's splendid creek frontage more than amply provided.

But we did not wait supper, after our long drive, to procure all this information. It was served in a quaint dining-room, once constructed for the giving of Mexican fandangoes, but now forming part of the curious composite structure in which Uncle Pete, his family, friends, and numerous visitors found accommodation. In the old adobe fire-place, constructed by Mexican women, the sticks of fire-wood were placed on end, and in the figure standing alongside of it, with his dog at

his feet. our readers should thank us for introducing old Antonio Lopez—a grand specimen of a class now rapidly disappearing. He was a most striking character: hair and mustaches nearly white, complexion deeply browned, about sixty years of age, and dressed in overalls of colored duck, with broad Mexican sombrero of black felt, its binding and tassels of silver braid. His pistols were in his holster, and his old-fashioned St. Louis rifle leaned against the wall. Antonio came from Mexico years ago, and fought a long while with the Indians, who gave him the many scars which he carries. Unfitted for hard manual labor, he came to Uncle Pete as a hunter, and rendered him service in many ways.



OLD ANTONIO.

"Let me put you in his charge to go into the mountains," said his employer, "and I could sleep soundly enough. He would be killed a dozen times before he would let you be insulted or hurt." And he looked it.

After supper came an æsthetic phase of the ranchman's life, which appealed to

the sympathies of the Commodore. Coming in from the starlight, taking his seat on the vine-clad piazza, and feeling the mild evening air blowing in through the open lattice, and bringing with it the scent of the flowers, he heard the tones of a guitar, and the voice of one of the gentle and cultured daughters of the house raised in charming Mexican folk-songs in three-quarter time. Soon he forgot all about the burros, and was fancying himself under some window in Seville, and perhaps listening for the rustle of a mantilla above, when Uncle Pete suggested that if he were going to go into the stock business bright and early in the morning, it might be as well to go to bed.

He went to sleep in a room with both doors and windows open to the night air of this peaceful region. And when they called him in the morning, he was heard to murmur: "Hold on to those horses, Major! Confound this burro, I'll be the death of him! *Whoa*, you!" and then he rubbed his eyes and started up.

But space will not permit a detailed description of the pleasures of life at and about Uncle Pete's: walks up the picturesque cañon; trips, under Antonio's watchful care, for some distance into the mountains; rides on some of the many fine horses always ready for the saddle; and constant study of the minutiæ of this great and interesting industry of stock-raising. It is carried on, as must be generally known, from Texas to a region considerably north of the Union Pacific Railway, and great herds pass from the Lone Star State through Kansas, and up to the great iron roads running east and west. In New Mexico, in Southern Colorado, on the Arkansas and its tributaries—the Fountain, the St. Charles, the Muddy, the Cucharas, the Huerfano, and others—in the great parks over across the range, and over the plains in Colorado, Nebraska, and Wyoming, the herds roam, and the *rancheros* ride. Between Denver and Julesburg, on the Union Pacific Railroad, lay the immense range of the late Mr. Ayliffe, one side of which was fifty miles in length. He is said to have begun fifteen years ago with a capital of $100, and his estate is valued at $1,500,000. It was interesting and instructive to hear how one of his friends accounted for this unusual success: "Some



"A SPANISH AIR."

people try to attend to several things, or to do more than one kind of business, but he only thought of one thing for those fifteen years, and that one thing was cattle. And attending only to that, and working at it and thinking about it all the time, he came to understand it wonderfully well, and to have perfect judgment about making the most of stock."

A dissertation on the cattle herds of the Great West would occupy a large volume, and those who have chosen other parts of this domain than Southern Colorado are doubtless competent to "give a reason for the faith which is in them," and amply support the wisdom of their choice of location. To us this same Southern Colorado seems to present, on the whole, the greatest advantages. It is traversed by railroads, and accessible from all sides; and the climate is most salubrious, and so mild in winter that the stock can remain on the range throughout the year. Other things being equal, there are many men who highly prize the grand, ever-present spectacle and genuine companionship of "the everlasting hills." No doubt in other regions land can be had more cheaply, and sometimes occupied without fee or reward, but there are sure to be counterbalancing disadvantages.

Above a certain latitude, and notably in Wyoming, great losses have occurred from severe winters, and not very far to the north the "Lo family" (as the noble red man—"Lo! the poor Indian"—is called on the plains) come in to disturb and molest. All admirers and advocates of these hyperborean regions have ample opportunities to rise and explain; be ours the pleasant task, reclining under the spreading cottonwood, and in the shadow of the Sierra Mojada, of singing the eclogues of the valleys of the San Carlos and the Huerfano, for it is "not that we love Cæsar less, but Rome more."

We have said that water was the prime requisite, and the banks of streams are consequently first sought. Government land is divided into sections of 640 acres (a mile each way), and quarter sections of 160 acres. What more simple and easy, we hear some one ask, than to take up four quarter sections in a line along the stream, and while we only own, strictly speaking, a quarter of a mile in width, to occupy, without let or hinderance, away back to the divide (ridge between that valley and the next), being sure that no one will have either the motive or the will to dispute with us the possession of this arid area? Nothing, certainly, except that a number of able-bodied citizens besides yourself have not only conceived this same idea, but acted promptly on it, and that, in consequence, the supply of water frontage may be found inadequate to meet the demand, and its market value consequently and proportionately increases. There are always, however, ranchmen willing to sell, for one reason or another, and no one need despair of obtaining a good location at a fair rate, with the improvements ready made. Then he can buy his stock, mainly, if he be wise, on the spot and in the neighborhood; for, with the great improvement now taking place in breeds, it is no longer desirable to buy largely in Texas. Then come his "cow-boys," or herders, not Mexicans, as in old times, but generally stalwart Americans, quick of hand and deliberate of speech. They are provided with swift and sure-footed horses, generally, in these days, of the *broncho* type—a mixture of the American horse and the mustang.

It may now fairly be asked, where else in the world, and in what other known way, can a man sit down and see his possessions increase before his eyes with so little exertion involved on his part? With the dawn the cattle are all grazing. Thin and gray enough the grass looks to the inexperienced eye, but the ranchero well knows the tufts of buffalo and gramma growth, gauges the value of this feed as compared, in the matter of nutriment, with the richest greensward of apparently more fertile regions, and remembers that it grows afresh twice a year. Then, with the utmost regularity, and some time before noon, the whole herd—the splendid bulls, the plump steers, the red and white and roan and mottled cows—take their accustomed trail, and seek the water with unerring certainty. Then back to the grazing again, and feed until

> "The embers of the sunset's fires
> Along the clouds burn down,"

and night brings them repose.

As in more primitive days the different herds ranged intermingled over the public domain, so do they now stray from ranch to ranch, and at certain seasons of the year they must be collected and separated. They are distinguished by ear-marks, and

more especially by brands, said brands being conclusive and universally accepted evidence of ownership. In June and July, and in September and October, "rounding up," or the grand collection and separation, takes place. For each district a master or director of the "round up" is chosen, whose orders are implicitly obeyed by the working force, consisting of from twenty to fifty men, furnished by the ranchmen of the district in proportion to their holdings. They have two or three horses apiece, and are accompanied by assistants, herders, cooks, etc., etc. Starting from a given point, taking a regular course, and camping every night, they sweep over the ranges. Each day they "round up;" the horsemen scour the country, and, with the skill coming from long practice, gather the cattle together. In vain does the restive steer break away and run back or aside, the skillful horseman is ready for him, the trained horse "turns on a five-cent piece," and he is headed off, and must yield to his fate, and move on in the pre-ordained track. The "round up" takes place sometimes at a "corral," or large inclosure, sometimes on the open plain.



A ROUND UP.

But we must see it for ourselves, and with the reckless disregard of "magnificent distances" which characterizes this country, start for the "round up" at a corral on the great Craig or Barnum ranch—if we adopt the naming of Eastern newspapers; in reality, Hermosilla, the property of the Colorado Cattle Company.

It was on a cool and pleasant afternoon that the Colonel and the Commodore found

themselves the guests of a new host, and once more speeding across the plains, behind two fine horses, and this time leaving the Wet Mountains and the "Great Arroya" and the San Carlos on the west, and bearing off toward the Spanish Peaks,

"Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between;"

and we waited, watching the growing darkness, and coveting the flesh-pots of



CROSSING THE HUERFANO.

and into the valley of the Huerfano, or "Orphan." Clouds had been gathering to the southward, but we escaped the rain ourselves, and only found the dust laid for us, and congratulated our host on the prospective filling, from the distant showers, of his irrigating ditches.

"How do we cross the Huerfano?"

"Oh, it is easily forded. The bridge was carried away some time ago, but the creek has been dammed above, and most of the water must be in the ditch, and the bed quite dry."

But if we thought so, we were soon to be undeceived. Away up in Huerfano Park, in the great Sangre de Cristo range, and close to the Veta Pass, rises this stream, which only this noon was thin and sluggish enough. But far off there where towers old Baldy Peak there was a storm, or perhaps a water-spout, and a tremendous body of muddy water, bearing with it shrubs, sticks, and even large trees, had come tearing down the cañon. When we drove into the cottonwood grove, the horses stopped. From bank to bank stretched a roaring torrent. We were on this side; on the other were the trees around the dwelling-house, the stable for the horses, and the *supper*—so near, and yet so far! We thought of the words of the ancient psalm-book:

Hermosilla. And did we finally cross? Well, yes. A mule team came along, and the Commodore said, with Sam Patch, that "some things could be done as well as others," and that he might as well be drowned as starve; and some one else remarked that his head was level (under ordinary circumstances the use of slang would have been strenuously deprecated); and then— But it is best to dwell on results rather than on processes. Suffice it to say that no one was missing at the supper table.

Some decades ago the Chevalier St. Vrain raised a force to fight the Indians; but although he had faced danger on the frontier for a long while, he did not entertain the view, so common in 1861, that every one could command troops, and he applied to the United States government for a trained officer. Colonel Craig was assigned to this duty, and he and his men began, not unsuccessfully, the repression and suppression of Mr. Lo. Before he parted with St. Vrain they had become great friends, and on one occasion, when he had expressed an admiration for the valley of the Huerfano, his chief told him that he was welcome to three or four hundred thousand acres, and had better have the papers made out; and with his enormous Mexican grants, no man was in a

better position to make such a donation than St. Vrain. Up to this time Colonel Craig's title to 97,000 acres has been confirmed, and it is of 73,000 of these, and 8000 more, that the Colorado Cattle Company's domain consists. In the substantial and imposing house of stone and adobe, burned last year, dwelt Colonel Craig himself for some years, and many sages gradually narrowing until but one animal can pass, and he, as he can not turn around, can be easily branded, as would be needful with a new purchase.

Only the first purpose of the "round up" has been subserved when the cattle are collected. Next the cows and calves must be "cut out," and we saw the "cow-boys" ride into the herd, single out the cow (with



"CUTTING OUT."

an old army comrade on his way to or from a distant post has enjoyed his hospitality. As we looked at the ruins of this dwelling, with the faint moonlight shining weirdly through a dismantled window, we could almost fancy it dating back centuries instead of years, and perhaps as being a *pueblo* of an ancient Indian race.

But the bright day's doings savored little of antiquity. We wended our way to the great corral, and waited, like Sister Ann in "Blue-beard," until we saw a cloud of dust over the hill, and then the galloping horsemen. Then came the herd, perfectly controlled, and urged on by the rancheros, and soon they were in the corral. Of these corrals there were five on this property. They are made of rough timber standing on end and firmly secured, and are entered by bars. Some have what are called "slides," or pas-

calf following), and with great skill extricate her from the throng. The young calves are, of course, not yet marked, but the presence of one with a cow makes it imperative to place that cow's mark on it. Strayed calves, on the other hand (called "Mauvrics," from an old Frenchman in Texas who is said to have added largely to his worldly store by a systematic abstraction of these waifs and strays), are sold for the benefit of the associated ranchmen. "First catch your calf," as Mrs. Glass would say. Perhaps you may think that this is an easy task; but you would find, if you tried it, that you were never more mistaken in your life, for the ease with which the rancheros accomplish it has only come with careful training and long practice. The little animal runs wonderfully fast, springs, turns, and dodges almost like a flash; but the cow-boy never

takes his eyes off of him, and the trained horse, now well warmed up and entering fully into the spirit of the chase, responds to, almost seems to anticipate, every turn of his rider's left hand and wrist. Meanwhile the latter with his right arm is swinging his noosed rope, or lasso, and in another minute he has thrown it exactly over the calf's head. Instantly the horse plunges forward, giving "slack" to the rope, and allowing it to be wound around the horn of the saddle; then he moves on, dragging the calf after him, and the little creature is soon in the hands of the men with the branding-irons. These have been heated in a hot fire, and are quickly applied, and in a few minutes the calf, now indelibly designated as the property of his master, is again running about.



BRANDING A CALF.

By night-fall the cattle belonging to the ranch on which the "round up" has taken place are separated and cared for, the rest of those collected are in the hands of the herders, the cook has prepared supper, and then come pipes and stories and songs, and then well-earned repose in the perfectly dry air, and perhaps without other canopy than the starry sky. Next day all are up early and again in motion. There is a wonderful amount of life and merriment and vigor in these operations, and they can not fail to greatly interest all who are fortunate enough to witness them. It may not be amiss to hint, incidentally, to enthusiastic spectators from the East, that they are likely to view a "round up" with more satisfaction and peace of mind from a seat in a wagon or on a stout fence rail than from the back of a broncho.

In late summer and autumn the cattle which it is intended to sell go to their purchasers, who sometimes take them on the ranch, or they are shipped East by rail to Kansas City and elsewhere, and would doubtless, if they could speak, thank the benevolent people who have tried by strict regulations and improved cars to make their transit as easy as possible. Then through the whole winter the rest remain on the range, sometimes on the level plain, sometimes under the abrupt side of the mesas, or in the dry arroyas.

Through the splendid estate on which we were one could drive for twenty-eight miles along the creek valleys, with occasional glimpses of striking scenery, where the stream lay at the bottom of a deep gorge. Everywhere there were cattle to be seen; those branded as belonging to this ranch numbering some 6000, and expected soon to be 20,000.

At this time, when so much attention is directed to this business of stock-raising, some figures will naturally be expected in an article of this kind, showing the probable results, and some advice or suggestions in regard to the desirability and the best way of engaging in it. We will proceed, then, with a catechism, premising that the questions cover the main points on which information is likely to be sought.

Q. Is it advisable to engage in the raising of cattle?—*A.* Yes; provided (1) that the person either knows the business thoroughly himself or is willing to learn, or will give a portion of his profits to a trusty man to manage for him; (2) that he can command adequate capital; and (3) that, if he is going to take charge himself, he

will not chafe at the loneliness and deprivations of the life.

Q. Can good and trusty men be found in the West to take charge of such a business?—*A.* Yes, most certainly. The writer is personally cognizant of a case where some gentlemen, about ten years ago, made up the sum of $7000 for the purchase of cattle, and put the herd in the hands of a practical man. It was, of course, done when cattle were somewhat cheaper than they are now; and they did not buy much land, but sent their herd to range at a distance, but they have gotten their money back, and are offered $125,000 for their present holding. They gave their manager *one-quarter* interest for his services.

Q. What amount of capital is needed?—*A.* It would hardly be advisable to begin an independent business with less than $5000, of which $3000 would be invested in stock. It is common for men employed by owners to have a few cattle of their own, which range with their employers', and in this way they sometimes get quite a little property together, and are enabled to start on their own account. On the other hand, the profits on a large herd increase in a greater ratio than the expenses, and the figures to be given herein will be based on an investment large enough to secure this benefit.

Q. What profits may be expected in the stock business?—*A.* The following may be pronounced a fair and reasonable commercial estimate, and it is put forward with only the remark that while the figures apply to circumstances as they are now, and there are chances and contingencies and possible disasters attending money-making adventures of all kinds, the margin here is so large that after making all allowances which caution may suggest, one has still the promise of great results.

We will suppose an individual or a firm to have found a ranch to suit him or them in Southern Colorado, and to have bought it. The cost is hard to fix; but one of 10,000 acres, in complete order, could not stand in at more than.	$50,000		
A herd of 4000 good cows could be bought at $18 each, or	72,000		
And 80 good short-horn and Hereford bulls at an average of $50 each, or	4,000		
Making a total investment of		$126,000	
By careful buying in the spring one should get 70 per cent. of calves with the cows, or say 2800 calves. Of these, on the average, one-half, or 1400, will be heifer calves.			
At the end of the first year affairs should stand as follows:			
The 1400 heifer calves will be yearlings, and worth	$14,000		
There will be also 1400 yearling steers, worth $10 each, or	14,000	$28,000	
With a herd of this size expenses may be put at not more than	$5,000		
And for contingencies, sundries, and ordinary losses it is safe to take 4 per cent. on capital invested in stock, say, on $76,000	3,040	8,040	
Profit at end of first year			$19,960
At the end of the second year the 1400 heifers are two years old, and worth $5 more apiece, or say	$7,000		
And of the 2800 (70 per cent. of 4000) new yearling calves, an average of one-half, or 1400, will be heifers, and worth $10 each, or	14,000		
1400 two-year-old steers are worth an additional $6 each, or	8,400		
And the 1400 new yearlings are worth $10 each, or	14,000	$43,400	
Deduct expenses	$5,000		
And 4 per cent. on $76,000+$19,960=$95,960	3,838	8,838	34,562
At the end of the third year the original 1400 heifers are three years old, and worth an additional $3 per head, or	$4,200		
The yearling heifers of last year are two years old, and worth an additional $5 each, or	7,000		
There are 1400 yearlings from the original stock, worth	14,000		
And of the offspring of the three-year-olds (70 per cent. of 1400=980) one-half, or 490, are heifers, and worth	4,900		
The original 1400 steers are three years old, and worth an additional $10 each, or	14,000		
The 1400 steer calves of last year are two years old, and worth an additional $6 each, or	8,400		
And there are 1400 yearlings, offspring of original stock, and 490, offspring of new three-year-olds—in all, 1890—at $10 each	18,900	$71,400	
Deduct expenses on 5400 cows, say	$6,050		
And 4 per cent. on ($95,960+$34,562) $130,522	5,221	11,271	
Profits at end of third year			60,129
Total net profits for three years			$114,651

1. No allowance need be made for depreciation of stock, as the cattle can with proper care always be sold for beef.

2. If the profits be invested in cattle, they will be largely increased.

3. No account is taken of interest on profits.

4. No account is taken of the gradual improvement in the quality of the stock.

5. Profit can often be made by buying cattle and keeping them for a year.

6. During the latter part of the winter and the spring the food is of course poorer than before, and as the cattle are not then in the best condition, there is much demand for good beef for local consumption. By feeding cattle during those months for sale in Colorado, excellent gains should be realized. Good beef *on the hoof* was worth four and a quarter cents per pound in Pueblo in the spring of 1879.

7. A ranch purchased in Southern Colorado at present prices is almost sure, in view of the great increase in the business and the decrease of suitable land, to appreciate considerably in value—say, at least ten per cent. per annum.

It will be plain to any one who will examine carefully into the matter that under ordinary and favorable circumstances profits will mount up each year in an increasing ratio, and he can readily make figures for himself. In the mean time we have a

BALANCE-SHEET AT END OF THIRD YEAR.

ASSETS.

Ranch, with three years' appreciation, at 10 per cent.	$65,000
5400 cows, at $18	97,200
80 bulls, at $50	4,000
1400 two-year-old heifers, at $15	21,000
1890 yearling heifers, at $10	18,900
1400 three-year-old steers, at $26	36,400
1400 two-year-old steers, at $16	22,400
1890 yearling steers, at $10	18,900
Total	$283,800

LIABILITIES.

Capital put in ranch		$50,000
Capital put in stock		76,000
Capital used in expenses		28,149
Profits on stock, three years	$114,651	
Profits on ranch	15,000	$129,651
Total		$283,800

A risk to be taken into account would be a possible outbreak of disease at some time, but out of profits as shown an insurance fund could readily be created. That so many cattle will be raised that prices will greatly fall need not be a matter of present fear; for, leaving out two most important factors—the great and increasing demand for our beef in Europe, and the new uses to which it is put in this country—our population has hitherto increased faster than the supply of good meat.

Q. Where had I best go?—*A.* You must decide for yourself, after obtaining all possible information to guide you.

Q. Can I obtain trustworthy information, not only about this, but also about all details of this business?—*A.* You most certainly can.

Let no one hastily imagine that the foregoing answers have been formulated and the foregoing figures compiled under the seductive influences of a region where people ride a day's journey on their own lands, and give away a few hundred thousands of acres with "lightness and freedom," or that they have not passed through the crucible of sober second thought. Nothing is more certain than that, in the first place, there is much ignorance and misunderstanding in other parts of the country about Colorado; and, in the second, that harm has been and must be done by giving too roseate a coloring to its characteristics and belongings. It is the aim and determination of the writer to state things, as far as in him lies, exactly as they are. He would even qualify his enthusiastic descriptions of the natural features of this great dome of the continent with the assurance that they are only for the benefit of those sympathetic souls to whom the mountains are a perpetual joy; and as a counterpoise thereto, he would quote that excellent though unrecorded saying of the wise man: "Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed!"

It is perfectly certain that the life of a ranchman possesses the utmost fascination for men thoroughly accustomed to the resources and habits of the highest and most refined civilization, and presumably liable and likely to greatly miss them. One may meet, sitting in the doorway of the hotel at Pueblo, surrounded perhaps by "honest miners" in overalls, and railroad hands out of employment, gentlemen who will talk, with faultless Piccadilly accent, of the last gossip from London, and ex-officers of "crack" regiments, not unknown to fame. No one's felt hats have broader brims, no one's flannel shirts are rustier, and no one's boots more thor-

oughly covered with adobe dust; and every one will tell you that he is as happy as a king. May it not occur to more than one young man anxious to do good work in the world, and conscious of the drawbacks of business life in great cities, with its fierce competition and unavoidable risks, that life on the plains might give him ample occupation, comfortable gains, and a sound mind in a sound body?

And there is another class of men to whom this life should appeal with the greatest force — those unfortunates to whom the doctors each winter talk about Aiken and Florida, and "coming north with the strawberries." Perhaps, in wandering about this region, you may meet an acquaintance, remembered in New York or Boston as a thin, pale man, of whom people used to speak as "poor fellow," and to whom each winter was a new terror. You will hardly recognize him in the brown-bearded horseman who has come in thirty miles that morning, and



CATTLE GOING TO WATER.



THREE DAYS LATER FROM PUEBLO.

will think nothing of riding out again before night, with his letters and a few purchased necessaries in his saddle-bags. Whatever requirement Colorado may fail to meet, there is one thing which it can do beyond all doubt and dispute, and that is, arrest the progress of pulmonary disease, if sought in time. It is very pleasant, without doubt, to lounge in the old fort at St. Augustine, or to frequent Nice and Cannes and Pau, but it is more efficacious, and far more manly, to "shun delights, and live laborious days," and to be doing yeoman's work and gaining health at the same time.

These were our cogitations as we sat in the evenings in front of the house, drinking in what our host happily called ozone, and waiting for the mail, which came semi-occasionally from Pueblo in a bag hung to the saddle of a small boy mounted on a tall horse—a primitive fashion, no doubt, but endurable for the last twenty miles, since our welcome letters came the preceding two thousand in fast express trains.

But all pleasant things must come to an end, and after breakfast one morning the large wagon came to the door, and we drove out through the gate, and past the end of the bluff, and over the rolling plain, dampened by the welcome rain of the night before, in the direction of Pueblo. It was a drive to be long remembered, with its accompaniments of a delicious and invigorating air, the sight of all the mountains, and glimpses of the Arkansas flowing to the eastward, miles and miles away. As we neared the town, musing, as one must under such circumstances, on the days, not long gone by, of the fierce Indian and the roving trapper, a change came o'er the spirit of our dream, for we saw in turn the smoke of a smelting-works, a China "wash-man's" shanty, a derrick by means of which some one hoped to "strike ile," a saloon where there had been a first-class shooting affair, a stand for the sale of lemonade and chewing gum, and an advertisement of *H. M. S. Pinafore.* The Commodore, who is nothing if not romantic, was greatly disturbed at this abrupt transition, and relapsed into a troubled silence. It was only after some time had passed that a happy idea seemed to strike him. He departed in the direction of a telegraph office, and on his return seemed quite himself again, and threw out hints of a pleasant surprise preparing for us at Colorado Springs. And then the little impudent noisy narrow-gauge train, which had left the San Juan country that morning, and come over the Sangre de Cristo at an elevation of 10,000 feet, came puffing up to the platform, and took us in; and we rolled out through a cutting, and away from the river, and up the Fountain Valley, and a boy came into the car and offered us books and magazines and figs, just as if we were going from New York to Yonkers or Paterson, instead of along the base of the Sierra Madre.

"Is it not a shame," asked the writer, in a thoughtless moment, of a well-known pioneer, "that the train should be so delayed by 'wash-outs'?"

"That is not my view of the matter,"

replied he. "I am rather inclined to continual wonder and gratitude at what has been accomplished in putting these roads here at all in the face of such obstacles."

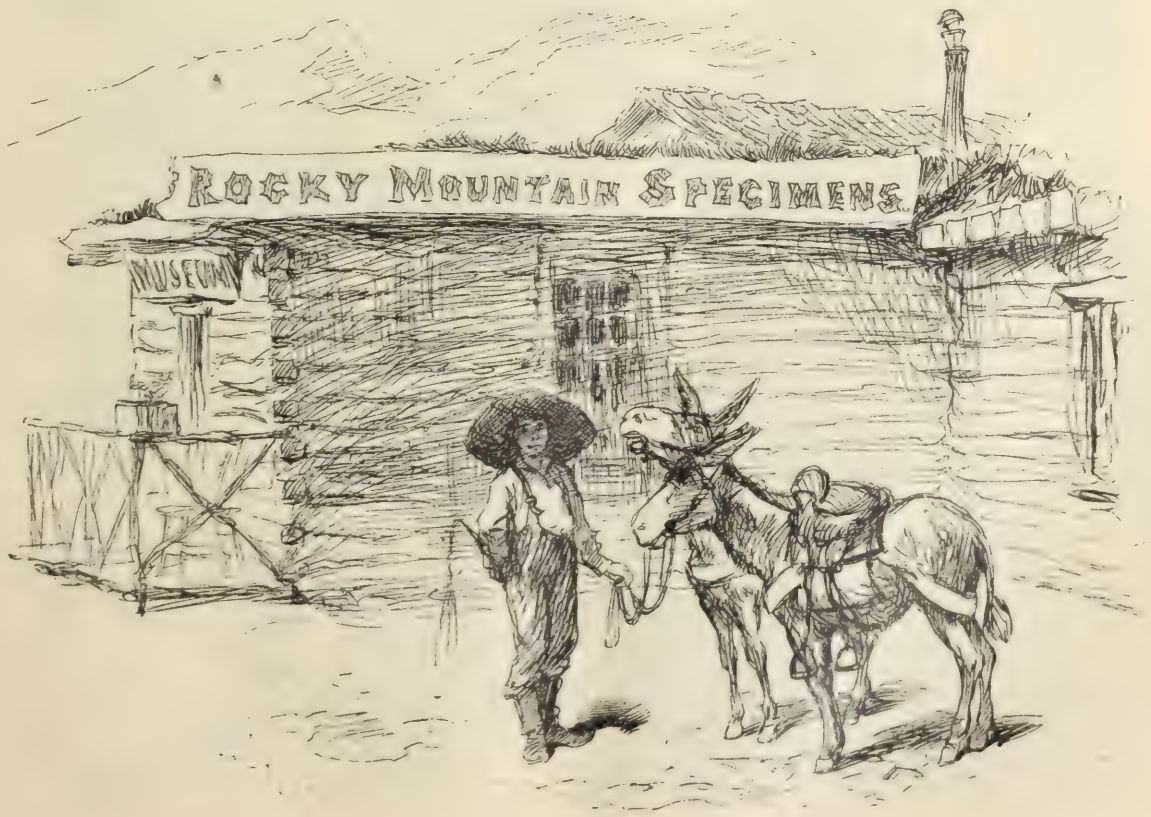
Some distance above Pueblo the valley grows greener and greener, and the railroad nears the great mountains. We stood on the platform watching the lights and shades on the range, and thinking how beautiful they were, when a long whistle came from the engine, and we saw that we were nearing the station at Colorado Springs.

And then on the face of the Commodore there appeared a novel expression, in which a species of embarrassment struggled with a fiendish delight. The cause was not long in making itself known. In front of a curious log-cabin, devoted to the display of curiosities, stood a very thin and feeble boy, almost extinguished by a gigantic hat, and holding the bridles of—the two wretched burros. And then the deep design all came out. The Commodore dropped all pretenses, and said that if any one thought that a burro was going to get the better of him, he would soon show him that he was mistaken; that he would fight it out on that line if it took all summer; and that he had had the two brutes (and the ignominious pests, according to him, bore the singularly inappropriate names of Esmeralda and Montezuma) sent up to the Springs, and telegraphed from Pueblo to have them at the station.

At almost any other place in the world a deep dejection would have settled on the Colonel, but at Colorado Springs one has at hand a panacea for greater troubles than the forced possession of a burro, for, like old King David, he can "lift up his eyes unto the hills." It was impossible to think long of anything that afternoon but the majestic appearance of Pike's Peak as it towered above the line of mountains before it.

The first stage of our journey ended, as it had begun, on the platform of a railway station, and the bustle and confusion brought to mind the morning at Kansas City, and caused the Colonel, remembering his interlocutor there, to remark to a friend, just as the sun came out from behind a cloud, and gave a new glory to the range: "The old fellow was right; it *is* a white man's country."

And then an aged stranger, with a brown and wrinkled face and gray beard —his clothes and shoes looked as if he had walked all the way from Leadville down through the Ute Pass—who had come close up to the speaker, quietly remarked: "You bet that's just everlastingly so, Colonel, *and don't you forget it!*"



WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XI.

DRAWING NEARER.

SHE is all alone on deck. The morning sun shines on the beautiful blue bay, on the great castle perched on the rocks over there, and on the wooded green hills beyond. She has got a canvas fixed on her easel; she sings to herself as she works.

Now this English young lady must have beguiled the tedium of her long nursing in Edinburgh by making a particular acquaintance with Scotch ballads;



"NOT DARING TO STIR HAND OR FOOT LEST HE SHOULD DISTURB HER."

or how otherwise could we account for her knowledge of the "Song of Ulva," and now of the "Song of Dunvegan"?

"Macleod the faithful, and fearing none!—
Dunvegan!—oh! Dunvegan!"

she hums to herself as she is busy with this rough sketch of sea and shore. How can she be aware that Angus Sutherland is at this very moment in the companion-way, and not daring to stir hand or foot lest he should disturb her?

"Friends and foes had our passion thwarted,"

she croons to herself, though, indeed, there is no despair at all in her voice, but a perfect contentment—

"But true, tender, and lion-hearted,
Lived he on, and from life departed,
Macleod, whose rival is breathing none!—
Dunvegan!—oh! Dunvegan!"

She is pleased with the rapidity of her work. She tries to whistle a little bit. Or perhaps it is only the fresh morning air that has put her in such good spirits?

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries."

What has that got to do with the sketch of the shining gray castle? Among these tags and ends of ballads, the young doctor at last becomes emboldened to put in an appearance.

"Good-morning, Miss Avon," says he; "you are busy at work again?"

She is not in the least surprised. She has got accustomed to his coming on deck before the others; they have had a good deal of quiet chatting while as yet the Laird was only adjusting his high white collar and satin neckcloth.

"It is only a sketch," said she, in a rapid and highly business-like fashion, "but I think I shall be able to sell it. You know most people merely value pictures for their association with things they are interested in themselves. A Yorkshire farmer would rather have a picture of his favorite cob than any Raphael or Titian. And the ordinary English squire: I am sure that you know in his own heart he prefers one of Herring's farm-yard pieces to Leonardo's 'Last Supper.' Well, if some yachting gentleman, who has been in this loch, should see this sketch, he will probably buy it, however bad it is, just because it interests him—"

"But you don't really mean to sell it!" said he.

"That depends," said she, demurely, "on whether I get any offer for it."

"Why," he exclaimed, "the series of pictures you are now making should be an invaluable treasure to you all your life long—a permanent record of a voyage that you seem to enjoy very much. I almost shrink from robbing you of that one of Canna; still, the temptation is too great. And you propose to sell them all?"

"What I can sell of them," she says. And then she adds, rather shyly: "You know I could not very well afford to keep them all for myself. I—I have a good many almoners in London; and I devote to them what I can get for my scrawls; that is, I deduct the cost of the frames, and keep the rest for them. It is not a large sum."

"Any other woman would spend it in jewelry and dresses," says he, bluntly.

At this Miss Mary Avon flushes slightly, and hastily draws his attention to a small boat that is approaching. Dr. Sutherland does not pay any heed to the boat.

He is silent for a second or so, and then he says, with an effort to talk in a cheerful and matter-of-fact way:

"You have not sent ashore yet this morning: don't you know there is a post-office at Dunvegan?"

"Oh yes; I heard so. But the men are below at breakfast, I think, and I am in no hurry to send, for there won't be any letters for me, I know."

"Oh, indeed," he says, with seeming carelessness. "It must be a long time since you have heard from your friends."

"I have not many friends to hear from," she answers, with a light laugh, "and those I have don't trouble me with many letters. I suppose they think I am in very good hands at present."

"Oh yes; no doubt," says he; and suddenly he begins to talk in warm terms of the delightfulness of the voyage. He is quite charmed with the appearance of Dunvegan loch and castle. A more beautiful morning he never saw. And in the midst of all this enthusiasm the small boat comes alongside.

There is an old man in the boat, and when he has fastened his oars he says a few words to Angus Sutherland, and hands up a big black bottle. Our young doctor brings the bottle over to Mary Avon. He seems to be very much pleased with everything this morning.

"Now, is not that good-natured?" says he. "It is a bottle of fresh milk, with the compliments of ——— ———, of Uginish.* Isn't it good-natured?"

"Oh, indeed it is," says she, plunging her hand into her pocket. "You must let me give the messenger half a crown."

"No, no; that is not the Highland custom," says the doctor; and therewith he goes below, and fetches up another black bottle, and pours out a glass of whiskey with his own hand, and presents it to the ancient boatman. You should have seen the look of surprise in the old man's face when Angus Sutherland said something to him in the Gaelic.

And alas! and alas! as we go ashore on this beautiful bright day, we have to give up forever the old Dunvegan of many a dream; the dark and solitary keep that we had imagined perched high above the Atlantic breakers; the sheer precipices, the awful sterility, the wail of lamentation along the lonely shores. This is a different picture altogether that Mary Avon has been trying to put down on her canvas—a spacious, almost modern-looking, but nevertheless picturesque castle, sheltered from the winds by softly wooded hills, a bit of smooth blue water below, and further along the shores the cheerful evidences of fertility and cultivation. The wail of Dunvegan? Why, here is a brisk and thriving village, with a post-office, and a shop, and a building that looks uncommonly like an inn; and there, dotted all about, and encroaching on the upper moorland, any number of those small crofts that were once the pride of the Highlands, and that gave to England the most stalwart of her regiments. Here are no ruined huts and voiceless wastes, but a cheerful, busy picture of peasant life; the strapping wenches at work in the small farm-yards, well built and frank of face; the men well clad; the children well fed and merry enough. It is a scene that delights the heart of our good friend of Denny-mains. If we had but time, he would fain go in among the tiny farms, and inquire about the rent of the holdings, and the price paid for those picturesque little beasts that the artists are forever painting—with a lowering sky beyond, and a dash of sunlight in front. But our doctor is obdurate. He will not have Mary Avon walk further; she must return to the yacht.

But on our way back, as she is walking by the side of the road, he suddenly puts his hand on her arm, apparently to stop her. Slight as the touch is, she naturally looks surprised.

"I beg your pardon," he says, hastily, "but I thought you would rather not tread on it—"

He is looking at a weed by the wayside—a thing that looks like a snapdragon of some sort. We did not expect to find a hard-headed man of science betray this trumpery sentiment about a weed.

"I thought you would rather not tread upon it when you knew it was a stranger," he says, in explanation of that rude assault upon her arm. "That is not an English plant at all; it is the *Mimulus;* its real home is in America."

We began to look with more interest on the audacious small foreigner that had boldly adventured across the seas.

"Oh," she says, looking back along the road, "I hope I have not trampled any of them down."

"Well, it does not *much* matter," he admits, "for the plant is becoming quite common now in parts of the West Highlands; but I thought as it was a stranger, and come all the way across the Atlantic on a voyage of discovery, you would be hospitable. I suppose the Gulf Stream brought the first of them over."

"And if they had any choice in the matter," says Mary Avon, looking down, and speaking with a little self-conscious deliberation, "and if they wanted to be hospitably received, they showed their good sense in coming to the West Highlands."

After that there was a dead silence on the part of Angus Sutherland. But why should he have been embarrassed? There was no compliment levelled at him, that he should blush like a school-boy. It was quite true that Miss Avon's liking—even love—for the West Highlands was becoming very apparent; but Banffshire is not in the West Highlands. What although Angus Sutherland could speak a few words in the Gaelic tongue to an old boatman? He came from Banff. Banffshire is not in the West Highlands.

Then that afternoon at the great castle itself: what have we but a confused recollection of twelfth-century towers; and

* Sir, it is well done of you to pay that pretty compliment to strangers.

walls nine feet thick; and ghost chambers; and a certain fairy flag, that is called the *Bratach-Sith;* and the wide view over the blue Atlantic; and of a great kindness that made itself visible in the way of hot-house flowers and baskets of fruit, and what not? The portraits, too: the various centuries got mixed up with the old legends, until we did not know in which face to look for some transmitted expression that might tell of the Cave of Uig or the Uamh-na-Ceann. But there was one portrait there, quite modern and beautiful, that set all the tourist folk a-raving, so lovely were the life-like eyes of it; and the Laird was bold enough to say to the gentle lady who was so good as to be our guide,* that it would be one of the greatest happinesses of his life if he might be allowed to ask Mr. Galbraith, the well-known artist of Edinburgh, to select a young painter to come up to Dunvegan and make a copy of this picture for him, Denny-mains. And Dr. Sutherland could scarcely come away from that beautiful face; and our good Queen T—— was quite charmed with it; and as for Mary Avon, when one of us regarded her, behold! as she looked up, there was a sort of moisture in the soft black eyes.

What was she thinking of? That it must be a fine thing to be so beautiful a woman, and charm the eyes of all men? But now—now that we had had this singing-bird with us on board the yacht for so long a time—would any one of us have admitted that she was rather plain? It would not have gone well with any one who had ventured to say so to the Laird of Denny-mains, at all events. And as for our sovereign lady and mistress, these were the lines which she always said described Mary Avon:

"Was never seen thing to be praised derre,†
Nor under blackë cloud so bright a sterre,
As she was, as they saiden, every one
That her behelden in her blackë weed;
And yet she stood, full low and still, alone,
Behind all other folk, in little brede,‡
And nigh the door, ay under shamë's drede;
Simple of bearing, debonair of cheer,
With a full surë* looking and mannére."

How smart the saloon of the *White Dove* looked that evening at dinner, with those geraniums, and roses, and fuchsias, and what not, set amid the tender green of the maiden-hair fern! But all the same there was a serious discussion. Fruit, flowers, vegetables, and fresh milk, however welcome, fill no larder; and Master Fred had returned with the doleful tale that all his endeavors to purchase a sheep at one of the neighboring farms had been of no avail. Forthwith we resolve to make another effort. Far away, on the outer shores of Dunvegan Loch, we can faintly descry, in the glow of the evening, some crofters' huts on the slopes of the hill. Down with the gig, then, boys; in with the fishing-rods; and away for the distant shores, where haply some tender ewe-lamb, or brace of quacking ducks, or some half-dozen half-starved fowls may be withdrawn from the reluctant tiller of the earth!

It is a beautiful clear evening, with a lemon-gold glory in the northwest. And our stout-sinewed doctor is rowing stroke, and there is a monotonous refrain of

"Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

"We must give you a wage as one of the hands, Angus," says Queen T——.

"I am paid already," says he. "I would work my passage through for the sketch of Canna that Miss Avon gave me."

"Would you like to ask the other men whether they would take the same payment?" says Miss Avon, in modest depreciation of her powers.

"Do not say anything against the landscape ye gave to Dr. Sutherland," observes the Laird. "No, no; there is great merit in it. I have told ye before I would like to show it to Tom Galbraith before it goes south; I am sure he would approve of it. Indeed, he is jist such a friend of mine that I would take the leeberty of asking him to give it a bit touch here and there—what an experienced artist would see amiss, ye know—"

"Mr. Galbraith may be an experienced artist," says our doctor friend, with unnecessary asperity, "but he is not going to touch that picture."

* This is a strange thing: if one were to go and ask the people of St. Kilda if they knew of any angel walking anywhere on the earth, they would all of them—man, woman, and child—answer with but the one name; and further, if one were to ask of them where, when she was not visiting them, she was to be found, they would answer with the like unanimity—"Dunvegan!"

† *Derre*, dearer.

‡ *In little brede*, without display.

* *Surë*, frank.

"Ah can tell ye," says the Laird, who is rather hurt by this rejection, "that the advice of Tom Galbraith has been taken by the greatest artists in England. He was up in London last year, and was at the studio of one of the first of the Acadameecians, and that very man was not ashamed to ask the opeenion of Tom Galbraith. And says Tom to him, 'The face is very fine, but the right arm is out of drawing.' You would think that impertinent? The Acadameecian, I can tell you, thought differently. Says he, 'That has been my own opeenion, but no one would ever tell me so; and I would have left it as it is had ye no spoken.'"

"I have no doubt the Academician who did not know when his picture was out of drawing was quite right to take the advice of Tom Galbraith," says our stroke oar. "But Tom Galbraith is not going to touch Miss Avon's sketch of Canna—" and here the fierce altercation is stopped, for stroke oar puts a fresh spurt on, and we hear another sound:

"Soon the freshening breeze will blow,
We'll show the snowy canvas on her—
Ho, ro, clansmen!
A long, strong pull together—
Ho, ro, clansmen!"

Well, what was the result of our quest? After we had landed Master Fred, and sent him up the hills, and gone off fishing for lithe for an hour or so, we returned to the shore in the gathering dusk. We found our messenger seated on a rock, contentedly singing a Gaelic song, and plucking a couple of fowls, which was all the provender he had secured. It was in vain that he tried to cheer us by informing us that the animals in question had cost only sixpence apiece. We knew that they were not much bigger than thrushes. Awful visions of tinned meats began to rise before us. In gloom we took the steward and the microscopic fowls on board, and set out for the yacht.

But the Laird did not lose his spirits. He declared that self-preservation was the first law of nature, and that, despite the injunctions of the Wild Birds' Protection Act, he would get out his gun and shoot the very first brood of "flappers" he saw about those lonely lochs. And he told us such a "good one" about Homesh that we laughed nearly all the way back to the yacht. Provisions? We were independent of provisions! With a handful of rice a day we would cross the Atlantic—we would cross twenty Atlantics—so long as we were to be regaled and cheered by the "good ones" of our friend of Dennymains.

Dr. Sutherland, too, seemed in no wise depressed by the famine in the land. In the lamp-lit saloon, as we gathered round the table, and cards and things were brought out, and the Laird began to brew his toddy, the young doctor maintained that no one on land could imagine the snugness of life on board a yacht. And now he had almost forgotten to speak of leaving us; perhaps it was the posting of the paper on Radiolarians, along with other MSS., that had set his mind free. But touching that matter of the Dunvegan post-office: why had he been so particular in asking Mary Avon if she were not expecting letters? and why did he so suddenly grow enthusiastic about the scenery on learning that the young lady, on her travels, was not pestered with correspondence? Miss Avon was not a Cabinet Minister.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD SCHOOL AND THE NEW.

THE last instructions given to John of Skye that night were large and liberal. At break of day he was to sail for any port he might chance to encounter on the wide seas. So long as Angus Sutherland did not speak of returning, what did it matter to us?—Loch Boisdale, Loch Seaforth, Stornoway, St. Kilda, the North Pole, were all the same. It is true that of fresh meat we had on board only two fowls about the size of wrens; but of all varieties of tinned meats and fruit we had an abundant store. And if perchance we were forced to shoot a sheep on the Flannen Islands, would not the foul deed be put down to the discredit of those dastardly Frenchmen? When you rise up as a nation and guillotine all the respectable folk in the country, it is only to be expected of you thereafter that you should go about the seas shooting other people's sheep.

And indeed when we get on deck after breakfast we find that John of Skye has fulfilled his instructions to the letter; that is to say, he must have started at daybreak to get away so far from Dunvegan and the headlands of Skye. But as for going farther? There is not a speck of

cloud in the dome of blue; there is not a ripple on the blue sea; there is not a breath of wind to stir the great white sails all aglow in the sunlight; nor is there even enough of the Atlantic swell to move the indolent tiller. How John of Skye has managed to bring us so far on so calm a morning remains a mystery.

"And the glass shows no signs of falling," says our young doctor, quite regretfully: does he long for a hurricane, that so he may exhibit his sailor-like capacities?

But Mary Avon, with a practical air, is arranging her easel on deck, and fixing up a canvas, and getting out the tubes she wants—the while she absently sings to herself something about

"Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina."

And what will she attack now? Those long headlands of Skye, dark in shadow, with a glow of sunlight along their summits; or those lonely hills of Uist set far amid the melancholy main; or those vaster and paler mountains of Harris, that rise on the north of the dreaded Sound?

"Well, you *have* courage," says Angus Sutherland, admiringly, "to try to make a picture out of *that!*"

"Oh," she says, modestly, though she is obviously pleased, "that is a pet theory of mine. I try for ordinary every-day effects, without any theatrical business; and if I had only the power to reach them, I know I should surprise people. Because, you know, most people go through the world with a sort of mist before their eyes; and they are awfully grateful to you when you suddenly clap a pair of spectacles on their nose and make them see things as they are. I can not do it as yet, you know; but there is no harm in trying."

"I think you do it remarkably well," he says; "but what are you to make of that?—nothing but two great sheets of blue, with a line of bluer hills between."

But Miss Avon speedily presents us with the desired pair of spectacles. Instead of the cloudless blue day we had imagined it to be, we find that there are low masses of white cloud along the Skye cliffs, and these throw long reflections on the glassy sea, and moreover we begin to perceive that the calm vault around us is not an uninterrupted blue, but melts into a pale green as it nears the eastern horizon. Angus Sutherland leaves the artist to her work. He will not interrupt her by idle talk.

There is no idle talk going forward where the Laird is concerned. He has got hold of an attentive listener in the person of his hostess, who is deep in needle-work; and he is expounding to her more clearly than ever the merits of the great Semple case, pointing out more particularly how the charges in the major proposition are borne out by the extracts in the minor. Yes; and he has caught the critics, too, on the hip. What about the discovery of those clever gentlemen that Genesis x. and 10 was incorrect? They thought they were exceedingly smart in proving that the founders of Babel were the descendants, not of Ham, but of Shem. But when the ruins of Babel were examined, what then?

"Why, it was distinctly shown that the founders were the descendants of Ham, after all!" says Denny-mains, triumphantly. "What do ye think of that, Dr. Sutherland?"

Angus Sutherland starts from a reverie: he has not been listening.

"Of what?" he says. "The Semple case?"

"Ay."

"Oh, well," he says, rather carelessly, "all that wrangling is as good an occupation as any other—to keep people from thinking."

The Laird stares, as if he had not heard aright. Angus Sutherland is not aware of having said anything startling. He continues, quite innocently:

"Any occupation is valuable enough that diverts the mind—that is why hard work is conducive to complete mental health; it does not matter whether it is grouse-shooting, or commanding an army, or wrangling about major or minor propositions. If a man were continually to be facing the awful mystery of existence—asking the record of the earth and the stars how he came to be here, and getting no answer at all—he must inevitably go mad. The brain could not stand it. If the human race had not busied itself with wars and commerce, and so forth, it must centuries ago have committed suicide. That is the value of hard work—to keep people from thinking of the unknown around them: the more a man is occupied, the happier he is; it does not matter whether he occupies himself with School

Boards, or salmon-fishing, or the prosecution of a heretic."

He did not remark the amazed look on the Laird's face, nor yet that Mary Avon had dropped her painting and was listening.

"The fact is," he said, with a smile, "if you are likely to fall to thinking about the real mysteries of existence anywhere, it is among solitudes like these, where you see what a trivial little accident human life is in the history of the earth. You can't think about such things in Regent Street: the cigar shops, the cabs, the passing people, occupy you. But here you are brought back, as it were, to all sorts of first principles; and commonplaces appear somehow in their original freshness. In Regent Street you no doubt know that life is a strange thing, and that death is a strange thing, because you have been told so, and you believe it, and think no more about it. But here, with the seas and skies round you, and with the silence of the night making you think, you *feel* the strangeness of these things. Now just look over there; the blue sea, and the blue sky, and the hills, it is a curious thing to think that they will be shining there just as they are now, on just such another day as this, and you unable to see them or anything else — passed away like a ghost. And the *White Dove* will be sailing up here; and John will be keeping an eye on Ushinish Light-house; but your eyes won't be able to see anything—"

"Well, Angus, I do declare," exclaims our sovereign mistress, "you *have* chosen a comforting thing to talk about this morning! Are we to be always thinking about our coffin?"

"On the contrary," says the young doctor, "I was only insisting on the wholesomeness of people occupying themselves diligently with some distraction or other, however trivial. And how do you think the Semple case will end, Sir?"

But our good friend of Denny-mains was far too deeply shocked and astounded to reply. The great Semple case a trivial thing—a distraction—an occupation to keep people from serious thinking! The public duties, too, of the Commissioner for the Burgh of Strathgovan: were these to be regarded as a mere plaything? The new steam fire-engine was only a toy, then? The proposed new park and the addition to the rates were to be regarded as a piece of amiable diversion?

The Laird knew that Angus Sutherland had not read the *Vestiges of Creation*, and that was a hopeful sign. But, *Vestiges* or no *Vestiges*, what were the young men of the day coming to, if their daring speculation led them to regard the most serious and important concerns of life as a pastime? The Commissioners for the Burgh of Strathgovan were but a parcel of children, then, playing on the sea-shore, and unaware of the awful deeps beyond?

"I am looking at these things only as a doctor," says Dr. Sutherland, lightly—seeing that the Laird is too dumfounded to answer his question, "and I sometimes think a doctor's history of civilization would be an odd thing, if only you could get at the physiological facts of the case. I should like to know, for example, what Napoleon had for supper on the night before Waterloo. Something indigestible, you may be sure; if his brain had been clear on the 18th, he would have smashed the Allies, and altered modern history. I should have greatly liked, too, to make the acquaintance of the man who first announced his belief that infants dying unbaptized were to suffer eternal torture: I think it must have been his liver. I should like to have examined him."

"I should like to have poisoned him," says Mary Avon, with a flash of anger in the soft eyes.

"Oh no; the poor wretch was only the victim of some ailment," said our doctor, charitably. "There must have been something very much the matter with Calvin, too. I know I could have cured Schopenhauer of his pessimism if he had let me put him on a wholesome regimen."

The Laird probably did not know who Schopenhauer was; but the audacity of the new school was altogether too much for him.

"I—I suppose," he said, stammering in his amazement, "ye would have taken Joan of Arc and treated her as a lunatic?"

"Oh no; not as a confirmed lunatic," he answered, quite simply. "But the diagnosis of that case is obvious; I think she could have been cured. All that Joanna Southcote wanted was a frank physician."

The Laird rose and went forward to where Mary Avon was standing at her easel. She instantly resumed her work, and pretended not to have been listening.

"Very good—very good," says he, as if his whole attention had been occupied by her sketching. "The reflections on the water are just fine. Ye must let me show all your sketches to Tom Galbraith before ye go back to the south."

"I hear you have been talking about the mysteries of existence," she says, with a smile.

"Oh, ay, it is easy to talk," he says, sharply, and not willing to confess that he has been driven away from the field. "I am afraid there is an unsettling tendency among the young men of the present day—a want of respect for things that have been established by the common-sense of the world. Not that I am against all innovation. No, no. The world can not stand still. I myself, now; do ye know that I was among the first in Glasgow to hold that it might be permissible to have an organ to lead the psalmody of a church?"

"Oh, indeed!" says she, with much respect.

"That is true. No, no; I am not one of the bigoted. Give me the Essentials, and I do not care if ye put a stone cross on the top of the church. I tell ye that honestly; I would not object even to a cross on the building if all was sound within."

"I am sure you are quite right, Sir," says Mary Avon, gently.

"But no tampering with the Essentials. And as for the millinery, and incense, and crucifixes of they poor craytures that have not the courage to go right over to Rome—who stop on this side, and play-act at being Romans—it is seeckening, perfectly seeckening. As for the Romans themselves, I do not condemn them. No, no. If they are in error, I doubt not they believe with a good conscience. And when I am in a foreign town, and one o' their processions of priests and boys comes by, I raise my hat. I do indeed."

"Oh, naturally," says Mary Avon.

"No, no," continues Denny-mains, warmly, "there is none of the bigot about me. There is a minister of the Episcopalian Church that I know, and there is no one more welcome in my house: I ask him to say grace just as I would a minister of my own Church."

"And which is that, Sir?" she asked, meekly.

The Laird stares at her. Is it possible that she has heard him so elaborately expound the Semple prosecution, and not be aware to what denomination he belongs?

"The Free—the Free Church, of course," he says, with some surprise. "Have ye not seen the *Report of Proceedings* in the Semple case?"

"No, I have not," she answers, timidly. "You have been so kind in explaining it that—that a printed report was quite unnecessary."

"But I will get ye one—I will get ye one directly," says he. "I have several copies in my portmanteau. And ye will see my name in front as one of the elders who considered it fit and proper that a full report should be published, so as to warn the public against these inseedious attacks against our faith. Don't interrupt your work, my lass. But I will get ye the pamphlet; and whenever you want to sit down for a time, ye will find it most interesting reading—most interesting."

And so the worthy Laird goes below to fetch that valued report. And scarcely has he disappeared than a sudden commotion rages over the deck. Behold! a breeze coming swiftly over the sea, ruffling the glassy deep as it approaches! Angus Sutherland jumps to the tiller. The head-sails fill, and the boat begins to move. The lee-sheets are hauled taut; and now the great mainsail is filled too. There is a rippling and hissing of water, and a new stir of life and motion throughout the vessel from stem to stern.

It seems but the beginning of the day now, though it is near lunch-time. Mary Avon puts away her sketch of the dead calm, and sits down just under the lee of the boom, where the cool breeze is blowing along. The Laird, having brought up the pamphlet, is vigorously pacing the deck for his morning exercise; we have all awakened from these idle reveries about the mystery of life.

"Ha, ha," he says, coming aft, "this is fine—this is fine, now. Why not give the men a glass of whiskey all round for whistling up such a fine breeze? Do ye think they would object?"

"Better give them a couple of bottles of beer for their dinner," suggests Queen T——, who is no lover of whiskey.

But do you think the Laird is to be put off his story by any such suggestion? We can see by his face that he has an anecdote to fire off. Is it not apparent that his mention of whiskey was made with a purpose?

"There was a real good one," says he—and the laughter is already twinkling in his eyes—"about the man that was apologizing before his family for having been drinking whiskey with some friends. 'Ay,' says he, 'they just held me and forced it down my throat.' Then says his son—a little chap about ten—says he, 'I think I could ha' held ye mysel, feyther'—ho! ho! ho! says he—'I think I could ha' held ye mysel, feyther;'" and the Laird laughed, and laughed again, till the tears came into his eyes. We could see that he was still internally laughing at that good one when we went below for luncheon.

At luncheon, too, the Laird quite made up his feud with Angus Sutherland, for he had a great many other good ones to tell about whiskey and whiskey-drinking; and he liked a sympathetic audience. But this general merriment was suddenly dashed by an ominous suggestion coming from our young doctor. Why, he asked, should we go on fighting against these northerly winds? Why not turn and run before them?

"Then you want to leave us, Angus," said his hostess, reproachfully.

"Oh no," he said, and with some color in his face. "I don't want to go, but I fear I must very soon now. However, I did not make that suggestion on my own account; if I were pressed for time, I could get somewhere where I could catch the *Clansman*."

Mary Avon looked down, saying nothing.

"You would not leave the ship like that?" says his hostess. "You would not run away, surely? Rather than that, we will turn at once. Where are we now?"

"If the breeze lasts, we will get over to Uist, to Loch-na-Maddy, this evening, but you must not think of altering your plans on my account. I made the suggestion because of what Captain John was saying."

"Very well," says our Admiral of the Fleet, taking no heed of properly constituted authority. "Suppose we set out on our return voyage to-morrow morning, going round the other side of Skye for a change. But you know, Angus, it is not fair of you to run away when you say yourself there is nothing particular calls you to London."

"Oh," says he, "I am not going to London just yet. I am going to Banff, to see my father. There is an uncle of mine, too, on a visit to the manse."

"Then you will be coming south again?"

"Yes."

"Then why not come another cruise with us on your way back?"

It was not like this hard-headed young doctor to appear so embarrassed.

"That is what I should like very much myself," he stammered, "if—if I were not in the way of your other arrangements."

"We shall make no other arrangements," says the other, definitely. "Now that is a promise, mind. No drawing back. Mary will put it down in writing, and hold you to it."

Mary Avon had not looked up all this time.

"You should not press Dr. Sutherland too much," she says, shyly; "perhaps he has other friends he would like to see before leaving Scotland."

The hypocrite! Did she want to make Angus Sutherland burst a blood-vessel in protesting that of all the excursions he had made in his life this would be to him forever the most memorable; and that a repetition or extension of it was a delight in the future almost too great to think of? However, she seemed pleased that he spoke so warmly, and she did not attempt to contradict him. If he had really enjoyed all this rambling idleness, it would no doubt the better fit him for his work in the great capital.

We beat in to Loch-na-Maddy—that is, the Lake of the Dogs—in the quiet evening; and the rather commonplace low-lying hills, and the plain houses of the remote little village, looked beautiful enough under the glow of the western skies. And we went ashore, and walked inland for a space, through an intricate net-work of lagoons inbranching from the sea; and we saw the trout leaping and making circles on the gold-red pools, and watched the herons rising from their fishing and winging their slow flight across the silent lakes.

And it was a beautiful night, too, and we had a little singing on deck. Perhaps there was an under-current of regret in the knowledge that now—for this voyage at least—we had touched our farthest point. To-morrow we were to set out again for the south.

CHAPTER XIII.

FERDINAND AND MIRANDA.

THE wind was laughing at Angus Sutherland. All the time we had been sailing north, it had blown from the north; now that we turned our faces eastward, it wheeled round to the east, as if it would imprison him forever in this floating home.

"*You would fain get away*"—this was the mocking sound that one of us seemed to hear in those light airs of the morning that blew along the white canvas—"*the world calls; ambition, fame, the eagerness of rivalry, the spell that science throws over her disciples—all these are powerful, and they draw you, and you would fain get away. But the hand of the wind is uplifted against you; you may fret as you will, but you are not round Ru Hunish yet!*"

And perhaps the imaginative small creature who heard these strange things in the light breeze against which we were fighting our way across the Minch may have been forming her own plans. Angus Sutherland, she used often to say, wanted humanizing. He was too proud and scornful in the pride of his knowledge; the gentle hand of a woman was needed to lead him into more tractable ways. And then this Mary Avon, with her dexterous, nimble woman's wit, and her indomitable courage, and her life and spirit and abounding cheerfulness; would she not be a splendid companion for him during his long and hard struggle? This born match-maker had long ago thrown away any notion about the Laird transferring our singing-bird to Denny-mains. She had almost forgotten about the project of bringing Howard Smith, the Laird's nephew, and half compelling him to marry Mary Avon: that was preposterous on the face of it. But she had grown accustomed, during those long days of tranquil idleness, to see our young doctor and Mary Avon together, cut off from all the distractions of the world, a new Paul and Virginia. Why—she may have asked herself—should not these two solitary waifs, thus thrown by chance together on the wide ocean of existence, why should they not cling to each other and strengthen each other in the coming days of trial and storm? The strange, pathetic, phantasmal farce of life is brief; they can not seize it, and hold it, and shape it to their own ends; they know not whence it comes or whither it goes; but while the brief, strange thing lasts, they can grasp each other's hand, and make sure—amid all the unknown things around them, the mountains, and the wide seas, and the stars—of some common, humble, human sympathy. It is so natural to grasp the hand of another in the presence of something vast and unknown.

The rest of us, at all events, have no time for such vague dreams and reveries. There is no idleness on board the *White Dove* out here on the shining deep. Dr. Sutherland has rigged up for himself a sort of gymnasium by putting a rope across the shrouds to the peak halyards; and on this rather elastic cross-bar he is taking his morning exercise by going through a series of performances, no doubt picked up in Germany. Miss Avon is busy with a sketch of the long headland running out to Vaternish Point, though, indeed, this smooth Atlantic roll makes it difficult for her to keep her feet, and introduces a certain amount of hap-hazard into her handiwork. The Laird has brought on deck a formidable portfolio of papers, no doubt relating to the public affairs of Strathgovan, and has put on his gold spectacles, and has got his pencil in hand. Master Fred is re-arranging the cabins; the mistress of the yacht is looking after her flowers. And then is heard the voice of John of Skye—"*Stand by, boys!*" and "*Bout ship!*" and the helm goes down, and the jib and foresail flutter and tear at the blocks and sheets, and then the sails gently fill, and the *White Dove* is away on another tack.

"Well, I give in," says Mary Avon at last, as a heavier lurch than usual threatens to throw her and her easel together into the scuppers. "It *is* no use."

"I thought you never gave in, Mary," says our admiral, whose head has appeared again at the top of the companion-stairs.

"I wonder who could paint like this," says Miss Avon, indignantly. And indeed she is trussed up like a fowl, with one arm round one of the gig davits.

"Turner was lashed to the mast of a vessel in order to see a storm," says Queen T——.

"But not to paint," retorts the other. "Besides, I am not Turner. Besides, I am tired."

By this time, of course, Angus Suther-

land has come to her help, and removes her easel and what not for her, and fetches her a deck chair.

"Would you like to play chess?" says he.

"Oh yes," she answers, dutifully, "if you think the men will stay on the board."

"Draughts will be safer," says he; and therewith he plunges below and fetches up the squared board and the pieces.

And so, on this beautiful summer day, with the shining seas around them, and a cool breeze tempering the heat of the sun, Ferdinand and Miranda set to work. And it was a pretty sight to see them—her soft dark eyes so full of an anxious care to acquit herself well; his robust, hard, fresh-colored face full of a sort of good-natured forbearance. But nevertheless it was a strange game. All Scotchmen are supposed to play draughts, and one brought up in a manse is almost of necessity a good player. But one astonished on-looker began to perceive that whereas Mary Avon played but indifferently, her opponent played with a blindness that was quite remarkable. She had a very pretty, small, white hand: was he looking at that, that he did not, on one occasion, see how he could have taken three pieces and crowned his man all at one fell swoop? And then is it considered incumbent on a draught-player to inform his opponent of what would be a better move on the part of the latter? However that may be, true it is that, by dint of much advice, opportune blindness, and atrocious bad play, the doctor managed to get the game ended in a draw.

"Dear me," said Mary Avon, "I never thought I should have had a chance. The Scotch are such good draught-players."

"But you play remarkably well," said he—and there was no blush of shame on his face.

Draughts and luncheon carry us on to the afternoon; and still the light breeze holds out; and we get nearer and nearer to the most northerly points of Skye. And as the evening draws on we can now make out the hilly line of Ross-shire—a pale rose-color in the far east; and nearer at hand is the Skye coast, with the warm sunlight touching on the ruins of Duntulme, where Donald Gorm Môr fed his imprisoned nephew on salt beef, and then lowered to him an empty cup—mocking him before he died; and then in the west the mountains of Harris, a dark purple against the clear lemon-golden glow. But as night draws on, behold! the wind dies away altogether, and we lie becalmed on a lilac-and-silver sea, with some rocky islands over there grown into a strange intense green in the clear twilight.

Down with the gig, then, John of Skye!—and hurry in all our rods, and lines, and the occult intrapping inventions of our patriarch of Denny-mains. We have no scruple about leaving the yacht in mid-ocean. The clear twilight shines in the sky; there is not a ripple on the sea; only the long Atlantic swell that we can hear breaking far away on the rocks. And surely such calms are infrequent in the Minch; and surely these lonely rocks can have been visited but seldom by passing voyagers?

Yet the great rollers—as we near the forbidding shores—break with an ominous thunder on the projecting points and reefs. The doctor insists on getting closer and closer (he knows where the big lithe are likely to be found), and the men, although they keep a watchful eye about them, obey. And then—it is Mary Avon who first calls out—and behold! her rod is suddenly dragged down—the point is hauled below the water—agony and alarm are on her face.

"Here; take it—take it!" she calls out. "The rod will be broken."

"Not a bit," the doctor calls out. "Give him the butt hard. Never mind the rod. Haul away!"

And indeed by this time everybody was alternately calling and hauling; and John of Skye, attending to the rods of the two ladies, had scarcely time to disengage the big fish and smooth the flies again; and the Laird was declaring that these lithe fight as hard as a twenty-pound salmon. What did we care about those needles and points of black rock that every two or three seconds showed their teeth through the breaking white surf?

"Keep her close in, boys!" Angus Sutherland cried. "We shall have a fine pickling to-morrow."

Then one fish, stronger or bigger than his fellows, pulls the rod clean out of Mary Avon's hands.

"Well, I have done it this time," she says.

"Not a bit," her companion cries. "Up all lines! Back now, lads—gently!"

And as the stern of the boat is shoved

over the great glassy billows, behold! a thin dark line occasionally visible—the end of the lost rod! Then there is a swoop on the part of our doctor; he has both his hands on the butt; there elapses a minute or two of fighting between man and fish; and then we can see below the boat the wan gleam of the captured animal as it comes to the surface in slow circles. Hurrah! a seven-pounder! John of Skye chuckles to himself as he grasps the big lithe.

"Oh, ay!" he says; "the young leddy knows ferry well when to throw away the rod. It is a gran' good thing to throw away the rod when there will be a big fish. Ay, ay, it iss a good fish."

But the brutes that fought hardest of all were the dogfish—the snakes of the sea; and there was a sort of holy archangelic joy on the face of John of Skye when he seized a lump of stick to fell these hideous creatures before flinging them back into the water again. And yet why should they have been killed on account of their snake-like eyes and their cruel mouth? The human race did not rise and extirpate Frederick Smethurst because he was ill-favored.

By half past ten we had secured a good cargo of fish, and then we set out for the yacht. The clear twilight was still shining above the Harris hills; but there was a dusky shadow along the Outer Hebrides, where the orange ray of Scalpa Light was shining; and there was dusk in the south, so that the yacht had become invisible altogether. It was a long pull back, for the *White Dove* had been carried far by the ebb tide. When we found her, she looked like a tall gray ghost in the gathering darkness; and no light had as yet been put up; but all the same we had a laughing welcome from Master Fred, who was glad to have the fresh fish wherewith to supplement our frugal meals.

Then the next morning, when we got up and looked around, we were in the same place! And the glass would not fall, and the blue skies kept blue, and we had to encounter still another day of dreamy idleness.

"The weather is conspiring against you, Angus," our sovereign lady said, with a smile. "And you know you can not run away from the yacht: it would be so cowardly to take the steamer."

"Well, indeed," said he, "it is the first time in my life that I have found absolute idleness enjoyable, and I am not so very anxious it should end. Somehow, though, I fear we are too well off. When we get back to the region of letters and telegrams, don't you think we shall have to pay for all this selfish happiness?"

"Then why should we go back?" she says, lightly. "Why not make a compact to forsake the world altogether, and live all our life on board the *White Dove*?"

Somehow his eyes wandered to Mary Avon, and he said, rather absently,

"I, for one, should like it well enough, if it were only possible."

"No, no," says the Laird, brusquely, "that will no do at all. It was never intended that people should go and live for themselves like that. Ye have your duties to the nation and to the laws that protect ye. When I left Denny-mains I told my brother Commissioners that what I could do when I was away to further the business of the Burgh I would do; and I have entered most minutely into several matters of great importance. And that is why I am anxious to get to Portree. I expect most important letters there."

Portree! Our whereabouts on the chart last night was marked between 45 and 46 fathoms W.S.W. from some nameless rocks; and here, as far as we can make out, we are still between these mystical numbers. What can we do but chat, and read, and play draughts, and twirl round a rope, and ascend to the cross-trees to look out for a breeze, and watch and listen to the animal life around us?

"I do think," says Mary Avon to her hostess, "the calling of those divers is the softest and most musical sound I ever heard; perhaps because it is associated with so many beautiful places. Just fancy, now, if you were suddenly to hear a diver symphony beginning in an opera—if all the falsetto recitative and the blare of the trumpets were to stop—and if you were to hear the violins and flutes beginning quite low and soft a diver symphony, would you not think of the Hebrides, and the *White Dove*, and the long summer days? In the winter, you know, in London, I fancy we should go once or twice to see *that* opera!"

"I have never been to an opera," remarks the Laird, quite impervious to Mary Avon's tender enthusiasm. "I am told it is a fantastic exhibeetion."

The chief incident of that day was the appearance of a new monster of the deep, which approached quite close to the hull of the *White Dove*. Leaning over the rail we could see him clearly in the clear water—a beautiful golden submarine spider, with a conical body like that of a land spider, and six or eight legs, by the incurving of which he slowly propelled himself through the water. As we were perfectly convinced that no one had ever been in such dead calms in the Minch before, and had lain for twenty-four hours in the neighborhood of 45 and 46, we took it for granted that this was a new animal. We named it the *Arachne Mary-Avonensis*, but did not seek to capture it. It went on its golden way.

But we were not to linger forever in these Northern seas, surrounded by perpetual summer calms—however beautiful the prospect might be to a young man fallen away, for the moment, from his high ambitions. Whatever summons from the far world might be awaiting us at Portree was soon to be served upon us. In the afternoon a slight breeze sprung up that gently carried us away past Ru Hunish, and round by Eilean Trodda, and down by Altavaig. The gray-green basaltic cliffs of the Skye coast were now in shadow; but the strong sunlight beat on the grassy ledges above; and there was a distant roar of water along the rocks. This other throbbing sound, too: surely that must be some steamer far away on the other side of Rona? The sunset deepened. Darker and darker grew the shadows in the great mountains above us. We heard the sea along the solitary shores.

The stars came out in the twilight: they seemed clearest just over the black mountains. In the silence there was the sound of a water-fall somewhere—in among those dark cliffs. Then our side-lights were put up; and we sat on deck; and Mary Avon, nestling close to her friend, was persuaded to sing for her

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries"

—just as if she had never heard the song before. The hours went by; Angus Sutherland was talking in a slow, earnest, desultory fashion; and surely he must have been conscious that one heart there at least was eagerly and silently listening to him. The dawn was near at hand when finally we consented to go below.

What time of the morning was it that we heard John of Skye call out, "*Six or seven fathoms 'll do?*" We knew at least that we had got into harbor; and that the first golden glow of the daybreak was streaming through the sky-lights of the saloon. We had returned from the wilds to the claims and the cares of civilization; if there was any message to us, for good or for evil, from the distant world we had left for so long, it was now waiting for us on shore.

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE very day after their return to Blackhall, Roderick, with a cheerful countenance, put his luckless MS. on the topmost shelf of the old oaken press in the dining-room, where nobody could get at it by anything short of a most resolute will and a step-ladder.

"Lie there, my *magnum opus*, till I have gathered sufficient *opes* to publish you at my own expense, and distribute a copy each to all my friends, who then will have become so numerous that I shall clear off thereby at least the first edition. For the rest"—seeing, though his wife tried to smile, her eyes were brimming—"never mind, love, even if your husband was not born to be a writer—at any rate, a novel writer—I may come out in another line: as a moral essayist, perhaps; or, who knows! having, they say, a little of my grandfather in me, I may drop, or rise, into a capital man of business after all."

"What do you mean?" she asked, timidly.

"Something of which I have been thinking all night, and am going to speak to Black about this morning," said Roderick, taking down his hat. "Never let grass grow under your feet when you have made up your mind to a thing. I may not have much 'mind'—according to our friends the publishers—but I have got a will of my own; and I am determined to be a rich man yet. At least, rich enough to keep Blackhall from dropping into ruins. Not this century, please God, shall any enterprising author write

an improving work on 'The Last of the Jardines.'"

Gayly as he spoke, there was deep earnest beneath the jest—the earnestness of a man who has courage enough to take his fate into his own two hands and, however heavily weighted, prepare to run the race of life without complaining. True, the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong—many a one, without fault of his own, flags, staggers, drops, and dies; still, that man is not half a man who, with youth and health on his side, shrinks at the outset from either disappointed ambition, or fear of poverty, or any other of those nameless terrors which come with later life. Especially when he has not to fight single-handed, or for himself alone.

There is a creed abroad that a young man is better alone, free from all incumbrance of wife or children; but in the old times it was not so. Then, children were esteemed "a heritage and gift that cometh from the Lord;" now, selfish luxury, worldliness, and the love of outward show have brought our young men—ay, and some women too—to such a pass that they feel, nay, openly declare, every child born to them is a new enemy, and marriage, instead of being "honorable" to all, is a folly, a derision, or a dread.

Why is this? And is it the men's fault, or the women's? Both, perhaps; yet, I think, chiefly the women's. Feeble, useless, half-educated; taught to believe that ignorance is amusing and helplessness attractive; no wonder the other sex shrinks from taking upon itself, not a help, but a burden—charming enough before marriage—but after? The very man who at first exulted in his beautiful ornamental wife, his sweet, humble Circassian slave, will by-and-by be the first to turn round and scorn her.

No man could ever scorn Silence Jardine. In spite of her sacred feebleness, she resumed at once the business of life—harder than anybody knows who has not tried the experiment of making sixpence do the work of a shilling. And she did it cheerfully, and without any outward sign. Brain never idle; feet never still, or, if compelled to stillness, hands always busy at something or another; full of endless care and thought for others, most of all for Roderick, who never thought of himself or his own pleasure at all; even in her room, or on her sofa, Mrs. Jardine managed to be the very soul of the house, planning everything, arranging everything, and, it often seemed, doing everything.

It was a solitary life she led, for her husband took to going down to the mill every day, and all day long; it "amused" him, he said, and indeed he always came home looking so busy and cheerful that she was glad of the change for him. But it was a life of perfect peace. And then, it was full of day-dreams.

"Are you not dull sometimes?" said Roderick one day, when he came in a little earlier than usual, and found her sitting sewing by the fading October light, but with such a placid smile on her lips, such a silent bliss in her eyes.

"Dull? How could I be? I was only thinking."

"I have been thinking too; only I would not tell you till I was quite sure of myself," said he, as he sat down beside her. "Silence, I do really believe your husband is not such a goose as he seems. Black says so; and Black, though an oddity, is by no means a bad fellow."

Silence smiled. She had oftentimes battled against her husband's dislike to the honest man, whose roughness "rubbed him up the wrong way," as he said, even worse than Mrs. Maclagan. Now under the rough rind he had discovered the pleasant kernel. Things had evidently righted themselves.

"He objected to me strongly at first because I was a gentleman, which was as great a delusion in its way as my setting him down a boor because he wore a rough coat, and had manners to match. Now we both understand one another better. I have been working with him at the mill for fourteen days, and what do you think is the result?"

He spoke with a buoyancy of tone and manner such as Silence had not seen in him for weeks.

"Something is going to happen—that is, if my wife does not object, which, being a very sensible woman, I don't think she will. I am actually going to earn my daily bread."

She turned round, her lips quivering.

"Now don't begin to cry about it, Mrs. Jardine, my dear; it isn't breaking stones upon the road, or anything very dreadful; and the bread I shall earn will not be too luxurious—only two pounds a week—one hundred pounds a year, which

is my precise value just at present. Flattering!—but it is something. I am rather proud of my position as bread-winner—I, that never earned a halfpenny in all my days."

He spoke a little fast, and with a flushed cheek. She put her hand upon his, and held it with a soft firm hold.

"Tell me all."

"There is not very much to tell. You know how fond I always was of machinery; indeed, once I begged to be made an engineer, but my—they at home" (he never named his mother now) "thought the profession was not 'genteel' enough, and it is too late now, Black says. But he also says, as a mill-owner I might find my turn for mechanics extremely useful. I could watch, examine, perhaps even invent; indeed, during these two weeks I have made a suggestion or two which he is pleased to consider 'admirable.' 'Mr. Jardine,' he said to me this morning, 'if you were but a capitalist and could start a mill, or a working-man who required to earn your bread as overseer or foreman, you'd do.' And I startled him by telling him I was a working-man, and I did require to earn my bread; and if he thought I deserved foreman's wages, I would take them gratefully, and— Why, Silence, my darling! Not crying?"

But she was, though she dried her tears at once. "Oh, Roderick! and this is done for me!"

"For you, and—it," he whispered; and then there was a long pause of speechless peace.

"I don't wish to make myself out a martyr, not the least in the world," said Roderick at last. "I like my work—I like all work, indeed, but this especially. And Black is by no means a bad fellow to work with when you only know him. There is that great difference in our ages which prevents jarring—and then he has such a veneration for the family."

"Yes, that is it. But there, too, lies the difficulty. To be foreman at a cotton mill! You, a gentleman and a Jardine! Have you considered?"

"It is because I am a gentleman and a Jardine that I do not need to consider," he answered, with that slight air of hauteur which, whether it was right or wrong, his wife loved, could not help loving, for it was a bit of himself. "No, dear; in my worst, that is, my idlest days, I never was so foolish as to think there was any disgrace in work, any dignity in idleness; and now, when I have to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, like old Adam and all the rest, down to poor grandfather Paterson, I'll do it, and not be ashamed of it either."

"Nor I. Nothing that my husband did could make me ashamed of him, except his doing something wrong. But now—"

She stopped, her voice choking; and again, weak-minded little woman that she was, she cried—they both cried. Then they gathered up their courage for the new life which began the next Monday morning.

It might have been—possibly any person more worldly-wise than these young folks would have said it was—that this two pounds a week, so important to them, came out of the softest bit in old Black's heart, rather than his full and usually tightly shut purse—seeing it would be some months before an ignorant "gentleman," however capable, could be equal in value to an experienced working-man, even as foreman at a mill. But they did not know this, and without another word both cheerfully accepted the new life which was to begin the next Monday morning.

The hardest bit of it was the long hours—the separation from the dusk of the morning till after night-fall. Sometimes Roderick came in so tired that, instead of talking, he would just throw himself down—not on the sofa, that he always left for her, but on the rug at her feet—and fall asleep till bed-time; while she, anxious to use her busy fingers to the last available minute, sewed silently, watching him the while. If he had seen that watch! Does a man ever thoroughly comprehend how a woman loves him?

But, the working-days done, there were the blessed Sundays: he never knew how blessed, he said, till he became a "working-man." Church over, his wife sent him to take a long stroll over the hills, while she gathered round her for an hour the little class of mill girls, taught for so many years by Miss Jardine. Roderick sometimes grumbled at this, but she said, gently, "We each do our work. I think this is mine: let me do it." And by the time he came to tea it was done, and the jealous fellow had his wife to himself for the whole evening.

Those sweet Sunday evenings, when

"the rain was on the roof"—for winter set in early that year—how comfortable they were! The two, shut in together, had to learn the great secret, and go through the hardest test of married life—even such young married life as theirs—constant companionship. Not love, not passion, scarcely even affection—for all these can sometimes exist without it, at least for a long time—but simple companionship, that priceless friendship which is "love without his wings."

"Suppose you had been a goose, Silence," he said one day. "Suppose you had expected me to be always making love to you, instead of talking to you like a sensible woman; suppose you had not cared for the things I care for, but wanted something totally different—say, dressing, and dancing, and going out of evenings—what in the world would have become of me?"

She laughed merrily. "And suppose you had been a man of the world, who liked good dinners and brilliant society, and was ashamed of his poor little wife because she was not clever—"

"Nonsense!"

"Not clever," she repeated, with a sweet decision, "after the fashion that is called clever; nor beautiful, nor grand; had brought him no money, and given him no position: I don't speak often of this, but I know it all. Suppose, Roderick, you had been different from what you are—I wonder what would have become of me! No, no!" and her gayety melted into an almost sad seriousness. "Whatever the future brings, we have the present. Let us rejoice in it, and—let us thank God."

In his old life Roderick had seldom thought of this. Now, when every night he saw his wife kneel down by her bedside, he had come instinctively to kneel beside her, "saying his prayers" as the children do; or rather, since with her always near him there seemed nothing left to pray for, just whispering in his heart, "Thank God!" As he did now—ay, and many a time in the day, in the midst of his work, which was not too pleasant sometimes. But it grew pleasant and easy when there flashed across him the vision of the sweet face at home—no longer the ideal mistress of his dreams, but the dear wife of his bosom, always at hand to lighten his burdens and divide his cares.

"Poor old Black!" he said one day—or rather night—when, after toiling, soaked through, up the steep brae, he sat down a few minutes after, dry and warm, by the bright fire, holding the little hands which had served him so lovingly. "Poor Black, whom I left in his large, handsome, empty house! I am quite sorry for all old bachelors."

"Thank you, dear."

"Though he told me once, in a confidential moment, that his life had been so hard, he was often glad there had been no one to share it."

"He was mistaken."

"I think he was mistaken," Roderick said, pressing his lips on the smooth brow, and bright brave eyes that looked on life utterly without fear, so long as it was a life with love in it. "I can not believe that any man is the weaker, but the stronger, for having a woman to help him. Only he must choose a woman who *can* help him—as I did."

"You are very conceited," she said, gayly, and then clung to him passionately. "Two together; I can bear anything if we are two together. But if you had left me to go through my life alone—" A kind of shiver passed through her. "Some have to bear it, and do: Cousin Silence did. And I would have borne it too—I told you so once. I would have lived a busy, useful life. I would not have died. But, oh, the difference! the difference!"

"And, oh, the difference to me!" he said, as he clasped her to his heart, and felt the peace and strength she gave him. And then, coming back to common things, he added: "Poor old Black! he has been just a trifle 'difficult' of late; he is not the best temper in the world, and he likes you so much, you, perhaps, might smooth him down. If I bring him home with me to-morrow, can you give us some supper, Mrs. Jardine?"

So, in the dusk of the next evening, the tall young fellow, handsome and strong, and the bent old figure with the brown wig and yellow gaiters, appeared at the front door, which the mistress always herself opened for her husband.

"I was going to introduce *the* visitor," said he, "for we never have any other; but look here! I feel like Robinson Crusoe when he saw the foot-mark on the shore. Wheels! horses' feet! Mrs. Jardine, you must have been entertaining a carriage and pair?"

"Two carriages and pairs! They have

only just gone. And they were so very nice."

"The carriages?"

"No, the people. Such 'nice' people: is not that your English word—*gentil, agréable, charmant?*"

"She is going back to her French again—the renegade!"

"No, I am thoroughly Scotch now. Mr. Black knows it," said she, as with gentle, almost filial hands, she took off the old man's plaid and bonnet, and set him in the arm-chair, he submitting with astonishing meekness; but all old people, just as all children, loved and submitted to Silence.

"How bright your eyes look! Did your visitors talk French with you, my darling?"

"A little, for they had been a great deal abroad. But they were so simple and kindly, not grand or overdressed, like—" she stopped.

"Like other friends of ours, whom, being friends, we will not criticise," said Roderick, with a kind of sad dignity. It had been a sore vexation to him that, except the Griersons, nearly all the Scotch-women his wife had met were of the class of Mrs. Maclagan, that exaggeration of national qualities which people of one country constantly make the type of another. "But, my dear, who were your visitors? Mr. Black will be sure to know them."

"Ou, ay; but they would never condescend to know me," said the old man, fingering with a half-comical awe the cards on the table. "Sir John and Lady Symington, of Symington; Mr. and Mrs. MacAlister, of Castle Torre. I told you, Sir"—he always addressed Roderick out of business hours as "Sir," and Silence as "madam"—"the gentry of the neighborhood would soon be finding out that there were again Jardines at Blackhall. Besides, Sir John and your father were lads thegither, and MacAlister of Torre—he was a bit bairn then."

"Yes," said Silence, after a puzzled pause at the Scotch words, which when he forgot himself the old man continually brought in. "Yes, they told me so. They spoke of *him*—Roderick, you would have liked to hear how they spoke of your father. And they said they hoped we should be good neighbors and meet very often."

Roderick looked pleased—it is but human nature to enjoy being "respeckit like the lave"—but suddenly he clouded over. "Don't let us talk of this; it is impossible."

Silence was so astonished at the tone as well as the words that the natural, innocent "Why?" died on her lips. She turned away and began talking to Mr. Black of something else, asking no more questions, nor referring again to the visitors, who, Roderick saw with pain, had evidently charmed her, and been a little brightness in the long, empty day.

He told her so, when the old man departed, after a rather dull two hours; for the master of the house was very silent, and when he did speak, there was once or twice the faintest shade of discontent in his tone, a sort of half apology for their simple *ménage* and frugal fare, of which Silence took no outward notice. She had given her guest the best she had—given it with a warm heart too, and a grateful—for Mr. Black had been very kind, and many a brace of grouse and bunch of grapes had found their way from the Mill House to Blackhall.

"And I think he knows our ways, and does not expect us to requite him with turtle and venison," said the young hostess.

"Perhaps not; he knows the barrenness of the land," answered Roderick, sharply—very sharply for him. "But other folks do not know, and need not. Your magnificent visitors, for instance. I hope you did not let them penetrate beyond the drawing-room, or invite them to stay to tea, lest they might quote the famous lines,

> "'Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
> Is—Love, forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust.'"

"I think you may well ask Love to forgive you, dear," Silence answered, not echoing the laugh, which was scarcely a merry laugh. "Yes, I offered them tea, for I liked them, and I wanted them to stay till you came home, thinking you would like them too. They did stay, as long as they possibly could, and we had a pleasant talk, and Janet was baking, so I gave them some hot scones, and—"

"What charming hospitality! It must have reminded them of Caleb Balderstone's. Why, my dear wife, we shall soon have to set up a Caleb Balderstone, since Blackhall has grown into a sort of Wolf's Hope. Silence, my darling"—taking her face between his hands and trying hard to curb his excessive ir-

ritation—"you are the sweetest and simplest of women; but—you must not invite people here again. Not people such as these. They would only go home and laugh at us. I don't care for myself: I can dine off porridge and salt—it would visits, and any others with which the 'gentry of the neighborhood,' as old Black called them, may condescend to honor us—and so end it all. To keep up acquaintance with them is, as I said, simply impossible."



"NO, I AM THOROUGHLY SCOTCH NOW. MR. BLACK KNOWS IT."

not harm me—but I can not bear the world to know it. We must put the best on the outside."

She looked up, more than surprised—startled. Evidently there was something in the woman's nature—larger or smaller, who shall decide?—which could not understand the man's at all.

"Never mind, however, for this once. We'll hire a fly—a carriage and pair, perhaps, in noble emulation—return these

"Why impossible?"

"Can you not see? Birds of a feather *must* flock together; it is a natural law. These people are the 'magnates of the county,' and we the impoverished Jardines of Blackhall. Besides, did you tell them—it was just like you, my innocent one, to do it—that I am also foreman of the cotton mill?"

Again she looked at him, in quiet surprise. He seemed so very unlike himself.

"If I had told them, would it have mattered very much?"

"Certainly not—to me. But I think it would to them. Dear, a man is always despised for being poor; and—I will not be despised. I can live upon bread and water, dress in fustian—or rags, if necessary; but my wife will prevent that," added he, tenderly. "Only our poverty must not betray itself. If we appear in the world at all, it must be as Mr. and Mrs. Jardine of Blackhall. Whatever we suffer, let us 'die and make no sign.' Or, even to go a little further, let us imitate that very reserved gentleman of whom his valet said, 'Master's dead, Sir—but he doesn't wish it to be generally known."

Silence did not laugh at the stale joke, which indicated a long under-current of bitter thought now welling up to the surface; but she attempted no remonstrance.

"My friend"—the old tender "mon ami"—"do not be angry with me. I liked these people because I thought you would like them too, and that a little society would be good for you; but since it can not be—"

"Since it can not be," he repeated, decisively, "we will not trouble ourselves about it, or them. Doubtless our neighbors will trouble themselves very little about us—at least, as soon as they know all facts concerning us, which of course they very soon will. Never mind, my wife. Kiss me and be happy! We are happy, are we not? Let the world go its way—who cares?"

But it was evident he did care; and when after a week or two he found he had been mistaken, and people did "trouble themselves" about the young Jardines, inasmuch that by-and-by "everybody," either from friendliness, respect, or curiosity, had called at Blackhall—whether pleased or vexed, Roderick was certainly interested.

"Well, and who has been here to-day?" was always his first question on coming up from the mill; sometimes adding, with a bitter earnest underlying the jest, that he hoped she had told all her grand neighbors that her husband was "out at work," his work as foreman of the mill.

"Yes. I thought you wished everybody to know. It could not matter, you being a gentleman and a Jardine. You once said so."

"And I say so still, in my best moments; but in my worst— Well, I suppose we men are great cowards—moral cowards. No matter; I am glad the murder's out. You did it for the best, my wife; and it is the best, for they will never come again, depend upon it."

But, strange to say, they did; and at last it became absolutely necessary to return these friendly visits.

"I will beg a holiday from my master"—poor Roderick! he sometimes took a savage pleasure in the word. "We will hire the village fly, and go in state: appearing for once as respectable people—Mr. and Mrs. Jardine of Blackhall."

"I think we are respectable people," the wife answered: she had learned not to be hurt at these accidental bitternesses. "We are well-born, well-bred; we live in our own pretty house; we pay our debts; and we stint nobody—except ourselves, perhaps."

Herself, she might have said, for her husband, simple as he was in all his ways, wonderfully so, considering his up-bringing, never suspected how many domestic and personal sacrifices were necessary, that she might in a sense, though not the sense he had meant it, really "put the best on the outside" for him when he came home.

He was at home so little now that the whole day's holiday—they two together—was quite a treat to look forward to. But when, instead of the village fly, which Mr. Black had offered to order for them, there came up his own well-appointed but rarely used carriage, with his compliments, and the horses had not been out for a week, would Mrs. Jardine oblige him by using them?—then Roderick's pride rose up at once.

"Make Mrs. Jardine's compliments to Mr. Black, and she regrets extremely that—"

A hand laid on his arm—a whisper which always fell on his jarring nerves like a soft finger-touch on a quivering harp-string.

"Dear, yesterday when I was thanking Mr. Black for all his kindness, he said—you know his quick, husky way of speaking—'Madam, you may have a hard life—I rather think you will—but I hope you will never know one hardship: to find yourself in your old age without one single human being whom you have a right to be kind to.'"

"Poor old fellow!" said Roderick, much moved. "My little Conscience, you are right. John, tell your master he is exceedingly kind, as he always is; and Mrs. Jardine will enjoy her drive extremely."

So she did—to an almost pathetic degree—for it was weeks since she had been outside the garden gate. And the whole world was so lovely that still November day—November, but bright as June; it often is so in Scotland—all the fading landscape looking as beautiful as an old face sometimes looks to eyes that loved it when it was young.

These two, sitting side by side and hand in hand—though they hid the latter fact under a kindly plaid from John the coachman—were young still; to them the dying year brought only a charming sadness. They were very happy, and all the happier, Roderick declared, because in their circuit of nearly twenty miles, owing to the rarely fine day, they found everybody "out" except one family—the Symingtons.

Sir John—a "fine old Scottish gentleman" of the last generation—with his old wife beside him, still keeping the remains of that delicate English beauty which had captured him fifty years ago, were, even Roderick owned, a picture. And they remembered his father; and they had known Cousin Silence. Their greeting was more than courteous—friendly; and their house, upon which, being childless, they had expended all they had to spend, was full of art treasures collected abroad, each with a history and an interest. The old couple seemed still to have the utmost enjoyment in life, and to have the faculty of making others enjoy life too.

"I knew you would like them," said Silence, when, having sent the carriage away, they walked home through the wood path, which, Sir John carefully pointed out to them, made Symington only a quarter of an hour's distance from Blackhall.

"Yes, I like them. That is just the sort of house I should care to go to, if I could go. Lucky folk these Symingtons. They seem to have had everything heart can desire."

"Not quite. Did you see a miniature over Lady Symington's arm-chair? She saw me looking at it, and said—you should have heard the tone, quiet as she is—'That was our only son—my one child. He died at seven years old.' I think"—Silence continued, softly—"if you do not mind, I should like now and then to go and see Lady Symington."

Her husband pressed her arm, and then said, suddenly, "My innocent wife, what a happy way you have of taking everything!"

"It is because I am so happy."

"And I—yes, I ought to be happy too, God knows! But—"

She put her hand upon his lips. "God *does* know. And I know too. Many things are very hard for you to bear—much harder for you than for me. We will not speak of them; we will just bear them. We can bear them, I think, together."

"Yes, my darling."

And after that he made no more "misanthropic" speeches for the whole evening.

A week afterward, coming back from meeting the postman, which he always did, though few letters ever came, and never those which, his wife could see, he missed and looked for still, Roderick threw down before her a heap of notes.

"It never rains but it pours. Evidently, as old Black says, the 'hale countrie' has fallen in love with young Mrs. Jardine. Four invitations to dinner and one to a dance—extending over three weeks and an area of fifteen square miles. To accept them would take half our quarterly income in carriage hire, etc.; and to return them, why, six Caleb Balderstones could scarcely accomplish that feat."

She read, and laid the notes aside, with a rather sad face.

"You would like to go? Well, then, my darling, shall we don our purple and fine linen—we have a few rags of splendor left—and fare sumptuously at our neighbors' expense for four days? We can starve afterward for fourteen: I'm willing, if you are."

"Roderick!"

"Else—we must get up some excuse—you must have a cough, and be unable to go out of evenings."

"But I am able—they may see me at church every Sunday."

"Most literal of women! Of course it is a 'big lee,' as Black would call it. But any lie will do; the bigger the better, since we can not possibly tell the truth."

"Why not?"

The question was so direct and simple,



"THEY WALKED HOME THROUGH THE WOOD PATH."

yet so perfectly natural, that it staggered him. He laughed, though not very mirthfully, and made no reply.

"Why not tell the truth?" Silence repeated. "It would be much the easiest way. Why not say to everybody, what everybody must know, or will soon, that we are not rich enough to keep a carriage or give entertainments, but that we appreciate our neighbors' kindliness, and will be glad to meet them whenever chance allows. Shall I write and say this? Nobody could be offended, for it is just the simple truth. And surely the

truth is better than even the whitest of lies."

He had lived beside her and with her for a whole year now—this woman, so different from all other women he had ever known; and yet he seemed always to be finding out something new in her—some divine simplicity which made all his worldly wisdom useless; some innocent courage which put even his manliness to shame. But he was too truly manly not to own this.

"My darling," he said, not laughing now, "I did not propose to tell a lie—not seriously. But the truth must be hid sometimes, when it is an unpleasant and humiliating truth. Come, then, shall we make a great effort, and appear at all these fine houses *en grande tenue*, and in a carriage and pair (Black's, perhaps, borrowed for the occasion), and 'make believe,' as the children say, that we are rich people?"

"Would not that be acting a lie, which comes to the same thing as telling it? Did not your father once say so? And you once told me that if"—she paused a moment—"if you had boys, you would teach them exactly as your father taught you, that either to tell or act a lie was absolutely impossible to a gentleman and a Jardine."

"You little Jesuit!"

"Don't call me that!" and her eyes filled with the quick tears, which, however, she rarely allowed to fall—she was not a "crying" woman. "I can not argue; I can only feel and think. Dearest, I sit and think a great deal—more than in all my life before. I ought, you know—"

Her head dropped, and a sudden flush came over the sweet young face, firm through all its sweetness, much firmer than even a little while ago. Her brief eight months of married life had made a woman of her. And there were the long lonely hours—alone, yet not alone—when a wife, ever so young, can not choose but sit thinking of what God is going to give her; of the mingled joy and fear, and solemn responsibility, stretching out into far generations. Well indeed may she say, even as the holy woman of whom it is recorded, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word."

Something of this—expressing what she never said—was written in Silence's face. Her husband could not quite understand it—no man could; but he saw the soft tired look—tired, but not weak: there was nothing weak about her: and he put his arm round her very tenderly.

"My darling, speak; you know I will always listen to you, even though I may differ from you. No two people can always think alike. But I wanted a wife, a counsellor; I did not want a slave."

She laughed; still she paused a little before answering. It was hard to go against him—hard to put into plain, ugly words the fact that she, a wife, dared to think her husband wrong. Dear as he was to her—this passionately loved Roderick—there was something in the other love, dimly dawning, growing daily into a mysterious yet most absolute reality, which made her at once clear-sighted and brave, with the courage that all women ought to have when they think of themselves, not as themselves, but as the mothers of the men that are to be.

"Roderick"—he was startled by the sweet solemnity of her tone—"this seems a smaller thing than it is. Whether we accept these invitations or not, matters little; but it does matter a great deal whether we begin our married life with truth or untruth; whether we meet the world with an utterly false face, or else a sullen face, rejecting all its kindness. Why not with a perfectly honest face, saying openly, 'We are poor; we know it; and it is not pleasant, but it is no disgrace? We are neither afraid nor ashamed.'"

"That might be all very well in Utopia; but here? Did you ever know anybody who did it?"

"Yes; my father and mother did it. Yours—"

Roderick hesitated. "Perhaps my father might, only—"

They were both silent.

"Think, dearest," she continued; "it is a question not merely for to-day or to-morrow, but for all our lives. We may be poor all our lives."

"God forbid!"

The hasty mutter, the gloomy look; they went to his wife's heart, and he could see they did; but still she never shrank.

"I too say 'God forbid,' for I know even better than you do how hard poverty is. Oh, my Roderick! when I think of what I have cost you"—her voice faltered—"of all you have lost through me!"

"Lost—and gained."

"Yes, I will not lightly value myself, nor underrate the woman you chose, who you thought would make you happy. And I *will* make you happy, even if we are not rich."

"'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her,'" said he, fondly. "But, come, this is great nonsense, and quite beside the question. What is the question, by-the-bye? for I am getting rather confused, and"—looking at his watch—"I must be off to my work. Oh, what a comfort work is! Don't you perceive that I have been twice as happy, and therefore twice as good, since I was at the mill?"

She saw through the little loving ruse to save her pain; it made her feel doubly the pain she was giving—was obliged to give.

"You are always good"—taking his hand and kissing it—"and inexpressibly good to me, no matter how great a burden I am."

"The heaviest burden I ever had to carry, and the sweetest. But that is neither here nor there"—with a sudden change to seriousness, the serious, almost sad look that sometimes came over him, showing how the youth had changed into a man, the man into a husband—truly a husband—*house-band*, the stay and support of the house. "Dear, we have chosen our lot; we can not alter it; we would not if we could. It is not all bright; I know that; but we must not make it darker than it is. We must not look back."

"No."

"And for the future—"

Then her strength seemed to come into her—strength born of a "farther-looking hope" than even he could take in.

"It is of that future I think," she said. "We may be poor, as I said, all our lives. I hope not; but we may. Are we, and more than we, to make life one long struggle and deceit by 'keeping up appearances;' or are we to face the worst, to appear exactly what we are, and trust the world to accept it as such? I believe it would—at least the good half of it. For the others, why need we care?"

Gently as she spoke, it was with a certain resoluteness, and the hand which clasped her husband's felt firm as steel.

"For me," she went on, laying her hand on his shoulder and creeping close to him, "I am so proud, both for myself and you, that when these people invite me, I believe they really want me—me myself, and not my clothes or my carriage. And when they come and see me, I flatter myself it is really to visit me. And if I liked them, and felt them truly my friends, I would go and see them, and wish my husband to do the same, whether they were poor professeurs—like ours at Neuchâtel—or your English dukes and duchesses."

"Even if they said to us, as I have seen condescendingly affixed to church doors, 'Come in your working clothes;' for I am not even a professor; I am a workingman?"

"Certainly; but something else as well. Look in the glass: you don't do it too often! Could anybody mistake you for anything but a gentleman?"

Roderick laughed, coloring a little. "My dove, you are growing a veritable serpent. Mistress Eve, you tempt your Adam on man's weakest point—vanity."

"No, you are proud, not vain. Do not be afraid; I see all your faults clear as light."

"Thank you."

"As you mine, I hope; because then we can try and cure both. Dear, we are like two little children sent to school together. We may have many a hard lesson to learn; but we *will* learn them—together."

He was silent. As she had said, things were harder for him than for her. She recognized this fully. You could have seen by her face that her heart bled for him, as people call it—that cruel "bleeding inside" which natures like hers so well understand; but she did not compromise or yield one inch even to him, and he knew her well enough by this time to be quite certain she never would.

A weak man might have resented this, have taken refuge in that foolish "I have said it, and I'll stick to it," or kept up that obstinate assertion of masterdom which usually springs from an inward terror of slavery; but Roderick was prone to neither of these absurdities. He had that truest strength which never fears to yield, if there is a rational need for yielding.

"My wife," he said at last, taking her hand and looking up with some gravity, but not a shadow of anger, "what do you wish me to do?"

"'Do richt, and fear nocht,' as your motto—our motto—says. That is all."

"What is the right?"

"The simple truth. Say it, and act it."

"How?"

"Let us tell our neighbors that we are not rich enough for what is called 'society,' but that we feel their kindness, and will accept it whenever we can. Occasionally we will go and visit them—Symington, for instance, is quite within a walk; and when they visit us"—she smiled—"I hope I shall be able to give them a little hospitality, without need of a Caleb Balderstone."

"My darling!"

"Do not be afraid of me"—she kissed him with a slightly quivering lip. "I may be young and foolish, but I know how to keep up my husband's dignity, and my own. Now, shall I write the notes, or you?"

"You," he said, and referred to the matter no more.

At supper-time she laid before him silently a little bundle of letters, which he read, and he then looked up with the brightest smile.

"What a comfort is a wife who can get one out of a difficulty! You have the prettiest way of putting things—French grace added to Scotch honesty. How do you manage it?"

"I don't know. I just say what I feel; but I try to say it as pleasantly as I can. Why not?"

"Why not, indeed! Only so few do it." He looked at her, sitting at the head of his table—young, indeed, but with a sweet matronly dignity, added to her wonderful crystalline simplicity—looked at her with all his heart in his eyes. "People say that though a man's business success rests with himself, his social status depends upon his wife. I think, whether rich or poor, I may be quite sure of mine."

A glad light was in her eyes, but she made no answer, except just asking if the letters would do.

"Yes. But, little lawgiver, I see you have accepted one invitation—the Symingtons'?"

"You do not object? You liked them? And they will have a house full of pleasant people for Christmas—Lady Symington told me so. It is not good for man to be alone, not even with his own wife, who is half himself, and therefore no variety. Besides, I want you to see and be seen. I can not bear you to hide your light under a bushel."

"Always me—nothing but me."

"It is always you—it ought to be," she cried, with that rare passion less expressed than betrayed. "You think so little of yourself that it is right some one should think of you. Everybody will by-and-by."

"We shall see. Once I had ambitions for myself."

"And now I have ambitions for you. They can wait. We are young. We bide our time. Only we'll leave nothing undone. We'll watch the turn of the tide."

"And meanwhile we'll go to the Symingtons'," said he, with a smile. "You see, I let you have your own way."

"So you ought, if you think it is a right way. And I may send off these notes? You agree?"

"Yes. But," half jesting, half earnest, "suppose I had not agreed, what then? There is a little word in our English marriage service—it was not in the Swiss one, I think—'love, honor, and *obey*.'"

"The two former imply the latter; but if an English wife does not love or honor, must she obey?"

"Would you obey?"

Silence paused a moment, and then answered, softly, but very distinctly: "No. Neither God nor man could require it of me. One *must* both honor and love the man that one obeys, or obedience is impossible. If a wife sees her husband doing wrong, she should try to prevent him; if he tells her to do wrong, she should refuse, for God is higher than man, even though it be one's own husband. Roderick, you might 'cut me up in little pieces,' as the children say, but not even you could make me do what I felt I ought not to do, or hinder me from doing what I thought was right."

"My little rebel! No," snatching her to his bosom, "my little Conscience—the best conscience a man can have—a wife who is afraid of nothing and nobody; not even of himself."

"And you are not angry with me?"

"Angry?—because you spoke your mind; even though I thought one thing and you another?—as may happen many and many a time. My dearest, did I not tell you once I wanted a wife, not a slave? Time enough for you to turn slave when I turn tyrant. I may like to rule—most men do; and it is fair they should, if they rule wisely; but I should despise myself

if I attempted to tyrannize. Now kiss me! Our discussion is over; our first quarrel ended."

"Not a quarrel—only a difference of opinion."

"In which each holds his own till satisfactorily convinced of the contrary."

"Or till both see that there may be a wisdom beyond both theirs, which is perhaps the best lesson one learns in marriage. Except one—my husband!"

And for the second time she took and kissed his hand, not in humiliation or repentance—what had she to repent of?—but in that tender reverence, that entire trust, without which obedience is a fiction and love an impossibility. Then, ceasing to talk, he put her on the sofa, with her work-table beside her, and threw himself on the hearth-rug at her feet, to "improve his mind," he said, and hers, by reading aloud. But, as often happened now, he was so tired that all these laudable intentions failed. He laid his head against his wife's lap, and fell fast asleep, with the book in his hand.

MARY ANERLEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

SERIOUS CHARGES.

"STEPHEN, if it was anybody else, you would listen to me in a moment," said Mrs. Anerley to her lord, a few days after that little interview in the Bempton Lane; "for instance, if it was poor Willie, how long would you be in believing it? But because it is Mary, you say 'pooh! pooh!' And I may as well talk to the old cracked churn."

"First time of all my born days," the farmer answered, with a pleasant smile, "that ever I was resembled to a churn. But a man's wife ought to know best about un."

"Stephen, it is not the churn—I mean you; and you never should attempt to ride off in that sort of way. I tell you Mary hath a mischief on her mind; and you never ought to bring up old churns to me. As long as I can carry almost anything in mind, I have been considered to be full of common-sense. And what should I use it upon, Captain Anerley, without it was my own daughter?"

The farmer was always conquered when she called him "Captain Anerley." He took it to point at him as a pretender, a coxcomb fond of titles, a would-be officer who took good care to hold aloof from fighting. And he knew in his heart that he loved to be called "Captain Anerley" by every one who meant it.

"My dear," he said, in a tone of submission, and with a look that grieved her, "the knowledge of such things is with you. I can not enter into young maids' minds, any more than command a company."

"Stephen, you could do both, if you chose, better than ten of eleven who do it. For, Stephen, you have a very tender mind, and are not at all like a churn, my dear. That was my manner of speech, you ought to know, because from my youngest days I had a crowd of imagination. You remember that, Stephen, don't you?"

"I remember, Sophy, that in the old time you never resembled me to a churn, let alone a cracked one. You used to christen me a pillar, and a tree, and a rock, and a polished corner; but there, what's the odds, when a man has done his duty? The names of him makes no difference."

"'Twixt you and me, my dear," she said, "nothing can make any difference. We know one another too well for that. You are all that I ever used to call you, before I knew better about you, and when I used to dwell upon your hair and your smile. You know what I used to say of them, now, Stephen?"

"Most complimentary—highly complimentary! Another young woman brought me word of it, and it made me stick firm when my mind was doubtful."

"And glad you ought to be that you did stick firm. And you have the Lord to thank for it, as well as your own sense. But no time to talk of our old times now. They are coming up again, with those younkers, I'm afraid. Willie is like a Church; and Jack—no chance of him getting the chance of it; but Mary, your darling of the lot, our Mary—her mind is unsettled, and a worry coming over her; the same as with me when I saw you first."

"It is the Lord that directs those things," the farmer answered, steadfast-

ly; "and Mary hath the sense of her mother, I believe. That it is maketh me so fond on her. If the young maid hath taken a fancy, it will pass, without a bit of substance to settle on. Why, how many fancies had you, Sophy, before you had the good luck to clap eyes on me?"

"That is neither here nor there," his wife replied, audaciously; "how many times have you asked such questions, which are no concern of yours? You could not expect me, before ever I saw you, not to have any eyes or ears. I had plenty to say for myself; and I was not plain; and I acted accordingly."

Master Anerley thought about this, because he had heard it and thought of it many times before. He hated to think about anything new, having never known any good come of it; and his thoughts would rather flow than fly, even in the fugitive brevity of youth. And now, in his settled way, his practice was to tread thought deeper into thought, as a man in deep snow keeps the track of his own boots, or as a child writes ink on pencil in his earliest copy-books. "You acted according," he said; "and Mary might act according to you, mother."

"How can you talk so, Stephen? That would be a different thing altogether. Young girls are not a bit like what they used to be in my time. No steadiness, no diligence, no duty to their parents. Gadding about is all they think of, and light-headed chatter, and saucy ribbons."

"May be so with some of them. But I never see none of that in Mary."

"Mary is a good girl, and well brought up," her mother could not help admitting, "and fond of her home, and industrious. But for all that, she must be looked after sharply. And who can look after a child like her mother? I can tell you one thing, Master Stephen: your daughter Mary has more will of her own than the rest of your family all put together, including even your own good wife."

"Prodigious!" cried the farmer, while he rubbed his hands and laughed—"prodigious, and a man might say impossible. A young lass like Mary, such a coaxing little poppet, as tender as a lambkin, and as soft as wool!"

"Flannel won't only run one way; no more won't Mary," said her mother. "I know her better a long sight than you do; and I say if ever Mary sets her heart on any one, have him she will, be he cowboy, thief, or chimney-sweep. So now you know what to expect, Master Anerley."

Stephen Anerley never made light of his wife's opinions in those few cases wherein they differed from his own. She agreed with him so generally that in common fairness he thought very highly of her wisdom, and the present subject was one upon which she had an especial right to be heard.

"Sophy," he said, as he set up his coat to be off to a cutting of clover on the hill—for no reaping would begin yet for another month—"the things you have said shall abide in my mind. Only you be a-watching of the little wench. Harry Tanfield is the man I would choose for her of all others. But I never would force any husband on a lass; though stern would I be to force a bad one off, or one in an unfit walk of life. No inkle in your mind who it is, or wouldst have told me?"

"Well, I may, or I may not. I never like to speak promiscuous. You have the first right to know what I think. But I beg you to let me be a while. Not even to you, Steve, would I say it, without more to go upon than there is yet. I might do the lass a great wrong in my surmising; and then you would visit my mistake on me, for she is the apple of your eye, no doubt."

"There is never such another maid in all York County, nor in England, to my thinking."

"She is my daughter as well as yours, and I would be the last to make cheap of her. I will not say another word until I know. But if I am right—which the Lord forbid—we shall both be ashamed of her, Stephen."

"The Lord forbid! The Lord forbid! Amen. I will not hear another word." The farmer snatched up his hat, and made off with a haste unusual for him, while his wife sat down, and crossed her arms, and began to think rather bitterly. For, without any dream of such a possibility, she was jealous sometimes of her own child. Presently the farmer rushed back again, triumphant with a new idea. His eyes were sparkling, and his step full of spring, and a brisk smile shone upon his strong and ruddy face.

"What a pair of stupes we must be to go on so!" he cried, with a couple of bright guineas in his hand. "Mary hath

not had a new frock even, going on now for a year and a half. Sophy, it is enough to turn a maid into thinking of any sort of mischief. Take you these and make everything right. I was saving them up for her birthday, but maybe another will turn up by that. My dear, you take them, and never be afeared."

"Stephen, you may leave them, if you like. I shall not be in any haste to let them go. Either give them to the lass yourself, or leave it to me purely. She shall not have a sixpence, unless it is deserved."

"Of course I leave it in your hands, wife. I never come between you and your children. But young folk go piping always after money now; and even our Mary might be turning sad without it."

He hastened off again, without hearing any more; for he knew that some hours of strong labor were before him, and to meet them with a heavy heart would be almost a new thing for him. Some time ago he had begun to hold the plough of heaviness, through the difficult looseness of Willie's staple, and the sudden maritime slope of Jack; yet he held on steadily through all this, with the strength of homely courage. But if in the pride of his heart, his Mary, he should find no better than a crooked furrow, then truly the labor of his latter days would be the dull round of a mill horse.

Now Mary, in total ignorance of that council held concerning her, and even of her mother's bad suspicions, chanced to come in at the front porch door soon after her father set off to his meadows by way of the back yard. Having been hard at work among her flowers, she was come to get a cupful of milk for herself, and the cheery content and general goodwill encouraged by the gardener's gentle craft were smiling on her rosy lips and sparkling in her eyes. Her dress was as plain as plain could be—a lavender twill cut and fitted by herself—and there was not an ornament about her that came from any other hand than Nature's. But simple grace of movement and light elegance of figure, fair curves of gentle face and loving kindness of expression, gladdened with the hope of youth—what did these want with smart dresses, golden brooches, and two guineas? Her mother almost thought of this when she called Mary into the little parlor. And the two guineas lay upon the table.

"Mary, can you spare a little time to talk with me? You seem wonderfully busy, as usual."

"Mother, will you never make allowance for my flowers? They depend upon the weather, and they must have things accordingly."

"Very well; let them think about what they want next, while you sit down a while and talk with me."

The girl was vexed; for to listen to a lecture, already manifest in her mother's eyes, was a far less agreeable job than gardening. And the lecture would have done as well by candle-light, which seldom can be said of any gardening. However, she took off her hat, and sat down, without the least sign of impatience, and without any token of guilt, as her mother saw, and yet stupidly proceeded just the same.

"Mary," she began, with a gaze of stern discretion, which the girl met steadfastly and pleasantly, "you know that I am your own mother, and bound to look after you well, while you are so very young; for though you are sensible some ways, Mary, in years and in experience what are you but a child? Of the traps of the world and the wickedness of people you can have no knowledge. You always think the best of everybody; which is a very proper thing to do, and what I have always brought you up to, and never would dream of discouraging. And with such examples as your father and your mother, you must be perverse to do otherwise. Still, it is my duty to warn you, Mary—and you are getting old enough to want it—that the world is not made up of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and good uncles. There are always bad folk who go prowling about like wolves in—wolves in—what is it—"

"Sheep's clothing," the maiden suggested, with a smile, and then dropped her eyes maliciously.

"How dare you be pert, miss, correcting your own mother? Do I ever catch you reading of your Bible? But you seem to know so much about it, perhaps you have met some of them?"

"How can I tell, mother, when you won't tell me?"

"I tell you, indeed! It is your place to tell me, I think. And what is more, I insist at once upon knowing all about it. What makes you go on in the way that you are doing? Do you take me for a

drumledore, you foolish child? On Tuesday afternoon I saw you sewing with a double thread. Your father had potato-eyes upon his plate on Sunday; and which way did I see you trying to hang up a dish-cover? But that is nothing; fifty things you go wandering about in; and always out, on some pretense, as if the roof you were born under was not big enough for you. And then your eyes—I have seen your eyes flash up, as if you were fighting; and the bosom of your Sunday frock was loose in church two buttons; it was not hot at all to speak of, and there was a wasp next pew. All these things make me unhappy, Mary. My darling, tell me what it is."

Mary listened with great amazement to this catalogue of crimes. At the time of their commission she had never even thought of them, although she was vexed with herself when she saw one eye—for in verity that was all—of a potato upon her father's plate. Now she blushed when she heard of the buttons of her frock—which was only done because of tightness, and showed how long she must have worn it; but as to the double thread, she was sure that nothing of that sort could have happened.

"Why, mother dear," she said, quite softly, coming up in her coaxing way, which nobody could resist, because it was true and gentle lovingness, "you know a hundred times more than I do. I have never known of any of the sad mistakes you speak of, except about the potato-eye, and then I had a round-pointed knife. But I want to make no excuses, mother; and there is nothing the matter with me. Tell me what you mean about the wolves."

"My child," said her mother, whose face she was kissing, while they both went on with talking, "it is no good trying to get over me. Either you have something on your mind, or you have not—which is it?"

"Mother, what can I have on my mind? I have never hurt any one, and never mean to do it. Every one is kind to me, and everybody likes me, and of course I like them all again. And I always have plenty to do, in and out, as you take very good care, dear mother. My father loves me, and so do you, a great deal more than I deserve, perhaps. I am happy in a Sunday frock that wants more stuff to button; and I have only one trouble in all the world. When I think of the other girls I see—"

"Never mind them, my dear. What is your one trouble?"

"Mother, as if you could help knowing! About my dear brother Jack, of course. Jack was so wonderfully good to me! I would walk on my hands and knees all the way to York to get a single glimpse of him."

"You would never get as far as the rick-yard hedge. You children talk such nonsense. Jack ran away of his own free-will, and out of downright contrariness. He has repented of it only once, I dare say, and that has been ever since he did it, and every time he thought of it. I wish he was home again, with all my heart, for I can not bear to lose my children. And Jack was as good a boy as need be, when he got everything his own way. Mary, is that your only trouble? Stand where I can see you plainly, and tell me every word the truth. Put your hair back from your eyes now, like the catechism."

"If I were saying fifty catechisms, what more could I do than speak the truth?" Mary asked this with some little vexation, while she stood up proudly before her mother, and clasped her hands behind her back. "I have told you everything I know, except one little thing, which I am not sure about."

"What little thing, if you please? and how can you help being sure about it, positive as you are about everything?"

"Mother, I mean that I have not been sure whether I ought to tell you; and I meant to tell my father first, when there could be no mischief."

"Mary, I can scarcely believe my ears. To tell your father before your mother, and not even him until nothing could be done to stop it, which you call 'mischief!' I insist upon knowing at once what it is. I have felt that you were hiding something. How very unlike you, how unlike a child of mine!"

"You need not disturb yourself, mother dear. It is nothing of any importance to me, though to other people it might be. And that is the reason why I kept it to myself."

"Oh, we shall come to something by-and-by! One would really think you were older than your mother. Now, miss, if you please, let us judge of your discretion. What is it that you have been hiding so long?"

Mary's face grew crimson now, but with anger rather than with shame; she had never thought twice about Robin Lyth with anything warmer than pity, but this was the very way to drive her into dwelling in a mischievous manner upon him.

"What I have been hiding," she said, most distinctly, and steadfastly looking at her mother, "is only that I have had two talks with the great free-trader Robin Lyth."

"That arrant smuggler! That leader of all outlaws! You have been meeting him on the sly!"

"Certainly not. But I met him once by chance; and then, as a matter of business, I was forced to meet him again, dear mother."

"These things are too much for me," Mrs. Anerley said, decisively. "When matters have come to such a pass, I must beg your dear father to see to them."

"Very well, mother; I would rather have it so. May I go now and make an end of my gardening?"

"Certainly—as soon as you have made an end of me, as you must quite have laid your plans to do. I have seen too much to be astonished any more. But to think that a child of mine, my one and only daughter, who looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, should be hand in glove with the wickedest smuggler of the age, the rogue everybody shoots at—but can not hit him, because he was born to be hanged—the by-name, the by-word, the by-blow, Robin Lyth!" Mrs. Anerley covered her face with both hands.

"How would you like your own second cousin," said Mary, plucking up her spirit, "your own second cousin, Mistress Cockscroft, to hear you speak so of the man that supports them at the risk of his life, every hour of it? He may be doing wrong—it is not for me to say—but he does it very well, and he does it nobly. And what did you show me in your drawer, dear mother? And what did you wear when that very cruel man, Captain Carroway, came here to dine on Sunday?"

"You wicked, undutiful child! Go away! I wish to have nothing more to say to you."

"No, I will not go away," cried Mary, with her resolute spirit in her eyes and brow; "when false and cruel charges are brought against me, I have the right to speak, and I will use it. I am not hand in glove with Robin Lyth, or any other Robin. I think a little more of myself than that. If I have done any wrong, I will meet it, and be sorry, and submit to any punishment. I ought to have told you before, perhaps; that is the worst you can say of it. But I never attached much importance to it; and when a man is hunted so, was I to join his enemies? I have only seen him twice: the first time by purest accident, and the second time to give him back a piece of his own property. And I took my brother with me; but he ran away, as usual."

"Of course, of course. Every one to blame but you, miss. However, we shall see what your father has to say. You have very nearly taken all my breath away; but I shall expect the whole sky to tumble in upon us if Captain Anerley approves of Robin Lyth as a sweetheart for his daughter."

"I never thought of Captain Lyth; and Captain Lyth never thought of me. But I can tell you one thing, mother—if you wanted to make me think of him, you could not do it better than by speaking so unjustly."

"After that perhaps you will go back to your flowers. I have heard that they grow very fine ones in Holland. Perhaps you have got some smuggled tulips, my dear."

Mary did not condescend to answer, but said to herself, as she went to work again, "Tulips in August! That is like the rest of it. However, I am not going to be put out, when I feel that I have not done a single bit of harm." And she tried to be happy with her flowers, but could not enter into them as before.

Mistress Anerley was as good as her word, at the very first opportunity. Her husband returned from the clover-stack tired and hungry, and angry with a man who had taken too much beer, and ran at him with a pitchfork; angry also with his own son Willie for not being anywhere in the way to help. He did not complain; and his wife knew at once that he ought to have done so, to obtain relief. She perceived that her own discourse about their daughter was still on his mind, and would require working off before any more was said about it. And she felt as sure as if she saw it that in his severity against poor Willie—for not doing things that were beneath him—her master would take Mary's folly as a joke, and fall upon her brother, who was so much older, for

not going on to protect and guide her. So she kept till after supper-time her mouthful of bad tidings.

And when the farmer heard it all, as he did before going to sleep that night, he had smoked three pipes of tobacco, and was calm; he had sipped (for once in a way) a little Hollands, and was hopeful. And though he said nothing about it, he felt that without any order of his, or so much as the faintest desire to be told of it, neither of these petty comforts would bear to be rudely examined of its duty. He hoped for the best, and he believed the best, and if the king was cheated, why, his loyal subject was the same, and the women were their masters.

"Have no fear, no fear," he muttered back through the closing gate of sleep; "Mary knows her business—business—" and he buzzed it off into a snore.

In the morning, however, he took a stronger and more serious view of the case, pronouncing that Mary was only a young lass, and no one could ever tell about young lasses. And he quite fell into his wife's suggestion, that the maid could be spared till harvest-time, of which (even with the best of weather) there was little chance now for another six weeks, the season being late and backward. So it was resolved between them both that the girl should go on the following day for a visit to her uncle Popplewell, some miles the other side of Filey. No invitation was required; for Mr. and Mrs. Popplewell, a snug and comfortable pair, were only too glad to have their niece, and had often wanted to have her altogether; but the farmer would never hear of that.

CHAPTER XV.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

While these little things were doing thus, the coast from the mouth of the Tees to that of Humber, and even the inland parts, were in a great stir of talk and work about events impending. It must not be thought that Flamborough, although it was Robin's dwelling-place—so far as he had any—was the principal scene of his operations, or the stronghold of his enterprise. On the contrary, his liking was for quiet coves near Scarborough, or even to the north of Whitby, when the wind and tide were suitable. And for this there were many reasons which are not of any moment now.

One of them showed fine feeling and much delicacy on his part. He knew that Flamborough was a place of extraordinary honesty, where every one of his buttons had been safe, and would have been so forever; and strictly as he believed in the virtue of his own free importation, it was impossible for him not to learn that certain people thought otherwise, or acted as if they did so. From the troubles which such doubts might cause, he strove to keep the natives free.

Flamburians scarcely understood this largeness of good-will to them. Their instincts told them that free trade was every Briton's privilege; and they had the finest set of donkeys on the coast for landing it. But none the more did any of them care to make a movement toward it. They were satisfied with their own old way—to cast the net their father cast, and bait the hook as it was baited on their good grandfather's thumb.

Yet even Flamborough knew that now a mighty enterprise was in hand. It was said, without any contradiction, that young Captain Robin had laid a wager of one hundred guineas with the worshipful mayor of Scarborough and the commandant of the castle, that before the new moon he would land on Yorkshire coast, without firing pistol or drawing steel, free goods to the value of two thousand pounds, and carry them inland safely. And Flamborough believed that he would do it.

Dr. Upround's house stood well, as rectories generally contrive to do. No place in Flamborough parish could hope to swindle the wind of its vested right, or to embezzle much treasure of the sun, but the parsonage made a good effort to do both, and sometimes for three days together got the credit of succeeding. And the dwellers therein, who felt the edge of the difference outside their own walls, not only said but thoroughly believed that they lived in a little Goshen.

For the house was well settled in a wrinkle of the hill expanding southward, and encouraging the noon. From the windows a pleasant glimpse might be obtained of the broad and tranquil anchorage, peopled with white or black, according as the sails went up or down; for the rectory stood to the southward of the point, as the rest of Flamborough surely must have stood, if built by any other race

than armadillos. But to see all those vessels, and be sure what they were doing, the proper place was a little snug "gazebo," chosen and made by the doctor himself, near the crest of the gully he inhabited.

Here upon a genial summer day—when it came, as it sometimes dared to do—was the finest little nook upon the Yorkshire coast for watching what Virgil calls "the sail-winged sea." Not that a man could see round the Head, unless his own were gifted with very crooked eyes; but without doing that (which would only have disturbed the tranquillity of his prospect) there was plenty to engage him in the peaceful spread of comparatively waveless waters. Here might he see long vessels rolling, not with great misery, but just enough to make him feel happy in the firmness of his bench, and little jolly-boats it was more jolly to be out of, and far-away heads giving genial bobs, and sea-legs straddled in predicaments desirable rather for study than for practice. All was highly picturesque and nice, and charming for the critic who had never got to do it.

"Now, papa, you must come this very moment," cried Miss Janetta Upround, the daughter of the house, and indeed the only daughter, with a gush of excitement, rushing into the study of this deeply read divine; "there is something doing that I can not understand. You must bring up the spy-glass at once and explain. I am sure that there is something very wrong."

"In the parish, my dear?" the rector asked, with a feeble attempt at malice, for he did not want to be disturbed just now, and for weeks he had tried (with very poor success) to make Janetta useful; for she had no gift in that way.

"No, not in the parish at all, papa, unless it runs out under water, as I am certain it ought to do, and make every one of those ships pay tithe. If the law was worth anything, they would have to do it. They get all the good out of our situation, and they save whole thousands of pounds at a time, and they never pay a penny, nor even hoist a flag, unless the day is fine, and the flag wants drying. But come along, papa, now. I really can not wait; and they will have done it all without us."

"Janetta, take the glass and get the focus. I will come presently, presently. In about two minutes—by the time that you are ready."

"Very well, papa. It is very good of you. I see quite clearly what you want to do; and I hope you will do it. But you promise not to play another game now?"

"My dear, I will promise that with pleasure. Only do please be off about your business."

The rector was a most inveterate and insatiable chess-player. In the household, rather than by it, he was, as a matter of lofty belief, supposed to be deeply engaged with theology, or magisterial questions of almost equal depth, or (to put it at the lowest) parochial affairs, the while he was solidly and seriously engaged in getting up the sound defense to some Continental gambit. And this, not only to satisfy himself upon some point of theory, but from a nearer and dearer point of view—for he never did like to be beaten.

At present he was laboring to discover the proper defense to a new and slashing form of the Algaier gambit, by means of which Robin Lyth had won every game in which he had the move, upon their last encounter. The great free-trader, while a boy, had shown an especial aptitude for chess, and even as a child he had seemed to know the men when first, by some accident, he saw them. The rector being struck by this exception to the ways of childhood—whose manner it is to take chess-men for "dollies," or roll them about like nine-pins—at once included in the education of "Izunsabe," which he took upon himself, a course of elemental doctrine in the one true game. And the boy fought his way up at such a pace that he jumped from odds of queen and rook to pawn and two moves in less than two years. And now he could almost give odds to his tutor, though he never presumed to offer them; and trading as he did with enlightened merchants of large Continental sea-ports, who had plenty of time on their hands and played well, he imported new openings of a dash and freedom which swallowed the ground up under the feet of the steady-going players, who had never seen a book upon their favorite subject. Of course it was competent to all these to decline such fiery onslaught; but chivalry and the true love of analysis (which without may none play chess) compelled the acceptance of the challenge, even with a trembling forecast of the taste of dust.

"Never mind," said Dr. Uproud, as he rose and stretched himself, a good straight man of threescore years, with silver hair that shone like silk; "it has not come to me yet; but it must, with a little more perseverance. At Cambridge I beat everybody; and who is this uncircumcised—at least, I beg his pardon, for I did myself baptize him—but who is Robin Lyth, to mate his pastor and his master? All these gambits are like a night attack. If once met properly and expelled, you are in the very heart of the enemy's camp. He has left his own watch-fires to rush at yours. The next game I play, I shall be sure to beat him."

Fully convinced of this great truth, he took a strong oak staff and hastened to obey his daughter. Miss Janetta Uproud had not only learned by nature, but also had been carefully taught by her parents, and by every one, how to get her own way always, and to be thanked for taking it. But she had such a happy nature, full of kindness and good-will, that other people's wishes always seemed to flow into her own, instead of being swept aside. Over her father her government was in no sort constitutional, nor even a quiet despotism sweetened with liberal illusions, but as pure a piece of autocracy as the Continent could itself contain, in the time of this first Napoleon.

"Papa, what a time you have been, to be sure!" she exclaimed, as the doctor came gradually up, probing his way in perfect leisure, and fragrant still of that gambit; "one would think that your parish was on dry land altogether, while the better half of it, as they call themselves—though the women are in righteousness the better half a hundredfold—"

"My dear, do try to talk with some little sense of arithmetic, if no other. A hundredfold the half would be the unit multiplied by fifty. Not to mention that there can be no better half—"

"Yes, there can, papa, ever so many; and you may see one in mamma every day. Now you put one eye to this glass, and the half is better than the whole. With both, you see nothing; with one, you see better, fifty times better, than with both before. Don't talk of arithmetic after that. It is algebra now, and quod demonstrandum."

"To reason with the less worthy gender is degeneration of reason. What would they have said in the Senate-house, Janetta? However, I will obey your orders. What am I to look at?"

"A tall and very extraordinary man, striking his arms out, thus and thus. I never saw any one looking so excited; and he flourishes a long sword now and again, as if he would like to cut everybody's head off. There he has been going from ship to ship, for an hour or more, with a long white boat, and a lot of men jumping after him. Every one seems to be scared of him, and he stumps along the deck just as if he were on springs, and one spring longer than the other. You see that heavy brig outside the rest, painted with ten port-holes; well, she began to make sail and run away, but he fired a gun—quite a real cannon—and she had to come back again and drop her colors. Oh, is it some very great admiral, papa? Perhaps Lord Nelson himself; I would go and be seasick for three days to see Lord Nelson. Papa, it must be Lord Nelson."

"My dear, Lord Nelson is a little, short man, with a very brisk walk, and one arm gone. Now let me see who this can be. Whereabout is he now, Janetta?"

"Do you see that clumsy-looking schooner, papa, just behind a pilot-boat? He is just in front of her foremast—making such a fuss—"

"What eyes you have got, my child! You see better without the glass than I do with it.—Oh, now I have him! Why, I might have guessed. Of course it is that very active man and vigilant officer Lieutenant Carroway."

"Captain Carroway from Bridlington, papa? Why, what can he be doing with such authority? I have often heard of him, but I thought he was only a coast-guard."

"He is, as you say, showing great authority, and, I fear, using very bad language, for which he is quite celebrated. However, the telescope refuses to repeat it, for which it is much to be commended. But every allowance must be made for a man who has to deal with a wholly uncultivated race, and not of natural piety, like ours."

"Well, papa, I doubt if ours have too much, though you always make the best of them. But let me look again, please; and do tell me what he can be doing there."

"You know that the revenue officers must take the law into their own hands sometimes. There have lately been cer-

tain rumors of some contraband proceedings on the Yorkshire coast. Not in Flamborough parish, of course, and perhaps—probably, I may say—a long way off—"

"Papa dear, will you never confess that free trade prevails and flourishes greatly even under your own dear nose?"

"Facts do not warrant me in any such assertion. If the fact were so, it must have been brought officially before me. I decline to listen to uncharitable rumors. But however that matter may be, there are officers on the spot to deal with it. My commission as a justice of the peace gives me no cognizance of offenses—if such there are—upon the high seas. Ah! you see something particular; my dear, what is it?"

"Captain Carroway has found something, or somebody, of great importance. He has got a man by the collar, and he is absolutely dancing with delight. Ah! there he goes, dragging him along the deck as if he were a cod-fish or a conger. And now, I declare, he is lashing his arms and legs with a great thick rope. Papa, is that legal, without even a warrant?"

"I can hardly say how far his powers may extend, and he is just the man to extend them farther. I only hope not to be involved in the matter. Maritime law is not my province."

"But, papa, it is much within three miles of the shore, if that has got anything to do with it. My goodness me! They are all coming here; I am almost sure that they will apply to you. Yes, two boat-loads of people, racing to get their oars out, and to be here first. Where are your spectacles, dear papa? You had better go and get up the law before they come. You will scarcely have time, they are coming so fast—a white boat and a black boat. The prisoner is in the white boat, and the officer has got him by the collar still. The men in the white boat will want to commit him, and the men in the black boat are his friends, no doubt, coming for a habeas corpus—"

"My dear, what nonsense you do talk! What has a simple justice of the peace—"

"Never mind that, papa; my facts are sound—sounder than yours about smuggling, I fear. But do hurry in, and get up the law. I will go and lock both gates, to give you more time."

"Do nothing of the kind, Janetta. A magistrate should be accessible always; and how can I get up the law, without knowing what it is to be about—or even a clerk to help me? And perhaps they are not coming here at all. They may be only landing their prisoner."

"If that were it, they would not be coming so, but rowing toward the proper place, Bridlington Quay, where their station-house is. Papa, you are in for it, and I am getting eager. May I come and hear all about it? I should be a great support to you, you know. And they would tell the truth so much better!"

"Janetta, what are you dreaming of? It may even be a case of secrecy."

"Secrecy, papa, with two boat-loads of men and about thirty ships involved in it! Oh, do let me hear all about it!"

"Whatever it may be, your presence is not required, and would be improper. Unless I should happen to want a book; and in that case I might ring for you."

"Oh, do, papa, do! No one else can ever find them. Promise me now that you will want a book. If I am not there, there will be no justice done. I wish you severely to reprimand, whatever the facts of the case may be, and even to punish, if you can, that tall, lame, violent, ferocious man, for dragging the poor fellow about like that, and cutting him with ropes, when completely needless, and when he was quite at his mercy. It is my opinion that the other man does not deserve one bit of it; and whatever the law may be, papa, your duty is to strain it benevolently, and question every syllable upon the stronger side."

"Perhaps I had better resign, my dear, upon condition that you shall be appointed in the stead of me. It might be a popular measure, and would secure universal justice."

"Papa, I would do justice to myself—which is a thing you never do. But here, they are landing; and they hoist him out as if he were a sack, or a thing without a joint. They could scarcely be harder with a man compelled to be hanged to-morrow morning."

"Condemned is what you mean, Janetta. You never will understand the use of words. What a nice magistrate you would make!"

"There can be no more correct expression. Would any man be hanged if he were not compelled? Papa, you say the most illegal things sometimes. Now please to go in and get up your legal points. Let me go and meet those people

for you. I will keep them waiting till you are quite ready."

"My dear, you will go to your room, and try to learn a little patience. You begin to be too pat with your own opinions, which in a young lady is ungraceful. There, you need not cry, my darling, because your opinions are always sensible, and I value them very highly; but still you must bear in mind that you are but a girl."

"And behave accordingly, as they say. Nobody can do more so. But though I am only a girl, papa, can you put your hand upon a better one?"

"Certainly not, my dear; for going down hill, I can always depend on you."

Suiting the action to the word, Dr. Upround, whose feet were a little touched with gout, came down from his outlook to his kitchen-garden, and thence through the shrubbery back to his own study, where, with a little sigh, he put away his chess-men, and heartily hoped that it might not be his favorite adversary who was coming before him to be sent to jail. For although the good rector had a warm regard, and even affection, for Robin Lyth, as a waif cast into his care, and then a pupil wonderfully apt (which breeds love in the teacher), and after that a most gallant and highly distinguished young parishioner—with all this it was a difficulty for him to be ignorant that the law was adverse. More than once he had striven hard to lead the youth into some better path of life, and had even induced him to "follow the sea" for a short time in the merchant service. But the force of nature and of circumstances had very soon prevailed again, and Robin returned to his old pursuits with larger experience, and seamanship improved.

A violent ringing at the gate bell, followed by equal urgency upon the front door, apprised the kind magistrate of a sharp call on his faculties, and perhaps a most unpleasant one. "The poor boy!" he said to himself—"poor boy! From Carroway's excitement I greatly fear that it is indeed poor Robin. How many a grand game have we had! His new variety of that fine gambit scarcely beginning to be analyzed; and if I commit him to the meeting next week, when shall we ever meet again? It will seem as if I did it because he won three games; and I certainly was a little vexed with him. However, I must be stern, stern, stern. Show them in, Betsy; I am quite prepared."

A noise, and a sound of strong language in the hall, and a dragging of something on the oil-cloth, led up to the entry of a dozen rough men, pushed on by at least another dozen.

"You will have the manners to take off your hats," said the magistrate, with all his dignity; "not from any undue deference to me, but common respect to his Majesty."

"Off with your covers, you sons of"—something, shouted a loud voice; and then the lieutenant, with his blade still drawn, stood before them.

"Sheathe your sword, Sir," said Dr. Upround, in a voice which amazed the officer.

"I beg your Worship's pardon," he began, with his grim face flushing purple, but his sword laid where it should have been; "but if you knew half of the worry I have had, you would not care to rebuke me. Cadman, have you got him by the neck? Keep your knuckles into him, while I make my deposition."

"Cast that man free. I receive no depositions with a man half strangled before me."

The men of the coast-guard glanced at their commander, and receiving a surly nod, obeyed. But the prisoner could not stand as yet; he gasped for breath, and some one set him on a chair.

"Your Worship, this is a mere matter of form," said Carroway, still keeping eyes on his prey; "if I had my own way, I would not trouble you at all, and I believe it to be quite needless. For this man is an outlaw felon, and not entitled to any grace of law; but I must obey my orders."

"Certainly you must, Lieutenant Carroway, even though you are better acquainted with the law. You are ready to be sworn? Take this book, and follow me."

This being done, the worthy magistrate prepared to write down what the gallant officer might say, which, in brief, came to this, that having orders to seize Robin Lyth wherever he might find him, and having sure knowledge that said Robin was on board of a certain schooner vessel, the *Elizabeth*, of Goole, the which he had laden with goods liable to duty, he, Charles Carroway, had gently laid hands on him, and brought him to the nearest justice of the peace, to obtain an order of commitment.

All this, at fifty times the length here

given, Lieutenant Carroway deposed on oath, while his Worship, for want of a clerk, set it down in his own very neat handwriting. But several very coaly-looking men, who could scarcely be taught to keep silence, observed that the magistrate smiled once or twice; and this made them wait a bit, and wink at one another.

"Very clear indeed, Lieutenant Carroway," said Dr. Upround, with spectacles on nose. "Good Sir, have the kindness to sign your deposition. It may become my duty to commit the prisoner, upon identification. Of that I must have evidence, confirmatory evidence. But first we will hear what he has to say. Robin Lyth, stand forward."

"Me no Robin Lyth, Sar; no Robin man or woman," cried the captive, trying very hard to stand; "me only a poor Français, make liberty to what you call—row, row, sweem, sweem, sail, sail, from la belle France; for why, for why, there is no import to nobody."

"Your Worship, he is always going on about imports," Cadman said, respectfully; "that is enough to show who he is."

"You may trust me to know him," cried Lieutenant Carroway. "My fine fellow, no more of that stuff! He can pass himself off for any countryman whatever. He knows all their jabber, Sir, better than his own. Put a cork between his teeth, Hackerbody. I never did see such a noisy rogue. He is Robin Lyth all over."

"I'll be blest if he is, nor under nayther," cried the biggest of the coaly men; "this here froggy come out of a Chaise and Mary as had run up from Dunkirk. I know Robin Lyth as well as our own figure-head. But what good to try reason with that there revenue hofficer?"

At this, all his friends set a good laugh up, and wanted to give him a cheer for such a speech; but that being hushed, they were satisfied with condemning his organs of sight and their own quite fairly.

"Lieutenant Carroway," his Worship said, amidst an impressive silence, "I greatly fear that you have allowed zeal, my dear Sir, to outrun discretion. Robin Lyth is a young, and in many ways highly respected, parishioner of mine. He may have been guilty of casual breaches of the laws concerning importation—laws which fluctuate from year to year, and require deep knowledge of legislation both to observe and to administer. I heartily trust that you may not suffer from having discharged your duty in a manner most truly exemplary, if only the example had been the right one. This gentleman is no more Robin Lyth than I am."

CHAPTER XVI.

DISCIPLINE ASSERTED.

As soon as his troublesome visitors were gone, the rector sat down in his deep arm-chair, laid aside his spectacles, and began to think. His face, while he thought, lost more and more of the calm and cheerful expression which made it so pleasant a face to gaze upon; and he sighed, without knowing it, at some dark ideas, and gave a little shake of his grand old head. The revenue officer had called his favorite pupil and cleverest parishioner "a felon outlaw;" and if that were so, Robin Lyth was no less than a convicted criminal, and must not be admitted within his doors. Formerly the regular penalty for illicit importation had been the forfeiture of the goods when caught, and the smugglers (unless they made resistance or carried fire-arms) were allowed to escape and retrieve their bad luck, which they very soon contrived to do. And as yet, upon this part of the coast, they had not been guilty of atrocious crimes, such as the smugglers of Sussex and Hampshire—who must have been utter fiends—committed, thereby raising all the land against them. Dr. Upround had heard of no proclamation, exaction, or even capias issued against this young free-trader; and he knew well enough that the worst offenders were not the bold seamen who contracted for the run, nor the people of the coast who were hired for the carriage, but the rich indwellers who provided all the money, and received the lion's share of all the profits. And with these the law never even tried to deal. However, the magistrate-parson resolved that, in spite of all the interest of tutorship and chess-play, and even all the influence of his wife and daughter (who were hearty admirers of brave smuggling), he must either reform this young man, or compel him to keep at a distance, which would be very sad.

Meanwhile the lieutenant had departed in a fury, which seemed to be incapable of growing any worse. Never an oath

did he utter all the way to the landing where his boat was left; and his men, who knew how much that meant, were afraid to do more than just wink at one another. Even the sailors of the collier schooner forbore to jeer him, until he was afloat, when they gave him three fine rounds of mock cheers, to which the poor Frenchman contributed a shriek. For this man had been most inhospitably treated, through his strange but undeniable likeness to a perfidious Briton.

"Home!" cried the officer, glowering at those fellows, while his men held their oars, and were ready to rush at them. "Home, with a will! Give way, men!" And not another word he spoke, till they touched the steps at Bridlington. Then he fixed stern eyes upon Cadman, who vainly strove to meet them, and he said, "Come to me in one hour and a half." Cadman touched his hat without an answer, saw to the boat, and then went home along the quay.

Carroway, though of a violent temper, especially when laughed at, was not of that steadfast and sedentary wrath which chews the cud of grievances, and feeds upon it in a shady place. He had a good wife—though a little overclean—and seven fine-appetited children, who gave him the greatest pleasure in providing victuals. Also, he had his pipe, and his quiet corners, sacred to the atmosphere and the private thoughts of Carroway. And here he would often be ambitious even now, perceiving no good reason why he might not yet command a line-of-battle ship, and run up his own flag, and nobly tread his own lofty quarter-deck. If so, he would have Mrs. Carroway on board, and not only on the boards, but at them; so that a challenge should be issued every day for any other ship in all the service to display white so wholly spotless, and black so void of streakiness. And while he was dwelling upon personal matters—which, after all, concerned the nation most—he had tried very hard to discover any reason (putting paltry luck aside) why Horatio Nelson should be a Lord, and what was more to the purpose, an admiral, while Charles Carroway (his old shipmate, and in every way superior, who could eat him at a mouthful, if only he were good enough) should now be no more than a 'long-shore lieutenant, and a Jonathan Wild of the revenue. However, as for envying Nelson, the Lord knew that he would not give his little Geraldine's worst frock for all the fellow's grand coat of arms, and freedom in a snuff-box, and golden shields, and devices, this, that, and the other, with Bona Robas to support them.

To this conclusion he was fairly come, after a good meal, and with the second glass of the finest Jamaica pine-apple rum —which he drank from pure principle, because it was not smuggled—steaming and scenting the blue curls of his pipe, when his admirable wife came in to say that on no account would she interrupt him.

"My dear, I am busy, and am very glad to hear it. Pish! where have I put all those accounts?"

"Charles, you are not doing any accounts. When you have done your pipe and glass, I wish to say a quiet word or two. I am sure that there is not a woman in a thousand—"

"Matilda, I know it. Nor one in fifty thousand. You are very good at figures: will you take this sheet away with you? Eight o'clock will be quite time enough for it."

"My dear, I am always too pleased to do whatever I can to help you. But I must talk to you now; really I must say a few words about something, tired as you may be, Charles, and well deserving of a little good sleep, which you never seem able to manage in bed. You told me, you know, that you expected Cadman, that surly, dirty fellow, who delights to spoil my stones, and would like nothing better than to take the pattern out of our drawing-room Kidderminster. Now I have a reason for saying something. Charles, will you listen to me once, just once?"

"I never do anything else," said the husband, with justice, and meaning no mischief.

"Ah! how very seldom you hear me talk; and when I do, I might just as well address the winds! But for once, my dear, attend, I do implore you. That surly, burly Cadman will be here directly, and I know that you are much put out with him. Now I tell you he is dangerous, savagely dangerous; I can see it in his unhealthy skin. Oh, Charles, where have you put down your pipe? I cleaned that shelf this very morning! How little I thought when I promised to be yours that you ever would knock out

your ashes like that! But do bear in mind, dear, whatever you do, if anything happened to you, what ever would become of all of us? All your sweet children and your faithful wife— I declare you have made two great rings with your tumbler upon the new cover of the table."

"Matilda, that has been done ever so long. But I am almost certain this tumbler leaks."

"So you always say; just as if I would allow it. You never will think of simply wiping the rim every time you use it; when I put you a saucer for your glass, you forget it; there never was such a man, I do believe. I shall have to stop the rum and water altogether."

"No, no, no. I'll do anything you like. I'll have a tumbler made with a saucer to it—I'll buy a piece of oil-cloth the size of a foretop-sail—I'll—"

"Charles, no nonsense, if you please: as if I were ever unreasonable! But your quickness of temper is such that I dread what you may say to that Cadman. Remember what opportunities he has, dear. He might shoot you in the dark any night, my darling, and put it upon the smugglers. I entreat you not to irritate the man, and make him your enemy. He is so spiteful; and I should be in terror the whole night long."

"Matilda, in the house you may command me as you please—even in my own cuddy here. But as regards my duty, you know well that I permit no interference. And I should have expected you to have more sense. A pretty officer I should be if I were afraid of my own men! When a man is to blame, I tell him so, in good round language, and shall do so now. This man is greatly to blame, and I doubt whether to consider him a fool or a rogue. If it were not that he has seven children, as we have, I would discharge him this very night."

"Charles, I am very sorry for his seven children, but our place is to think of our own seven first. I beg you, I implore you, to discharge the man; for he has not the courage to harm you, I believe, except with the cowardly advantage he has got. Now promise me either to say nothing to him, or to discharge him, and be done with him."

"Matilda, of such things you know nothing; and I can not allow you to say any more."

"Very well, very well. I know my duty. I shall sit up and pray every dark night you are out, and the whole place will go to the dogs, of course. Of the smugglers I am not afraid one bit, nor of any honest fighting, such as you are used to. But oh, my dear Charles, the very bravest man can do nothing against base treachery."

"To dream of such things shows a bad imagination," Carroway answered, sternly; but seeing his wife's eyes fill with tears, he took her hand gently, and begged her pardon, and promised to be very careful. "I am the last man to be rash," he said, "after getting so many more kicks than coppers. I never had a fellow under my command who would lift a finger to harm me. And you must remember, my darling Tilly, that I command Englishmen, not Lascars."

With this she was forced to be content, to the best of her ability; and Geraldine ran bouncing in from school to fill her father's pipe for him; so that by the time John Cadman came, his commander had almost forgotten the wrath created by the failure of the morning. But unluckily Cadman had not forgotten the words and the look he received before his comrades.

"Here I am, Sir, to give an account of myself," he said, in an insolent tone, having taken much liquor to brace him for the meeting. "Is it your pleasure to say out what you mean?"

"Yes, but not here. You will follow me to the station." The lieutenant took his favorite staff, and set forth, while his wife, from the little window, watched him with a very anxious gaze. She saw her husband stride in front with the long rough gait she knew so well, and the swing of his arms which always showed that his temper was not in its best condition; and behind him Cadman slouched along, with his shoulders up and his red hands clinched. And the poor wife sadly went back to work, for her life was a truly anxious one.

The station, as it was rather grandly called, was a hut, about the size of a four-post bed, upon the low cliff, undermined by the sea, and even then threatened to be swept away. Here was a tall flag-staff for signals, and a place for a beacon-light when needed, and a bench with a rest for a spy-glass. In the hut itself were signal flags, and a few spare muskets, and a keg of bullets, with maps and codes hung round the wall, and flint and tinder, and

a good many pipes, and odds and ends on ledges. Carroway was very proud of this place, and kept the key strictly in his own pocket, and very seldom allowed a man to pass through the narrow doorway. But he liked to sit inside, and see them looking desirous to come in.

"Stand there, Cadman," he said, as soon as he had settled himself in the one hard chair; and the man, though thoroughly primed for revolt, obeyed the old habit, and stood outside.

"Once more you have misled me, Cadman, and abused my confidence. More than that, you have made me a common laughing-stock for scores of fools, and even for a learned gentleman, magistrate of divinity. I was not content with your information until you confirmed it by letters you produced from men well known to you, as you said, and even from the inland trader who had contracted for the venture. The schooner *Elizabeth*, of Goole, disguised as a collier, was to bring to, with Robin Lyth on board of her, and the goods in her hold under covering of coal, and to run the goods at the South Flamborough landing this very night. I have searched the *Elizabeth* from stem to stern, and the craft brought up alongside of her; and all I have found is a wretched Frenchman, who skulked so that I made sure of him, and not a blessed anker of foreign brandy, nor even a forty-pound bag of tea. You had that packet of letters in your neck-tie. Hand them to me this moment—"

"If your Honor has made up your mind to think that a sailor of the Royal Navy—"

"Cadman, none of that! No lick-spittle lies to me; those letters, that I may establish them! You shall have them back, if they are right. And I will pay you a half crown for the loan."

"If I was to leave they letters in your hand, I could never hold head up in Burlington no more."

"That is no concern of mine. Your duty is to hold up your head with me, and those who find you in bread and butter."

"Precious little butter I ever gets, and very little bread to speak of. The folk that does the work gets nothing. Them that does nothing gets the name and game."

"Fellow, no reasoning, but obey me!" Carroway shouted, with his temper rising. "Hand over those letters, or you leave the service."

"How can I give away another man's property?" As he said these words, the man folded his arms, as who should say, "That is all you get out of me."

"Is that the way you speak to your commanding officer? Who owns those letters, then, according to your ideas?"

"Butcher Hewson; and he says that you shall have them as soon as he sees the money for his little bill."

This was a trifle too much for Carroway. Up he jumped with surprising speed, took one stride through the station door, and seizing Cadman by the collar, shook him, wrung his ear with the left hand, which was like a pair of pincers, and then with the other flung him backward as if he were an empty bag. The fellow was too much amazed to strike, or close with him, or even swear, but received the vehement impact without any stay behind him. So that he staggered back, hat downward, and striking one heel on a stone, fell over the brink of the shallow cliff to the sand below.

The lieutenant, who never had thought of this, was terribly scared, and his wrath turned cold. For although the fall was of no great depth, and the ground at the bottom so soft, if the poor man had struck it poll foremost, as he fell, it was likely that his neck was broken. Without any thought of his crippled heel, Carroway took the jump himself.

As soon as he recovered from the jar, which shook his stiff joints and stiffer back, he ran to the coast-guardsman and raised him, and found him very much inclined to swear. This was a good sign, and the officer was thankful, and raised him in the gravelly sand, and kindly requested him to have it out, and to thank the Lord as soon as he felt better. But Cadman, although he very soon came round, abstained from every token of gratitude. Falling with his mouth wide open in surprise, he had filled it with gravel of inferior taste, as a tidy sewer pipe ran out just there, and at every execration he discharged a little.

"What can be done with a fellow so ungrateful?" cried the lieutenant, standing stiffly up again; "nothing but to let him come back to his manners. Hark you, John Cadman, between your bad words, if a glass of hot grog will restore your right wits, you can come up and have it, when your clothes are brushed."

With these words Carroway strode off

to his cottage, without even deigning to look back, for a minute had been enough to show him that no very serious harm was done.

The other man did not stir until his officer was out of sight; and then he arose and rubbed himself, but did not care to go for his rummer of hot grog.

"I must work this off," the lieutenant said, as soon as he had told his wife, and received his scolding; "I can not sit down; I must do something. My mind is becoming too much for me, I fear. Can you expect me to be laughed at? I shall take a little sail in the boat; the wind suits, and I have a particular reason. Expect me, my dear, when you see me."

In half an hour the largest boat, which carried a brass swivel-gun in her bows, was stretching gracefully across the bay, with her three white sails flashing back the sunset. The lieutenant steered, and he had four men with him, of whom Cadman was not one, that worthy being left at home to nurse his bruises and his dudgeon. These four men now were quite marvellously civil, having heard of their comrade's plight, and being pleased alike with that and with their commander's prowess. For Cadman was by no means popular among them, because, though his pay was the same as theirs, he always tried to be looked up to; the while his manners were not distinguished, and scarcely could be called polite, when a supper required to be paid for. In derision of this, and of his desire for mastery, they had taken to call him "Boatswain Jack," or "John Boatswain," and provoked him by a subscription to present him with a pig-whistle. For these were men who liked well enough to receive hard words from their betters who were masters of their business, but saw neither virtue nor value in submitting to superior airs from their equals.

The *Royal George*, as this boat was called, passed through the fleet of quiet vessels, some of which trembled for a second visitation; but not deigning to molest them, she stood on, and rounding Flamborough Head, passed by the pillar rocks called King and Queen, and bore up for the North Landing cove. Here sail was taken in, and oars were manned; and Carroway ordered his men to pull in to the entrance of each of the well-known caves.

To enter these, when any swell is running, requires great care and experience; and the *Royal George* had too much beam to do it comfortably, even in the best of weather. And now what the sailors call a "chopping sea" had set in with the turn of the tide, although the wind was still off-shore; so that even to lie to at the mouth made rather a ticklish job of it. The men looked at one another, and did not like it, for a badly handled oar would have cast them on the rocks, which are villainously hard and jagged, and would stave in the toughest boat, like biscuit china. However, they durst not say that they feared it; and by skill and steadiness they examined all three caves quite enough to be certain that no boat was in them.

The largest of the three, and perhaps the finest, was the one they first came to, which already was beginning to be called the cave of Robin Lyth. The dome is very high, and sheds down light when the gleam of the sea strikes inward. From the gloomy mouth of it, as far as they could venture, the lapping of the wavelets could be heard all round it, without a boat, or even a balk of wood to break it. Then they tried echo, whose clear answer hesitates where any soft material is; but the shout rang only of hard rock and glassy water. To make assurance doubly sure, they lit a blue-light, and sent it floating through the depths, while they held their position with two boat-hooks and a fender. The cavern was lit up with a very fine effect, but not a soul inside of it to animate the scene. And to tell the truth, the bold invaders were by no means grieved at this; for if there had been smugglers there, it would have been hard to tackle them.

Hauling off safely, which was worse than running in, they pulled across the narrow cove, and rounding the little headland, examined the Church Cave and the Dovecote likewise, and with a like result. Then heartily tired, and well content with having done all that man could do, they set sail again in the dusk of the night, and forged their way against a strong ebb-tide toward the softer waters of Bridlington, and the warmer comfort of their humble homes.

CHAPTER XVII.

DELICATE INQUIRIES.

A GENUINE summer day pays a visit nearly once in the season to Flamborough; and when it does come, it has a

wonderful effect. Often the sun shines brightly there, and often the air broods hot with thunder; but the sun owes his brightness to sweep of the wind, which sweeps away his warmth as well; while, on the other hand, the thunder-clouds, like heavy smoke capping the headland, may oppress the air with heat, but are not of sweet summer's beauty.

For once, however, the fine day came, and the natives made haste to revile it. Before it was three hours old they had found a hundred and fifty faults with it. Most of the men truly wanted a good sleep, after being lively all the night upon the waves, and the heat and the yellow light came in upon their eyes, and set the flies buzzing all about them. And even the women, who had slept out their time, and talked quietly, like the clock ticking, were vexed with the sun, which kept their kettles from good boiling, and wrote upon their faces the years of their life. But each made allowance for her neighbor's appearance, on the strength of the troubles she had been through. For the matter of that, the sun cared not the selvage of a shadow what was thought of him, but went his bright way with a scattering of clouds and a tossing of vapors anywhere. Upon the few fishermen who gave up hope of sleep, and came to stand dazed in their doorways, the glare of white walls and chalky stones, and dusty roads, produced the same effect as if they had put on their fathers' goggles. Therefore they yawned their way back to their room, and poked up the fire, without which, at Flamborough, no hot weather would be half hot enough.

The children, however, were wide-awake, and so were the washer-women, whose turn it had been to sleep last night for the labors of the morning. These were plying hand and tongue in a little field by the three cross-roads, where gaffers and gammers of by-gone time had set up troughs of proven wood, and the bilge of a long storm-beaten boat, near a pool of softish water. Stout brown arms were roped with curd, and wedding rings looked slippery things, and thumb-nails bordered with inveterate black, like broad beans ripe for planting, shone through a hubbub of snowy froth; while sluicing and wringing and rinsing went on over the bubbled and lathery turf; and every handy bush or stub, and every tump of wiry grass, was sheeted with white, like a ship in full sail, and shining in the sun-glare.

From time to time these active women glanced back at their cottages, to see that the hearth was still alive, or at their little daughters squatting under the low wall which kept them from the road, where they had got all the babies to nurse, and their toes and other members to compare, and dandelion chains to make. But from their washing ground the women could not see the hill that brings to the bottom of the village the crooked road from Sewerby. Down that hill came a horseman slowly, with nobody to notice him, though himself on the watch for everybody; and there in the bottom below the first cottage he allowed his horse to turn aside and cool hot feet and leathery lips, in a brown pool spread by Providence for the comfort of wayworn roadsters.

The horse looked as if he had labored far, while his rider was calmly resting; for the cross-felled sutures of his flank were crusted with gray perspiration, and the runnels of his shoulders were dabbled; and now it behooved him to be careful how he sucked the earthy-flavored water, so as to keep time with the heaving of his barrel. In a word, he was drinking as if he would burst—as his hostler at home often told him—but the clever old roadster knew better than that, and timing it well between snorts and coughs, was tightening his girths with deep pleasure.

"Enough, my friend, is as good as a feast," said his rider to him, gently, yet strongly pulling up the far-stretched head, "and too much is worse than a famine."

The horse, though he did not belong to this gentleman, but was hired by him only yesterday, had already discovered that, with him on his back, his own judgment must lie dormant, so that he quietly whisked his tail and glanced with regret at the waste of his drip, and then, with a roundabout step, to prolong the pleasure of this little wade, sadly but steadily out he walked, and, after the necessary shake, began his first invasion of the village. His rider said nothing, but kept a sharp look-out.

Now this was Master Geoffrey Mordacks, of the ancient city of York, a general factor and land agent. What a "general factor" is, or is not, none but himself can pretend to say, even in these days of definition, and far less in times when thought was loose; and perhaps Mr. Mordacks would rather have it so. But any one who paid him well could trust him, according to the ancient state

of things. To look at him, nobody would even dare to think that money could be a consideration to him, or the name of it other than an insult. So lofty and steadfast his whole appearance was, and he put back his shoulders so manfully. Upright, stiff, and well appointed with a Roman nose, he rode with the seat of a soldier and the decision of a tax-collector. From his long steel spurs to his hard coned hat not a soft line was there, nor a feeble curve. Stern honesty and strict purpose stamped every open piece of him so strictly that a man in a hedge-row fostering devious principles, and resolved to try them, could do no more than run away, and be thankful for the chance of it.

But in those rough and dangerous times, when thousands of people were starving, the view of a pistol-butt went further than sternest aspect of strong eyes. Geoffrey Mordacks well knew this, and did not neglect his knowledge. The brown walnut stock of a heavy pistol shone above either holster, and a cavalry sword in a leathern scabbard hung within easy reach of hand. Altogether this gentleman seemed not one to be rashly attacked by daylight.

No man had ever dreamed as yet of coming to this outlandish place for pleasure of the prospect. So that when this lonely rider was descried from the washing field over the low wall of the lane, the women made up their minds at once that it must be a justice of the peace, or some great rider of the Revenue, on his way to see Dr. Upandown, or at the least a high constable concerned with some great sheep-stealing. Not that any such crime was known in the village itself of Flamborough, which confined its operations to the sea; but in the outer world of land that malady was rife just now, and a Flamborough man, too fond of mutton, had farmed some sheep on the downs, and lost them, which was considered a judgment on him for willfully quitting ancestral ways.

But instead of turning at the corner where the rector was trying to grow some trees, the stranger kept on along the rugged highway, and between the straggling cottages, so that the women rinsed their arms, and turned round to take a good look at him, over the brambles and furze, and the wall of chalky flint and rubble.

"This is just what I wanted," thought Geoffrey Mordacks: "skill makes luck, and I am always lucky. Now, first of all, to recruit the inner man."

At this time Mrs. Theophila Precious, generally called "Tapsy," the widow of a man who had been lost at sea, kept the "Cod with a Hook in his Gills," the only hostelry in Flamborough village, although there was another toward the Landing. The cod had been painted from life—or death—by a clever old fisherman who understood him, and he looked so firm, and stiff, and hard, that a healthy man, with purse enough to tire of butcher's-meat, might grow in appetite by gazing. Mr. Mordacks pulled up, and fixed steadfast eyes upon this noble fish, the while a score of sharp eyes from the green and white meadow were fixed steadfastly on him.

"How he shines with salt-water! How firm he looks, and his gills as bright as a rose in June! I have never yet tasted a cod at first hand. It is early in the day, but the air is hungry. My expenses are paid, and I mean to live well, for a strong mind will be required. I will have a cut out of that fish, to begin with."

Inditing of this, and of matters even better, the rider turned into the yard of the inn, where an old boat (as usual) stood for a horse-trough, and sea-tubs served as buckets. Strong sunshine glared upon the oversaling tiles, and white buckled walls, and cracky lintels; but nothing showed life, except an old yellow cat, and a pair of house-martins, who had scarcely time to breathe, such a number of little heads flipped out with a white flap under the beak of each, demanding momentous victualling. At these the yellow cat winked with dreamy joyfulness, well aware how fat they would be when they came to tumble out.

"What a place of vile laziness!" grumbled Mr. Mordacks, as he got off his horse, after vainly shouting "Hostler!" and led him to the byre, which did duty for a stable. "York is a lazy hole enough, but the further you go from it, the lazier they get. No energy, no movement, no ambition, anywhere. What a country! what a people! I shall have to go back and enlist the washer-women."

A Yorkshireman might have answered this complaint, if he thought it deserving of an answer, by requesting Master Mordacks not to be so overquick, but to bide a wee bit longer before he made so sure of the vast superiority of his own wit, for

the long heads might prove better than the sharp ones in the end of it. However, the general factor thought that he could not have come to a better place to get all that he wanted out of everybody. He put away his saddle, and the saddle-bags and sword, in a rough old sea-chest with a padlock to it, and having a sprinkle of chaff at the bottom. Then he calmly took the key, as if the place were his, gave his horse a rackful of long-cut grass, and presented himself, with a lordly aspect, at the front door of the silent inn. Here he made noise enough to stir the dead; and at the conclusion of a reasonable time, during which she had finished a pleasant dream to the simmering of the kitchen pot, the landlady showed herself in the distance, feeling for her keys with one hand, and rubbing her eyes with the other. This was the head-woman of the village, but seldom tyrannical, unless ill-treated, Widow Precious, tall and square, and of no mean capacity.

"Young mon," with a deep voice she said, "what is tha' deein' wi' aw that clatter?"

"Alas, my dear madam, I am not a young man; and therefore time is more precious to me. I have lived out half my allotted span, and shall never complete it unless I get food."

"T' life o' mon is aw a hoory," replied Widow Precious, with slow truth. "Young mon, what 'll ye hev?"

"Dinner, madam; dinner at the earliest moment. I have ridden far, and my back is sore, and my substance is calling for renewal."

"Ate, ate, ate, that's t' waa of aw menkins. Bud ye maa coom in, and crack o' it."

"Madam, you are most hospitable; and the place altogether seems to be of that description. What a beautiful room! May I sit down? I perceive a fine smell of most delicate soup. Ah, you know how to do things at Flamborough."

"Young mon, ye can ha' nune of yon potty. Yon's for mesell and t' childer."

"My excellent hostess, mistake me not. I do not aspire to such lofty pot-luck. I simply referred to it as a proof of your admirable culinary powers."

"Yon's beeg words. What 'll ye hev te ate?"

"A fish like that upon your sign-post, madam, or at least the upper half of him; and three dozen oysters just out of the sea, swimming in their own juice, with lovely melted butter."

"Young mon, hast tha gotten t' brass? Them 'at ates offens forgets t' reck'nin'."

"Yes, madam, I have the needful in abundance. *Ecce signum!* Which is Latin, madam, for the stamps of the king upon twenty guineas. One to be deposited in your fair hand for a taste, for a sniff, madam, such as I had of your pot."

"Na, na. No tokkins till a' airned them. What ood your Warship be for ating when a' boileth?"

The general factor, perceiving his way, was steadfast to the shoulder cut of a decent cod; and though the full season was scarcely yet come, Mrs. Precious knew where to find one. Oysters there were none, but she gave him boiled limpets, and he thought it the manner of the place that made them tough. After these things he had a duck of the noblest and best that live anywhere in England. Such ducks were then, and perhaps are still, the most remarkable residents of Flamborough. Not only because the air is fine, and the puddles and the dabblings of extraordinary merit, and the wind fluffs up their pretty feathers while alive, as the eloquent poulterer by-and-by will do; but because they have really distinguished birth, and adventurous, chivalrous, and bright blue Norman blood. To such purpose do the gay young Vikings of the world of quack pour in (when the weather and the time of year invite), equipped with red boots and plumes of purple velvet, to enchant the coy lady ducks in soft water, and eclipse the familiar and too legal drake. For a while they revel in the change of scene, the luxury of unsalted mud and scarcely rippled water, and the sweetness and culture of tame dilly-ducks, to whom their brilliant bravery, as well as an air of romance and billowy peril, commends them too seductively. The responsible sire of the pond is grieved, sinks his unappreciated bill into his back, and vainly reflects upon the vanity of love.

From a loftier point of view, however, this is a fine provision; and Mr. Mordacks always took a lofty view of everything.

"A beautiful duck, ma'am; a very grand duck!" in his usual loud and masterful tone, he exclaimed to Widow Precious. "I understand your question now as to my ability to pay for him. Madam, he is worth a man's last shilling. A goose

is a smaller and a coarser bird. In what manner do you get them?"

"They gets their own sells, wi' the will of the Lord. What will your Warship be for ating, come after?"

"None of your puddings and pies, if you please, nor your excellent jellies and custards. A red Dutch cheese, with a pat of fresh butter, and another imperial pint of ale."

"Now yon is what I call a man," thought Mrs. Precious, having neither pie nor pudding, as Master Mordacks was well aware; "aisy to please, and a' knoweth what a' wants. A' mought 'a been born i' Flaambro. A' maa baide for a week, if a' hath the tokkins."

Mr. Mordacks felt that he had made his footing; but he was not the man to abide for a week where a day would suit his purpose. His rule was never to beat about the bush when he could break through it, and he thought that he saw his way to do so now. Having finished his meal, he set down his knife with a bang, sat upright in the oaken chair, and gazed in a bold yet pleasant manner at the sturdy hostess.

"You are wondering what has brought me here. That I will tell you in a very few words. Whatever I do is straightforward, madam; and all the world may know it. That has been my character throughout life; and in that respect I differ from the great bulk of mankind. You Flamborough folk, however, are much of the very same nature as I am. We ought to get on well together. Times are very bad—very bad indeed. I could put a good trifle of money in your way; but you tell the truth without it, which is very, very noble. Yet people with a family have duties to discharge to them, and must sacrifice their feelings to affection. Fifty guineas is a tidy little figure, ma'am. With the famine growing in the land, no parent should turn his honest back upon fifty guineas. And to get the gold, and do good at the same time, is a very rare chance indeed."

This speech was too much for Widow Precious to carry to her settled judgment, and get verdict in a breath. She liked it, on the whole, but yet there might be many things upon the other side; so she did what Flamborough generally does, when desirous to consider things, as it generally is. That is to say, she stood with her feet well apart, and her arms akimbo, and her head thrown back to give the hinder part a rest, and no sign of speculation in her eyes, although they certainly were not dull. When these good people are in this frame of mind and body, it is hard to say whether they look more wise or foolish. Mr. Mordacks, impatient as he was, even after so fine a dinner, was not far from catching the infection of slow thought, which spreads itself as pleasantly as that of slow discourse.

"You are heeding me, madam; you have quick wits," he said, without any sarcasm, for she rescued the time from waste by affording a study of the deepest wisdom; "you are wondering how the money is to come, and whether it brings any risk with it. No, Mistress Precious, not a particle of risk. A little honest speaking is the one thing needed."

"The money cometh scores of times more freely fra wrong-doing."

"Your observation, madam, shows a deep acquaintance with the human race. Too often the money does come so; and thus it becomes mere mammon. On such occasions we should wash our hands, and not forget the charities. But the beauty of money, fairly come by, is that we can keep it all. To do good in getting it, and do good with it, and to feel ourselves better in every way, and our dear children happier—this is the true way of considering the question. I saw some pretty little dears peeping in, and wanted to give them a token or two, for I do love superior children. But you called them away, madam. You are too stern."

Widow Precious had plenty of sharp sense to tell her that her children were by no means "pretty dears" to anybody but herself, and to herself only when in a very soft state of mind; at other times they were but three gew-mouthed lasses, and two looby loons with teeth enough for crunching up the dripping-pan.

"Your Warship spaketh fair," she said; "a'most too fair, I'm doubting. Wad ye say what the maning is, and what name goeth pledge for the fafty poon, Sir?"

"Mistress Precious, my meaning always is plainer than a pikestaff; and as to pledges, the pledge is the hard cash down upon the nail, ma'am."

"Bank-tokkins, mayhap, and I prummeese to paa, with the sign of the Dragon, and a woman among sheeps."

"Madam, a bag of solid gold that can be weighed and counted. Fifty new

guineas from the mint of King George, in a water-proof bag just fit to be buried at the foot of a tree, or well under the thatch, or sewn up in the sacking of your bedstead, ma'am. Ah, pretty dreams, what pretty dreams, with a virtuous knowledge of having done the right! Shall we say it is a bargain, ma'am, and wet it with a glass, at my expense, of the crystal spring that comes under the sea?"

"Naw, Sir, naw!—not till I knaw what. I niver trafficks with the divil, Sir. There wur a chap of Flaambro deed—"

"My good madam, I can not stop all day. I have far to ride before night-fall. All that I want is simply this, and having gone so far, I must tell you all, or make an enemy of you. I want to match this; and I have reason to believe that it can be matched in Flamborough. Produce me the fellow, and I pay you fifty guineas."

With these words Mr. Mordacks took from an inner pocket a little pill-box, and thence produced a globe, or rather an oblate spheroid, of bright gold, rather larger than a musket-ball, but fluted or crenelled like a poppy-head, and stamped or embossed with marks like letters. Widow Precious looked down at it, as if to think what an extraordinary thing it was, but truly to hide from the stranger her surprise at the sudden recognition. For Robin Lyth was a foremost favorite of hers, and most useful to her vocation; and neither fifty guineas nor five hundred should lead her to do him an injury. At a glance she had known that this bead must belong to the set from which Robin's ear-rings came; and perhaps it was her conscience which helped her to suspect that a trap was being laid for the free-trade hero. To recover herself, and have time to think, as well as for closer discretion, she invited Master Mordacks to the choice guest-chamber.

"Set ye doon, Sir, hereaboot," she said, opening a solid door into the inner room; "neaver gain no fear at aw o' crackin' o' the setties; fairm, fairm anoo' they be, thoo sketterish o' their lukes, Sir. Set ye doon, your Warship; fafty poons desarveth a good room, wi'oot ony lugs o' anemees."

"What a beautiful room!" exclaimed Mr. Mordacks; "and how it savors of the place! I never should have thought of finding art and taste of such degree in a little place like Flamborough. Why, madam, you must have inherited it direct from the Danes themselves."

"Naw, Sir, naw. I fetched it aw oop fra the breck of the say and the cobbles. Book-folk tooneth naw heed o' what we do."

"Well, it is worth a great deal of heed. Lovely patterns of sea-weed on the floor—no carpet can compare with them; shelves of—I am sure I don't know what—fished up from the deep, no doubt; and shells innumerable, and stones that glitter, and fish like glass, and tufts like lace, and birds with most wonderful things in their mouths: Mistress Precious, you are too bad. The whole of it ought to go to London, where they make collections!"

"Lor, Sir, how ye da be laffin' at me. But purty maa be said of 'em wi'out ony lees."

The landlady smiled as she set for him a chair, toward which he trod gingerly, and picking every step, for his own sake as well as of the garniture. For the black oak floor was so oiled and polished, to set off the pattern of the sea-flowers on it (which really were laid with no mean taste and no small sense of color), that for slippery boots there was some peril.

"This is a sacred as well as beautiful place," said Mr. Mordacks. "I may finish my words with safety here. Madam, I commend your prudence as well as your excellent skill and industry. I should like to bring my daughter Arabella here: what a lesson she would gain for tapestry! But now, again, for business. What do you say? Unless I am mistaken, you have some knowledge of the matter depending on this bauble. You must not suppose that I came to you at random. No, madam, no; I have heard far away of your great intelligence, caution, and skill, and influence in this important town. 'Mistress Precious is the Mayor of Flamborough,' was said to me only last Saturday; 'if you would study the wise people there, hang up your hat in her noble hostelry.' Madam, I have taken that advice, and heartily rejoice at doing so. I am a man of few words, very few words—as you must have seen already—but of the strictest straightforwardness in deeds. And now again, what do you say, ma'am?"

"Your Warship hath left ma nowt to saa. Your Warship hath had the mooth aw to yosell."

"Now Mistress, Mistress Precious, truly that is a little too bad of you. It is out

of my power to help admiring things which are utterly beyond me to describe, and a dinner of such cooking may enlarge the tongue, after all the fine things it has been rolling in. But business is my motto, in the fewest words that may be. You know what I want; you will keep it to yourself, otherwise other people might demand the money. Through very simple channels you will find out whether the fellow thing to this can be found here or elsewhere; and if so, who has got it, and how it was come by, and everything else that can be learned about it; and when you know all, you just make a mark on this piece of paper, ready folded and addressed; and then you will seal it, and give it to the man who calls for the letters nearly twice a week. And when I get that, I come and eat another duck, and have oysters with my cod-fish, which to-day we could not have, except in the form of mussels, ma'am."

"Naw, not a moosel—they was aw gude flithers."

"Well, ma'am, they may have been unknown animals; but good they were, and as fresh as the day. Now, you will remember that my desire is to do good. I have nothing to do with the revenue, nor the magistrates, nor his Majesty. I shall not even go to your parson, who is the chief authority, I am told; for I wish this matter to be kept quiet, and beside the law altogether. The whole credit of it shall belong to you, and a truly good action you will have performed, and done a little good for your own good self. As for this trinket, I do not leave it with you, but I leave you this model in wax, ma'am, made by my daughter, who is very clever. From this you can judge quite as well as from the other. If there are any more of these things in Flamborough, as I have strong reason to believe, you will know best where to find them, and I need not tell you that they are almost certain to be in the possession of a woman. You know all the women, and you skillfully inquire, without even letting them suspect it. Now I shall just stretch my legs a little, and look at your noble prospect, and in three hours' time a little more refreshment, and then, Mistress Precious, you see the last of your obedient servant, until you demand from him fifty gold guineas."

After seeing to his horse again, he set forth for a stroll, in the course of which he met with Dr. Upround and his daughter. The rector looked hard at this distinguished stranger, as if he desired to know his name, and expected to be accosted by him, while quick Miss Janetta glanced with undisguised suspicion, and asked her father, so that Mr. Mordacks overheard it, what business such a man could have, and what could he come spying after, in their quiet parish? The general factor raised his hat, and passed on with a tranquil smile, taking the crooked path which leads along and around the cliffs, by way of the light-house, from the north to the southern landing. The present light-house was not yet built, but an old round tower, which still exists, had long been used as a signal station, for semaphore by day, and at night for beacon, in the times of war and tumult; and most people called it the "Monument." This station was now of very small importance, and sometimes did nothing for a year together; but still it was very good and useful, because it enabled an ancient tar, whose feet had been carried away by a cannon-ball, to draw a little money once a month, and to think himself still a fine British bulwark.

In the summer-time this hero always slung his hammock here, with plenty of wind to rock him off to sleep, but in winter King Æolus himself could not have borne it. "Monument Joe," as almost everybody called him, was a queer old character of days gone by. Sturdy and silent, but as honest as the sun, he made his rounds as regularly as that great orb, and with equally beneficent object. For twice a day he stumped to fetch his beer from Widow Precious, and the third time to get his little pannikin of grog. And now the time was growing for that last important duty, when a stranger stood before him with a crown piece in his hand.

"Now don't get up, captain, don't disturb yourself," said Mr. Mordacks, graciously; "your country has claimed your activity, I see, and I hope it makes amends to you. At the same time I know that it very seldom does. Accept this little tribute from the admiration of a friend."

Old Joe took the silver piece and rung it on his tin tobacco-box, then stowed it inside, and said, "Gammon! What d'ye want of me?"

"Your manners, my good Sir, are scarcely on a par with your merits. I bribe no man; it is the last thing I would

ever dream of doing. But whenever a question of memory arises, I have often observed a great failure of that power without—without, if you will excuse the expression, the administration of a little grease."

"Smooggling? Aught about smooggling?" Old Joe shut his mouth sternly; for he hated and scorned the coast-guards, whose wages were shamefully above his own, and who had the impudence to order him for signals; while, on the other hand, he found free trade a policy liberal, enlightening, and inspiriting.

"No, captain, no; not a syllable of that. You have been in this place about sixteen years. If you had only been here four years more, your evidence would have settled all I want to know. No wreck can take place here, of course, without your knowledge?"

"Dunno that. B'lieve one have. There's a twist of the tide here—but what good to tell landlubbers?"

"You are right. I should never understand such things. But I find them wonderfully interesting. You are not a native of this place, and knew nothing of Flamborough before you came here?"

Monument Joe gave a grunt at this, and a long squirt of tobacco juice. "And don't want," he said.

"Of course, you are superior, in every way superior. You find these people rough, and far inferior in manners. But either, my good friend, you will re-open your tobacco-box, or else you will answer me a few short questions, which trespass in no way upon your duty to the king, or to his loyal smugglers."

Old Joe looked up, with weather-beaten eyes, and saw that he had no fool to deal with, in spite of all soft palaver. The intensity of Mr. Mordacks's eyes made him blink, and mutter a bad word or two, but remain pretty much at his service. And the last intention he could entertain was that of restoring this fine crown piece. "Spake on, Sir," he said; "and I will spake accordin'."

"Very good. I shall give you very little trouble. I wish to know whether there was any wreck here, kept quiet perhaps, but still some ship lost, about three or four years before you came to this station. It does not matter what ship, any ship at all, which may have gone down without any fuss at all. You know of none such? Very well. You were not here; and the people of this place are wonderfully close. But a veteran of the Royal Navy should know how to deal with them. Make your inquiries without seeming to inquire. The question is altogether private, and can not in any way bring you into trouble. Whereas, if you find out anything, you will be a made man, and live like a gentleman. You hate the lawyers? All the honest seamen do. I am not a lawyer, and my object is to fire a broadside into them. Accept this guinea; and if it would suit you to have one every week for the rest of your life, I will pledge you my word for it, paid in advance, if you only find out for me one little fact, of which I have no doubt whatever, that a merchant ship was cast away near this Head just about nineteen years agone."

That ancient sailor was accustomed to surprises; but this, as he said, when he came to think of it, made a clean sweep of him, fore and aft. Nevertheless, he had the presence of mind required for pocketing the guinea, which was too good for his tobacco-box; and as one thing at a time was quite enough upon his mind, he probed away slowly, to be sure there was no hole. Then he got up from his squatting form, with the usual activity of those who are supposed to have none left, and touched his brown hat, standing cleverly. "What be I to do for all this?" he asked.

"Nothing more than what I have told you. To find out slowly, and without saying why, in the way you sailors know how to do, whether such a thing came to pass, as I suppose. You must not be stopped by the lies of anybody. Of course they will deny it, if they got some of the wrecking; or it is just possible that no one even heard of it; and yet there may be some traces. Put two and two together, my good friend, as you have the very best chance of doing; and soon you may put two to that in your pocket, and twenty, and a hundred, and as much as you can hold."

"When shall I see your good honor again, to score log-run, and come to a reckoning?"

"Master Joseph, work a wary course. Your rating for life will depend upon that. You may come to this address, if you have anything important. Otherwise you shall soon hear of me again. Good-by."

Editor's Easy Chair.

BEATRIX ESMOND is one of the "creations" of fiction. It is a character which is at once accepted as typical, and remains a type universally recognized, like Lady Macbeth and Uncle Toby and Dr. Primrose. She is wholly a woman of the world, unprincipled, heartless, clever, and fascinating. Essentially Beatrix Esmond is Becky Sharp. The difference is one of setting, not of substance. Both are women who bend all their talent and resource unscrupulously to their advancement in worldly advantage. There is no sacrifice that both would not make to secure it. Truth, friendship, personal honor, everything, would be gladly squandered to secure ease, luxury, rank, a brilliant match, or brilliant dishonor. One, indeed, was born of a higher social rank, but the souls of both are equally sordid and vulgar. With singular felicity Thackeray has succeeded in making Beatrix very attractive. She is sparkling, graceful, tasteful, high-bred, well-dressed, perfectly *comme il faut.* Henry Esmond can not choose but love. Yet Beatrix is a lamia only. The woman whom the high-hearted gentleman loves would be a prince's mistress rather than his wife. It is a bright, beautiful, bewildering serpent to which his heart is loyal.

If now some later "Virginian," some contemporary Warrington, leading his tranquil country life at Castlewood, should find in an old box or brass-bound trunk of Queen Anne's day a mass of yellow letters of the time that Thackeray describes, he would linger long over the treasure with musing delight, lost in dreams of Lady Castlewood and her later husband and the beautiful Beatrix. If, at length, he opened some one of the half-mouldering manuscripts, and saw that it was a letter of the Lady Beatrix, and read these words, would they not be the very words that he might expect to read if he knew that lady aright: "I hope to hear nothing about affections being engaged, because that is a poor excuse. We all know that men's or women's affections may be got over, and that only fools marry for anything but connections or great wealth.....I have no other idea of comfort in any other mode of life than in courts, and living with people of rank, and going into company every day. I hate retirement and domestic life, and have sacrificed through life everything to my ambition." Mr. Warrington would smile, perhaps, at the folly of recording such sentiments, and more soberly reflect that the words revealed the beautiful Beatrix more perfectly even than a portrait by Kneller.

As he turned over the fading manuscripts, and perused the record of so mean a worldliness, he might well wonder that a woman could be so beautiful in her face and so deformed in her soul. The ghostly letters would gradually seem to him repulsive from their want of brilliancy or humor, and from the lack of any glimpse of the life or society of the time, except that of her own spiritual barrenness. He certainly would find them without charm of style, or any charm whatever, and they would be notable only as a study of character, and a character hard and selfish and wholly without attraction. Doubtless his mind would constantly recur to the famously beautiful woman, and he would perhaps doubt as he read whether, after all, she did not go off with a prince, to be disowned possibly by his family, yet still to pride herself upon the connection, and to shine in court circles with an indirect lustre shed by a royal name. If it were but the imperial family of Barataria to which she could claim some tie, if she could only be recognized as a Princess Panza, it would be glory enough, and the Lady Beatrix would envy no woman.

But how much more would Mr. Warrington be amazed if he discovered as he read the yellowing manuscripts that his beautiful relation had been for a time the rightful wife of a king, and by marriage a member of the most conspicuous family in Europe of her time, and at a most interesting period of history! How would his amazement grow as he perceived that the writer of the letters that he held lived for many years in the highest circles frequented by famous figures of every kind, herself by her name and her beauty a striking part of that brilliant society, and that, with her unequalled opportunities, her letters might well be fascinating chapters in a delightful kind of literature! He would scan the leaves with fresh eagerness to seize the very form and pressure of a prodigious epoch, and if some happy thought suggested to him that a woman of whom tradition said that beauties envied her beauty and wits dreaded her wit, that kings sought her acquaintance and princes claimed her friendship, might write letters which should show the *savoir-vivre* of Chesterfield, the cold cynicism of Rochefoucauld, and the practical economy of Franklin, he would think it only probable, and turn the page to see what the clever Lady Beatrix said of Bolingbroke and Marlborough and Harley, of Addison and Swift and the Duchess.

This is what he would read—some of the allusions seem, indeed, to be singular for a beauty and wit of the last century:

"Marriage ought never to be entered into for any other purpose than comfort, and there is none without consequence and fortune: without these it is more prudent to live single."

"For this life there is nothing but disappointment. The happiest are those who support misfortune best. I find that travellers exaggerate; there is scarcity of money in all families, and in all countries people have poor relations to support."

"There is no knowing how marriages may turn out—women may treat husbands ill, leave them, die before them; but if a good provision be made for the husband, there is nothing lost by risking a marriage."

"Walter Scott's novels would amuse you very much. They are read by people of all ages, and are almost all historical.....Walter Scott has made a large fortune by his novels."

"She has made the greatest match that any woman ever made, and I suppose now that people will see that Mrs. Caton was right in starving herself to keep her daughters in Europe. The Marquis of Wellesley is Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He married an Italian singer, by whom he had a family of children. She is dead. He has no fortune; he is over head and ears in debt.....The Catons, I suppose, will be enchanted at the match, and with reason, too, for it gives them a rank in Europe; and with Mr. Carroll's money to keep it up, they may be considered the most fortunate in the United States of America.....I can only say, if Jerome were a girl, and had made such a match, I am convinced that I should have died with joy."

"In America there are no resources except marriage; and as there was no one there for me to marry, I very naturally sought to quit a place where I was not pleased."

"I am sure that backwardness has been a great disadvantage to myself."

"Mrs. Caton has set me a good example on the subject. She has, however, been more fortunate in fixing her children than I can hope to be. I think they are the most fortunate people I have ever heard or read of. Louisa has made a great match. He is very handsome, not more than twenty-eight, and will be a duke, with thirty thousand pounds a year."

".....After I had married the brother of an emperor, I had not the meanness of spirit to descend from such an elevation to the deplorable condition of being the wife of an American."

"Can you, for love or money, contrive to send me a string of *white* topazes? I want to wear it as a necklace, and pretend that they are diamonds.....I was very intimate with Lady Normanby the last year of her reign at Florence. She is the very quintessence of fashion—the fine flower of *bon ton*. All is vexation and vanity."

The amazed Mr. Warrington would turn and turn, and sift and sift, but this is all the Chesterfield and Rochefoucauld and Franklin that he would find. These are all the glimpses of the dazzling Bolingbroke and the famous Marlborough and the wily Duchess that could be gathered from the letters of the beautiful Lady Beatrix. They would prove to be nothing but a record of the consuming desire of a mercenary woman to marry her son to a fortune, and of her rage when he marries the woman that he loves; and poor Mr. Warrington would think that his wits were going, if upon looking closer at the fading signature upon the fragile page, he should read, instead of Beatrix Esmond, Betsey Patterson.

THE latest foreign observer of our morals and manners, who has written a book describing them, is Sir George Campbell, a Liberal member of Parliament, and evidently a gentleman of good feeling, as well as an intelligent and shrewd traveller. His book is composed of familiar lectures to his Scotch constituents, and it is colloquial and simple in tone—a kind of rough-and-ready sketch of us which is faithful and sincere. There are certain parts of the book which are very valuable politically, containing much that all Americans may wisely ponder. There is, however, nothing of the prig or pedant in Sir George's talk, and he does not patronize us. There would be no harm done if he did, for there are few more genuinely comical figures than that of the Briton patronizing other countries, and especially this precocious offspring of his own. Somebody lately complained that we must endure to be patronized by Anthony Trollope in his paper upon Hawthorne in the *North American*. But that suggestion is of itself delightfully humorous. Mr. Trollope patronizing us in writing about Hawthorne is certainly "delicious." Victor Hugo might likewise patronize the English in a paper upon Shakespeare. Until we saw this sensitiveness we were not aware that we could be patronized.

It is possible, however, profitably to criticise some things which attract the attention of the traveller in this happy clime, and this Sir George Campbell has done with perfect good humor. He says, for instance, that it is curious that a nation so inventive and progressive should be satisfied with so dead a level of uniformity in many things. Have we not all observed it for ourselves? Has not this very Easy Chair erewhile commented diffidently upon that omnipresent fried beefsteak steeped in grease at the public morning table? and that universal white pastry and buckwheat cake, have they not been remarked in the works of authority that reprove our cookery? Sir George observes that all our hotels are on the same plan, and our railway carriages, "and so are some other things." But here, indeed, he lays himself open to the question whether the railway carriages and the larger hotels are not unusually good. He says truly that we have not the cozy, comfortable English hotel or the foreign café. But the reason is obvious. This is a travelling nation of widely diffused population. In England the country is small, the population compact, and the travelling class largely composed of people of leisure and fortune. In such a country the inns will be small and comfortable. But when travel greatly increases, the hotels will grow larger. The Grand Hôtel and the other caravansaries in Paris are the natural result of the immense modern travel. Cafés, also, like clubs,

are the product of leisure, and leisure is not yet an American possession. The American landlord must provide for a vast shifting throng of busy people, and it is good economy to build a huge hotel and to distribute the company by elevators upon a dozen floors. In place of the café of the boulevards, lunch-rooms down town, and ice-cream and refreshment saloons near the theatres and halls, are practicable; but the company for the café has not yet appeared.

Our Sir George with sly sarcasm remarks that the reading-rooms and other public apartments are not very comfortable, but the barber's shop attached to every American hotel is luxurious. He agrees with Mr. Trollope in denouncing as "the most horrible place in the world the ladies' room, which is always the stiffest, barest, and most uncomfortably gorgeous place that it is possible to conceive—not a book, or a newspaper, or a domestic comfort of any kind—a place into which a stranger can hardly dare to enter unless he be a man of iron nerves; and if he does enter, can not make himself comfortable in any way." What honest American can lay his hand upon his heart and deny it? What can be less home-like, or more freezing and forbidding, than this kind of "ladies' parlor," or drawing-room? It is as domestic and comfortable as an upholsterer's wareroom, and no more so. Sir George very naturally asks why, with all our experience of Continental travelling, we don't condescend to introduce into our public palaces some of "the nice comfortable drawing-rooms in Swiss and other hotels." And why do we not? In great part because Americans generally have not the English desire of snug comfort. As a nation we are much more gregarious than our elder brother Bull. An American is squeezed in an omnibus or street car, or "doubled up" at a crowded inn, with very much more equanimity than his brother Bull. As Sir George says, this country seems to the English stranger upon his arrival very much like his own. The language, above all, is the same, the general aspect of life is very similar. But still the national character and characteristics are different. Sir George remarks truly that public life in the hotel hall is what the American men seem to like best. It is a fact, and it is due to many causes, and among them the imperfect education, and consequently more limited resources, of the vast "travelling public" in this country, as compared with much of the same smaller public in England. Another reason, doubtless, is difference of temperament.

But the fact, whatever the reason may be, undoubtedly goes far to explain many of the other phenomena that Sir George notes. A people which likes to swarm in huge hotel halls will not be fastidious about cozy and comfortable parlors. If the American man likes the throng of the hall, the American woman likes to sit in a rocking-chair in the gorgeously dreary ladies' room and survey the dresses and the demeanor of other women. English observers in this country ought to remember that impressions of national characteristics are given here by the average American, while in England they are furnished by select Englishmen. When an American goes to England, he sees with his imagination, he beholds the country of Chaucer and Shakespeare, of Alfred and Runnymede, of the green lanes and way-side inns of song and story, of a splendid and historic aristocracy, of infinite riches, of inspiring association, and a country also in which such a traveller does not see the actual people of to-day as a stranger sees them here. The superficial impression of England is given by a select class, that of the United States by the average citizen, and while many things in this country are distasteful to the conventional standard of the intelligent English traveller, he would hardly deny that there is a general refinement or freedom from vulgarity in "the States" which among the less educated part of his own countrymen does not exist.

Sir George's book is well worth reading and heeding. It is pleasant to compare both its tone and the comments upon it with the tone of the English traveller of sixty years ago and the comments upon his performance. How very thin-skinned our good fathers were! How the sneer of some absurd cockney seemed to sting! Paulding wrote a squib in revenge which gave great satisfaction to many sensitive American souls. But of most of the books about us Mr. Toots's aphorism was the sufficient criticism—'twas of no kind of consequence. There was an old fellow long ago, destitute of the social amenities, who was asked, upon returning from a certain place, if he had left any one there. "Yes," he answered, "or rather, no; for there was only Seebody, and he ain't nobody." Seebody wrote a great many books of travel in America. But Sir George's is of another kind.

THERE is no more fascinating reading than a good autobiography, and some of the most delightful books are the stories of the lives of famous persons written by themselves. We hardly dare to mention any, lest the best of so illustrious a host should escape us. Cicero's letters, for instance, to begin far away; Sully's memoirs; Montaigne; Benvenuto Cellini; Lord Herbert of Cherbury; Gibbon; Rousseau; Goethe; Franklin. These are but specimen names of those who have told their own story; but what entertainment and instruction, what wit and wisdom, what pictures of life and passion, always fresh and charming, they suggest! If a man could have but one kind of book, he would probably select poetry. But if he could have two, would not the second be autobiography? He would get a great deal of poetry with that, too, and history, and manners, and morals, and what an immense quantity of the

proper study of mankind! It was a valuable series which Mr. Howells began some time since, and which included Lord Herbert, the Margravine of Baireuth, Gibbon, Alfieri, Goldoni, Thomas Ellwood; and it has stopped—if indeed it must be so—for any reason but lack of material.

Yet it might easily seem that autobiography would be the most unsatisfactory instead of one of the most pleasing kinds of literature. A man who is painting his own portrait will not consciously deform himself for the scorn or derision of posterity. Whatever the proverb may say, he certainly will not have a fool for a hero if he can help it. Yet it is none the less true that if a fool writes an autobiography, the portrait of a fool is the result. Has the gentle reader ever been in Florence, and does he remember, in the gallery of the Uffizi, the portraits of the famous painters by themselves? Or has he ever contemplated those of our own National Academicians by the same artists? Does he recall an ill-favored man among them? Are they not two collections of portraits of a remarkably uniform, handsome, and picturesque society? And yet, again, are not such portraits among the most delightful, and probably the best, that we see? With Raphael's Julius and Leo, and the great Titians, and the Vandycks and Rubens and Velasquez, are not the heads of those masters by themselves quite as interesting? We might suppose that painters who drew their own likenesses would flatter sitters instinctively and inordinately. But have we not probably as intrinsically true portraits of the great artists as the photograph would have given us? Indeed, do we not all secretly feel, when we see our own photographs, that the sun has been exceedingly unjust to us? May not a man be honestly conscious of better looks than the result of the "Now, Sir, please put on a pleasant expression," of the excellent photographic artist? When Webster is told to look benignly at a knot-hole, and not to wink, while a worthy man, smelling of chemicals, puts his head in a vise, perks up his chin, and times him with a silver watch, how can we reasonably expect that the process will result in an adequate likeness? It is not the form of his nose and brow, and "a pleasant expression," and brushed hair, and chin at an angle that we want, but Webster—

> "the front of Jove himself;
> An eye like Mars, to threaten and command."

This is what the painters give us in their own portraits. Why not Webster, or Goethe, or Gibbon, or Franklin, in their autobiographies?

Mr. Seward was once asked why he had not kept a diary during the war. He sent for a book, which was brought to him—a huge blank book bound in russia, with a padlock and key. "There," said he; "I bought this book for the purpose. I made every arrangement. I determined to write here every day the history of events. I was quite ardent in my purpose; but when I reflected that I was to be a chief actor in the events to be recorded, and that my diary would lie under suspicion of being a special plea, an *apologia pro vita mia* in a poor sense, I decided to let somebody else tell the story." Suppose that Cæsar had made the same decision, or Sully! Who are to give us authentic accounts of events if not the chief actors in them? And nothing is surer than that the secondary writers will have a distorting admiration or dislike of the chief actors whom they describe, so that their work will be as inaccurate as any autobiographical record of the actors themselves. Historians and biographers take sides with persons and events quite as ardently as any man would take sides with himself. Frederick the Great's autobiography would have been less flattering to its hero than Carlyle's memoir.

In the literary and private autobiographies there are other charms, such as those of Cotton and Gibbon. Here are the fine details of daily private life in town or country of another century, the manners, the customs, the minor incidents, which supply the vivid "local color" which is essential to the true picture. There is one amusing touch of this kind in an essay of Leigh Hunt's upon "Early Rising," in the *Indicator*. It carries the reader instantly into the cold winter bedroom of the London house of sixty and seventy years ago, before the era of warm houses, recalling the time with a freshness that fixes it forever. We were speaking last month of Macaulay's famous third chapter. To many readers it is the most delightful in his history, and to all it is most graphic and entertaining. It is so because of the universal and instinctive desire to know under what outward conditions the events that interest us occurred, and the persons who are historic moved. The details which give the charm to that chapter are precisely such as the private autobiographies record. How the lively story of Charles the Second's reign would be dulled if Pepys's Diary were unknown! and how many invaluable touches of the time we owe to Evelyn! Both Evelyn and Pepys painted their own portraits in their diaries. They may have even intended to flatter themselves, and to present an attractive figure to posterity, for when a man writes he writes for somebody. But whatever they intended, the portraits are there, and nobody questions or doubts their fidelity, the portraits of the men and of the times.

No canons can be prescribed for writing autobiography, because its essential charm is its individuality. We do not wish that the writer shall conform to a uniform standard, but that he shall be himself. Pepys must not try to write like Cæsar. We do not care to see Hortensius in a bob-wig. And there are very different degrees of interest in autobiographies. Colley Cibber is a little tedi-

ous, but Colley Cibber was probably a little tedious in the flesh. Madame D'Arblay leaves an impression of a thin personality, but no history of the reign of George the Third gives so actual and life-like a picture as her diary of the dull routine of royal domesticity. It is the unconsciousness, or even the conscious unconsciousness, the impossibility of the writer's hiding himself, which makes autobiography peculiarly attractive. A man who deals with public affairs, a statesman, a soldier, will leave to history the detailed description of great events, while he supplies the obscurer private facts known to him because he is the chief actor. The author, if he thinks of what his reader wishes to know, will, in writing his autobiography, describe the habits of labor, the origin of his works, so far as it is to be seized and described, the incidents and characters which are naturally brought to his eye and mind. His wisdom and wit and fancy and humor, the setting of his story, nature has already supplied in giving him his genius. There is no model autobiography, for the garrulity of Pepys, again, is as characteristic and delightful as the grave sententiousness of Cæsar. An author of trained literary habits, with a fastidious sense of literary art, will produce an autobiography as different as that of Gibbon from Richardson's Letters. It is, in fact, a natural fruit, which, against the usual rule, is sweeter than any other.

If Plato's Academy was to be revived upon the Western continent, no spot could have been more fitting than the banks of the tranquil Concord, where the Revolutionary farmers fired their famous shot, the home of Emerson and Thoreau and Alcott, and for some years of Hawthorne. Indeed, the very spot selected is just below the hill along which the farmers hurried above the retreating British, and which Hawthorne has enchanted with his unfinished and powerful story of *Septimius Felton*. There, upon the edge of the meadowland, near Emerson's house and Hawthorne's latest home, Mr. Alcott, with the invincible placidity and faith which keep him young at eighty, and Miss Peabody, who kept his "Record of a School," and Mr. Sanborn, the practical philanthropist and untiring secretary of the Social Science Association, have this year opened a summer school of philosophy, enlisting the services of accomplished associates from the West and the East. The project seemed to many an attempted transcendental revival which was sure to fail, and perhaps a little ridiculously. But the desert of the projectors would have been small if they had not dared to put it to the touch, while ridicule is a quality that can be attached to the best things, as a boy could have pinned a piece of paper to the skirts of Washington.

The story of the summer's success, however, for the project did not fail, has been told anonymously, but we suspect by Mr. Sanborn, and it is exceedingly interesting. The purpose was to stimulate the study of the higher philosophy and general interest in intellectual life; and it was to be accomplished by lectures upon philosophical and spiritual topics, upon art and literature, and by conversations in the manner which Mr. Alcott has made familiar. The lecturers and teachers associated, besides Mr. Alcott and Mr. Sanborn, were Professor Peirce of Harvard, Professor W. T. Harris of St. Louis, Dr. H. K. Jones, also from the West, Mrs. E. D. Cheney, Mr. D. A. Wasson, Mr. Emerson, Dr. Bartol, Colonel Higginson, Mr. Thomas Davidson, and Mr. H. G. O. Blake, and the director of the school was Mr. Emery, of Illinois. There were five courses of ten lectures each, for the first five days of the week during five weeks; while the sixth day was devoted to ten more lectures. All creeds and all parts of the country, except the extreme South, were represented in the school, and the whole number of persons who attended one or more sessions of the school was between three hundred and fifty and four hundred. The projectors did not wish to have more than fifty course pupils, nor would they begin with less than thirty. The receipts were more than seven hundred dollars. Each lecturer was paid the sum stipulated, and the sum total of the expenses was somewhat less than seven hundred dollars.

The good people of the town, it is reported, rather expected to laugh or pity. So there were those of another loveliest village of the plain who are said to have remained to pray. The good people of Concord did not laugh or pity, but saw with pleasure another leaf added to the laurel of their fame. The conversations recalled the colloquial encounters of Margaret Fuller and Emerson, and Parker and Lowell and Fredrika Bremer, and the brilliant "transcendental" circle of thirty or forty years ago. The lectures were profound and satisfactory. It was not thought best to admit teachers of "the so-called positive, or cosmic, or evolutional philosophy. This way of thinking was thought to find its refutation and solution in the more spiritual philosophy taught by Mr. Alcott, Dr. Jones, Professor Harris, etc., and it was not deemed best to introduce a refuted or a warmly disputed proposition into the course of instruction." Indeed, religious earnestness and enthusiasm were observable throughout all the exercises. The limitations seem to be a little perilous, unless the school is designed to be one of a special form of philosophy. If objections to teachers of the evolutional philosophy would exclude Darwin or his American expositor, Chauncey Wright, if he were still living, the Concord school would still lack a final grace. The success was so great that the school will be opened another year, and probably with the same general course of instruction.

Amid the confusion of summer Wallace committees investigating political iniquities, and Hepburn committees inquiring into railroad

despotisms, and the general eager hum of money-making life, it is refreshing to hear, also, this fine strain of divine philosophy, and to know that the noisy strife of "shent per shent" does not drown the music of a higher contention. Throughout his long and serene life Mr. Alcott has maintained an unswerving fidelity to spiritual interests, and if his service seems to have been that of taste rather than of power, it is none the less a genuine service, being the unvarying preference of the intellectual life to all others, and revealing to all men, in the unwithering freshness of accumulated years, the exceeding great reward of such fidelity. It is a fitting and beautiful crown to such a life that in his orchard house, suggestive of the simple natural delights which have been always dear to him, he should gather a school of the higher philosophy, and in the very heart of Yankee-land compel glad and grateful acknowledgment of its success.

When all the possible fun of *Pinafore*, directly and indirectly, seemed to have been exhausted, there was a delightful renewal of it by the appearance of a gentleman who had been abroad during the epidemic, and had not heard of it. "Has this *Pinafore* anything to do with a child's garment?" he asked, blandly, in a company as delighted by the question as were Mr. Weller and his friends upon the pond when Mr. Tupman set forth on skates. But it was gilding gold and painting the lily when he attributed to this mysterious and pervasive *Pinafore* every joke and allusion that he did not understand. If some one ventured an original witticism, "*Pinafore*, I suppose," was his response, which was inexpressibly gratifying, and prolonged the hilarity of that charming burlesque under a wholly new form. But there was a touch of sadness in it, also, for it inevitably suggested the question, What is to take the place of *Pinafore* in the winter's enjoyments?

The popularity of the pleasant play has been severely criticised as an indication of utter frivolity, and we have cited the remark of the accomplished Englishman, that a public which fell into a frenzy over *Pinafore* could not enjoy nor understand Homer. But why might he not have said the same of *Pickwick*? Everybody in England laughed over it. The judge on the bench and the stable-boy in the stall smiled or roared as Mr. Winkle revolved around his horse, or Mr. Pickwick looked out in dismay from the curtains of the wrong bed. Conversation bubbled with Sam Wellerisms. Everything was as the donkey said when he met the wheelbarrow, or as the elephant remarked when he scratched his head. How could a people which so heartily enjoyed "chops and tomato sauce" also enjoy

> "Thebes and Pelops line,
> And the tale of Troy divine"?

The misfortune of the *Pickwicks* always is that, good as the *Nicholas Nicklebys* may be, they do not seem to be as good. The freshness of the surprise can never be renewed, and presently the memory of the surprise and first delight becomes a tradition, magnified and illuminated by the glamour of tradition. When, after many years of retirement, Fanny Kemble, as she was fondly called, returned to the stage, she could not hold her own unless she did not only as well as before, but as well as admiring and regretting memory supposed that she did before. That was impossible. Mrs. Siddons would disappoint us now, could we see her as our grandfathers and their fathers saw her. Renown has given her a height which mortals do not attain. Could she appear, she must be not only what she was, but what our enlarging and enchanting imaginations make her to have been. It is not otherwise with the fortunate burlesque. Although the successor of *Pinafore* may be as humorous and sparkling, the fun as excellent, the music as rippling and charming, it can not be as new. The bloom of novelty, the glow of dawn, is irreparable. It is as true of *Pinafore* as of the morning, as of Homer.

There is, however, one permanent consolation: it is that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. We have a secret pity for the generation that knew not *Pickwick*. But that generation pitied their fathers who had no Byron to sing for them, and no Walter Scott to tell them stories. While each age enjoys its own genius, it enjoys also the consciousness that there will be yet new forms and fruits of genius. It is true of "seasons" as of ages and generations. We know that the humor which flowers in *Pickwick* will presently appear in literature in some work now, of course, inconceivable, but not less unique and delightful. The fun of the *Pinafore*, also, may not return in any play of this season, but suddenly in some new form it will take the town and enliven all conversation. It is understood that its authors are hard at work, and it has been hinted that they will try a satire upon the army in the *Pinafore* key. But that is hardly probable. Even if the result were as good, it would not seem so. But the "Bab Ballads," which furnished the *motif* of the *Pinafore*, are full of similar humorous suggestion; and there is no more reason to fear that the fun and the melody of the authors will fail than that apple-trees will not bear apples.

Hawthorne was thought to have said some hard things of England in his book of English sketches. But when he called the book *Our Old Home*, he told the whole story; he expressed the secret feeling of the educated and patriotic American. Emerson, also, said of England's literary idol of the hour, that his "good" was good to eat, and of England's ecclesiastical establishment, that if you pushed a bishop upon the religious question, he had no resource but to ask you to take wine with

him. But in both these books the essential loyalty of the hearts and minds of the authors to the true genius of England is perfectly evident, although there could be no more characteristic and uncompromising Americans than they. There is another of our great authors who has paid the same tribute to England. Indeed, it is upon the pages of Washington Irving that we must look for the most fascinating picture of the traditional and ideal England. His imaginative fondness for old English customs and life led him to describe them with charming grace, and to decorate them with quaint allusions and quotations, so that he throws a delicate glamour over England, which makes it to the half-English American heart the most romantic of lands. The very warmth of jealousy with which we often speak of England is due to the family feeling. With the advent of universal suffrage and the Irish immigration, it has been part of the politics of a great American party to appeal to a hostile sentiment which has a mixed origin. Indeed, politicians of all schools find it convenient and easy to stir the British lion. That kind of appeal is the stock "gag" of the political scene, but 'tis as innocent as "Thisne, dear."

Irving, indeed, was reproached with unpatriotic fondness for the Old Home. This was natural enough, for he lived long in England, and his favorite themes were often characteristically English. But a little reflection shows that they are thoroughly American sketches both in their spirit and their point of view. England is not romantic to Englishmen in Irving's way. Indeed, it can be so only to the descendants of Englishmen in other lands, who with perfect satisfaction with their lot, and pride in their own career, turn with sweet pensiveness of reminiscence to their fathers' country — reminiscence which is tenderly imaginative, and which invests its subject with faery hues. An American who finds his own country inspiring and ennobling in its opportunity and its prospect, often confesses that it lacks a soft poetic perspective, and sighs for ivied castles, and ancestral trees in whose shade Sidney's sister walked. But were he born among them, they would have lost the spell that he now feels, and his life would have lost the richness of that regret. As you look up the Val Anzasca,

> "How faintly flushed, how phantom fair,
> Was Monte Rosa hanging there!
> A thousand shadowy pencilled valleys
> And snowy dells in a golden air."

But it is only so from the Val Anzasca. It is not so when you try the terrible ascent.

Indeed, it is one of the advantages of America that with the modified English blood in our veins we have England to go to. The consciousness of being in London is second only to that of being in Rome or Jerusalem. Is it second? Is the soul of the American more stirred by St. Peter's, by the yellow Arno, by the Coliseum, by the tomb in Arqua, than by London, by the daisy in the field, the hawthorn hedge, the lark in the sky, Westminster, Runnymede? And the fond regard, the surprised, eager delight, the pathos of pleasure, do not weaken, they do but strengthen, that loitering scion of kin beyond the sea. The stronger and deeper his romantic reverence for England, the better American is he, because less narrow and prejudiced. Generosity of soul is greatness of soul. With gratitude and sympathy and joy the sincere American wanders through England; and yet, child of his country and time, he still murmurs, wistfully:

> "I like a monk, I like a cowl,
> I love a prophet of the soul;
> And on my heart monastic aisles
> Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles;
> Yet not for all his faith can see
> Would I that cowlèd churchman be."

The latest and a delightful expression of this true American loyalty of feeling to Our Old Home is a slight volume called the *Trip to England*, by William Winter. It is the record of the impression produced by England upon a susceptible and poetic American; a collection of sketches of feeling, glimpses, as it were, into an endless gallery of exquisite recollections; drops from the full mind of a happy loiterer. But the felicity of phrase and the truth of feeling are such that the little book touches into life a thousand slumbering memories in the old traveller, as the fine vibration of the guitar thrills all the stringed instruments into musical murmuring. There is no better book to show the curious and the skeptic the nature of the sentiment of which we have been speaking. That is the kind of information which it gives. It would not serve as a guide-book; but it would take the traveller to some of the points best worth seeing, and it would speak for him then as a poem speaks.

The author's taste and temperament were as open to England as a bud or a young fruit to the sun of midsummer. The conservative tranquillity, the self-contained repose, of the people enchant him. It is still the ideal England only that he sees. Wapping, the east quarter, St. Giles's, the factory worker, the miner, the agricultural laborer, the unspeakable snob, do not appear in his picture, but Westminster, and Warwick, and Kenilworth, and Stratford, the grass that is greener and the roses that are redder than any other, the honesty, the solidity, the well-tempered balance of character, the haunts of great men, the gentle refinement of the landscape—all these, which are truly English, also are the England that he sees, and they fall on his heart like sweet strains and pensive smiles. "They do not dwell in a perpetual fret and fume as to the acts, thoughts, and words of other races; for the English there is absolutely no public

opinion outside of their own land; they do not live for the sake of working, but they work for the sake of living; and as the necessary preparations for living have long since been completed, their country is at rest."

This is the explanation of the very England that Irving described—the England of the Maypole and Christmas, of Ready-money Jack and Christy the Huntsman. We look upon it with the same grateful sympathy that the young Percy at Lexington looked upon the towered home of his high-born race, and felt —if he were a true Englishman and Percy—that *noblesse oblige*. For we do not wish to return. The sloop still loiters with white sail upon the dreaming Hudson as in the drowsy days when Rip Van Winkle played at bowls upon the Catskill. It is, indeed, more picturesque than ever, because it is now part of a beautiful tradition:

> "But not for all his faith can see
> Would I that cowlèd churchman be."

It is a very small book which has been our text, scarcely more than a hundred delicate pages. It is in every way tasteful, and we are sorry that we could not have said, when summer travellers were looking for summer books, here is England in a drop of honey; here is the poetic side of the England that lies in the American imagination. If you can not go and see for yourself, here is a vicar who has felt truly picturesque and romantic England, and in a few words, with a very few suggestive touches, shows you the kind of pleasure that awaits you in English streets and in the English landscape.

Editor's Literary Record.

BURNS gave expression to a truth which, notwithstanding its homely humor, has a grave application to nations as well as individuals, when he penned the lines:

> "O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
> To see oursels as others see us!
> It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
> And foolish notion."

Bitterly as we Americans resented—the bitterness being in proportion to the unwelcome truths told us—the exposure of our characteristic personal and national foibles and imperfections by Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens, there can be no doubt that they roused us to a consciousness of many things of which we had been insensible, and that, in the long-run, though at the cost of a good deal of irritation and sulkiness, we were substantially benefited by the opportunity these travellers gave us of seeing ourselves as others saw us. In like manner, when De Tocqueville, moving on a higher plane than these superficial satirists, analyzed our political system, frankly directing attention to its weak or defective points while cordially recognizing its excellences, we were awakened from some complacent dreams by the plain-spoken but kindly and sagacious Frenchman, and have since profited by his wise suggestions. In reality the diagnosis of the political system, institutions, and methods of administration of a country by a thoughtful and dispassionate foreigner may be of inestimable service, and is certain to disclose many defects that escape a native. In many respects such an inspection and diagnosis are an anticipation of the verdict of history. The eyes of an intelligent foreigner are not blurred by the mist of use and wont, of routine and prejudice, that so effectually blinds us; and if we are wise, we shall welcome rather than resent the revelations of his clearer vision. American publicists and statesmen are greatly indebted to foreign philosophic political observers like De Tocqueville, who have complimented our country by their elaborate studies of its people and institutions. Placing this high valuation on the investigations of thoughtful and sincere foreigners, we heartily welcome an extensive work by the eminent German professor Dr. H. von Holst, the second volume of which is now published, with the title, *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States*,[1] and which traces our political and constitutional history in deliberate detail from the accession of Jackson to the close of Tyler's administration. Its review of political events and parties is close and caustic, and embraces, among a multitude of other particulars, accounts of the caucus, and its mode of nominating Presidential candidates; of the causes that led to the substitution of the convention method, with a criticism of the new method; of the rise of the abolitionists; of the agitation of the slavery question, and of the question of the right of petition; of the United States Bank conflict and overthrow; of the nullification imbroglio; of the dissensions arising from the Missouri Compromise; and of the events which were instrumental in causing the annexation of Texas. Large space is given to the discussion and analysis of the constitutional questions involved in these and other issues, as they were interpreted and applied by the different parties or their representative leaders. The tone of the work, with here and there a touch of exaggeration, is generally calm and judicial, and its reflections are always astute and incisive.

AFTER reading Mr. Whipple's brilliant essay "On Daniel Webster as a Master of English

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[1] *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States.* By Dr. H. von Holst, Professor at the University of Freiburg. Translated by John J. Lalor, A.M. 1828–1846. Jackson's Administration—Annexation of Texas. 8vo, pp. 714. Chicago: Callaghan and Co.

Style," which is prefixed to the collected *Great Speeches and Orations of Daniel Webster*,[2] now just published, a friend, in whose literary taste and judgment the Record has great confidence, declared with considerable emphasis that as a practical guide and instructor of the young in the art of composition it is worth more than all the text-books on the subject ever printed, and that if it were in his power, he would require it to be put in the hands of all the pupils in our schools and colleges as soon as they began the study of English composition; and he added that while it would assist to liberate the young student from the mechanical uniformity which now fetters his freedom and stifles his individuality and originality, professors of rhetoric, also, would find in it an affluence of wise suggestiveness that they might profit by, to the advantage of their scholars and themselves. Though our friend's assertion may seem sweeping, it embodies more truth than poetry. In our own judgment, however, the superiority of Mr. Whipple's essay over the usual conventional methods of guiding the taste and directing the practice of tyros in English composition consists largely in its plan of taking a single great model as the exponent of its teachings, of subjecting the earlier style of that model, with its subsequent changes and modifications, to a critical inspection, and of presenting an analysis of its characteristic qualities after it had assumed its most perfectly developed form. No better model for such a purpose than Webster could have been selected, not only because of the marked transitions and improvements that are visible in his style at different stages of its formation, but especially because the example of his strong, symmetrical, logical, condensed and simple, yet rich and stately periods will be the best possible antidote to the diffuseness and extravagance of style now prevalent among us. The animating life of Webster's speeches, which, as Mr. Whipple justly remarks, gives them the power to persuade, convince, and uplift the reader's mind; the plain force of manhood with which he grapples every question that comes before his understanding for settlement, and which leads him contemptuously to reject all the meretricious aids and ornaments of mere rhetoric; the simple majesty and robust energy of his diction, at once plain, clear, terse, and forcible; and his consummate mastery of pure, strong, and expressive English—all these combine to make his style an invigorating and useful study. The collection to which this fine essay is prefixed includes the most important of Webster's occasional, forensic, political, and parliamentary speeches, each being prefaced by a brief historical account of the circumstances attending its delivery, and in the case of his legal and diplomatic efforts there is a succinct preliminary statement of the case or question involved. Besides the interest that attaches to the speeches here collected as fine specimens of oratory and argument, they have an interest personal to their eminent author, as illustrative of his genius and character, and as exhibiting the peculiar mental and moral qualities that have made his figure one of the most striking and impressive in our history.

THE fourth volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*[3] covers two years—1857 to 1859—and brings the biography down to within two years of the death of the Prince. It was the original purpose of the biographer to confine the work within four volumes, but as he proceeded he discovered that the story of Prince Albert's life became so crowded with incidents of important or pleasing interest, or which illustrated the invaluable assistance his knowledge, sagacity, and single-minded sincerity enabled him to render to the Queen and the nation in times of public trial or peril, that he determined—as we think, wisely—to elaborate the details more fully, and reserve the completion of the work for another volume. Among the important events recorded in the volume, on all of which the Prince exerted a powerful and wholesome influence, were the Franco-English alliance, the Indian mutiny, the war with Persia, the marriage of the Princess Royal, the transfer of the government of India from the East India Company to the crown, and the war between France and Austria. While giving close attention to public concerns, the Prince found or made leisure to give minute attention to internal problems having an intimate relation to the welfare of the people of England. His active and practical philanthropy and his educated taste were exerted to encourage enterprises for the healthful and elevating amusement, recreation, and instruction of the working classes, and for the amelioration of their condition, as well as for the advancement of science, industrial art, and national education. The success of many of these enterprises was assured by the clear judgment that directed his efforts in their behalf. The volume has also its tender side, as an exposition of the family relations of the royal family, many engaging incidents of which are recited. The biography is somewhat protracted, but yet it is impossible to point out where it might have been abbreviated with advantage; and it is also impossible to rise from its perusal without feeling powerfully attracted to the Prince for his many noble social and intellectual qualities, or without agreeing with Mr. Martin that his life was brilliant, crowded, animated by a noble energy, and dominated by a sublime repression of self.

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[2] *The Great Speeches and Orations of Daniel Webster.* With an Essay on Daniel Webster as a Master of English Style, by EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. 8vo, pp. 707. Boston: Little, Brown, and Co.

[3] *The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* By THEODORE MARTIN. With Portraits. Vol. IV. 12mo, pp. 424. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

It would be difficult to find a biography that is less instructive or more amusing than that of Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker,[4] the late eccentric vicar of Morwenstow, in Cornwall, which has been written by Hon. S. Baring-Gould. A clergyman of the Church of England, a felicitous ballad-writer, with poetical abilities of no mean order in a higher walk, an archæological and ecclesiological scholar of large attainments, a learned and eloquent divine, and a man of singularly vigorous common-sense in a wide range of things; with all this he united qualities of the most opposite character. In religion he was a mystic and a dreamer; in his speculative opinions he was an admixture of the pagan, the Oriental Christian, and the Jesuit; in many of his notions he was credulous and visionary—as superstitious as the rudest cowherd, and a firm believer in charms and witches and the evil-eye. Among the other traits of his oddly compounded character he was a humorist, fond of indulging in broad practical jokes of the horse-play order, and in carefully premeditated and not always dignified hoaxes. He had the keenest sympathy for the poor and laboring classes, and energetically devoted himself, at the cost of great labor and self-denial, to the alleviation and improvement of their temporal, intellectual, and spiritual condition. His humanity was of the broadest and kindliest mould, and was uniformly enlisted in behalf of the friendless and weak; but at the same time his charity was unmethodical and reckless, and often destructive of the aims for which it was exerted. Though he was a High-Churchman—indeed, as his biographer confesses, perilously high—he was a Churchman *sui generis:* despising the evangelicals, although himself liberal and tolerant, and exercising great latitude of faith and practice; hating ritualists and ritualism, though attaching unusual significance to ritualistic practices and garbs; and, at last, in his broken-down old age, dying a pervert—but doubtless an involuntary one—to the Church of Rome. Mr. Baring-Gould has given a very engaging picture of this *bizarre* life. His narrative is enlivened by numerous anecdotes and traditions that were treasured by the eccentric vicar, with graphic descriptions of the romantic or solitary scenes amid which he lived, and which he loved intensely, and with minute accounts of the odd daily happenings, of the archæological researches, and of the poetical and intellectual recreations which occupied the time of this exceptional character. It is this exceptional character of the man, as we have already intimated, that makes his biography utterly valueless for instruction or example, and reduces it to the lower level of entertainment and amusement.

[4] *The Vicar of Morwenstow.* A Life of Robert Stephen Hawker, M.A. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. 12mo, pp. 312. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

The best and the most successful biographies have been those whose authors were the most profoundly in sympathy with the persons they memorialized, and who were moved by the strength of their affection or the intensity of their admiration to preserve the fullest and most minute personal details concerning them, illustrative of their habits, appearance, actions, motives, and traits of temperament and character. Biographies of this sort—among which may be instanced Izaak Walton's lives of Donne and Herbert, Mrs. Hutchinson's life of Colonel Hutchinson, Boswell's life of Johnson, and more recently Talfourd's life of Lamb, Trevelyan's life of Macaulay, and Smiles's admirable biographies—have been popular favorites for the same reason that the best novels have been so: because of the deep interest that invariably attaches to a narrative of varying personal fortunes and incidents. A novel is essentially an imaginary biography, with the narrative, the actors, and the incidents dramatically arranged. It is worthy of note that at a time when history has become in a great measure a biographical gallery, intensely personal in its details, biography has been losing in minuteness of personal description and narrative, and instead is growing critical and analytical—a study rather than a biography. Mr. Morley's life of Burke[5], though very acute and brilliant, belongs to this class. While it enters more fully into biographical ana than most of its kind, it is a literary exercise in which the author draws the moral for the reader, instead of leaving Burke's life and acts to make their impression upon him and suggest their own moral. This introduction of the critical element is destructive of the charm of biography. Mr. Morley sits in judgment on Burke, weighs testimony pro and con affecting him, suggests inculpatory pleas and pleas in mitigation; and although he does all this ably, we instinctively feel that the hand which holds the dissecting knife has little sympathy for the subject on which it is operating. This lack of lively sympathy leads Mr. Morley to abbreviate unduly the relation of many of the most interesting personal incidents of Burke's life, and to omit much that throws light on his character and career. For instance, while he thinks the anecdote worth preserving of Burke's reply to one who had said in his presence that Chatham knew nothing except Spenser's "Faerie Queene"—"No matter how that is, whoever relishes and reads Spenser as he ought to be read, will have a strong hold of the English language"—he makes no mention of the interesting fact that Burke spent nearly five years of the most impressionable part of his life (from his seventh to his twelfth year) at school at Castletown-Roche, near the ruins of Spen-

[5] *Burke.* By John Morley. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 214. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ser's Irish home, the Castle of Kilcolman—a place ever afterward held sacred in Burke's memory as connecting the associations of his early boyhood with the presence and genius of the poet. Other omissions might be pointed out, but we pass them by, merely remarking that Mr. Morley's account of the death of Burke's son, and of the father's attitude during the illness of that child of many hopes—than which we know of no tenderer or more touching scene in the whole range of English literature—is brief to sterility, and absolutely frigid in comparison with the reality as described by other biographers of Burke. Although Mr. Morley's volume can not be classed among our most attractive biographies, it is deserving of high commendation as a careful study of the character and quality of Burke's intellect, as a vigorous and lucid critical statement and analysis of his various productions, as a thoughtful estimate of the grade of his genius and his rank as an orator and writer, and as a brilliant outline of his career as statesman, orator, and profoundly conservative thinker and reasoner.

THOSE who remember Count de Gasparin's opportune defense of our people and government, in his *Uprising of a Free People*, will find much to interest them in a brief and eloquent memoir[6] of his life, that has just been translated from the French, and which comprises pleasing glimpses of his early boyhood and home, and of his academical and public life, together with a thoughtful study of the public events in which he was an influential actor, and of his influence as a writer and orator upon the religious, educational, and other questions that agitated France during his day. It is a quiet but eloquent memorial of a good and brave man, who made the most of the talents that were intrusted to him.

THE republication of Dickens's *Life of Charles James Mathews*[7] in "Harper's Franklin Square Library" will afford an opportunity to many of our more mature readers to recall the appearance and clever impersonations of that versatile actor during his visits to this country in 1838 and 1857, and also to revive their recollections of the violent excitement of which he was the innocent cause, and which was fanned almost into a flame by adverse and friendly partisans. The volume has moderate interest as the record of the varied career of an artist of many gifts and talents, stopping short of genius, however, the greater part of which is told by himself with frank candor and pleasing garrulity. The record presents him in very engaging lights as a loyal and generous companion, a dutiful and loving son, an indefatigable student of his profession, and a perennial spring of innocent gayety and humor.

WE are unable unqualifiedly to commend Dr. Fitzpatrick's *Life of Charles Lever*.[8] He has certainly gathered together a large mass of material, but its arrangement is confused, and much of it is valueless. Moreover, his frequent extended and episodical excerpts from Lever's novels, and his repeated references to particulars or persons in them that figured in Lever's actual experiences, merely add to the bulk of the volume, without any compensating advantages. From Dr. Fitzpatrick's disorderly and bewildering superabundance, however, may be extracted everything that is necessary to a thorough knowledge of the genial Irish novelist—delightful glimpses of his parental home and breezy boyhood, graphic descriptions of his life and associates in early manhood, and interesting anecdotes of his adventures, grave and gay, in the social world and in the field of literature. The characteristic charm of Lever's life, manifested from an unusually early age, resided in his wonderful social powers, his spirit of gayety that nothing could quench, and his thoroughly loyal and unexacting comradeship. This comradeship was even extended to his vivacious mother and practical father, and was responded to by them with charming unaffectedness. With all his gayety, and his love of fun and practical humor, Lever was not insensible to the deeper feelings, and his tenderness and strength of enduring affection were often touchingly displayed. It is to the social exhilaration which he transferred to his novels that their success was largely due. Their literary merits are not great, but their rollicking anecdotes, their genuine *abandon*, and their frank-hearted buoyancy are irresistible.

IN the preface to his latest publication, *The Data of Ethics*,[9] Mr. Herbert Spencer informs his readers that, owing to intimations of failing health which have been repeated of late years with increasing frequency and distinctness, he has been led to deviate from the strict line of the programme announced in his "System of Synthetic Philosophy," and to publish the chapters forming the work before us, and which properly belong to the division of the work with which the system ends, in advance of the completion of the intermediate second and third volumes on the "Principles of Sociology." He was moved to this course, he informs us, because this part of the task is one to which he considers all the others as subsidiary, and because to leave unfulfilled his ulti-

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[6] *The Count Agénor de Gasparin.* Translated from the French of TH. BOREL. 16mo, pp. 156. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Co.

[7] *The Life of Charles James Mathews.* Chiefly Autobiographical. With Selections from his Correspondence and Speeches. Edited by CHARLES DICKENS. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 85. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *The Life of Charles Lever.* By W. J. FITZPATRICK, LL.D. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 107. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[9] *The Data of Ethics.* By HERBERT SPENCER. 12mo, pp. 288. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

mate purpose of finding a scientific basis for the principles of right and wrong in conduct, after so extensive a preparation for it, would be a failure that he can not calmly contemplate. And he has been the more anxious to outline this final part of his great work because he considers the secularization of morals and the establishment of rules of right conduct on a scientific basis to be a pressing and imperative need, "now that moral injunctions are losing the authority given by their supposed sacred origin," and because he is impressed that "few things could happen more disastrous than the decay and death of a regulative system no longer fit, before another and fitter regulative system has grown up to replace it." As ethics deals with conduct, he first defines conduct as either acts adjusted to ends, or else the adjustment of acts to ends, according as we contemplate the formed body of acts, or think of the form alone. He then shows that conduct is a whole—an aggregate of interdependent actions performed by an organism, and that a complete comprehension of it is not to be obtained by contemplating the conduct of human beings only, but that to understand human conduct as a whole, we must study it as a part of that larger whole constituted by the conduct of animate beings generally, and must regard the conduct now exhibited by creatures of all orders as an outcome of the conduct which has brought life of every kind to its present height. In short, that as we have become quite familiar with the idea of an evolution of structures throughout the ascending types of animals, and to a considerable degree have become familiar with the thought that an evolution of functions has gone on *pari passu* with the evolution of structures, now, advancing a step further, we have to frame a conception of the evolution of conduct as correlated with this evolution of structures and functions. After taking a general view of conduct, not only human but sub-human, and not only as existing but evolving, he asserts that ethics has for its subject-matter the most highly evolved conduct, as displayed by the most highly evolved being, namely, man; and that thus, as comprehending the laws of right living at large, it has a wider field than that commonly assigned to it; that beyond the conduct commonly approved or reprobated as right or wrong, it includes all conduct which furthers or hinders, in either direct or indirect ways, the welfare (which includes the pleasure or happiness) of self or others. Chapters are then devoted to the elaboration of the two great divisions of the field of ethics, the personal and the social; and it is shown, first, that there is a class of actions directed to personal ends, which are to be judged in their relations to personal well-being, considered apart from the well-being of others—actions which, although they secondarily affect fellow-men, primarily affect the agent himself, and must be classed as intrinsically right or wrong according to their beneficial or detrimental effects on him; and second, that there are actions of another class, which affect fellow-men immediately or remotely, and which, though their results to self are not to be ignored, must be judged as good or bad mainly by their results to others. Actions of this last class are again grouped into those which achieve ends in ways that do or do not unduly interfere with the pursuit of ends by others, and which, because of this difference, we style just or unjust; and those which influence the states of others without directly interfering with the relations between their labors and the results, which actions we speak of as beneficent or maleficent. Again, the conduct which we regard as beneficent is subdivisible into negative and positive beneficence, according as it shows a self-repression to avoid giving pain, or an expenditure of effort to give pleasure. These divisions and subdivisions are considered first as a part of absolute ethics, and then as a part of relative ethics; and having ascertained what the injunctions of ethics must be for the ideal man under the implied ideal conditions, a brief statement is made of the modes in which such injunctions are to be most nearly fulfilled by actual men under existing conditions.—The foregoing is necessarily a bald statement of the system elaborated in this condensed and able treatise, and fails to advert to the many ingenious arguments and illustrations with which its author enforces his philosophic views and speculations. Embodied in several of the chapters are hostile criticisms of the ethical theories of the theological, political, intuitional, and utilitarian schools of morals, in which their neglect of ultimate casual connections is dwelt upon as a fatal defect. Other chapters are devoted to a consideration of ethics from the physical, the biological, the psychological, and the sociological points of view. It is almost superfluous to say that throughout Mr. Spencer denies the validity of the spiritualistic interpretation of phenomena, and that strongly asserting the idea of natural law—that is, the recognition of constant relations among phenomena generating ideas of uniformity, of sequence, and of co-existence—he erects into a method the ascertainment of necessary relations between causes and effects, and deduces rules of conduct from his formulated statements of these relations. He also rejects as equally untenable the theories respectively of those who make good conduct consist in excellence of being, or virtuousness of action, or rectitude of motive, or obedience to intuitional perceptions, and insists that underneath them all, as it respects the goodness or badness of acts, lies the fundamental assumption that acts are good or bad according as their aggregate effects increase men's happiness or misery, that conduct is considered by us as good or bad not because it is or is not in conformity with the alleged will of God, nor because it is in obedience to the laws

made by the state, but according as its aggregate results, to self or others, or both, are pleasurable or painful, every other proposed standard of conduct, whether perfection of nature is the assigned proper aim, or virtuousness of life, or rectitude of motive, in his judgment deriving its authority from this standard, and upon being analyzed, bringing us down to happiness experienced in some form, at some time, by some person, as its fundamental idea. The treatise is a model of condensed and lucid statement and of subtle reasoning, but the reader will be struck by the inexpressible dreariness of its tone, as if its author had verified in his own experience the simile of one of our greatest living poets, that "the setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun—the brightness of our life is gone."

It is seldom that we come upon a work containing as much solid information of immediate and practical value, and addressed to so large a range of personal and social interests, as the *Treatise on Hygiene and Public Health*,[10] edited by Dr. Buck, of this city, and containing a series of exhaustive papers, each one of which rises to the dignity of a complete work, contributed by over a score of our most eminent physicians, surgeons, chemists, and professors of hygiene. The scope of these important volumes may be gathered from the following outline. After an able and comprehensive general introduction, in which the office of sanitary science is stated, the causes of disease pointed out, and the jurisprudence of hygiene examined, the hygienic problem, as it relates more particularly to the individual, is discussed under the heads of individual hygiene, habitations, and occupations. This constitutes the first part of the work; and the second part is appropriated to a consideration of the social phase of the subject, or the public health. The intention of the observers, the results of whose investigations are comprised in these volumes, has been to produce a practical treatise, limited to a consideration of the most usual preventable causes of disease in civilized countries, more especially in the United States, and of the surest and most economical means of diminishing or destroying these causes. That this intention has been ably fulfilled, within the specified limitations, not only as relates to the general round of the topics discussed, but also as relates to the particular treatment of each topic, will impress itself upon all who examine the results of the joint investigations, conducted on separate lines, of the competent specialists whose contributions form these ample volumes. An idea of the breadth and also of the minuteness of these investigations may be derived from a synopsis of the several divisions of the treatise. Thus: under the head of "Individual Hygiene" there are distinct elaborate sub-treatises, by persons specially qualified for the task, on infant hygiene, on food and drink, on drinking water and public water supplies, on physical exercise, and on the care of the person. Under the head of "Habitations" there are similar treatises on soil and water, on the atmosphere, and on the general principles of hospital construction. And under the head of "Occupations," completing the consideration of the personal phase of the subject, are further treatises on the hygiene of occupations, of camps, of the naval and merchant marine, and of coal and other mines. Finally, the social phase, or public health, is discussed in eleven treatises, covering four hundred pages, and embracing the subjects of infant mortality, vital statistics, the adulteration of food, public nuisances, sea-coast and inland quarantine, small-pox and other contagious disorders, the hygiene of syphilis, disinfectants, village sanitary associations, and school hygiene. In addition to the value of the work to professional men by reason of the mass of recent scientific information which it contains, it possesses a special value for them in its copious lists of books relating to the general subject of hygiene and state medicine, and which form a useful bibliography of each topic under its appropriate head. To non-professional men the work is one of inestimable value. It should form a part of the library of every large public institution—penal, educational, or eleemosynary—and of the health officers of every town and city.

The secretary of the Silk Growers' Association of America has made a contribution to the history of manufactures in this country, which is worthy of imitation by our other leading industries, in a volume entitled *The Silk Goods of America*,[11] in which he gives a succinct and interesting account of the recent improvements and advances of silk manufacture in the United States. Although the proximate aim of the volume is to influence public opinion and the course of legislation in behalf of the continuance of the tariff policy of our government, to which its author largely attributes the development of the silk industry in this country, and the great improvement in the quality of our silk goods, it is far from being a mere plea for protection. In addition to this it comprises an interesting sketch of the origin of the industry in this country, together with accounts of the sources from whence the raw silk is procured, the methods of its production and the amount used in America, and of the various branches of the silk manufacture. Among the interesting facts stated are several which will be a surprise to consumers of silk fabrics, and which, if true, should have an influence to dissipate their

[10] *A Treatise on Hygiene and Public Health.* Edited by Albert H. Buck, M.D. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 792 and 657. New York: William Wood and Co.

[11] *The Silk Goods of America.* A Brief Account of the Recent Improvements and Advances of Silk Manufacture in the United States. 8vo, pp. 120. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

prejudice in favor of foreign silks. He asserts that American silk goods are better as well as cheaper than foreign silks, and supports his assertion by the statement that nearly the entire product of our silk mills is represented as of European make in the final sales of the retailer to the consumer. And he further declares that our manufacturers have been obliged to make better fabrics than their foreign rivals in order to attain standing in a market where imported articles have held a long-established reputation. According to this writer, the manufacture of silk in this country has not been largely profitable, manufacturers having been able merely to hold their own; and its benefits have mainly accrued to the consumers, who have obtained better and cheaper goods, and to the operatives, who have had steady employment. In this connection Mr. Wyckoff states the interesting economic fact "that the work-people who have been thus benefited are of a higher class than the average. The work is cleanly, comparatively light, and not hurtful in any way to the operative; and hence it happens that respectable parents, who would object to have their families employed in other factories, are glad to have them busy in the silk mills." And he adds that in consequence "the contrast between the laboring classes of this country and of Europe is nowhere more striking than in this industry."

THERE is an unusual amount of vigorous thinking and of acute criticism on art and society in an anonymous American novel, whose title, *A Man's a Man for a' that*,[12] is also its text. Nevertheless, we foresee that those who read a novel for its narrative and dramatic effects will grow impatient over the constantly recurring reflections and criticisms—strong and brilliant as they often are—with which the author divides the interest of his reader, and retards the action of his story. The usual effect of a divided allegiance is visible on the tale as a work of art. In concentrating his attention upon an attempt to probe the inexorable elegant veneering and polished conventionalities of society, and in his effort to read us the moral that he evolves therefrom, the author often loses sight of the actors in his drama, and sacrifices the dramatic to the didactic and æsthetic. Young people who are hotly in love, or, for that matter, even the most mature and sedate lovers, do not usually talk metaphysics to each other—at least they do not out of Scotland—nor do they utter elaborate art criticisms while giving vent to their fondness. There is too much of this in the tale before us, especially in its earlier portions. Later on, the critical and didactic give place somewhat to the narrative and dramatic, and the movement becomes more rapid. On the whole, however, we prefer the author's criticisms to his love scenes. He is a better analyst than story-teller; he reasons better than he describes or builds.

THERE is a strong family resemblance between Mrs. Burnett's *Haworth's*[13] and its predecessor, *That Lass o' Lowrie's*. The characters in both belong to the same type, and have the same general "make up," the situations and incidents are suggested by similar accidents of circumstance or surrounding, and the tone of each is realistic and melodramatic. Both abound in sharp contrasts of situation, of social conditions, and of mental, moral, and physical character. Of the two, *Haworth's* exhibits the least play of the imagination, and is the most artificial: it has less of the inspiration of the poet, and more of the tact of the playwright. And yet several of its characters, notably Haworth's loving and artless old mother, are very tender and touching creations, most simple and unaffected. As a rule, however, the characters are overdrawn; even those which are the best executed and least sensational have a touch of exaggeration. But Mrs. Burnett's art as story-teller more than compensates for all this. Her narrative is a strong, full stream, instinct with movement and color, and many of its humorous, quaint, or pathetic passages are fine specimens of scenic effect.

IT is the mode to indulge in a good deal of cheap raillery at the expense of James as a novelist, on the score mainly of the numerous initials prefixed to his patronymic, and his trick of opening many of his tales with two men on horseback. Notwithstanding these pungent provocatives of ridicule, we confess, despite the jeers of Mrs. Grundy, to a cordial liking for Mr. James's novels. Far less brilliant and artistic than Scott, or Dickens, or Thackeray, or any of our greatest novelists, neither of them surpasses him as a story-teller, or in the spirit and variety of the incidents with which he diversifies his tales, or in the wholesome purity of the atmosphere that environs his scenes and characters. Those who have the moral courage to disregard the stereotyped sneers that are generally coupled with Mr. James's productions will have an opportunity to test our judgment by reading *The Gypsy*,[14] by that author, just published by the Harpers. This is one of his most characteristic, though by no means one of his best, novels, and will amply reward a perusal, notwithstanding its petty defects, and despite the appearance of his two inevitable horsemen in its opening chapter.

AMONG other recent additions to the department of fiction are the following, which we must

[12] *A Man's a Man for a' That.* "Knickerbocker Novels Series." Square 12mo, pp. 390. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[13] *Haworth's.* By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. 12mo, pp. 374. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[14] *The Gypsy.* A Tale. By G. P. R. JAMES. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 96. New York: Harper and Brothers.

dismiss with brief reference: *Moy O'Brien*,[15] a sprightly tale of Irish life, in which love and home-rule politics are ingeniously blended; *The Afghan's Knife*,[16] a historico-sensational novel, founded on incidents in the sepoy rebellion, whose treatment suggests an unfavorable comparison with Hardy's brilliant novel on the same hackneyed theme; and Anthony Trollope's *Framley Parsonage*,[17] a tale that will please the large circle of quiet readers who relish variety, but have no taste for dramatic effect, and who enjoy glimpses of life and society among the English higher and privileged classes.

THOSE who teach and those who are learning German will thank us for directing their attention to *A First German Reading-Book*,[18] on the plan of Dr. William Smith's "Principia Latina," which has been published by the Messrs. Harper in a compact and well-printed volume. It comprises four courses: the first, consisting of anecdotes in the easiest style, exhibiting different forms of syntax and construction; the second, of choice prose fables, selected from Lessing and other standard German writers; and the third and fourth, of more difficult stories and narratives, sketches of natural history, and passages from German history and legendary remains. The first three courses are printed in Roman characters, and the fourth in the ordinary German type. The selections are assisted by copious explanatory notes, and there is a dictionary appended which comprises all the words in the text, and a classified list of many words common to both the German and the English languages.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of September.—State elections have been held in California, Kentucky, and Maine. In California the Republicans elected three Congressmen, and the Working-men's party elected its candidate for Mayor of San Francisco. In Kentucky, Mr. Blackburn, the Democratic candidate for Governor, received a majority of 43,917. In Maine, the result of the contest for the Governorship will have to be decided by the Legislature, in both branches of which the Republicans have gained a majority.

State political Conventions have been held as follows: New York Greenback, at Utica, August 29, nominating Harris Lewis for Governor; Minnesota Republican, at St. Paul, September 2, nominating John S. Pillsbury for Governor; New York Republican, at Saratoga, September 3, nominating Alonzo B. Cornell for Governor; New York Prohibitionist, at Syracuse, September 3, nominating John W. Meares for Governor; Wisconsin Democratic, at Madison, nominating Alexander Mitchell for Governor; Maryland Greenback, at Baltimore, September 10, nominating Howard Meeks for Governor; Nebraska Democratic, at Lincoln, September 10, nominating Elger Wakely for Supreme Judge; New York Democratic, at Syracuse, September 11, renominating Governor Robinson; New York Tammany, at Syracuse, September 11, nominating John Kelly; Maryland Republican, at Baltimore, September 12, nominating James A. Gary for Governor; Massachusetts Republican, at Worcester, September 15, nominating John D. Long for Governor.

Early in September the British embassy at Cabool, Afghanistan, was attacked by revolting Afghan troops, and all the officers were killed. The embassy arrived in Cabool July 24, with Major Cavagnari at its head. British troops have been ordered to Cabool. This revolt was followed by another at Herat, where the Afghan troops plundered and burned the governor's house and murdered their general, who was a friend and supporter of the Ameer.

The Zulu king, Cetywayo, was captured by the British detachment under Major Marter, August 28. This practically terminates the Zulu war.

DISASTERS.

September 17.—Burning of a tenement-house in South Boston, Massachusetts. Five lives lost.

September 12.—Colliery explosion at Leycett, England. Five lives lost.

OBITUARY.

August 31.—At New Orleans, General John B. Hood, aged forty-eight years.

September 7.—At the Isles of Shoals, William M. Hunt, the artist, aged fifty-five years.

September 18.—In New York city, Daniel Drew, aged eighty-two years.

August 27.—At Hampstead, England, Sir Rowland Hill, the promoter of the cheap postage reform, aged eighty-four years.

September 18.—At Paris, France, Viollet-le-Duc, the well-known architect, aged sixty-five years.

September 20.—In Berlin, Prussia, the Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., aged sixty years.

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[15] *Moy O'Brien.* A Tale of Irish Life. By "Melusine." "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *The Afghan's Knife.* A Novel. By ROBERT ARMITAGE STERNDALE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 87. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *Framley Parsonage.* A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 98. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] The German Principia. Part II. *A First German Reading-Book.* Containing Anecdotes, Fables, Natural History, German History, and Specimens of German Literature, with Grammatical Questions and Notes, and a Dictionary. 12mo, pp. 263. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Drawer.

IN a flourishing young city of Michigan lives a worthy man who has had the misfortune to be a widower three times, and is now living with his fourth wife, who has two boys by a former marriage. These have been taught to call the step-father "pa." While entertaining company at tea a few evenings since, an aggravated case of divorce became the topic of conversation. A lady expressed herself emphatically against divorces, quoting several passages of Scripture, and concluding with this: "And St. Paul says he that putteth away his wife commits a grievous sin."

At this, the oldest boy, having duly filled his stomach, suddenly took in the whole subject by saying, "Why, pa has *put away* three or four on 'em, *and he's a deacon, too!*"

That will do for Michigan.

THE late McKean Buchanan, though not very distinguished as an actor, assumed the tone of an artist of the first class. It is said of him that at one time his valet came to him while at breakfast in a hotel, and after reminding him of engagements that would keep him occupied all the morning, suggested that in order to save time he should order dinner at once.

"What will you have, Sir?" inquired the valet.

"What do I play to-night?" asked Buchanan.

"Richard, Sir," was the response.

"Then order roast beef, very rare."

A wonder-stricken youth sitting near the tragedian, and who was profoundly impressed by the near presence of the actor, timidly remarked: "Excuse me, Mr. Buchanan, but what do you eat before playing Claude Melnotte?"

"Waffles, Sir—waffles," responded Buchanan, in his most pompous tone.

THIS shocking specimen of discourtesy occurred recently in North Adams, one of the leading manufacturing towns in Massachusetts. A colporteur entered one of the manufactories, and asked the gentleman who seemed to be the head man of the concern, "May I leave some tracts?"

"Certainly," replied the old gentleman; "but please to leave them with *the heels toward the door.*"

THUS writes a friend in Washington County, Mississippi:

"You of course know that this is a part of the great Mississippi Valley liable to annual inundation from the Father of Waters, whose feats in this respect our government is seeking to check. In this alluvial bottom dwells old Jesse D——, noted for his quaint speeches and imperturbable manner. On one occasion Jesse was witness in a case with which the moisture or aridity of the soil had not the remotest connection, but notwithstanding this, he prefaced his answer to every question with the irrelevant remark, 'Wa'al, I war desp'rately overflowed that year.' Becoming a little annoyed by the constant repetition of this remark, the examining counsel finally said, in a rather sneering tone, 'Mr. D——, will you please state to the Court and jury what you mean by being "desp'rately overflowed"?' Straightening himself up to his full height (six feet three), with a drawl of corresponding length, he replied: 'Wa'al, Sir, I mean by that thar war *too much water for wagonin', and not enough for boatin'.*' The counsel gave it up."

A GRAND RAPIDS (Michigan) druggist writes: "A lady Sabbath-school teacher in a country school called in at our store and inquired for some Sabbath-school cards. I inquired how many she wanted. She replied: 'I don't know, but anyway I'll take *part of a deck.*'"

A CLERICAL friend in Marion County, Indiana, sends to the Drawer the following marriage notice, which appeared more than forty years ago in a paper in his possession:

Married, on the ——, by the Rev. Mr. ——, Mr. George Music and Miss Katharine Hawk.

The magic of Music, we often have heard,
Can lull the wild passions to rest;
But who ever thought of it's luring a bird
So shy as a Hawk from her nest?

SPEAKING of religious matters, a clergyman said not long ago that he once visited a lady of his parish who had just lost her husband, in order to offer consolation, and upon her earnest inquiries as to the reunion of families in heaven, he strongly asserted his belief in that fact; and when she asked with anxiety whether any time must elapse before friends would be able to find each other in the next world, he emphatically said, "No! they will be united at once." He was thinking of the happiness of being able to offer the relief of such faith, when she broke in upon his meditations by exclaiming, sadly, "*Well, his first wife has got him, then, by this time!*"

FROM Exeter, New Hampshire, comes this to the Drawer:

For study of character and individual peculiarities there is no better field than a country prayer-meeting of the good old-fashioned style, where every brother is expected to tell his experience, and "Mear" and "Windham" are not yet superseded by Moody and Sankey tunes. In the town of —— one is held regularly, at which Uncle Pete, an octogenarian darky, often holds forth, and in the genuine South Ca'lina dialect. One evening Pete rose, and leaning on the seat in front, began an exhortation, in a quavering voice, against skepticism, and concluded with this illustration: "Some folks has lots of trouble 'bout de Trin-

ity. Now it's all as plain as day. Jes look at dis, breddren: S'pose yer goes out to sea in a ship, and yer ties a bucket to a rope, and t'rows it overboard. Now, in course, it fills, *and de water's in de bucket, and de bucket's in de sea.* Jes like de Trinity—one's in t'other, and t'other's in one."

SOME nine years ago Mr. —— brought a suit against the South Carolina Railroad for damages to his property. Losing it in the Superior Court, he carried it to the Supreme Court, where he represented his own cause, and began his argument by saying, "May it please the Court, there is an old French adage which says, 'A man who is his own lawyer hath a fool for a client.'" The following Tuesday the Supreme Court pronounced its decision, adverse to Mr. ——, who, being then in Augusta, was telegraphed to by his friend Judge McLaws, as follows: "Judgment for defendant in error. French adage affirmed by Supreme Court."

A SOUTHERN gentleman informs the Drawer that, many years ago, while engaged in the commission business at Appalachicola, he had shipped to him by one of the river boats fifty bales of cotton—the crop of an up-country planter. "The boat snagged and sunk, and he, hearing the report of the disaster, wrote me that if his cotton was 'wraked,' I was to insure it for seventy dollars a bale; but if not 'wraked,' then only to insure it for fifty dollars a bale, and to write him immediately, *whichever I did.*"

It is by this simple, easy process that the "honest old planter" sometimes seeks to sell his "crap" to the confiding insurance man.

How doth the jaundiced Englishman relict at joining with the free American in celebrating the ever-memorable "Fourth"! Thus it was that a Briton living in San Francisco excused himself for keeping his store open by saying to the good republican who remonstrated with him: "Oh, ye know, I didn't have to wait for the 4th of any beastly month to get my independence, ye know. Never was a slave, or anything of that sort, ye know. Pleasant day, though, isn't it?"

THE late Colonel Samuel H. Black was a native of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He served with distinction as lieutenant-colonel in one of the Pennsylvania regiments in the Mexican war, was afterward appointed by President Buchanan Governor of Nebraska, and was killed in one of the battles in Virginia during the recent rebellion. He was a gallant soldier and an able lawyer. At one time, when arguing a case with great vehemence before Judge P——, he cited a decision of the Supreme Court, which he insisted clearly settled the matter in favor of his client. The judge remarked: "Why, colonel, you cited this case yesterday in Brown *v.* Whittaker, and on the argument applied the principle precisely the other way." The colonel, with a comic bewilderment of face, after a little hesitation, replied: "I hope your honor will remember my virtues only, and with Christian charity overlook my vices."

THE spiritual interests of the First Presbyterian Church of P—— were in charge of the venerable Dr. H——, whose ministerial life was spent with that aristocratic congregation. Jimmy S—— was for many years the sexton, and was regarded by the members as an indispensable fixture. He was from the north of Ireland, a Presbyterian of the deepest azure; and though limited in education, was esteemed for his honesty and truthfulness. Jimmy fell sick, and as he was somewhat advanced in years, concluded he was about to die. He sent for Dr. ——, a physician and member of the church, who responded to the call, accompanied by the minister, both of whom manifested much interest in his recovery. The doctor diagnosed, and gave a prescription, and when they were about to leave, said, "Jimmy, you are not in a dangerous condition, so don't be frightened. You may live to dig both our graves yet." Jimmy, in the innocence of his heart, replied, "If it is the Almighty's wull, gintlemen, *I'd be plased to do it viry soon.*"

THE Drawer has the honor to present to the lovers of excessive humor the following, which is the twenty-first anecdote in Taylor's *Wit and Mirth*, edited by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt:

A country fellow, who had not walked much in streets that were paved, came to London, where a dog came suddenly out of a house, and furiously ran at him. The fellow stooped to take up a stone to cast at the dog, and finding them all fast rammed or paved in the ground, quoth he: "What a strange country am I in, where the people tie up the stones and let the dogs loose!"

A CLERICAL friend in Kansas, and former contributor to the Drawer, sends the following:

"Ministers sometimes find it easier to preach than to practice, as I know, for I am a minister. We were lately ordaining a young minister who was supposed to have a luxuriant imagination which needed to be held in check. The 'charge' was given by a sedate Scotchman past fifty, who said to the candidate, 'Preach the Gospel. Don't quote poetry, but

'Tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.'"

THE *Life of Charles Lever*, recently published by Harper and Brothers, is full of pleasant anecdote and reminiscence. This one is very neat: While consul at Trieste, Lever had accompanied his daughter to London. Lord Lytton, hearing of his arrival, invited him to dinner. "Ah, Lever," said he, greeting him, "so glad you were able to come! You will meet your chief, Clarendon" (then Minister of Foreign Affairs). Now Lever had omitted the

formality of applying for leave. "I fear I must retire; my nose is bleeding," he replied, making for the door, which at that instant opened, Lord Clarendon being announced. After shaking hands with the host, his lordship espied Lever before he could make good his retreat. "Ah, Mr. Lever, I didn't know you were in England; I didn't even know you had asked for leave." "No-o-no, my lord," stammered the witty novelist; "I thought it would be more respectful to your lordship to come and ask for it in person."

THIS comes to us as a fresh anecdote of Father Taylor, the famous sailor-preacher of Boston. At one of his prayer-meetings an opulent merchant came in to honor the meeting. He spoke a few words extolling the kindness of the Boston people in aiding Mr. Taylor to build his chapel, and their consideration of poor sailors. As soon as the great man had finished, Father Taylor quietly asked: "Is there any other old sinner from up town who would like to say a word before we go on with the meeting?" No other old sinner responded.

THE following pleasant thing in the way of definition occurred a few days since in one of the public schools of a city in Massachusetts. A member of the committee, Captain ——, was visiting the school, and the class having read from Webster's address at Plymouth, the captain asked the class, "Who was Webster?"

One boy said "a statesman," another "an orator."

"But what is a statesman?" asked the captain.

"A man who goes around making speeches," answered a boy.

"That is not quite right," replied the captain; "*I* go around sometimes making speeches, but I am not a statesman."

A bright little fellow spoke up: "*I* know. It is a man who goes around making *good* speeches."

THE Rev. George Trask, of Massachusetts, was noted throughout the State as an able and eloquent lecturer against tobacco and all intoxicating drinks. At one time he had addressed a large and attentive audience, and, among other things, said in his lecture that no man habitually using tobacco and whiskey could expect to live more than five or six years after beginning to use them. And so earnest and positive was he in his address, and so attentive his audience, that at its close he confidently challenged any reply, and invited any questions on the subject. After a moment's silence a man rose and said:

"I like what you have said, Mr. Trask, but I would like to ask a question. One of my neighbors is an old man, some seventy-five years old, and he has used both tobacco and whiskey—all he could get—ever since he was thirty years old, that is, for some forty-five years. How do you reconcile that with what you said, that a man using both tobacco and whiskey couldn't live more than five or six years?"

Mr. Trask was somewhat startled, and to gain time for collecting his thoughts, began asking some questions.

"How old did you say the man was?"

"Some seventy-five years."

"And he has been using both tobacco and whiskey ever since he was thirty?"

"Yes, using them constantly and freely."

"Well, what kind of a man is he? Does he seem to take much interest in business, or in anything that's going on?"

"Wa'al, no, I don't think he does."

"Does he seem to love anybody?"

"Wa'al, no."

"Does he seem to hate anybody?"

"No, I don't think he does; he seems kinder indifferent to everything."

"Well," said Mr. Trask, who by this time had gathered up his wits, "*your old man has evidently been dead for some forty years, and the only mistake you've made is that you did not bury him.*"

Amid the shout of laughter that rose upon the answer, the audience broke up, and Mr. Trask was relieved.

AN old gentleman in Centre County, Pennsylvania, when on his death-bed called in Dr. R——, one of the best-read practitioners in the country. When the doctor arrived, the patient informed him that he was not going to take any of his medicine, but he wanted to know when he was going to die. After a proper diagnosis, the doctor informed his patient that he was very ill, and could not live long unless he took medicine.

"Well, I won't take any of your medicine; but can't you tell me just how long I can live?" was the reply.

"No, I can't tell that."

"Well, you call again to-morrow. Your bill will be paid, but I won't take any of your medicine."

The doctor called next day, as requested, and found his patient rapidly declining, when the following conversation occurred:

PATIENT. "Well, doctor, can you tell me now how long I am going to live?"

DOCTOR. "No, I can not tell yet exactly; but you can not live long unless you take medicine."

PATIENT. "Well, I won't take any of your medicine; but you come again to-morrow. Your bill will be paid."

Again, on the next day, the doctor was at the sick man's side, and they conversed as follows:

PATIENT. "Well, doctor, can you tell me now how long I am going to live?"

DOCTOR. "You will die, Sir, inside of twenty-four hours, if you don't take medicine."

PATIENT. "Well, I won't take your medicine. You can go now. *I can die without you.*

Your bill will be paid when I am gone. Farewell, doctor."

And inside of the prescribed time the old gentleman passed from earth.

THIS same doctor at one time was called upon to give the necessary certificate to secure the admission of a young man to the insane asylum. After the necessary examination he handed the required certificate to the father of the young man, accompanied by his bill of five dollars. The father complained of the bill as excessive, whereupon the doctor said, "Oh, just pay me that for this one, and *I will give you a certificate for all the other members of your family for nothing.*"



"IT WAS BUT YESTERDAY HE CALLED ME 'LITTLE BUTTERCUP,' YET IT SEEMS AS THOUGH YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE THEN."

THIS rather funny advertisement recently appeared in a London paper:

A GOOD plain cook wanted—a singer preferred—at a country rectory.

On this being shown to a deplorable miscreant who had the misfortune to be a friend of Edmund Yates, he suggested that the reverend gentleman might like Grisi cooking, and prefer Patti's to any other *entrées*.

HOW capital was the observation of a witty gentleman who, desiring to express the microscopic niggardliness of a miser of his acquaintance, said, "I believe he would be willing to take the beam out of his own eye if he knew he could sell the timber!"

THANKS to a friend in Colorado for the following anecdote of the late Bishop Eastburn:

The late Bishop of Massachusetts, while on a visit to one of his parishes in the Connecticut Valley, was vexed in his righteous soul at the sight of what he considered as germs of Romanism. In one of the side rooms of the church were the faded floral Easter mottoes and emblems: there were crosses, crowns, and other tokens of the dreadful scarlet woman's presence. During the celebration of service the suspicions which had been previously aroused were abundantly confirmed; for when the Creed was rehearsed, many of the congregation, at the name of Jesus, bowed very low. It should be remarked here that in that particular parish, as in all other Massachusetts parishes, all kinds of views were represented; and so, at that particular article in the Creed, while some bowed their heads exceedingly low, others stood up straight, and others still, to show their Geneva tendencies, if anything, bent over backward. Still, there were the terrible majority, who bowed 'way down. The excellent bishop was greatly moved. Here was an evil, and he, by the terms of his office, was in duty bound to rebuke it. The occasion offered at the afternoon catechising of the Sunday-school. The Creed was rehearsed in its proper place, and the parishioners, largely represented, united with the members of the school in saying it. And now came the bishop's turn.

"Children," he said, "what do we do in the Creed when we come to the name of our blessed Redeemer?"

"We always bow the head," was the reply.

"Yes, children, and that is perfectly right," was the episcopal response. "We should always bow our heads in the Creed at that sacred name. But I observed this morning that there are some people in this congregation who get their heads down, and keep them down all the way through the *Virgin Mary and Pontius Pilate.*"

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